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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1880.

No. 1.

"THE WITCH OF THE NEUSE."

A CENTENNIAL STORY IN VERSE.

CONTINUED.

CANTO VI.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

And now, from the mountains, glad echo is telling,  
How Rutherford gathers a glorious band,  
How thousands are flocking from every dwelling,  
To enrol their proud names 'neath his gallant command.  
And sing we the praise of our Ashe, Moore and Caswell,  
Our Lillington, Howe; our Lacy and Hughes;  
How we routed bad Ferguson, McLeod and Campbell,  
How Graham and Polk gave the traitors their dues.  
Time would fail me, to tell of our patriot sires,  
What hunger, and cold, and distress they endured,

Ferguson's stronghold was in the midst of the rocky fastnesses of a mountain, just within the borders of South Carolina. He called it the King's Mountain in honor of the reigning Monarch of England. Strongly fortified in this mountain, he constantly molested the surrounding settlements, in the most terrible manner. Ruthlessly killing without regard to sex or age; burning and destroying their dwellings, and bearing off their hard-earned produce to sustain his rapacious army of heartless ruffians. Finally he was killed, his fortifications destroyed, and his army surprised, captured, and dispersed by the brave mountaineers themselves, led on by distinguished officers of the Revolution. They were mainly undisciplined men, but daring as the bold marauder himself. This battle was a glorious proof of what native untrained

How boldly they marched, through floods and through fires,  
 Nor flagged, till their arms had fair freedom secured,  
 How the fife and the drum through the green forests sounded,  
 And roused every heart to devotion and love,  
 Till their soul-stirring huzzas, by echo rebounded,  
 Rose, high and triumphant, the foe-shouts above.  
 Nor fail we to sing Carolina's brave daughters,  
 Who nobly their husbands and sires cheered on,  
 And when overwhelmed by affliction's dread waters,  
 How Faith and bright Hope beamed their fair brows upon.  
 Behold them then, when the dread conflict is over,  
 And the fair, flowery fields are ensanguined with gore;  
 The dame seeks her husband, the fair maid her lover,  
 With firm steps, though sorrow she dreads is in store.  
 And kindly each enemy-soldier is cared for,  
 Thin, delicate hands every ghastly wound bind,  
 They smooth 'neath the agonized head, the soft pillow,  
 And sweet consolation afford to the mind.

They scorned with all foreign array, to adorn them,  
 And plied well each spinning-wheel, needle and loom,  
 Their rich, tempting brocades and laces—they scorned them,  
 And assumed their own homespun, with pride, in their room.  
 Ev'ry garment of soft texture, nobly devoting  
 To soothe, of the soldier, each feverish wound.  
 From the youthful and blooming, to aged and doting,  
 Not a woman e'er flinched, the wide county around.

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bravery can do; when the cause is a just one. The victorious army consisted of about four hundred and fifty men, and the marauder commanded, in addition, to his own band, fifteen hundred British Regulars. It was one of the best fought battles of the Revolution. Ramsay, in his History of Tennessee, says—"General Brevard, an officer under Napoleon, and afterwards in the United States Engineer Service, on examining the battle-ground at King's Mountain, said—"The Americans, by their victory in that engagement erected a monument to perpetuate the brave men who had fallen there; and the shape of the hill itself, would bear eternal testimony to the military genius and skill of Colonel Ferguson, in selecting a position so well adapted for defence. No other plan of assault but that pursued by the mountain men could have succeeded against them.

And their deep, fervent prayers, that to heaven ascended,  
 As the mist from the soil—in enlivening dew,  
 As sure the rich blessing of freedom descended  
 To crown Carolina's fair daughters and true,  
 And echo repeats our proud triumphant—*true*.

Dare any proclaim that our cause was unholy?  
 Let them turn to our glorious history and read  
 How our armies were twice, by Omnipotence solely,  
 Like His chosen of old, from their enemies freed.  
 At the Ford of Catawba see the patriot waters,  
 How gently they flow, while our heroes pass through,  
 As their impious invaders approach, the proud waters  
 High in defiance their foaming wave threw.  
 And then—as on calmly flowed Yadkin's blue wave,  
 Another brave column with safety passed o'er,  
 While the foemen advancing, though gallant and brave,  
 The swift-swelling waters drove back as before.\*

And now the war-trump o'er our borders has sounded,  
 And every brave heart to its glad echo bounded.  
 From the rock-crested mountains, and rich, fertile valleys  
 That smile in the sunbeams, their grandeur between;  
 From the green forest-hills every brave hunter rallies,  
 And the sword flashes fiercely where ploughshares have been.  
 Up springs the stout mountaineers—Rutherford's banners  
 Are flaunting, the rocky-crown'd Pilot above,  
 While far down the East, 'mong the flow'ry savannahs,  
 Are gathering our armies from streamlet and grove.  
 To each veteran's call every leader responded,  
 And swiftly their comrades with ardor led on,  
 In fast growing numbers, as rapidly banded,  
 They from home's sweet endearments were ceaselessly drawn.†

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\*General Morgan's army crossed the Catawba at evening, and a heavy rain falling, the river was swollen so that the British commander, Cornwallis, could not follow. In a short time after, General Greene's army, in crossing the Yadkin, was preserved in the same providential way.

†Facts of history again.

## CANTO VII.

## LOVE AND DEVOTION.

'Tis evening—and zephyrs with gentle wing fan  
 The delicate leaves on the white jasmine bower  
 Of fair, gentle Annie—just where the Trent ran,  
 Close under the bank, whose trees spread and tower  
 In grand and magnificent shade; and whose boughs  
 Dip gracefully down in the rippling stream,  
 And taste of its coolness, while gently it flows;  
 Sweet music that lulls the wood-nymphs to repose,  
 And soothes every pang in their fancy-wrought dream.  
 Just on the decline of the bank, where entwined  
 The white jasmine bower, under whose fragrant shade  
 Fair Annie, at even, oft musing reclined,  
 And watched the bright stars; (for she ne'er was afraid,  
 Fair innocence dreams not of base, lurking foe,  
 In confidence rests, midst the gloomiest night,)  
 Unharming, she fears not that harm should e'er grow  
 Out of darkness, or shade, her calm mind to affright.

On a soft, grassy mound, her green bower within,  
 Sat Annie, with spirit calm, peaceful and pure.  
 Her thoughts were of him who so recent had been  
 In that loved retreat—of whose love she was sure.  
 He had left her in grief; for he knew not what fate  
 Might befall him on battle-field, bloody and grim,  
 What sorrow might darken, what fortune elate  
 The soul of the soldier, unknown yet to him.  
 His prayer was a patriot's ardent desire  
 That his country might triumph o'er traitor and foe;  
 His all was his country's! His soul was on fire  
 To right all her wrongs, and lay tyranny low.  
 But yet to his loved one, how constant, how true,  
 Was this young soldier-brave, 'mid battle and strife,  
 As the prostrate he spares—when the suppliants sue,  
 He thinks of his Annie, and grants them their life.



Alone sat fair Annie, her thoughts far away,  
The hooting owl heeds not, nor gay mocking-bird;  
Her eyes on the moon-beams are resting, that play  
On the sparkling Trent. A whisper is heard!  
She starts with surprise! The next moment in view  
Appeared a lank form; a countenance wan  
Frowned gloomily down on the maid, as it drew  
Near and still nearer, and thus, sad, began:  
"O! lady, a friend is beside thee; and one  
Who would die to redeem thee from sorrow and pain!  
'Tis old wandering Ula, who loves every bone  
In thy precious form; would gladly see slain  
Every Red-coat that blights this fair land with his tread,  
Before one dear hair of thy head he profane;  
Beware then, bright angel, keep close to thy sire,  
Nor mount the fleet palfrey, for pleasure or chase;  
Thy pathway is watched—the fierce man's desire  
Is bent to possess thee. Hence! away from this place!  
Mark well what I say—dare not, for worlds, *ride*,  
E'en at wish of the dearest to thy gentle heart.  
Fierce Ferguson's men in the deep forest hide,  
And at thy approach will ruthlessly start  
And seize thee, and bind thee, and bear thee away  
From all that is precious and dear to thy heart.  
Fly hence to thy father! keep close! not a day  
Art thou safe, till the foe from our land shall depart."  
She vanished, and Annie her first fear had known—  
She fled, as the fawn from the hunter's shrill blast,  
No longer she rambled the green-wood alone,  
Every pathway was watched, every entrance made fast;  
For dear to the hearts of her parents was she,  
The lovely, the pure and the blithesome Annie.

## CANTO VIII.

## THE BROTHER'S LOVE.

Young Bryan, now home from the battle returning  
 To gladden the hearts that there wait for his smile,  
 Tho' the love of his country in brighter flame burning,  
 In love for his kindred, subsides for awhile.  
 The father's proud smile calls up visions of daring,  
 The mother's, a purer, a holier view,  
 While the sweet, gentle sister's, a rapture declaring,  
 Shone tranquil as heaven's ethereal blue.  
 "Come, ride we," (entreated the loved of her childhood,)  
 "Come, ride we, sweet sister," urged he with a smile,  
 "Come, mount thy white palfrey, and let's to the wild-wood,  
 "That flowers and birds may my spirit beguile.  
 "Where the peerless magnolia her luscious breath throws  
 "O'er the soft, dewy coming of eve's gentle close,  
 "And greets with delight our admiring eyes,  
 "As she proudly expands her bright blooms to the skies.  
 "Where the rich, golden jasmines are now blooming brightly,  
 "And 'mid the wild orange, pure bridal-wreaths twine;  
 "Inhale we their exquisite fragrance, while lightly  
 "The zephyrs are fanning the sweet eglantine.  
 "O! then let us haste, ere the bright, radiant glory  
 "Of twilight shall fade, and our fairy woods pale,  
 "While slowly we ride thou shalt list to the story,  
 "How patriots triumph, and base traitors fail."  
 Fair Annie grew pale, and her silent lips trembled,  
 She longed with her brother's fond wish to comply,  
 Reluctant her heart, for she ne'er had dissembled,  
 To tell of her fears, or their terrors defy.  
 "Say, tell me, sweet sister," the youth urged again,  
 "Does it fear thee to ride, my bright goddess of chase?  
 "No gallant Diana e'er guided the rein,  
 "Or sat her swift jennet with comelier grace.

“Then why dost thou tremble, and why fades thy brow?

“Which was radiant with beauty and spirit ere now.”

“It grieves me, fond brother, to sadden thy heart,”

(The maiden replied) “and my grief to impart

“Is grief; but stern duty demands you should know

“That danger awaits me wherever I go.”

And now gentle Annie her danger unfolds,

And naught of her sorrowing story withholds;

Her gallant young brother essays to dispel

Her fears, and o'er them soon triumphed so well,

That fair Annie donned her plumed bonnet with speed,

And the next moment mounted her bonny white steed.

Then away through the gay, fragrant forests they bounded,

With spirits as buoyant as May-morning air.

Their light, laughing voices, glad echo resounded,

And the maiden forgot her long, saddening fear.

The birds carolled gaily amid the green bowers,

The leaves quivered gently, as through them the wind

Pass'd softly and slow, like the lingering hours

That wait for the lover, devoted and kind.

On, swiftly they fly, of ill never dreaming,

The twilight-lit foliage, admiring, they viewed,

The bright evening star through the foliage was gleaming,

From where the proud light of the sun was subdued.

Behold! as their coursers an angle quick rounded,

Before them a mystic form rose to their view.

Affrighted, the white palfrey instantly bounded,

And on the green blanket his fair mistress threw.

And now, to her side the wan spectre advances,

Her bony hands lifts up in agonized prayer,

Her dark, gleaming eyes on the fallen one glances,

And shrieks of remorse fill the calm evening air:

But the maiden, uninjured, the gipsy's heart cheers

As she mounts on her steed with a light bounding heart;

But still some dread message the fair maiden fears,

And longs, from the weird-woman, quick to depart.

But Ula, the rein of her palfrey detained,  
 And raising her large eyes in sorrow, began:—  
 "O! Lady, the bad man with bloody deeds stained,  
 "Still haunts these green woods, and will seize if he can,  
 "Thy beauteous form, and will tear thee from all  
 "That love thee; and grief will thy young heart befall.  
 "O! list to old Ula—expose not thy life!  
 "This moment fierce Ferguson's fury is rife,  
 "And near thee he waits! Of the next ride beware!  
 "For he surely will hear thee—oh! who can tell where?  
 She vanished, and Annie with terror was filled,  
 But soon her brave brother her gentle heart stilled,  
 At old Ula he scoffed, and he laughed at her fears,  
 And fair Annie blushed at her maidenly fears.  
 And so, to assure her fond brother, agreed  
 At morn, in the chase, to rein fearless her steed.  
 Ah! woe! for the sorrow his proud heart shall know!  
 And crushed be her parents with anguish and woe.

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CANTO IX. .

And now of his comrades, a brave, youthful band,  
 Gallant Daves, with a spirit of buoyancy, leads;  
 Every heart nerved with daring, with strength every hand,  
 Every lip vows to recompense traitorous deeds.  
 Every steed, as he sniffs the fierce wind of the mountain,  
 Erects his proud head, and its rigor defies;  
 Like his rider, his thirst has been quenched at the fountain,  
 Distilled from the field where foul cowardice dies.  
 Brave Rutherford waits,\* and our youthful commander,  
 With eagerness rides, e'er the army depart;  
 No passing word heeds, at no sound does he ponder,  
 Intent on the enterprise dear to his heart.

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\*Daves, at the head of eighty men, was only waiting to join General Rutherford, who commanded an army in Georgia and Florida, and was recruiting in Western North Carolina.

On, and still on, the brave column advances,  
Amid the red autumn-leaves, urging their steeds  
On the far distant mountains; their daring eye glances  
Where Rutherford now, his brave patriots leads.  
On the instant, a forest of muskets before them  
Arise, and encompass the brave little band;  
It grieves me to sing the sad requiem o'er them,  
These true hearts that fell by fierce Ferguson's hand,  
Exulting, the ruffian, the young leader severs,  
And shields from the strokes of his murderous crew.  
His heart, in accord with his hands base endeavors,  
Foul revenge on the fortunate lover pursue.  
To die, the proud death of the brave man, was fate  
Too mild for the rival of fierce Ferguson.  
In long, lingering tortures, he doomed him to wait,  
With anguish, till death his crushed soul seized upon.  
For like fate, with his comrades, the youth sued in vain,  
His captor denied him, such glory to share.  
In his dark mountain-prison,\* did the ruffian enchain,  
The envied betrothed one, of Annie the fair,  
Forlorn, and unheeded, the young soldier pined,  
In a damp rocky cave, fast, with lock and with bar.  
Around it, moaned sadly, the chill mountain wind,  
And the howl of the wolf never died on his ear.  
At morn, and at even, his meagre repast,  
By invisible hands, was laid at his feet,  
Not a gleam from the bright heavens ever was cast  
On his brow, since he bowed in that dire defeat.  
Away, far away, with ensanguined desire,  
Ever burning, within his bad breast uncontrolled,  
Sped the demon marauder, with sword and with fire,  
Spreading death and dismay, like the wolf in the fold.

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\*Ferguson had fortified and concealed his forces in the caves of King's Mountain.

O'er the grief of his victim, he gloated with joy,  
 And oft to his fastness, at midnight repaired,  
 To taunt and upbraid; though he dared not destroy  
 The brave youth, who naught, but foul infamy feared.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### NATURE.

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“Nature is a system of laws established by the Creator, which insures the existence of things and the succession of beings. Nature is not a thing, for that thing would be all; it is not a being, for that being would be God.”

“Nature is the visible throne of the Divine power; and he who contemplates it elevates himself by degrees to the invisible throne of the Almighty.”

So Buffon speaks; and we cannot look at the smallest growing thing without recognizing the truth of his powerful words.

Very few of us read deeply in this grand, this glorious book which is never shut; and in whose every word volumes are condensed.

Nature is now clothed in her most beautiful robes. Spring is upon us with all its delights. We cannot look at garden, field, or forest without having our eyes charmed with buds and blossoms of richest hues, over which the sun is shedding his golden rays and lighting hill and valley into brilliancy. If a Chaucer or a Burns were here to-day, he would pour forth such a song as never poet sang before.

We have waited long for the tears and smiles of Spring to fall gently and lovingly upon the cold earth, charming her into new glory. But now the modest daisy and the blue-eyed violet raise their lovely heads and whisper “Spring has come.” The birds as they fly hither and thither to gather twigs to build their nests, trill forth their mellow notes and re-echo “Spring has come.”

Come all ye lovers of Nature, and let us peer into some of her secrets. As I look up now at the king of trees, the brave and noble oak, which only a short time since was stripped of his scarlet and golden robes, I see him decked with delicate tassels and tender leaves. Be not too proud, O oak! for even now thy graceful tassels are dropping; and ere long thy stately boughs will be disrobed of their beauty, and those same quivering leaves will fall to cover thy roots, even as those of last Spring are now lying sear and dead.

Who can stand alone in a forest without being moved by a profound emotion? Is it fear or awe? Perhaps both. And superstition therefore acquires her greatest power, as imagination takes command of our thoughts. I fancy I see a wood-sprite, or some hideous hobgoblin piercing me with sharp glances. I shudder, fearing that, by magic, he will change me into one of his own species. It is with difficulty I convince myself that there are no such things in nature:

But here are no horrors as in a tropical forest. No lion's roar is heard in the distance. No tiger glares with fierce eyes through the thickets. No serpents glitter among the graceful creepers and hanging ferns which twine themselves fondly around the stately trees. But merry lizards play up and down the trunks; and as the sun darts his rays on their lithe forms, hues the most varied and brilliant strike and charm the eye. Gorgeous butterflies flit to and fro, sipping the sweets the bees have left behind. As evening approaches, myriads of fire-flies rise from their hiding-places, lightening the dark nooks and dells of the forest. Here a feeling of perfect rest comes over one's soul; no trouble nor disgrace penetrates these dark shades, no sense of weariness or loneliness; here happiness reigns. I feel that I am in the tender, sheltering arms of the Almighty, and take no more thought for the future than the little cricket which is chirping at my feet.

Out in the fields the full heads of grain are nodding. The little buttercups lift their smiling faces, whispering universal love. The daisies stray wilfully in the richest fields, and the

yellow-bird, the red-bird and the jay perch on the fences. How good it is that nature is the estate of all creatures! The sun belongs to one no more than to another; yet it is only the souls of the child and the poet that fully receive the truths he brings to view. But it is the poet who lives with nature and penetrates furthest into her secrets, unlocks door after door of her mysteries, and sings, as he goes, the manifold works of God.

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B L I N D .

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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CHAPTER V.

The next morning her friends noticed with astonishment the change which had come over her. The pastor's wife could account for it in no way, but by the supposition that Marlina had heard their conversation through the wall. "So much the better," said the pastor, "I need say nothing more to her." It was touching to see with what sweetness the girl greeted Clement and his parents. She wished for nothing but to submit to them. Whatever was done for her she received humbly, as if she did not deserve it. Her entire nature seemed changed and softened as if she were continually apologizing for something. Now she accepted Clement's arm when they walked out together. But she often begged to be allowed to rest awhile. Not that she was tired, but she wished the boy to have the liberty to wander wherever his fancy directed him. Now, too, she laughed when he came back to her and related all he had seen. Her old jealousy was gone, since she no longer deplored her misfortune, but found in his happiness, her own.

So the end of their journey found her strengthened and purified. And strength had come when most she needed it. When she reached home, she found her mother suffering from a severe illness, which in a few days ended her life.



When the first weeks of mourning passed, her sadly changed life demanded of her, duties which a short time before she would have found it impossible to perform. She was busied early and late with household cares. In spite of her infirmity she knew what was going on in all parts of the little house, and though she could seldom attend to the duties personally, she was particular in the arrangement and superintendence of everything, so that nothing might be wanting to the comfort of her heart-broken father. A wonderful serenity possessed her. When at first the servants required reproof a quiet word from her sufficed : or if they made some careless blunder or grumbled over their work, one earnest look from those large, blind eyes, was enough to subdue the most rebellious.

Marlina had felt that for her father's sake she must be cheerful, adapt herself to circumstances and be his happiness ; and since then the hours in which she mourned over her separation from Clement, came at rare intervals. And when he was obliged to leave home and return to school, she was able to bid him farewell even more calmly than the rest. It is here for a week after his departure she went about like one in a dream ; feeling as if the best half of her had been taken away. But soon she regained her cheerfulness, sang songs to her father and joked with him until she won a smile from the sorrowful old man. Whenever the pastor's wife brought over letters from the city and read to her news and greetings from Clement, her heart beat more quickly, and she lay awake longer than usual that night. But the next morning would find her as serene as ever.

In the vacation Clement came back to his parents, and his first visit was to the clerk's house. Marlina recognized his step in the distance, but sat still and listened until he should ask for her. She restlessly smoothed with her little hand her hair, which always hung in a plait on her slender neck ; and then she rose from her work. By the time Clement had reached the door every trace of emotion had vanished from her face. She gave him her hand calmly and begged him to sit down and tell her all about himself. So interested did she become in his conversa-

tion that he did not mark the lapse of time, while his mother, eager for his company, came in search of him.

He seldom passed the whole of his vacation in the village, but wandered over the mountains, to which he seemed fettered by his growing passion for nature.

In this quiet way the years passed on. The old people became slowly feeble, and the young men grew up quickly. Once Clement came at Easter to see Marlina; and as she rose from her spinning wheel, he was astonished to see how much she had grown since he last saw her in the autumn. "You are a young woman," he said, "nor am I any longer a child; only feel how my beard has grown during this winter of hard study." Marlina blushed slightly as he seized her hand and guided it to his chin, upon which a slight hint of down might be felt. He had many more things to tell her than in the last vacation. The teacher with whom he lived had a daughter, and this daughter had several friends of her own sex. These girls Clement must describe with the greatest exactness. "I do not think much of girls; they are vain and silly, and talk entirely too much. There is one named Cecilia whom I dislike least, because she does not talk much and is not forever putting on airs to make herself pretty. But what interest do I take in any of them? One evening, a short while ago, as I entered my room, I found a bunch of flowers on the table. I let them lie there; did not even put them in water, though I felt sorry for the poor flowers, for the thing vexed me. Then at times the girls keep up such a giggling and whispering, that I will not exchange a word with them out of sheer contempt. They would much oblige me by letting me alone; certainly I have no time for their foolishness."

Marlina did not lose one of these words, but spun out of them an endless web of wondrous thoughts. She would have run considerable risk of injuring herself by the indulgence of vain dreams, had not well-grounded fears and deep sorrow restrained her. Her father, who for sometime had performed his duties with difficulty, was disabled by an attack of apoplexy. In this helpless condition he lay for nearly a year, when a second attack

shortened his sufferings. During this weary time his daughter was scarcely a moment absent from his side. When Clement came home in vacation she granted him no further conversation than a quarter of an hour, spent in the sick-room.

She ever became more self-reliant, more self-sacrificing. She complained to no one, and would have needed nothing if her blindness had allowed her to do everything for herself. Yet her very affliction made her attentive to duties which many with the blessings of sight neglect. She kept in perfect order everything of which she had the management. Nor could anything be neat enough to suit her, so fearful was she, that, not being able to see, some dust still escaped her.

Tears rose to Clement's eyes as he saw her occupied in bathing her poor father's face and combing his thin locks. She had grown pale in the hot atmosphere of the sick-room; but the brown eyes had only gained a deeper lustre, and she was ever borne higher above all ignoble work.

The old man died; his successor took the little house, and Marlina found a home and warm welcome at the parsonage. Clement had, in the meantime, entered a distant University, and did not, as formerly, visit his parents twice every year. The news of Marlina's grief and of her having become an inmate of his father's house, came to him through home letters, which were seldom received, and which he answered irregularly. From time to time came a note to Marlina, in which he railed unmercifully against her sex, and addressed her so entirely as if she were a child, that the good mother shook her head and was silent on that subject before the father. Marlina was eager to have the strange notes read to her, but then she asked for them and kept them carefully. When her father died she received a short, abrupt letter, which contained no word of comfort or pity, only earnest requests that she would spare her health, remain calm, and let him know exactly how she was situated. This letter, which came during the winter, was the last Marlina had received. At Easter they expected a visit from the young man; but he did

not come, writing that he had the undreamed of opportunity of accompanying a learned botanist upon a pedestrian tour. The father was satisfied, and Marlina succeeded finally in soothing the impatient mother.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### A DAY IN CLOUD-LAND.

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Among the many attractions to be found in the world of nature, there is nothing more various in beauty or of deeper interest than the ever-changing clouds. Day by day we watch them, never growing tired of their delicate tints and undulating motions. As children, we chased their shadows over the grass, or ran races with them through the fields. In early youth we watched them rise and sink over the mountain-tops, imagining strange figures in their shifting forms, which we named as fancy dictated. At night we loved to watch the hurrying clouds hide and pass from the moon; and we were slow to believe that it was them and not the calm queen that flew so fast through the sky. Not less entrancing are they as we grow older. The touches of color they reflect from the sun are unequalled even by earth's fairest burden, the summer flowers. The pink morning-clouds; the fleecy ones that cool the midday glare; the soft masses that, after the morning play, rest sleepily on the hills; the banks of purple and gold that attend the setting sun—all are beautiful tokens of an Omnipresent Benevolence, messengers of peace which daily hover to guard and bless God's world.

Nowhere is the eye greeted by clouds of such exquisite purity and such delicate coloring as on a mountain-top during a summer sunrise. We are alone on a rock in the midst of a milk-white sea. Tiny islands appear and vanish; and yonder juts out a steep boulder, over which great breakers dash and fall silently in this ghostly sea. Now to our right, four towering peaks rise like sentinels around a phantom lake. Overhead the

stars are shining in the deep blue sky, but no thought of them crosses our minds as we gaze into the depths. The scene is too grand, too overwhelming in its loneliness to allow us to speak; or if a word escapes us, how it is snatched from our lips and dies suddenly, as if nature would forbid any sound to disturb the awful quiet.

But look! the eastern sky is hardly brightened, yet how disturbed the sea below! It is rising bodily. But it parts on either side our eyrie. Soft, the billowy clouds sweep upward, wrapping us for a moment in a mantle of moisture. Look how quietly they come, turning and changing constantly, and there, that cloud just passing! What a beautiful pink light pervades it. Unlike those of sunset, over whose edges the colors play, this is penetrated with a rare tint that shames the fairest pearl. Now turn eastward and see that faint auroral light on the farther edge of the white expanse; and, between us and it, watch how the clouds in their mysterious turnings reflect the light and show the most delicate rainbow hues.

But the sun must have risen, although we cannot see him, for the world has returned to its original whiteness; and hardly have we been warned of his coming, when with one bound he hangs high over the eastern slopes. The clouds rise faster, and we begin to recognize familiar places. How weird and strange are the mountains partly hidden in the heavy mist. There is a hill we have often climbed; here is a clearing on the mountain-side; and now we catch a glimpse of the valley below. Now the last film of midst is gone; and how unbounded is the view! No trace remains of the recent sea save where strips of fog envelope the mountain streams. At our feet, dotted here and there among the hills, are fields filled with the promise of an abundant harvest; far, far away the hills rise one behind another, and clouds, piled high, cheat us into the belief in more and more distant ranges; while others throw cool flickering shadows over the earth. It is difficult to tell which cloud makes the shadow. They seem endued with life as they run races up the mountain-sides, now shading the highest peaks, now hurrying down to

peep into narrow dells where their whiteness brings out in bold relief the shaded foliage—the solemn darkness of the spruce and the vivid green of the poplar and the birch.

Through the long day a fleecy veil of clouds has hung over the earth. As the afternoon wears on, they gather in heavy groups. In thick ranks of grey and white, they obscure for minutes together the light of the sun. As they pass over the fields, we almost fancy it is their heavy shadows that bend the standing grain. Their hurrying forms soon fill the sky, and the afternoon stillness is suddenly broken by mutterings of distant thunder. Look at yon towering peak, whose summit is lost in threatening clouds! Over the distant hills the lightning plays fitfully. It comes nearer, and the jagged streaks that leap from cloud to cloud or circle the tops of the stern old mountains herald hollow peals of thunder. The clouds hang in awful grandeur till, all in a moment, the rain rushes down in such blinding sheets that it seems as if it must wash away the very mountains. The clouds move heavily across the sky, now pelting the valley in their mad fury, now spending all their force on some beetling cliff. Watch the black mass entering yon narrow gorge! as it swiftly retreats, the columns of rain seem marching with measured strides along the earth.

The thunder grows fainter, the lightning-flashes are less vivid, the rain falls more softly, and the sun is forcing his beams through an opening in the west. What a lovely rainbow rests on the hills to eastward, arching up into the pure blue sky! The light of the sun is welcomed by soft whispers among the glistening leaves and by the glad song of birds; and his rays are reflected from many a rocky ledge over which the water is still pouring. As the evening shadows lengthen, and the sun nears the western hills, see how the clouds follow as if dreading his setting! In what confusion are they heaped together; yet who could suggest a grander grouping? The darkest ones have disappeared with the storm, but those that are left render more brilliant the glow that lights their edges. High over the mountain-tops are white clouds touched with flame; lower down the golden

light prevails. Look at those rich rays slanting through that narrow pass, glorifying the whole valley, and then follow them upward as they open a shining path far beyond the sky itself. The west is too dazzling for us to look at long; and we turn again to see that the light has left the valley and is softly climbing upward, now resting on the tree-tops, now crowning the lower hills; and as it plays over the eastern mountains the sun sinks behind the western range. What a rich purple glow lights the low clouds of the east, and how one after another takes it up as it follows with fleet steps the course the sun has taken through the day. The scattered white clouds that are left scarcely hide the timid stars that begin to appear. Soon the moon shows above the tree-tops, and climbs the shining bars stretched across the sky. Flying cloudlets pass and repass her. Now the last one has disappeared, leaving undimmed the broad expanse of heaven.

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“*THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.*”

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

CONTINUED.

In order to obtain the confidence of his hosts, Ivan put himself on the footing of a buffoon, devising each day some new pleasantry for their entertainment. Ibrahim liked above all to see him dance the *cosaque*. When one of the villagers paid them a visit, they took off Ivan's fetters and made him dance, which he always did with a good grace, each time adding some new and ridiculous step. He had procured by this behavior, the liberty of walking over the village, where he was usually followed by a troop of children attracted by his buffooneries. As he understood the language of Tartary, he very soon learned that of this country, which is a very similar dialect.

The Major was often forced to play upon the guitar and to sing Russian songs with his *denchik*, for the amusement of this

barbarous society. At first, they removed the irons which bound his right hand, when they required of him this civility; but the woman having perceived that he sometimes played in spite of his irons for his own pleasure, would no longer accord him this favor; and the unhappy musician repented more than once of having exhibited his talent. Then he did not know that his guitar would one day be the means of procuring his freedom.

In order to obtain this desired liberty, the two prisoners formed a thousand projects, all difficult of execution. At first, for the greater security, the men of the village came by turns each night to assist Ibrahim in his watch. Insensibly, they relaxed their precautions. Frequently the sentinel failed to come, the woman and the child slept in an adjoining chamber, and old Ibrahim remained alone with the prisoners; but he was very careful to keep about him the key of the fetters, and waked at the slightest noise. Each day the Major was treated with more severity. As no reply to his letters was received, the Tchetchenges often came to his prison with insults and threats of more cruel treatment. His jailers deprived him of food, and he one day had the unhappiness to see them beat without mercy the little Mamet, because he had brought him some fruit.

A very remarkable circumstance in so painful a situation as Kascambo's, was the great confidence which his persecutors placed in him, and the esteem with which he inspired them. While these barbarians forced him to suffer continual ill-treatment, they often came to seek his advice, and made him the arbiter of their quarrels with each other. Among the disputes of which he was made the judge, the following deserves to be mentioned, on account of its singularity: One of the men had confided five rubles to a comrade, who was setting out for a neighboring valley, charging him to deliver them to a certain person. The messenger's horse dying on the road, he persuaded himself that he had the right to keep the rubles as indemnity for the loss he had sustained. This reasoning, worthy of a Caucasian, was not relished by the owner of the money. On the return of the traveler, there was a great uproar in the village.



The two men collected their parents and friends around them; and the quarrel might have become sanguinary, if the elders of the horde, after having vainly tried to appease them, had not promised to submit their cause to the decision of the prisoner. The entire population rushed in a tumult to his house, in order to learn more quickly the issue of this most ridiculous trial. Kascambo was hurried from his prison to the platform which served as the roof of the house.

The greater number of the habitations in the valley of the Caucasus are partly dug in the earth and rise above the soil only three or four feet; the roof is horizontal, and formed of a layer of beaten clay. The inhabitants, especially the women, come to repose on these terraces after sunset, and often pass the night there in fine weather. Kascambo's appearance on the roof produced a profound silence. One would doubtless have seen with astonishment, at this singular tribunal, furious pleaders, armed with pistols and poniards, submit their cause to a judge in fetters and half dead with hunger and misery, who, however, judged "*en dernier ressort*," and whose decisions were always respected.

Having despaired of making the accused party hear reason, the Major commanded him to approach, and in order to amuse the crowd, and to engage them on the side of justice, he asked him the following question: "If, instead of giving you five rubles to carry his creditor, your comrade had only charged you to give him "*Bonjour*," would not your horse be dead, all the same?" "Perhaps," replied the defendant. "And, in that case," added the judge, "what would you have gained by keeping the message? Would you not have been forced to take it in payment, and to be contented with that? Consequently, I order that you return the money, and that your comrade gives you the salutation."

When this sentence was pronounced to the spectators, peals of laughter announced the wisdom of the new Solomon. The condemned man, after having disputed some time, was obliged to yield, and said, looking at the money: "I knew before that I would lose it if that dog of a Christian meddled in the matter."

This singular confidence showed the idea with which these people have of the superiority of the Europeans, and the innate sense of justice which exists among men the most ferocious.

Kascambo had written three letters since his imprisonment, without receiving any reply. A year had passed. The unhappy prisoner, needing clothing and all the conveniences of life, saw his health failing, and abandoned himself to despair. Ivan, too, had been sick for some time. The stern Ibrahim, to the Major's great surprise, had freed this young man from his chains during his illness, and still left him at liberty.

Kascambo one day questioned Ivan on this subject. "Master," said he, "For a long time I have wished to consult you on a project which has entered my brain. I believe that I would do well to become a Mahomedan."

"You are mad, surely!"

"No, I am not mad. This is the only way that I can be useful to you. The Turkish priest told me that when I became a Mahomedan, they would no longer keep me in fetters. Then I would be able to serve you; to procure you, at least, good food, and some clothing. After all, who knows? When I am free \* \* the God of the Russians is great! We will see" \* \*

"But God himself will abandon you, unhappy man, if you deny him." Kascambo, while scolding his servant, took care not to laugh at his singular project; but when he did seriously forbid it, "Master," said Ivan, "I can no longer obey you; and wish in vain to conceal it from you; it is already done; I have been a Mahomedan since that day when you believed me sick, and they took off my chains. I call myself Houssein now. What harm is it? Can I not become a Christian again when I wish, and when you are free? See! already I no longer wear any chains; I can break yours on the first favorable occasion, and I have a strong hope that one will present itself."

Indeed, the Tchetchenges kept their word. Ivan enjoyed from that time the greatest liberty. But this same liberty was destined to prove disastrous to him. The principal actors in the expedition against Kascambo very soon feared that the new

Mussulman would desert them. His long sojourn among them and his familiarity with their language enabled him to know them all by name, and to give a description of each one to the Russian authorities, if he should return to the army, which would have exposed them personally to the vengeance of their enemies. They highly disapproved the misplaced zeal of the priest.

On the other hand, the good Mussulmen, who had favored Ivan's conversion, remarked that when he went to pray on the house-top, as was customary, and as the priest had expressly enjoined upon him, in order to conciliate the good will of the public, he often made, from habit, and from inadvertance the sign of the cross in the midst of his prostrations towards Mecca, sometimes even turning his back on the holy city. This caused them to suspect the sincerity of his conversion. Some months after his pretended apostacy, he perceived that a great change had taken place in his relations with the inhabitants, and could not mistake the manifest signs of their ill-will. He was vainly seeking the cause of it when some young men with whom he had been particularly associated, proposed to accompany them on an expedition which they wished to undertake. Their project was to cross the Tereck, in order to plunder some merchants who were returning to Mosdok. Ivan immediately accepted their proposition.

He had desired for a long time to procure some arms; and they promised him a part of the booty. He thought that in seeing him return to his master, those who suspected him of wishing to desert, would no longer have the same reason to mistrust him. However, the Major being greatly opposed to this project, he pretended to give it up, when one morning Kascambo, on awaking, saw the mat on which Ivan slept rolled against the wall: he had set out during the night. His companions were to cross the Tereck the following night, and to make the attack upon the merchants, whose route they learned from their scouts.

This pretended confidence of the Tchetchenges should have rendered Ivan somewhat suspicious. It was not natural that men so crafty, and so distrustful should allow a Russian, their

prisoner to join an expedition directed against his compatriots. We learn, indeed, from subsequent events, that they only invited him with the intention of affecting his assassination. His position as a new convert obliging them to use circumspection, they proposed to keep watch over him during the journey, and afterwards to kill him at the moment of the attack, letting it be believed that he had perished during the combat. Only a few of the band were in the secret ; but events disarranged their plans.

Just as the party were placed in ambuscade for the attack on the merchants, a regiment of Cossacks surprised them, and charged on them so fiercely, that they had much trouble in recrossing the river. Their great peril caused them to forget the plot against Ivan, who followed them in their retreat.

As their troop in disorder was crossing the Tereck, whose waters are very rapid, the horse of a young Tchetchenges fell in the middle of the river, and was immediately drawn under by the current. Ivan, who was following him, urged his horse forward at the risk of being himself drowned, and seizing the young man just as he was disappearing under the water, succeeded in bringing him back to the other side. The Cossacks, by means of the daylight, which was just beginning to appear, recognized him by his uniform and his fur cap, and aiming at him cried out, "Deserter ! seize the deserter !" His clothes were riddled with balls.

Finally, after having fought with desperation, and the enemy having exhausted their cartridges, he returned to the village with the glory of having saved the life of one of his companions, and of having rendered himself useful to the whole troop.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TWO DAYS IN THE LIFE OF MARIE-ANTOINETTE.

## THE FIRST DAY.

“*Vive la Dauphine, Marie-Antoinette!*” was the continuous shout along the faubourg leading from the Barriere St. Denis, one bright day in the year 1770, in joyous welcome to the Dauphin of France and his lovely bride, who were making their triumphal entry into Paris: “*Vive la Dauphine!*” And ever as the sound died, the impetuous multitude caught it up again with a force and good will that made it ring to the very heavens. The whole country was assembled to witness the grand entrance of the young archduchess, far-famed for her beauty and virtues. The streets were so crowded that, not to miss the sight, men climbed upon the shoulders of their neighbors, or up the trees that bordered the side-walks. The windows of the houses were packed; even the roofs were covered with people. But it was a sight well worth the trouble, for the world could not have produced the equal of the young maiden, who with features unveiled to the admiration of the populace, formed the centre of that sea of faces. Paris and Parisians were in their gala dress; every chime and *carillon* in the city was ringing; the cannon was thundering a welcome from the dark towers of the Bastile.

Suddenly a ball of fire flashed through the mirror-bright sky. All looked up to see what impatient spirit could not keep his fireworks till the evening. But a crash that drowned the roar of the cannon, stunned the gazers. Copper-colored clouds, formed seemingly from nothing, filled the heavens. A dazzling light, another crash, and the storm burst with pitiless fury on the astonished multitude, who for a moment remained as if petrified. Then followed a scene of terror and confusion, each struggling, scrambling, fighting—his only thought to get to shelter from the terrible lightning that flashed from those awful clouds, making ghastly the faces beneath. It was neither day nor night, but a horrible gloom enshrouded the sky. The rain poured in torrents; a driving, soaking, blinding rain, beating in the faces of the be-

wildered crowd. Oaths, shrieks and prayers intermingled, as the panic-stricken, unwieldy mass surged backward and forward, crushing the life out of those who fell. The *gens d'armes* galloped hither and thither, endeavoring to force a passage for the royal party. In vain! for in the general danger, self-preservation was stronger than loyalty.

An hour later, and the streets were deserted. No sound was heard but the fall of the heavy rain. The gutters ran rivers. Here and there a homeless wretch crouched under a dark archway, and shiveringly drew his wet rags closer around him as the cold wind swept up the street, driving the rain into his poor shelter. Drenched streamers and strings of shattered flowers swayed dismally from bare scaffoldings. And wedged into yon corner is a ghastly thing which has been a human being, and whose voice has swelled the shout of welcome of an hour ago.

The night closed in, and its terrible gloom weighed on the city, now mourning its dead.\* The day of rejoicing was become an awful memory, and the bridal day of Marie-Antoinette was stained with blood.

#### THE SECOND DAY.

It was a dreary autumn day. The gray clouds hung low and a drizzling rain had set in. The streets of Paris from la Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution were thronged by countless multitudes who filled the air with fierce shouts of "*A bas l'Autrichienne!*" "*Vive la Republique!*" Suddenly the tumultuous cries were hushed, for the terrible gates of la Conciergerie had been thrown open, and Marie-Antoinette appeared. Clothed in coarse, white garments, her arms bound behind her, she sat in the rude tumbril, exposed to the gaze of the jeering multitude. Nothing remained of her once surpassing beauty but the exquisite regularity of her features. The short curls of her white hair shaded a haggard face whose eyes, red and bloodshot with weep-

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\*Fifteen hundred people lost their lives on this day. Vide Lamartine and Carlyle.

ing, scanned eagerly the raging crowd, perhaps in the hope of meeting one friendly look.

The hush had lasted but for a moment; and now, more vehemently than before, burst forth the horrid shout, "*A bas la Autrichienne!*" The awful procession moved on, hurrying to execution this poor victim of a nation's fury, this innocent sufferer for the sins of a race of kings. The progress was slow, for the people, eager to heap upon her insult and outrage, blocked the way. They who once would have died for her, now clamorously demanded her life. Jolting over the rough stones, the fallen Queen passed those places that had been for her the scenes of gayety and happiness. Finally the *gens d'armes* stopped in the Place de la Revolution. With a firm step Marie-Antoinette descended from the tumbril and mounted the ladder to the Guillotine. For one instant she gazed towards the temple; "Adieu, once again, my children!" she cried, then knelt. The ax fell, and with one stroke the life and sorrow of Mary-Antoinette were ended.

The omens of the bridal day were fulfilled.

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### PETER THE GREAT.

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CONTINUED.

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'What! thou good man! art thou still alive?' said she in the days of her splendour to Wurmb, who had been her fellow-servant in Gluck's household, he as tutor, she as maid-of-all-work. 'I will provide for thee,' she said, and got him a pension. She befriended the family of her benefactor Gluck, who had died a prisoner in Moscow; his son she took as her page, gave portions to his widow and two eldest daughters, and appointed the youngest a maid of honour at her court. Catharine's ready wit once saved the Czar and his army from dishonour and destruction. It was during one of his campaigns against the Turks.

The Russian army was completely surrounded ; provisions and ammunition were all but exhausted, and every attempt to break out of this trap resulted in repulse and defeat. Crushed down with despair, which brought on the spasms to which he was subject, the Czar entered his tent, ordering that no one should intrude. Catharine dared to disobey, and learned from him the hopeless condition of his army. Without consulting any one, she despatched an ambassador to the Grand Vizier to make overtures of peace, loading him with gifts. Her own jewels and trinkets she tore off her body, and went the round of the camp, collecting all the valuables she could find, for which she gave receipts, signed by her own hand, and a promissory note payable on her return to Moscow. She also ordered preparations and bustling as for another and more serious effort to break the Turkish lines, and even led the Russian army within a hundred paces of the Turkish front, before the Grand Vizier consented to a truce, preliminary to a treaty of peace. The Czar never forgot his Catharine's heroism. He instituted a new order of Knighthood which he called the Order of St. Catharine ; and struck a medal bearing her image, encircled by precious stones, with the motto 'For Love and Fidelity' engraven upon it. And here is the manifesto he issued when he decreed her his successor on the throne. After reciting the dangers to which he had been exposed during his twenty years' wars, he continues :—'The Empress Catharine, our dearest consort, was an important help to us in all these dangers in which she voluntarily accompanied us, serving us with all her counsel, notwithstanding the natural weakness of her sex ; more particularly at the battle of Pruth, where our army was reduced to 22,000 men, while the Turks were 220,000 strong. It was in these desperate circumstances above all others that she signalized her zeal by a courage superior to her sex, as is well known to the whole army throughout the Empire. For these reasons, and in virtue of that power which God has given us, we are resolved to honour our spouse with the Imperial Crown in acknowledgment of her services and fatigues.'



The disposition of Peter is generally represented to have been vicious and cruel. It is usual to depict him as a lawless despot who ordered heads to be lopped off in cold blood when the caprice seized him. His defects, however, seemed rather to have been outside knots and gnarls in a noble tree, than serious twists in the grain of his being. Severe, doubtless, he was; but his severity was seldom the outburst of mere passion, almost invariably the means to an end, that end being the redemption of Russia from chaos, and the establishment of the reign of law. Justice tempered by severity is often a blessing to a community that is little better than a social and political wild; and the wisdom and not the severity of the measures employed to regenerate his country is what we should chiefly look to in the case of Peter the Great, who had a half-civilised nation to discipline and make law-respecting and law-abiding. Seldom, especially in his riper years, was a delinquent punished without trial before a competent tribunal; and if Peter interfered with the sentences of the courts, which he seldom did, it was always to mitigate and not to aggravate the punishment. Once, when he was thought dying, it was suggested to him that he should release all the criminals in prison. 'Why,' said he, 'will God more readily forgive my sins because I have flooded Russia with its locked-up rascaldom?' The frequent rebellions against his government, fomented often by his own relations, were suppressed with a relentless hand, and the ringleaders were brought to vigorous justice; but what autocrat would have respected the forms of law as he did when his choice was either to destroy his enemy or be destroyed by them? and was it not an additional aggravation that these revolts always broke out while he was away labouring and toiling for the good of Russia, learning ship-building in Holland, repelling the inroads of the Turks or Swedes, or fighting to give his country a seaboard? He signed the decree for the execution of his eldest son; and although the crimes of the latter would not be visited by such punishment now, there was nothing arbitrary or self-willed about the Czar's conduct in the business. Indeed, his previous expostulations, warnings, pleadings with his perverse and

prodigal son are almost heartrending. You see in him an agonising wrestle between love of Russia and love of his child; and had Peter only lived two thousand years earlier and been a Roman consul, we should have lauded his patriotism, his stoic virtue, his readiness to inflict the keenest suffering on himself, when his country's weal required it. But he was only a half-civilised Tartar savage, and his nature was torn with conflicting emotions; and he had not the philosophic and unruffled repose of speech and manner and feeling that makes a Lucius Junius Brutus so grand and admirable, and which to the present writer seems simply hateful. I will back this headstrong, illiterate, and noisy barbarian against any Roman of them all for the truest and most loveable humanity. What fate would Hannibal have met at the hands of Rome had he been captured? What doom did she decree to those who dared to defend their homes and hearths against her conquering armies? Dragged them at her chariot wheels, or threw them to the lions, or made them butcher each other in the Amphitheatre, 'to make a Roman holiday.' That they were noble and wise, and honoured in their own land, only added zest and flavour to the sport. It was not thus that Peter treated the heroes he had conquered. He gave a grand entertainment in honour of the Swedish Admiral Ehrenschild, who had been taken prisoner of war. After the dinner he rose and said, 'Gentlemen, you see here a brave and faithful servant of his master, who has made himself worthy of the highest honour at his hands, and who shall always have my favour while he is with me, though he has killed me many a brave man. I forgive you,' he added, turning with a smile to the Swede, 'and you may always depend on my good-will.' Ehrenschild, thanking the Czar, replied, 'However honourably I may have acted with regard to my master, I did no more than my duty. I sought death, but failed to meet it; and it is no small comfort to me in my misfortune to be a prisoner of your Majesty, and to be treated with so much distinction by such a mighty captain.' After the battle of Pultowa, too, when he broke the power of Charles XII., he displayed equal magnanimity towards the officers whom

the fate of war had forced to yield up their swords. In the course of the banquet he gave in honour of them, Peter pledged a bumper 'to his tutors in the art of war.' One of the Swedish generals asked to whom he referred. 'Yourselves, gentlemen,' the Czar replied, 'the brave Swedish commanders.' 'Then,' asked his colloquist, 'has not your Majesty been somewhat ungrateful in dealing so hardly with your teachers?' The Czar was so pleased with the reply, that he unbuckled his own sword and presented it to the general, requesting that he would wear it in token of his esteem for his valour and fidelity to his sovereign. Revenge and every other Roman virtue would have prompted him to a different course. In an earlier stage of this contest Charles had stormed or seized Dresden, the capital of Saxony, to which kingdom Peter's ambassador, Patkul, had been attested. Him Charles kept in chains for three months, and finally, to quote what he calls his own 'merciful' decree, 'broke upon the wheel and quartered, for the reparation of his crimes and as a warning to others.' The Czar was highly incensed; but instead of following the advice of his ministers to retaliate on the Swedish officers, he administered a severe rebuke to them for suggesting that he should stain his name with such an infamous crime. With all his blood-thirstiness and irascibleness of temper, Peter was far above petty feelings of revenge.

The Czar cared little for outward pomp, believing that true greatness did not need to assert itself or pose in fine apparel or ostentatious magnificence. He dodged the receptions which his brother sovereigns got up in his honour, and spoke of them as unutterably childish and tiresome. Once, at least, he accompanied an ambassador to a foreign Court in the character of a private gentleman attached to the embassy, and took humble lodgings to disarm suspicion that he was other than he professed to be. There was a fibre of fine and beautiful simplicity in his character. While he was toiling as a shipwright at Zaandam, where he spent nine months learning his trade, he dressed like his fellow-workmen, in a round hat, white linen jacket and trousers, and joined in their banter and heavy Dutch chaff as well as his pretty con-

siderable knowledge of the language would permit. While acting as a workman he let himself be spoken to and treated as one. He would take a heavy barrow from the hands of a feebler shopmate and hurl the load to its destination. Many a knotty mechanic thumb did he bandage and dress, for he was proud of his surgical skill. He had self-control enough to treat with all desirable deference and respect the foremen in the several yards in which he laboured, bound himself to adhere to the regulations in force, and requested to be enrolled in the books and addressed by the name of Peter Zimmerman. The Duke of Marlborough, in search of amusement, entered the shipbuilding yard one day, and asked the foreman to point out the Czar without making them known to each other. 'Peter Zimmerman,' cried the master to His Majesty, 'why don't you help those men toiling with that big log?' Peter at once ran to the assistance of his sweating and overtaken 'chums,' never suspecting that he was being trotted out for exhibition. His simplicity of character seems to be belied by the following speech he addressed to William III., who was then in Holland: 'Most renowned Emperor! it was not the desire of seeing the celestial cities of the German Empire or the most powerful Republic of the Universe that made me leave my throne and my victorious armies to come into a distant country; it was solely the ardent desire of paying my respects to the most brave and generous hero of the day, &c.' The speech is so ridiculous, bombastic, foreign to Peter's nature, that it must have been written for him, or composed by him under the inspiration of that vanity to which lads just getting out of their teens are specially prone. 'Never fear,' he once said while out at sea in a storm, and the sailors were getting alarmed; 'the Czar Peter cannot be drowned; did you ever hear of a Russian Czar perishing on the waters?' Such hours of self-consciousness occur in the lives of all youths of talent, but do not all give tone or colour to their ripe character. During the four months he spent in England, William learned to appreciate the worth of the Czar in spite of his rough, uncouth ways and silly speeches and grotesque manners. Could anything denote less self-consciousness

than this? The King's servants often laughed at him to his face, yet he left 120 guineas to be distributed among them. He presented to the monarch a rough ruby which the Amsterdam jewellers valued at 10,000*l.*, and which he carried to the palace in his vest pocket wrapped in a piece of fusty old brown paper. Once, while he was in Berlin, Frederick William sent a magnificent chariot drawn by richly caparisoned horses to drive him to the palace. Peter, seeing it arrive, went out the back door of his lodgings and walked to the Court, instructing the gentlemen of his suite to follow in the carriage. Thanking and apologising to the King, the Czar said he was not accustomed to such splendour, and often walked five times as much at a stretch. Nothing pleased him better than to receive his old shopmates at St. Petersburg, and be addressed by them in the old familiar names, Peter Zimmerman, Peter Baas, or even Skipper Peter. And that he saw through the folly of such speeches as that he delivered to William is clear from the following. Shortly after the battle of Pultowa he visited Holland again. The municipalities arranged to give him a splendid reception. William's Dutch Earl, Albemarle, then on a visit to the States, was deputed to bid the Czar welcome. This he did in a speech which vied for exaggeration with Peter's own to the Earl's master. 'I thank you heartily, said the Czar in reply, 'though I don't understand much of what you say. I learnt my Dutch among shipbuilders, but the sort of language you have spoken I am sure I never learnt.' On the same visit he requested the shipbuilders and workmen not to call him 'Majesty.' 'Come, brothers,' said he, 'let us talk like plain, honest shipwrights;' and then, summoning a servant who was filling the glasses out of a beer jug, he laughingly demanded the 'can,' and having got it, said, 'I can now drink as much as I like, and nobody can tell what I have taken.'

He attended surgical classes in Holland. Indeed, he dabbled in all the sciences and mechanical arts, but was specially proud of his attainments as a surgeon. He gloried in drawing a tooth, bleeding a patient, tapping for dropsy, or lopping off a limb; and on his return to Russia started a limited practice. His own

valet once availed himself of Peter's weakness as a vehicle of revenge on his wife for her unfaithfulness, a misdemeanor towards which Peter was very tolerant. Noticing the flunky with a sad countenance, the Czar asked the matter. 'Nothing, Sire, but my wife has a toothache and won't let the tooth be drawn.' 'Let me see her,' said Peter, 'and I warrant you I'll cure her.' The poor woman insisted she had no toothache. 'Sire,' said the valet, 'she always says that when I bring the doctor.' 'Hold her arm then,' said his Majesty, 'and we'll relieve her suffering.' Peter seized the tooth which the woman's husband pointed to as the bad one and smartly whirled it out. The Czar afterwards discovered that he had been tricked, and the poor woman made to suffer unnecessarily, and he gave the valet a knouting with his own royal hands.

He had a strong dislike to be stared at, and hated all kinds of fetes and ceremonies, unless he could mingle in the common crowd. 'Too many folks, too many folks,' he would say, when asked to take a part in any pageant.

A barber at Amsterdam, who had seen a description and portrait of him, was the first to pierce Peter's incognito, and confided the secret to each of his customers, who thereupon went about publishing it. Crowds at once gathered round his dwelling, and Peter sulked in his room for days. He was specially annoyed by the curiosity of the English, who forced themselves into his room while he was eating, and gazed at him with the celebrated stony British stare, as if he were a phenomenon. An amusing account is given in the *Life of Thomas Story* of an interview two Quakers cunningly effected with him. They endeavoured to persuade him to adopt Quaker principles, and presented him with several treatises on the subject for private study. The good-natured Czar promised to attend their meeting, where it is said he conducted himself with great decorum. He wanted to see Parliament without being seen, "in order to which," Lord Dartmouth says, 'he was placed in a gutter upon the housetop, to peep in at the window, where he made so ridiculous a figure that neither king nor people could forbear laughing, which obliged him to retire sooner than he intended.'

Contact with the world brushed this shyness wholly off him. The Quaker interview must have made some impression on him, for many years afterwards, when at Friedrickstadt, in Holstein, he inquired if there was any Quaker meeting in the place. As there happened to be one, he ordered his suite to accompany him, though they were quite ignorant of the language. The Czar kept up a running interpretation as the service proceeded, and afterwards thanked the preacher, saying, 'that whoever could live up to his doctrine would be happy.'

On his second visit to a town in Holland, he and the burgo-master of the place attended divine service, when an unconscious action of the Czar almost upset the gravity of the congregation. Peter feeling his head growing cold turned to the heavily wigged chief magistrate at his side and transferred the wig, the hair of which flowed down over the great-little man's shoulders, to his own head, and sat so till the end of the service, when he returned it to the insulted burgo-master, bowing his thanks. The great man's fury was not appeased till one of Peter's suite assured him that it was no practical joke at all that His Majesty had played, that his usual custom when at church, if his head was cold, was to seize the nearest wig he could clutch. Peter was tolerant towards all religious opinions, and wherever he was, attended church without asking after its special *ism*. The first building he erected in St. Petersburg was a citadel; the second, a church.

There are some stories told about Peter that do honour to his heart and disposition. On his arrival at Zaandam his first care was to search out and befriend the widow of a skipper of the name of Munsch, who had given him his first lesson in seamanship at Archangel, representing himself to be a fellow-workman of her late husband. In the retinue that accompanied the embassy to Holland there was a dwarf, who was Peter's faithful attendant at all festivities. One day there was no room in the carriage for this manikin, and it was suggested that he should travel in another. 'By no means,' said the Czar, and took the pigmy on his knee. The delight with which his old shipmates received him on his second visit to Holland may be easily im-

aged. As he landed, a thousand stentorian lungs cried out 'Welcome, Peter Baas!' while to his surprise a gushing old lady rushed forward to embrace him. 'My good lady,' said His Majesty, 'how do you know who I am?' 'Your Majesty,' she replied, 'often sat down and shared our humble meals nineteen years ago. I am the wife of Baas Pool.' The Czar instantly returned her salute, kissed her on the forehead, and invited himself to dine again with her that very day.

Peter's highest ambition was to make Russia a great maritime power. He used to say, what Russia is practically saying still alike in Europe and in Asia, that it was not land that he wanted but sea. Not only did he spend a year of his life learning ship-building, but to popularise the service he even toiled as a common sailor. To foster the love of a seafaring life he had a garden laid out in an island near St. Petersburg, on which he built a palace. He presented boats to the nobility, that they might be able to visit him, on the condition that each should keep his vessel in order and provide another when it was done. He encouraged them to vie with each other in regatta competitions. The Muscovite priests taught that it was a crime to leave Russia and travel in the land of the infidel, yet the Czar, in his zeal for the development of Russia, braved their religious fury and prejudice. He ordered the nobility to go abroad and acquire, not only the manners of foreign Courts and countries, but their arts and sciences, especially naval architecture. A story is told of one who returned from Venice as ignorant as he went. 'What the duce have you been learning?' said the Czar. 'Sire, I smoked my pipe, drank my brandy, and rarely stirred out of my room.' More amused than enraged, Peter suggested that the lord should be made one of his Court fools on the spot. He had the bitterest opposition and prejudice to contend with in his efforts to make Russia respected and great. In his search for a sea-border; he extended his dominion to the sea of Azoph, the Caspian Sea, and the Gulf of Finland.

Amsterdam was the model he had in his mind while planning St. Petersburg. He had a nervous dread of the sea to overcome



in his youth, and this he did by spending all his spare time on the river that flows through Moscow. He passed himself through a regular curriculum as a sailor, and never gave himself a higher commission till he had earned it. He started as the ship's drudge, was then promoted to be cook's menial, whose work was to light the fire, wash the dishes, and make himself generally useful; next he became cabin-boy and waited at table; and it was a proud moment in his life when he attained the high position of a sailor before the mast, and in smooth waters was permitted to handle the helm. He fought as a captain of Bombardiers in a naval fight with the Swedes, and was awarded the order of St. Andrew for his gallant conduct; and after the glorious action at which Admiral Ehrenschild was taken prisoner, he was summoned by the Vice-Czar Romanofsky, by his name of Rear-Admiral Peter, to take his seat beside the throne, and in recognition of his daring and success was promoted to the office of Vice-Admiral of Russia, amid cries of 'Long live the Vice-Admiral!' He left Russia, which he got without a ship, with a fleet of 41 vessels ready for service, carrying 2,106 guns, manned by 15,000 seamen, besides a number of frigates and galleys.

Peter died in the arms of his Catharine on January 28, 1725, some say poisoned by her; but that seems not believable. His body lay in state in the palace till the day of interment, March 21. In the interval between his death and burial his third daughter departed this life, and the obsequies of father and child were celebrated together amid the tears of a sorrowing nation, for the people had begun to see the genuine worth and virtue of their monarch through his rough outside coating. No memory is more fondly cherished in Russia than Peter's. Everything that can remind the nation of him is carefully treasured in her museums; his hat, sword, dogs, horse, even his old clothes, and the wooden hut he erected with his own hands while supervising St. Petersburg as it rose above the waters—all are sacred. He loved Russia with a kingly love; and sacrificed his son rather than that an unqualified and worthless monarch should preside over

its destinies. 'I would rather,' said he, 'commit my people to an entire stranger who was worthy of such a trust than to my own undeserving offspring.' It is not the language of hyperbole to say that he invented Russia. His merits as a wise statesman and legislator far surpass his defects as a tyrant. In such a kingdom as his, tyranny was the kindest rule. Individuals might have to suffer, but the principles of justice such tyranny as Peter's vindicated and defended are benefits and blessings to the end of time. He was an untutored genius who had to create an ideal of kingcraft for himself; and if he failed let readers judge. If an apology is needed for his frailties, rough methods, boorishness of mind, barbarianism, the apology we offer is that he took the shape the conditions of Russian society and the environment around him would permit—that these defects belonged rather to his times than to himself; while whatever of good he was or great he did, was the result of the throes of his own groping and darkly struggling spirit, earnest intellect, and determined will.

THE RECTOR'S ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATING  
CLASS.

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*Young Ladies of the Graduating Class:*

You have reached at last the day so longed for by many of your fellow-pupils, and which you have anticipated with feelings of the deepest interest. It is Commencement Day! Looked forward to by some as the end of toil and self-denying labor, as the beginning of a life of uninterrupted amusement and self-indulgence: but not so regarded by the earnest countenances of the class I now address. You have indeed reached the goal of your school life; you have labored with diligence and success: you have long since won the respect and affection of your teachers, and have not forfeited them: and as the result of untiring devotion to duty, as the consequence of the careful and thorough performance of every requirement in the varied course you have been assigned, you now carry off the highest prizes,—the diplomas and rewards of merit which it shall be my delight, in the name of the school, to confer. I have known you long and well, and am sure that intellectually and morally you are worthy of the distinctions we would this day heap upon you. Take then these parchments, upon which is inscribed the formal expression of our endorsement of your proficiency; take them, as emblems of our entire satisfaction with the use you have made of the opportunities St. Mary's has offered you; take them as the victors of old in the Grecian games, the crowns and flowers, which were bestowed upon them, and for which even Emperors were willing to contend; take these well-earned honors with the eyes of your friends here upon you, and with the hearts of the loved ones at home beating quickly with joyful sympathy as the hour of your triumph comes around. Let your souls exult; let them expand; let them mount up with wings as eagles; let them rejoice as conquerors after a well fought battle when they divide

the spoil ! and confess, as you thus revel in the delights of this supreme hour, the truth of the legend which your class has chosen as its motto, "*Finis coronat opus!*"

Yes! there has been work, honest, hard, laborious work; unrelaxed, unremitting, constant application. Not that this toil has been without its own reward; not that there has been no refreshment by the way, as you felt you were accomplishing that for which you were sent, and as you caught glimpses in the excellence of your weekly and monthly reports of the triumph at the end. But, for all this, you know, better than any one else, that the success which crowns this hour has been the result of faithful and continuous effort. I have seen you in those periods specially devoted to the duty of preparing your studies, using every moment in purchase of its worth; and at other times, when you might have sought some diversion in miscellaneous reading, or in writing letters to your many friends, at such times intent upon the work of a more complete preparation than the text-book could afford: consulting authorities in the library and noting down their statements; or plying your self-sacrificing teachers with questions, and listening to their fuller and freer explanations after the regular hours of recitation. And oh! what a blessed privilege it is for a pupil to have a teacher capable of awakening enthusiasm and interest, and of directing the mind thus stimulated to those intellectual pastures, those never-failing springs of knowledge, which delight and satisfy, while at the same time they refresh and strengthen, and excite to still further effort! I have witnessed, I say, your work; and now the end has come, and you are here crowned in this most sacred place, with the highest rewards and honors St. Mary's can bestow. The impress of her seal upon your diplomas, is her attestation, the outward and visible sign of her approbation of the work you have accomplished.

But it is your Commencement Day. And, as I have said, some think from this name of the day that life henceforth is to be a path of roses, that amends is to be made for the privations of school discipline; and that pleasure without alloy is to be henceforth their daily experience. They regard themselves as

“finished,” as fully equipped intellectually; as having exhausted the sources of knowledge! But your earnest faces tell of other aspirations. You know well that your labor here has been merely preliminary. At most you have been sinking shafts, and thus learning, as do the miners, where the precious ore lies: preparing yourselves for deeper and more thorough investigations. Or like the gymnasts, you have been developing your powers, testing them, learning what you are capable of doing, and thus fitting yourselves to master the problems of the future. You will take your first steps and not your last in the fields of education—the only education of any enduring value, *self-education*—after to-day. You will no doubt be greatly benefitted by the development and the strengthening of your powers while with us, but the real, true and invaluable education is that which you work out for yourselves. All that the best preparation can do, all that the most devoted teacher can accomplish for you while at school, is to excite your interest in the work of self-culture; to give you such intellectual exercise as shall enable you to feel confidence in your mental powers, and to point out to your ardent spirits the vast domains of knowledge still unexplored. It is for you to complete in the life upon which you are now entering the work of your self-education, of which this is the Commencement Day. Take up some of the topics which have suggested themselves, as during your course you have studied the histories and literatures of the nations of the past, or of those of the modern world. Devote your time to the perfection of yourselves in music, or in the arts, if you have labored upon these studies while here at school. But make the day your Commencement Day indeed! I shall not for a moment permit the thought that you can be willing to waste the culture you have here received by carelessness; by the temptations of light and trifling company; by neglecting to use the powers which have been here developed; and thus, in a few months perhaps, to form tastes and habits which will render of no effect the patient labor of so many days.

Bear with me if I am tedious; it is the last time. But though you are so immature intellectually, and have, as you deeply feel,

knowledge barely sufficient to perceive how little you do know, if the result of your hard study has made you aware that the knowledge you now have is but as a drop compared to the vast ocean, which covers as with a garment, three-fourths of the surface of our globe, you have matured in one direction.

The moral nature, by which we perceive the difference between right and wrong, by which, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, we are led to choose the good and refuse the evil; this part of our being is rapidly developed and matured; so that often a young person, a mere child in years, has a character for virtue or vice as indelibly marked as if the head was hoary with age.

Now this is *your* Commencement Day; and as in one sense, that is intellectually, you are but beginners—prepared, it is true, in a measure by well formed habits of study, and by confidence in mental powers, tested upon many a difficult task for the work before you; in another sense, I sincerely believe you are thoroughly furnished, and that is as to your moral nature. You go from us to the labor and battle of life mature, veteran soldiers of the Cross. The waters of Holy Baptism, when you promised not to be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, but manfully to fight under His banner against sin, the world and the devil and to continue Christ's faithful soldiers and servants unto your life's end, are still fresh; and you now, as those who know well in whom they trust, are about to go out into the world strong in the Lord and in the Power of His might. Remember that you bear His mark, His Cross upon your forehead, think of it as a token of your salvation, think of its length as it stretches forth on the right hand and on the left into boundless space, think of its height as it rises up toward heaven above, and of its depth as it sinks down into the earth below, and let it be to you the measure of His love which passeth knowledge. If it would be matter of deepest mortification to all interested in you should you abandon your intellectual culture, so auspiciously begun, for the frivolous amusements of society, of how much greater wrong would you be guilty should you disregard the moral training which you have here received!

Do not expect or desire conspicuous places; look not for distinctions as leaders in society, let your work, your calling, be found as was that of your Lord's, in deeds of love and mercy, in devotion to your parents, in helping your brothers and sisters; in doing good to all within your influence. Let this be the next school in which you are to labor the remainder of your life. And then what joy! what blessedness will be your portion however laborious the service; and at the last great day, when you shall hear those cheering words, "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me. Enter into the joy of Thy Lord." "*Finis Coronabit Opus*," you shall be crowned with immortal garlands which cannot fade, and commence that life of radiant peace which shall shine forever in every cleansed and forgiven heart.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE


**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.**

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WITH this number we bid farewell to our friends and readers of 1879 and '80, and at the same time send greetings to those of '80 and '81. We heartily thank the former for the kind consideration which has been invariably extended to us, and only hope that the numberless shortcomings, which are but too apparent to ourselves, may be as gently borne with in the future as they have been in the past. At any time it is pretty hard to turn out the sort of "editorial" we would like, from such a heterogeneous work-shop as St. Mary's, but the pressure of school work during the past month has been heavier than ever, and amid all the other claims of the closing weeks, it has been all but impossible to accomplish anything beyond. But now our labors are ended. The victors in the scholastic race have gone to enjoy the home rest they have so justly earned. The worn and weary teachers have scattered to their summer resorts for much needed refreshment, and only a very few remain to indite for the MUSE



## THE EVENTS OF COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The disappointment of not having Bishop Lyman with us for the services of Sunday, June 6th, was like a morning cloud o'ershadowing the first hours of our proposed exercises, but accepting very gladly his substitute, Rev. Mr. Weston, as the preacher, we were comforted by the speedy scattering of our little cloud, which returned no more during the progress of our whole programme. The daily examinations proceeded with regularity, animation and success. With very few exceptions, they gave evidence of faithful, steady work throughout the session. Many of them were really brilliant.

On Monday evening the Primary and Kindergarten classes entertained their friends, giving, as we believe, entire satisfaction and much pleasure.

Their recitations in French were considered very remarkable in children so young and who have studied French only this year; the singing was in good time and tune, and *heartly*; the Calisthenics, and particularly the Color-march, were beautifully done, and in the final Chorus we are sure that every heart in that crowded assembly must have joined as the precious little ones prayed God "Bless the knowledge we have won, and keep us ever in Thy care." We could ask nothing better than that all the entertainments given at St. Mary's should be as gratifying as was this of our dear little ones.

On Tuesday evening the French and German exercises came off, according to the following

## PROGRAMME:

*Tancred*—Overture, . . . . . *Rossini*

MISSES FOIL AND PEEBLES.

" SMEDES AND DEROSSET.

*Dramatic Recitation from Joan of Arc*, (in German) . . . . . *Schiller*

MISSES ALLSTON, DEROSSET, GRIFFIN, HUGER, PEEBLES AND SETTLE.

*Death of Minnehaha*, . . . . . *Longfellow*

MISS M. SETTLE.

*Song*—By the Fire, . . . . . *Doorley*

MISS HARDIN.

*Scene from Le Cid*, (in French) . . . . . *Corneille*

MISSES HARDIN, SUTTON AND WINSTON.

<i>The Return,</i>	MISSES HARDIN AND F. SHARP.	<i>Campana</i>
<i>The Lion's Ride,</i>	MISS F. SLATER.	
<i>Song—The Tempest,</i>	MISS M. L. BLUME.	<i>Dudley Buck</i>

## COMEDIE FRANÇAISE PAR MME. NARBEL.

## La Treille du Roi.

<i>La Reine,</i>	Miss S. G. Shaw
<i>La Marquise,</i>	Miss Allston
<i>Jeunes Orphelines,</i>	Misses S. L. Cuningham, Griffin, Huger, M. Lewis, McNair and Slater.
<i>Rondo, in G.,</i>	Von Weber
	MISS DEROSSET.

To say that they were as good as usual, would hardly express the unusual manifestations of delight with which they were received. The recitations, both colloquial and declamatory, were certainly admirably made, and manifested a degree of easy familiarity with those foreign languages which is rarely attained by school girls. The English recitations (thrown in for the delectation of those who could only enjoy the rest of the programme *by sight*) were so fine as to arouse an enthusiastic expectation of other *morceaux* of the same kind which were announced for Wednesday and Thursday.

The interest of all was ever on the increase, and by Wednesday evening the large parlor and piazza and hall adjacent were literally packed with people, who knew well that a rare musical and literary treat was in store for them. And right nobly did "our girls" meet the expectations of their critical, though kind audience. The programme was exquisitely gotten up—a real little gem in itself—and was of no common order in the selections offered. We have yet to hear a whisper of disappointment from any one of that multitude of listeners.

Not a break from beginning to end. The difficult music flowed on in unbroken harmony. The rich tide of song rose in waves of sweetest melody, and the brilliant recitations were so graceful, so easy, so *perfect*, that one could not find words to express the wonder and admiration they excited.

## PROGRAMME:

## PART I.

1. *Fest Ouverture*—By request, . . . . . *Leutner*  
MISSES DEROSSET AND GRIFFIN,  
MISSES HARDIN AND ALLSTON.
2. *Recitation*—Sunrise in the Vale of Chamounie, . . . . . *Coleridge*  
MISS S. L. CUNINGHAM.
3. *Vocal Duett*—Aprile, . . . . . *Concone*  
MISSES BLUME AND DEROSSET.
4. *Piano Solo*—Polacca, Op. 72, . . . . . *Von Weber*  
MISS L. P. ALLSTON.
5. *Vocal Solo*—Morning Land, . . . . . *Dudley Buck*  
MISS M. L. HARDIN.
6. *Recitation*—Horatius at the Bridge, . . . . . *Macaulay*  
MISS R. A. COLLINS.
7. *Vocal Solo*—Cavatina, from Lucia, . . . . . *Donizetti*  
MISS M. L. BLUME.
8. *Concerto, in C Minor*, . . . . . *Beethoven*  
MISS G. DEG. DEROSSET.  
Piano accompaniment by  
MISS SMEDES.

## PART II.

1. *Piano Solo*—Polonaise, Op. 40, No. 2, . . . . . *Chopin*  
MISS B. E. GRIFFIN.
2. *Recitation*—The Little Rid Hin, . . . . . *Mrs. Whitney*  
MISS F. M. HUGER.
3. *Vocal Solo*—Storm and Sunshine, . . . . . *Dudley Buck*  
MISS L. P. ALLSTON.
4. *Recitation*—The Bells, . . . . . *E. A. Poe*  
MISS B. E. GRIFFIN.
5. *Piano Solo*—Faschingsschwank, . . . . . *Schumann*  
MISS E. H. SMEDES.
6. *Vocal Solo*—Recitative and Aria, from der Freischütz, . . . . . *Von Weber*  
MISS M. L. BLUME.
7. *Recitation*—The High Tide in Lincolnshire, . . . . . *Ingelow*  
MISS M. L. HARDIN.
8. *Marches and Trios, Op. 40, Nos. 1, 2, 3*, . . . . . *Schubert*  
MISSES DEROSSET AND GRIFFIN,  
MISSES HARDIN AND ALLSTON.

The exercises of Commencement Day were thoroughly enjoyable. The essays were, as a whole, decidedly superior to those of any preceding year; the recitations also were more *finished*. Even our accomplished teacher of Literature, Composition and Elocution expressed herself entirely satisfied, which was perhaps the greatest triumph of her scholars. So much of their success in carrying out all these programmes is due to her faithful and untiring instruction, that they must ask her indulgence for thus publicly acknowledging their indebtedness to her. With heartfelt thanks for her unceasing pains and interest in them for three years past, they bid her a sad farewell, and wish her all happiness and success in her future home.

COMMENCEMENT DAY PROGRAMME:

*Salutatory and Essay*—A Comparison of Mythologies,

MISS FANNIE M. HUGER.

*Recitation*—The Son of the Evening Star, . . . . . *Longfellow*

MISS GABRIELLE DEG. DEROSSET.

*Essay*—Rivers of the East,

MISS LOUISE P. ALLSTON.

*Recitation*—The Sleeping Beauty, . . . . . *Tennyson*

MISS ANNIE R. COLLINS.

*Honor—Essay from the Sub-Senior Class,*

The Day before the Flood, . . . . . *Read by Miss S. E. Martin*

MISS MINNIE B. ALBERTSON.

*Essay*—The Loves of the Poets,

MISS ANNIE R. COLLINS.

*Recitation*—The Lay of St. Dunstan, . . . . . *Ingoldsby Legends*

MISS LOUISE P. ALLSTON.

*Essay*—Epics—and Valedictories,

MISS GABRIELLE DEG. DEROSSET.

The Recitations and Essays all finished, in words full of feeling and in tones tremulous with emotion, Miss deRosset addressed her Valedictories to her Rector, teachers, companions and classmates.

The audience then adjourned to the Chapel, and were soon followed by the scholars, teachers and Clergy, in procession, singing that inspiring hymn "Ten thousand times ten thousand." The

Rector read the Roll of Honor, announced the Distinctions, conferred the Diplomas, delivered his address to the graduates, and then as the four girls, with all their blushing honors fresh upon them knelt before him, he committed them so tenderly to God's gracious mercy and protection, that all present felt that such a benediction must be a potent shield to them in many an hour of strife and trial in the days to come. Singing the beautiful Recessional Hymn "On our way rejoicing, as we homeward go," the large congregation dispersed.

The week's work was finished most fittingly by the

#### ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ALUMNÆ.

Quite a number were present and many new names were added to the roll. After the reading of the Secretary's report, the Association proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: President, Mrs. W. R. Cox; Vice-Presidents, Misses F. J. Johnson and Eliza McKee; Treasurer, Mrs. R. S. Tucker; Secretary, Miss Kate McKimmon. During the meeting interesting letters, in response to the call given through the *MUSE*, were read and heard with great interest.

On motion, it was agreed that a meeting be appointed for "Fair Week," in October next, to act upon the Constitution and By-laws of the Association, after which the meeting adjourned. The members of the Association, and all interested in it, have cause to feel very much encouraged; it already numbers eighty-two, with almost daily additions. For the benefit of all the daughters of St. Mary's, this copy of the proceedings of the meeting is put into the *MUSE*, through whose pages we tender heartfelt thanks to those who have responded so promptly and warmly to the call made in the last number. We are glad to acknowledge letters from Miss K. P. Wheaton, Miss J. O. Allen, Mrs. F. B. Aiken, Mrs. Otelia Eaton, Mrs. Arebe Yarborough, Miss Kate D. Cheshire, Miss Juliet Somerville and Miss M. C. Smedes.

It will be remembered that the object of this Association was fully set forth in the *MUSE*, and we cannot too cordially

invite all old scholars who have not yet enrolled their names, or paid their fee, to do so without delay. It is exceedingly desirable that the *practical* object of our efforts should be put into execution next September. Communications may be addressed during the summer to Mrs. R. S. Tucker, Treasurer, Raleigh.

WE HAVE to record the death, on June 10, of one of our Alumnæ, Mrs. Ed. Graham Haywood (Mag Henry). In the prime of life, and leaving a large family to whom she was ever a devoted mother, there is a double sadness in her sudden removal. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to her bereaved children, and pray God to comfort them in their great sorrow.

MRS. MEARES' birthday celebration was one of the marked events of the past month, and deserves fuller mention than we can give it. Suffice it to say the girls were made very happy by it, and she was the recipient not only of their loving congratulations but of many very substantial tokens of remembrance from friends far and near.

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.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK brought Mrs. Aldert Smedes home again from her long visit to Wadesboro. Her daughters, Mrs. Leake and Miss Sadie Smedes, came with her, and the family reunion will probably continue during the quiet and restful months of summer.

MISS BLUME'S songs on Wednesday evening were like the swan's, sweeter than ever towards the last. She sails for Europe immediately, but has so fallen in love with her St. Mary's home, that September will find her again among us. Hers is said to be a family notable in the musical world. One of her brothers took the prize at the Royal Conservatory, Leipsig, when quite young, and has just been elected Director-in-Chief of the Queen's Concerts, in London. Another is a teacher of celebrity in Edinburgh.

A CALL to Packer Institute, Brooklyn, deprives us of one of our most beloved and valued teachers, Miss Czarnomska, whose efficient services have rendered her so acceptable a member of our Faculty. We are glad to believe that she will be no less appreciated at Packer, her own *Alma Mater*, than she has been at St. Mary's.

THE good taste of our Director of Music in selecting two of Dudley Buck's songs for the Commencement programme, is fully endorsed by the announcement that Mr. Buck has received the prize awarded by the Cincinnati College of Music, for the best American composition.

THE recent alterations in the school buildings have considerably curtailed our accommodations. This fact, together with the indications of a much larger number of boarders next session, renders it necessary that early application should be made by new pupils. Mrs. Meares begs that old scholars expecting to return, will signify their intention at least a week before the session opens, that their places may be kept. Alcoves will not be reserved after the first Monday of the new term.

WE CALL attention to the advertisement on another page, of Mme. Clement's School, Germantown, Pa. Miss Clement is one of the daughters of St. Mary's who feels a sort of maternal pride in the reputation for sound moral and religious training, as well as for the high educational standard which for over twenty years her school has justly maintained.

THE GOLD MEDAL for proficiency in Music was awarded to Miss Gabrielle deRosset. That for the best exercises in Harmony to Miss Louise Allston.

Miss deRosset will return in September, to be an assistant teacher under the Director, and at the same time to continue her own studies in Music.

Miss Allston has secured a situation to take charge of a school in Buncombe county, and will enter upon her duties without delay. We give her a loving God-speed—wishing her every blessing her heart can desire.

WE HAVE only time and space to announce that the prize for correct answers to the Questions, is won by Miss Phœbe McCullough, of Spartanburg, S. C. She has our thanks and congratulations. We will take pleasure in publishing her answers in September.

THE visitors we have had the pleasure of bidding welcome to St. Mary's during the past month are "legion." The Clergy of the Diocese, in passing to and from the Convention in Winston, could not fail to look in upon their "nursery," and were right heartily welcomed by the children of their various parishes. Miss Belle Huger, of Charleston, spent several days with us, winning our hearts, and, we hope, leaving some of her own with us. She must have been gratified at seeing her sister's school-life crowned with so many honors. Miss Roberta Lord also made us glad with her presence, and went away regretting more than ever that she was never a school-girl at St. Mary's. Misses Addie Smith, Alice Leake, Annie Hawkins, Hattie Lloyd, Jennie Hinton and Annie Lewis were among the old scholars who rejoiced our hearts by coming. Our dear and venerable friend, Dr. DeRosset, honored us and gladdened his little daughter's heart by coming to see her graduate. We were happy in having Rev. Messrs. Larmour and Higgs abide with us for a short season. The Reverend Clergy of the city also claim our thanks for the honor of their presence.

DURING service on the last Sunday of the school year, Mr. Smedes read the following report of alms and contributions, and their disbursement during the session:

To Diocesan Missions, \$10; Bishops' Salaries, \$30; Aldert Smedes Scholarship in Miss Nelson's School, Shanghai, \$40; St. John's Hospital, Raleigh, \$76; The Poor of Raleigh, \$21; Mission Church at Franklin, N. C., \$4.70; Church at Hickory, \$8; Mexican Mission, \$6.75; Various churches in North Carolina and Virginia, \$11. Total, \$206.45.

A large proportion of this was contributed by the Missionary Sewing Society of the School, and by Mite Chest collections in the different Bible classes



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RALEIGH, N. C.

(FOUNDED 1842.)

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THE REV. BENNETT SMEDES, A. M.,

RECTOR AND PRINCIPAL.

MRS. C. DeR. MEARES,

LADY PRINCIPAL.

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This School now offers inducements such as have never before been afforded by any school in the South.

In addition to its acknowledged *PRE-EMINENCE* in point of *LOCATION*, *REFINING INFLUENCES*, and *CHARACTER* of pupils, the special advantages claimed are :

1st. A CORPS OF TWELVE TEACHERS, carefully selected, with a view to fitness for their respective positions, and therefore thorough, efficient and enthusiastic in their work.

2nd. A SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES, with eight teachers.

*English* is regarded as of the first importance, and receives special attention in two comprehensive and thorough courses, Preparatory and Academic.

*Latin*, by a graduate of the University of Virginia.

*French*, after Sauveur's conversational method, by a French lady whose ability is best shown by the results of her teaching.

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

3rd. THE BEST EQUIPPED MUSICAL DEPARTMENT in the South, consisting of 16 pianos, a cabinet organ, a magnificent new pipe organ of 2 manuals and 20 stops—the largest for school purposes in the United States—and the only *PEDAL PIANO* south of New York. Eugene Thayer, the finest pedal player in this country, recommends its use as the only way to acquire correct pedalling.

4th. THE USE OF MUSIC OF THE HIGHEST ORDER, as shown by the programmes of the monthly *Recitals*.

5th. A VOCAL TEACHER, from the Royal Leipzig Conservatory. This lady possesses a beautiful soprano voice, thoroughly developed. As a proof of her superior cultivation, it is only necessary to state that she has sung in the world-renowned Gewandhaus concerts.

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.

The Principal is determined that the advantages offered by St. Mary's in EVERY DEPARTMENT shall be UNSURPASSED.

The 76th Term begins Friday, January 30th, 1880.

For circular containing terms and full particulars, address the Rector.

# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

RALEIGH, N. C.

The Department of Music offers great inducements to young ladies wishing to obtain a thorough knowledge of music in all its branches. In order to meet the requirements of advanced organ instruction, a fine new *PIPE ORGAN* of *TWO MANUALS* and *TWENTY STOPS* has been placed in the Chapel, and the only Pedal Piano South of New York is at the service of organ students. A vocalist from the Royal Leipzig Conservatory has been added to the corps of teachers, and no pains or expense will be spared to make this the first musical school in the South.

Persons outside of the School can make arrangements for either Piano, Organ or Vocal Lessons by applying to the Director of Music.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF

*LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART,*

PAUL H. HAYNE, - - - - Editorial Contributor.

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**MRS. CICERO W. HARRIS,**

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,

WILMINGTON, N. C.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1880.

No. 2.

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*"THE WITCH OF THE NEUSE."*

—  
A CENTENNIAL STORY IN VERSE.

—  
CONTINUED.

—  
CANTO X.

THE CHASE.

Light breaks on the Trent as it flows gently on,  
The morning breeze freshens as echoes the horn  
Along the calm shore; the hounds in full cry,  
Dash on as the hunters right gallantly fly  
On their brave mettled steeds treading lightly on air,  
And scorning their weight on the gross earth to bear.  
And now the rose-curtains arise, and Apollo  
Looks out on the chase with delight as the halloo  
Of triumph rebounds and the stag is at bay:  
The hunters spring forward, the conquer'd to slay,  
Beneath his bright gaze the ready steel gleaming,  
Descends like a flash and the life-blood is streaming  
From the brave antler'd hero, who falls with a sigh,  
And yields like a king to his dire destiny.  
Beneath the thick shade of a cypress there stands  
A beauteous white palfrey, control'd by fair hands  
Of a kind, gentle maiden, whose eye could not brook  
On the down-fall or death of the noble to look.  
Beside her a youth of scarce twelve summers rides,  
While the fate of the stag her good brother decides;  
And that doting brother! ah! little thought he,  
In that moment of triumph, his darling Annie

Was seized, and by ruffianly hands, borne away,  
 And whither? ah! whither?—none knew nor could say.  
 Grief filled the proud hearts of the Bryans that day,  
 Grief withered the fond mother's heart in that hour,  
 Grief bent the proud form of the father—and say—  
 Ah! say, did not grief the rash brother o'erpower.

## CAPTIVITY.

No tears or entreaties could Ferguson move ;  
 No suffering or grief did his iron heart heed ;  
 While swiftly behind him flew forest and grove,  
 For the white steed was reined to the top of her speed.  
 At last, on the gloomy " King's Mountain " they rested,  
 And here the lorn maiden in sorrow reclined  
 On a bed of fern leaves, alone, unmolested,  
 In grief and despair for three gloomy days pined.  
 At last, came all clad in his best, the marauder,  
 With smiles of a friend the fair captive address'd,  
 With offers of love and a stern oath to guard her  
 Through life, as a brave man, of power possess'd.  
 In vain did he call up his comeliest smile,  
 In vain did he seek the fair maid to beguile,  
 In vain he displayed his fine soldier-like form,  
 In vain with fierce fury and rage did he storm.  
 The timid one, lonely and powerless though she,  
 Threw back his fierce glance with proud dignity.  
 " I fear thee not, traitor," the heroine cried,  
 " Though I know my sad fate thou canst quickly decide ;  
 " Here! pierce this calm bosom, 'tis the boon that I claim,  
 " Ere child of my father take Ferguson's name."  
 And now, as a serpent, his doomed victim eyes,  
 Fierce Ferguson on his imprisoned one glares ;  
 Thus spake he: " Proud woman, thy doomed lover dies,  
 " My victim this hour thy captivity shares."  
 " Bethink thee, fair maiden, three days shalt thou have ;  
 " On the fourth thou must wed me, thy lover to save ;



“Dost see yon tall pine? It shall kindle fierce flames  
 “To consume the poor lad that thy faithfulness claims.”  
 He vanished, and Annie in grief and despair,  
 Bent lowly in humble and agonized prayer.

Ah! weep for the gentle, the heroic girl,  
 Encompass'd with hardships, with pitiless foes;  
 No arm on the outlaw swift vengeance to hurl,  
 While still his base yearnings he daringly shows.  
 No deliverance comes and the victim must die;  
 In the fangs of the wolf does he powerless lie.  
 Ah! now was the maiden's firm trust placed on high,  
 She cared not to live and she gladly would die;  
 In the arms of the Mighty her trust was reposed,  
 In the armor of Heaven her strength was inclosed,  
 For her lover's deliverance she ardently sighed,  
 For him she would gladly have suffered and died.  
 Ah! little he knew that his Annie would look  
 On a death which far mightier energies shook.  
 For the demon marauder had Annie decreed  
 To watch the fierce flames on her loved soldier feed.

At midnight the heart-stricken maid wept aloud,  
 As the pine 'neath the wood-cutters' sharp axes bow'd;  
 On her knees, in deep agony frantically pray'd,  
 That the hand of the cruel might quickly be stay'd.  
 That his heart might be soften'd and sweet mercy know,  
 That heaven might on him like mercy bestow.

## CONSOLATION.

Hark! comes a soft whisper—the oil'd hinges move—  
 Advances a form, and in accents of love,  
 Assures and consoles in o'erpowering grief  
 The beauteous Annie. The visit though brief  
 Was balm to the wounds that none earthly could know,  
 Save she that had bow'd to like terrible blow.

"Thou dear angel child," (whisper'd Ula) "arise,  
 "Nor scorn my poor words nor my comfort despise.  
 "Glad tidings I bring thee; a patriot band  
 "Shall arrive ere is led out thy lover to stand  
 "'Neath the terrible stake his captor has driven  
 "Fast in the earth, where his victims have striven,  
 "Amid the fierce flames of the fire-mad'ning pine,  
 "Nor long shall thy demon thy freedom confine.  
 "Then wearied one, rest thee in trustful repose;  
 "Thy enemy dies ere the blue cups unclose  
 "Of the gay morning-glory, and glad Ula sings  
 "As the warm blood aloft from his drained arteries spring."  
 Thus spoke she and vanished, the Witch of the Neuse,  
 While still the deliv'rance she watchful pursues,  
 Of her heart's cherished darling—the fair angel child,  
 Whose charity on her lorn widowhood smiled.

TEMPTATION.

At day's early dawn, ere the sun's cheering ray  
 Had lighten'd the tiny loop-holes in the wall  
 Of the prison of rocks where the fair Annie lay  
 Fast asleep in her innocence. When a foot-fall  
 At the door wakes in terror the desolate maid.  
 Tho' wretched, her beauty enchantingly shone,  
 And angelic radiance her fair form array'd,  
 And beamed from her eyes as she stood all alone.  
 All alone and defenceless, to dim mortals view,  
 Though heaven around her its solaces threw;  
 And the arm of the Mighty to mortal unseen,  
 Her form and fierce Ferguson's hand was between.  
 "Look forth!" cried the murderer; "yon coward behold!  
 "Thy boy-lover writhes in the chains thou hast wound  
 "Round his poor puny limbs; fair maid, thou'rt cold  
 "To the cries that must soon on thy timid ear sound.  
 "O! where is the love that but yesterday even,  
 "Was vow'd to yon youth? who will soon be in heaven,

“Or sink where the manes of the faithless are driven.  
“O! where is thy pity? has the stone of this case  
“Grown into thy heart? and no effort to save  
“Thy gentle admirer from thy gentleness come,  
“In time to bid silent the death warning drum?  
“Then speak but one word: Carolina shall claim  
“Another defender of honour and fame,  
“At once his fleet charger shall bear him away  
“To join his bold comrades in battle array;  
“While the man that adores thee, with rapture will vow  
“To shield with his life, from a shadow thy brow.”

---

CANTO XI.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

THE ATTACK.

One glance from the loop-hole! her spirit was crushed,  
The life-current through the pressed arteries rushed,  
Like a torrent repulsed, it flows back again  
To its source and the life-blood leaves every vein.  
She falls, as a dimness her blue orbs enclose,  
The anguish all impulse of living had froze.  
As he looked on, dismay'd, fierce Ferguson's ear  
Caught a sound that his heart filled with anguish and fear.  
The trump, the loud drum and the shouts of the foe,  
The rocks and the woods his false heart echo'd through,  
Quick he sprang through the opening, and must'ring his men  
To repulse the invaders, forgot that the den  
That confined his fair captive unguarded was now,  
While the wrath of the demon o'ershadow'd his brow.

His shrill whistle\* sounded through cavern and glen,  
 And forth came all armed his stout, resolute men.  
 At their head the bold leader confronted the foe,  
 And with bayonets drove them the mountain below ;  
 Americans now up the mountain advance—  
 The enemy's piquets driven in and the lance  
 Of fierce Ferguson breaks ere his charger could turn,  
 Or needful discretion the rash leader learn.  
 To his rescue came thund'ring his trained men and true,  
 Now fiercer and thicker the dread conflict grew ;  
 Around him fell faster bold Ferguson's men,  
 Tho' his whistle still cheered them from rock and from glen.  
 "On! on!" was his shout, as he furiously flew ;  
 "On! on!" my brave men, quit ye valiant and true!"  
 But no brav'ry or daring their destiny turned,  
 Their cries to surrender, fierce Ferguson spurned.  
 And now (like the brave little column of Daves,  
 Surrounded by Ferguson's merciless Braves,)  
 Surrounded was he with his brave men and tried,  
 Who had fought with him long and now with him died.  
 As Ferguson fell a shout echo'd long ;  
 Then streamed down the mountain a maniac song :  
 Now glad flew the singer, his requiem to chant,  
 And over his corse the proud hero to taunt.  
 And she yell'd with delight as the blood spouted high  
 From the wound that had caused the dread ruffian to die.

As fled the fierce chief from the dark rocky cave,  
 Where fell lovely Annie, as cold for the grave,  
 The Witch of the Neuse in all gentleness came,  
 And sought with appliances back to reclaim  
 To life and delight from her joyless sleep  
 The beauteous Annie, whose heart should now leap  
 With rapture unspeakable. As she awoke,  
 On her sight a bright vision enchantingly broke.

---

\*Ferguson summoned and urged on his men with a shrill silver whistle before and in the midst of battle.

Her lover beside her, with joy beaming eyes,  
 Invites back the blush as it fitfully flies.  
 All radiant with bliss which he dare scarcely claim,  
 As he rapturously calls on his loved Annie's name.  
 "Arouse thee! sweet angel," the gipsy now screamed,  
 While she laughed 'till the tears from her murky eyes streamed.  
 Now dancing, she flew down the mountain with glee,  
 And sang the death song of the fall'n enemy.

Now clasped in the arms of her lover, the maiden  
 Was blest beyond all that she dared ever hope,  
 And light was the heart that with stern sorrow laden  
 Had sunk as still widen'd foul cruelty's scope.  
 On her brother she looks too, with rapturous delight,  
 As his brilliant accoutrements dazzle her sight,  
 And sweet was the thought that his bravery had won  
 Her rescue from woes that a solace had none.  
 And now her white palfrey fair Annie beholds,  
 And in her glad hands the silken rein holds;  
 The jennet the while licks her beautiful hand,  
 And prances with pride as the cold breezes fan  
 Her long flowing mane; and she arches her neck  
 And moves upon air at her mistress' beck.  
 Then away the glad trio in thankfulness fly,  
 For the arm of the Mighty had saved from on high.

## RETURN.

Once more gentle Annie her peaceful home blesses,  
 Once more she returns to her parents' caresses,  
 Once more her dear birds and sweet flowers are hers,  
 Once more gentle pity her noble breast stirs,  
 Once more the lone widow her bounty receives,  
 Once more with the sorrowful, sweet Annie grieves.  
 She weeps with the sad, as the angels in heaven,  
 And smiles, as a joy to the needy is given.  
 Bright happiness now o'er her dwelling presides,  
 As the loved of her heart with her ever abides.

## ULA'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Now dance we merrily,  
 Dance we long,  
 Dance we 'round the holly tree,  
 Dance with the dancing bridal throng,  
 Dance to the praise of the bright Annie.  
                   Dance we merrily, dance we long.

Dance we merrily,  
 Dance and sing,  
 Dance we 'round the myrtle tree,  
 From its glossy berries the wax\* we'll bring,  
 To lighten the bridal of sweet Annie.  
                   Dance, &c.

Dance we merrily,  
 Dance and fling  
 The cypress wreath on the dancing wave,  
 And away to ocean's depth swimming,  
 Its boding leaves that fright Annie.  
                   Dance, &c.

Dance we merrily,  
 Dance with glee,  
 I saw the blood as it spouted high,  
 And so the fiend return'd to his own,  
 And will let my beautiful Annie alone.  
                   Dance, &c.

Dance we merrily.  
 Dance with joy,  
 Dance we round the tall pine tree.  
 The light-wood† was piled around the boy,  
 But forth flew Ula and set him free.  
                   Dance, &c.

---

\*The berries of the myrtle tree yield a species of wax which is made into candles in this country.

†Heart of the pine from which tar and pitch are made.

Danee we merrily,  
 Danee we now,  
 Dance we 'round the hawthorn tree,  
 For here young lovers do plight their vow,  
 And its blossoms are pure, like bright Annie.  
 Danee, &c.

Danee we merrily,  
 Danee again,  
 Ere Ula is laid in the deep salt sea,  
 For then she'll sleep with her dear old man,  
 Now that is blest, her sweet Annie.  
 Dance we merrily, &c.

---

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

---

The ducal family of Buecleugh, renowned in the history and ballads of the Scotch, has been made more illustrious by the literary work of a member of one of its obscurest branches, than by all the military exploits of its barons, not excepting the great Marquis of Montrose. This member was Walter Scott, the son of a notary public of Edinburgh. When quite a boy Scott became lame, and being thus rendered incapable of joining in active sports, most of his time was spent either in reading or in listening to the old Ballads of the Border. And it was probably these ballads, which, while they fostered his love of romantic story, developed also the desire to become the head of a great family. This was the ambition of his life. By it every dream and aspiration was colored. In his visions of the future he saw himself and his descendants the owners of a large estate, dispensing hospitality with all the magnificence of the feudal baron.

This picture grew more vivid as he became confident of his genius, which he regarded merely as a means to its realization.

A poor ambition, we should say, in a smaller mind; but in a man so highly endowed it is a blemish that materially darkens an otherwise stainless character. On leaving college Scott studied law, but soon abandoned that profession for literature. He lived at Ashesbel on the Tweed, not far from the famous old ruins of Melrose Abbey. This spot was one of peculiar interest to him. Near it had been fought one of the last great border battles, in which his own ancestors, the Buccleughs, had led the Scottish forces. Here were written his poems and his earlier prose works. The poems placed him at once at the height of popularity. Widely different from anything which had preceded them, their novelty, power, beautiful descriptions, and faultless rhythm, captivated the popular mind.

Their popularity still remains, but not the enthusiasm they excited. Scott's poems dazzled for the moment by their brilliancy, but no truly poetical mind looks forward to the pecuniary profits which its works will bring. The greatest poets are those who have been not only the truthful painters, but the interpreters of nature; who have held before men the principles which should influence their actions, in one word a lofty ideal. Real life, with its complex and often faulty motives, furnishes the material to the historian and the novelist. It is as a novelist that Scott achieved his greatest fame. Strange as it may seem when we consider the powerful influence of fiction in the present century, this department of literature was one of the last to be cultivated by English authors. It is scarcely more than a century since Mrs. Ann Radcliffe drove sleep from many a pillow, and Miss Edgeworth roused the non-resident nobility of Ireland to a sense of their duty. Both of these writers had been preceded by the great Fielding, Smollett, and others; the tendency of whose works was to debase, not to elevate mankind. But Scott was the first great novelist who pleased every age and class. He is peculiarly great in the management of historical characters and events. But while the facts on which his novels are founded are in the main correct, yet, carried away by his passion for word painting, and sometimes by his prejudices, his representations are



not always true to the originals. His novels are by no means perfect. It is to be remembered, however, that he was the pioneer in this department. None of his characters are so subtly analyzed as those of Thackeray or Bulwer, and his anachronisms are often glaring. In *Ivanhoe* the whole plot of the story turns upon incidents which took place at a tournament. But the scene of *Ivanhoe* is laid in the reign of Richard Coeur de Lion, and tournaments were not introduced into England until the time of Edward the First. But Scott's pictures are so vivid, his descriptions so beautiful, the whole tone of his works so lofty, that he will always hold a high place among English novelists. The profits from Scott's works were so enormous that he was able to realize his ambition, and build up the magnificent estate of Abbotsford. But scarcely was this accomplished when there came the business crash which darkened the last days of his life. The failure of the Balantynes left Scott responsible for a vast debt. Cheerfully resigning his dreams, he set himself to the work of paying it. So arduous was the task, and so perseveringly did he pursue it, that mind and body both gave way. His later novels bear witness to his declining powers. He himself suspected this deterioration, and when he had completed the last of his works, *Count Robert of Paris*, he read it aloud to a few of his friends: Turning suddenly as he finished the last words, he read disappointment in their faces, and burst into tears. Not long afterwards he died at Abbotsford. The character of Sir Walter Scott is almost perfect. Indeed his one weakness, the paltry ambition we have mentioned, serves to show the greatness of his character, for it rendered his cheerful submission to his reverses all the more remarkable.

To understand what this submission cost one must recognize the dominion the dream of the boy had usurped in the mind of the man, and how every faculty was bent on its attainment. And it was not so much the mere estate which he desired, as the realization of an impossible ideal, the revival of the past glories of a feudal chieftain, the head of a Scottish clan. Scott's friends were almost innumerable; he was to the literary society of Edin-

burgh what Shakespeare was to that of Queen Elizabeth's day. There have been men of profounder intellect, but few who have combined so much goodness with their greatness. As an author, we may truly say of him that not a line he ever penned could do harm. And no higher praise could be bestowed on one who wrote so much and so well.

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### RIVERS OF THE EAST.

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Famous in song and story are the Rivers of the East, that home of our first parents, that cradle of the human race. How generations have lived and died upon their banks! How many glorious cities have been reflected in their waters! And how many noble deeds and heartfelt prayers have they not witnessed!

“Father Nile,”—the very name tells his place in the hearts of the grateful Egyptians. Indeed the saying is as old as Herodotus that Egypt is the gift of the Nile. The mystery of his origin, coupled with his mighty overflows, now dispensing prosperity, now threatening ruin, invested him in the minds of the simple natives with divine dignity. Rising, as recent explorations have made known, in the beautiful, lily-covered Victoria Nyamza, he flows through vast tracts of country, gathering store of wealth to pour it all at last upon his favored Egypt, once the granary of the world. From his source, where myriads of snowy lotus-blossoms open to the rising sun, we follow his sluggish, muddy course to the ruins of mighty Thebes of the hundred gates—magnificent in decay. Could we but have seen in its glory this oldest city of the world! the grand palaces wherein did sit “the dread and fear of kings;” chambers and halls whose sculptured wainscotings record the deeds of centuries; columns and arches carved and cut into serpents, sea-dogs, dragons, monsters of every kind known and unknown to nature. Now we pass the vast catacombs, the last resting-place of many princes and potentates. Cut in the solid rock of the

mountains that bound the valley of the Nile, they are proof against decay. Their painted walls, with colors undimmed by time, are the pages whereon we read the thoughts and emotions of a by-gone world, so nearly did that world stamp immortality on all its works. Lastly, ere we reach the Delta, we pass for many a mile those wonderful pyramids which baffle alike the curiosity of the idle and the investigations of the wise. But heedless of all these things, the Nile flows on, observing duly his own times and seasons, as in the days of old. Should we on a soft summer night, with the full-orbed moon above, float down the arrowy Tigris, what stories would it murmur in our ear? There is a low sighing of palm trees in the distance. The evening breeze brings sweet odors from the lemon-groves, and anon music swells out on the air—sweet music of the golden prime of good Haroun Al Rasehid." A moment more, and "Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold" burst on our view. The Tigris has begun its song of wealth and fame, of power and glory. Bagdad, with its high walled gardens, its light pavilions, its marble wharves—Bagdad, with its luxurious merchants who repose on embroidered couches, upon whom attend women so fair they seem visions, not mortals;—this was the gay queen of cities under the Caliphate. Here was gathered the learning of the world. The court of Al Mamoun was an academy of sages. The tribute he exacted from conquered nations was the produce of their brains, not their fields. This, in the Dark Ages, was the nursing mother of science. But with this well loved theme, the Tigris weaves another of the old capitols of Assyria—Nineveh. It tells of walls whereon three chariots drove abreast; of fifteen hundred towers that bade defiance to the engines of war. It bears us to their foot. Ship your oars and let the keel grate on the shining sand. Mount that grand stairway guarded by couchant lions and eagle-headed human forms.

This is Sargon's palae, beyond is that of Sennaacherib. No doors nor windows bar our ingress. Push aside this costly eastern hanging. A glimpse within shows us polished inlaid floors and gorgeous frescoed ceilings—a lavish use of art in every

form. But these walls bear no record of the homely daily life, as those of Egypt; they give us vivid pictures of the kings in war and victory, exacting tribute, or receiving worship. It is but a vision. That life was too gay and wanton to endure, and the mighty city is buried beneath the sands of ages. Let us hasten away.

We are in the canal which opens into the Euphrates; now we have reached the wonderful river, and what thoughts arise! It may be that on these banks have bloomed the flowers of Paradise; that these waters once nourished the fatal tree. We know that on its banks was reared that tower which was to have reached heaven. Here is the site of magnificent Babylon. Shall we see its square towers and walls, its massive brazen gates, and, rising from the centre of the city, the rich temple of Belus, from whose summit the old Chaldeans watched the stars? Shall we behold tier upon tier of airy arches showing like curving clouds against the eastern sky? Where are the gardens that bloomed upon their summit, the lofty palms, the choice flowers of the world? There the cedars of Lebanon lifted their stately heads, while in their branches the little birds sang and builded nests. There too, as evening fell, the merry crowds passed up the broad terraces to the gay sound of music. No; none of these things are here. For a night of horror came when just such sounds of revelry were floating in the air; when the dark nobles round Belshazzar's board were making the very roof ring with their shouts; when the mysterious handwriting appeared on the wall, while the great river, so long the city's safeguard, was yielding an entrance to the foe. On that terrible scene of slaughter we will not look; but leaving the proud ruined city on the banks of its silently flowing river we will seek under the copper sky of India her sacred stream.

The source of the mighty Ganges is lost among the eternal snows of the Himalayas. The goddess Ganga leaped from the foot of Vishna's throne, bringing with her all the tribes of the animal world to bless her favored people. It is to the Ganges, therefore, that the Hindoo addresses his most earnest prayers,

and to its keeping he delivers all that he holds most precious, his children and his dead. By its sacred waters he swears his most solemn oaths. To-day on its banks we hear the bustle of life and trade; while yet a remnant of the old superstition remains in the numberless brilliant tapers that float at night on the river, watched anxiously by the pretty Hindoo maidens, who test their lovers' faith by the fate of its tiny symbol.

But there is another river of the East which has surpassing interest. It is the sacred river of Palestine. Rising under the lofty snow-capped peaks of Anti-Libanus, the Jordan rushes southward over its rocky bed, plunging in its course over dangerous rapids, and dashing often from side to side as though it would break through the barriers of rock that form its shores. Then again it winds quietly through the beautiful lake of Tiberias, and ends silently in the Dead Sea. On its banks, overgrown with thickets and reeds, wild beasts have their lairs. The willows, swayed by the gentle breeze, dip their long branches in its cool waters, while the oleanders send their sweet fragrance through the air. It was the Jordan that greeted the eye of the Israelites after their weary wanderings. Here sounded the cry of the Baptist summoning to repentance; and here the sinless Lord Himself came to be baptized.

O, favored eastern land, where the King of Light and Glory in human form walked and suffered, where man was made a living soul and tasted, in the purity and innocence of the young world, the joys of Paradise! If we may not tread those sacred paths and see that hallowed stream, may we one day stand by the waters of the river of life which flows by the throne of God.

B L I N D .

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED.)

Suddenly and unannounced, he came on Whitsunday-eve on foot ; a full grown man, with rosy cheeks, and unwearied by the long march from early dawn.

He entered the quiet dwelling where his mother sat alone, for it was the Saturday before the festival. With a cry of joy the delighted mother hung round his neck. “You,” she cried, and then calming herself, she took a step backward and measured the wanderer with an earnest and loving glance. “You have at last come back, you wicked and ungrateful boy ! So you actually still remember the way home to your father and mother ! God be praised ! I thought you must have made up your mind not to come back until you were a professor ; and then perhaps my old eyes would never more on earth have looked lovingly at you. But I shall not scold you ; you are good, you are as you used to be, and you will make for us a Whitsunday such as we have not seen for many a long day !”

“Mother,” he said, how very happy I am to be with you again ! I could no longer struggle against the feeling ; I do not myself know how it happened ; it does not even seem as if I decided for myself. But one beautiful morning, instead of going into the college, I went out of the gate, and ran away as if I were running from a sin. Day after day I walked ; more than I had ever done even in my best walking days. Where is my father ? and where is Marlina ?”

“Do you not hear your father ?” said his mother. “He is up stairs in his study.” They could hear the old man treading to and fro. “It is just as it used to be,” said his mother, “that has been his Saturday walk for twenty years past ; ever since I first knew him. Marlina is in the fields with our people. I

sent her away because she worried me. When she is in the house she is almost pleased to see me sit in the corner and fold my hands; she wants to do everything herself. Now we have new servants, and I am very glad to have her overlook them until they have become accustomed to our ways. How astonished they all will be to find you here! But come, I must take you to your father, and let him have a look at you; it will soon be dinner time besides. Come, it will not vex him for you to disturb him."

Treading softly, and with her hand clasped in his, she led her son up the stairs. She opened the door gently, and beckoning to Clement, she stepped back and made him precede her into the room. "Here he is!" she cried, "now you have him!" The old man seemed still buried in deep thought. "Whom?" he asked dreamily. Then he looked into his son's face lightened by the glow of the sun. He stretched out his hands heartily. "Clement!" he cried, between surprise and joy, "you here!" "I shall remain until the Feast is passed if there is room for me, now that Marlina lives under your roof."

"How can you speak so?" said his mother, quickly. "If I had seven sons I could find room for them. But I shall leave you with your father, and go into the kitchen and garden; they have pampered your appetite so much that you will be hard to please."

She went out and left the father and son standing silently opposite each other.

"I have disturbed you," Clement said finally; "you were preparing your sermon. Tell me whether I shall go or not."

"You cannot disturb one who has already disturbed himself. Since early morning I have walked back and forth, my text in my thoughts, but grace was not with me, and the first words are not yet written. I have been strangely affected of late—sometimes a chill which I cannot shake off takes possession of me." He walked to the little window which overlooked the church. The path which led to it was through the grave-yard, which lay still and calm, with shining crosses. "Come here, Clement,"

the old man said softly. Stand by me. Do you see that grave to the left, covered with primroses and monthly blossoms? You have never seen it before; do you know who sleeps there? My good old friend, Marlina's father." He left the window, at which Clement still stood as though rooted to the spot. Again he walked up and down the room; and while they remained silent they could hear the sand crackle under his feet.

"Yes," said the old man with a deep sigh, "no one knew him as I did; no one had in him what I had; and no one has lost in him what I have. What did he know of the world and its wisdom—which is foolishness before God! What he knew came to him from within; from the Bible, and through suffering. He has become happy, because he was good and blessed." After a pause he continued, "Whom have I now to shame me when I grow proud? to save me when my faith wavers? and to explain the thoughts which accuse and excuse? The world around me is getting so clever. What I hear, I do not understand; what I read I will not understand, for it would be to my soul's hurt. How many arise and intend to speak with the tongue, and behold, it is less work! and the mockers hear it and rejoice. My old friend, would I were where you are!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

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It has been suggested that a series of articles giving an account of the various charitable and church works in which some of the former pupils of St. Mary's have been or are now *conspicuously* engaged, might prove to be exceedingly interesting to many readers of the MUSE. We can speak only of those whose work has been *conspicuous*; because to tell of all that has been done in thousands of fields for Christ's church and for His poor, by the children of St. Mary's, would be simply impossible. The time will come when we shall hear of scores of churches which would never have gladdened the waste places of Zion but for the personal efforts of one; of many a mission which languished until the hopeful spirit and helpful hand of another came to the rescue; of hundreds of poor who were fed, of naked who were clothed, of sick and suffering ones who were ministered unto by women who were trained at St. Mary's.

Their story can never be summed up until the great day when “the works of all men shall be made manifest.” We feel the deepest interest in all this aggregate of good works, and our hearts burn to “go and do likewise,” when our time and opportunity shall come. But there are some of our predecessors to whom it has been given to stand pre-eminent in the supreme devotion of their lives to some great and noble cause; in the vastness of their field of labor, or in the wonderful success which has blessed their work, and so brought them prominently before their own communities and to the notice of the Church at large.

Such has been conspicuously the case with Mrs. Buford (Pattie Hicks), whose wonderful mission among the ignorant and destitute negroes of her neighborhood, seems one of the miracles of missionary work. We hope ere long to give an account of how this work of the Lord grew upon her hands, and has mightily prevailed to the saving of many souls.

Then the work of Sr. Cecilea (Celia Foster) at St. James'

Home, Wilmington, has additional interest, as being the first organized deaconess' work in our own Diocese. She being the first North Carolinian to consecrate her *life* to the work of the Church.

Sister Roberta, in charge of "The Children's Home," at New Orleans, is another old St. Maryite, and did faithful and efficient work during the yellow fever epidemic of '78.

And the Dabney Sisters of Dry Grove, Miss., who by more than one tie are closely associated with St. Mary's, have been abundant in good works. Their almost unaided efforts established the well-known "Training School for Divinity Students," which has furnished Bishop Green many a faithful recruit for his band of ministers. They, too, nobly bore their part in the dark days of '78, taking their lives in their hands and comforting many a poor soul as it passed through the valley of the shadow of death.

Then our dear old teachers must not be forgotten. Miss Julia Gregg, the Bishop's sister, after leaving St. Mary's, spent ten years as a missionary in Africa. Miss Evertson became "Sister Eliza," of the Mobile Deaconesses, and did good and true work at the church school and orphanage in that city, and died there some three years ago, purified by a life of constant physical suffering and of noble self-sacrifice and usefulness.

"Eleanor Clement," whose name is still a beloved household word, has not only distinguished herself as an educator of young girls, but the mission field at home and abroad can show many a fair and fruitful tree of her planting, while the "Teacher's Rest," that lovely retreat for weary teachers on the beautiful banks of the Hudson, tells of her affectionate sympathy for the needs of her associates in the educational cause.

Another, whose memory is still cherished among us, has lately entered upon a new chapter of her life which must needs be brought constantly before us. "Nellie Cole," of Nashotah, has become the wife of a young missionary to Japan, the Rev. Mr. McKim. A letter from her has been received by a member of our family, and at the risk of incurring her displeasure for publishing what she only intended for the partial eye of a friend, we venture to print the letter as an opportune and fitting initial for

our proposed "series." We hope that she will prove her readiness to forgive the offence (?) by following up this letter with a succession of others, telling of her life and work in that far off land of the "Rising Sun." We shall follow her with great interest, and perhaps find through her an appropriate channel for some of our Mite-Chest collections.

There are doubtless others among our Alumnae whose labors of love are not so well known to us, but we will be glad to hear of them and *from* them all that may be profitable to us for instruction and for example. And truly, it is not for the glorification of those who are only "doing their duty in that state of life into which God has called them," nor to drag into an uncongenial and unenvied publicity the life and works of these Christian women, but only that we may see their light and learn thereby to glorify God in our day and generation.

But to our letter :

NO. 6, CONCESSION, OSAKA, JAPAN, }  
June 9th, 1880. }

MY DEAR MISS STELLA :—I received your letter written me just before I left home, while I was busy preparing for the long journey.

We left Nashotah on the 19th of January, spent a week with Mr. McKim's relations in Illinois, one day with his sister in Nebraska, and reached San Francisco three days before the time of sailing. I was unfortunate enough to take a severe cold on the way west, and was quite ill while in San Francisco, and on the ocean I suffered nearly all the time from my cold and seasickness. Mr. McKim was sea-sick also, and we were both glad to leave the steamer when we reached Yokohama, as we did on the 1st of March. We intended coming on to Osaka on the 3d, but Mr. and Mrs. Blanchet, missionaries in Tokio, urged us to stay a week with them, and so we went to Tokio, an hour's ride by rail from Yokohama. By the end of the week I was ill, and the physician whom we called in, advised us to wait a month before taking the journey to Osaka, for although it is a short voyage it is often very rough. Mr. and Mrs. Blanchet very

kindly invited us to remain with them, and so we stayed until the 7th of April. On that day we left for Osaka, accompanied by two servants, whom we engaged while in Tokio—a man and his wife. On the 9th we landed at Kobe, whence an hour's ride on the cars brought us to Osaka. We stayed for three days with Mr. Morris and Dr. Laning—two bachelor missionaries, who keep house together, and then, according to an agreement partly made previously by letter, and completed after our arrival, we took possession of a portion of this house. Fortunately it is a large one, so that a portion is all we require. The other part is occupied by Miss Eddy and her school. We have a dining-room downstairs, and two bed-rooms, a parlor and study upstairs—besides some closets. Our kitchen and servants' quarters are in a separate building, as at the South, only we do not carry our hot cakes quite as far as they did at St. Mary's. We found the house pretty well supplied with furniture, for which we have reason to be thankful, as it is very difficult to get any furniture here, and it would have taken us a long time to accumulate what we found here. Our servants proved to be very satisfactory. The man is quite a good cook, and the woman, a very good maid. We enjoy housekeeping, and I feel much better since we came here, although not very strong. Our house is delightfully situated by the river, with only a broad, shady street between us and it. On one side, beyond some vacant lots, is another river; on the other, beyond one vacant lot, is the house of Rev. Mr. Erington, an English missionary, and at the back a good sized yard between the house and another broad street. On two sides we see the mountains in the distance. We have a two-story verandah on the sides of the house, which is very pleasant.

Mr. McKim is not able to do much work beyond the study of the language, which is very difficult. He teaches an hour a day in Mr. Tyng's boys' school, has a Bible-class twice a week, and reads service twice a day in Miss Eddy's girl school. I am not attempting any missionary work at all. I have two music pupils from Miss Eddy's school, one eight years of age, the other nine.

They are nice little girls, and learn very rapidly. They seem to be very fond of music and to enjoy practising.

Japanese music is very strange. They have odd-looking and odd-sounding instruments. The favorite one, called the Samosen, is a little like a guitar. They sing through their noses generally, and I can seldom distinguish anything like a tune. The people are more utterly different from us than you can imagine. Their appearance, dress, food, manners, cooking, sleeping—everything different. By sleeping differently, I mean their beds are different. They have a kind of padded matting on their floors, and their beds consist of *futon*s (very thick comfortables), which are spread on the floor at night, and put away in closets by day. They have also an oddly shaped wooden block for a pillow.

I cannot write any more to you just now, but I will answer your next letter as promptly as I can. \* \* \* \*

With much love, yours as ever,

NELLIE C. MCKIM.

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### A STORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

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About fifteen years ago, when the Second Empire was in the heyday of its prosperity, a great commotion occurred one day at the Palace of the Tuileries. The Prince Imperial was missing. His tutor, M. Monnier; his valet, Uhlmann; his equerry, M. Bachon, might have been observed tearing down the terrace which skirts the Quai du Louvre, followed by young Louis Conneau, the Prince's playmate. Young Conneau appeared ready to cry; and the three officials above-named seemed disposed to hold him responsible for the mishap which they dreaded, for every now and then they turned round gesticulating, and sharply repeated the question, 'Where did you see him last?' It was about 10 o'clock on a summer morning, and the public part of the Tuileries gardens was already crowded with nursemaids and

children. Some other walkers were abroad too, inhaling the tonic of Parisian June air, and several of these, noticing the goings to and fro of the persons on the terrace, stopped and stared, imagining that some court-dog must have played the truant. It would have given them an electrical sensation if they could have guessed that it was the heir to the throne who was being sought for among the rhododendrons and lilac bushes. This little bit of news, retailed by them in cafes—as it would have been very speedily—would have been enough to occasion a heavy fall in rentes and to have spread a panic on the Bourse that afternoon.

The Prince's tutor, equerry, and valet knew this but too well; and so did young Conneau, whose youthful mind had long ago opened to the comprehension that his Imperial playmate was not a boy like others. Guards surrounded him; all his steps were watched; he could not wander out of the sight of those appointed to keep their eyes on him without raising an amount of fuss of which Conneau himself always suffered rather more than the Prince did. The functions of whipping-boy had happily been abolished before Louis Conneau's time; but whenever the Prince did anything amiss, it was Conneau who was held blameworthy. He was told that he ought to set a better example, that he ought not to lead His Imperial Highness astray; that he was a boy who enjoyed great honours and had consequently big duties, all of which sayings Conneau bore with an air of outward penitence but with inward mutiny. Now, this much-lectured youth happened to know that the Prince Imperial chafed considerably under the tutelage in which he was held, and had long cherished the ambition of going forth and having a long day's spree by himself in the streets of Paris. There was a certain fried-potato stall where H.I.H. had said he should like to regale himself *incognito*, and he much wished to go and mix with the herds of boys whom he had seen streaming out of the Lycees towards four in the afternoon, and to join in some of those delightful combats which they waged among themselves with their dictionaries and satchels. Too generous to drag his comrade into a scrape, the Prince had never asked Conneau to join him in an escapade; but

he had solemnly warned him that on the occasion when he should catch M. Monnier napping, the officer on guard dozing, and the sentry at the garden-gate looking stupid on his post, he should avail himself of this combination of circumstances, and be off. Louis Conneau had treated this confidence as sacred, but he had used the voice of wisdom to persuade the Prince that there were just as good fried potatoes to be had at the Tuileries as at the corner of the Rue St.-Honore; and that eating these delicacies with one's fingers out of a piece of greasy yellow paper constituted no such treatment as H.I.H. fancied. However, the Prince seemed now to have disregarded the advice, and Conneau, harried by questions, was at last fain to own that he thought His Highness and gone out for a bit of fun.

'Fun!' yelled M. Monnier, lifting his arms in desperation; 'does he think it's fun to make us run about after him in this fashion! Where has he gone? Tell us at once if you know.'

'Perhaps he has gone to buy two sous' worth of potatoes,' suggested young Conneau timidly. It was a hazardous statement to make, for the three officials glared at him, as if they thought a jest would be most unseasonable at such a moment.

'Potatoes!' echoed the erudit M. Monnier. 'Why, he only breakfasted an hour ago.'

'Boys are often ready for two breakfasts,' remarked M. Bachon, the equerry, luminously.

"That's not the question," cried the tutor, retracing his steps, and walking rapidly back towards the palace. 'You must lead us to the potato shop, Conneau, if you know where it is. Quick! come, now, I take it for granted you are not misleading us.'

'I can't affirm he has gone for potatoes,' whined Conneau, feeling the conjecture was serious. 'Perhaps he has gone to have a fight with the Lycee boys.'

'Mein Gott! a fight mit *vauriens*!' exclaimed Uhlmann, his honest Alsatian face turning to the colour of beetroot.

'Not a word more,' gasped M. Monnier, for they were nearing a sentry, and observed the captain of the guard standing on the steps of the *Pavillon de Flore* and sniffing the air, as it he smelt

something in the wind. 'Come along, come along: we must keep this from the Emperor; he would become ill from alarm.'

'And from the Emperor,' whispered M. Bachon, who feared that Her Majesty's wrath might possibly not manifest itself in silent prostration.

It was a great responsibility that the party were assuming in concealing the Prince's disappearance from the Emperor; for there was a standing order at Court that if anything happened to the Prince, His Majesty was to be informed of it without delay, and that the Prefect of Police was to be telegraphed for. It was just possible that the Prince might have been kidnapped; and under these circumstances it was of the utmost importance that the Prefect should be warned at once, in order that the entire brigade of the secret police might be thrown out over the capital like a huge net closing its meshes over all the railway stations and the gates which lead out of Paris. The truth is, though, that the persons who were hunting for Napoleon's heir dreaded to be called sharply to task for dereliction of duty in suffering their precious charge to slip out unobserved; and they hoped that by putting their best feet foremost they might be successful in overtaking His Highness without police assistance. Louis Conneau avouched that the potato-stall which had tempted his comrade was within stone's-throw of the Tuileries, and as to Lycees, it was probable that the one which the Prince knew best by sight was that of Charlesmagne, near the Bastille end of the Rue de Rivoli. So MM. Monier, Bachon, and Uhlmann, along with young Conneau, might soon have been seen scudding across the Place du Carrousel towards the Rue de Rivoli entrance; but so well used the police of the Tuileries to be conducted in those times, that a couple of the palace detectives—well-dressed gentlemen, with red ribands in their button-holes—who saw them hurry out, suspected something wrong, and stole after them. Perhaps they fancied that M. Monnier had purloined some of the crown diamonds, and that M. Bachon and M. Uhlmann were going with him to share the proceeds. Mistrust of honest men is the prime virtue of detectives.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



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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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SEVERAL organ pupils this term.

JANIE ALLEN ('77) is visiting at Mrs. Carter's. We were glad to see her at Chapel on Sunday evening last.

MRS. BENNETT SMEDES and the "sunbeams," Bessie and Margaret, are away for a short visit to Wadesboro.

THE Calisthenic classes are full of enthusiasm and are enjoying the out-door exercises which is permitted by the delightful weather.

SALLIE LEWIS, (class of '77) of Charleston, S. C., is sojourning with us for a season. She is the original Sally—bright and merry as of yore.

IT IS VERY gratifying to us to report Bishop Atkinson's health as steadily improving. We cherish the hope of soon seeing our beloved and venerated Father again among us, with renewed strength and vigor.

MISS BLUME'S visit to her home in Leipzig, Germany, was very happy. She comes back brighter than ever after the enjoyment of the family reunion in "Vaderland," and her voice seems to us even richer and more delightful than last year.

ANOTHER old scholar has joined the educational corps—Miss Willie Ashe accepts the position of governess in the family of Dr. Wm. Battle, of Wadesboro, and has entered upon her duties. We wish her success and happiness in her new home.

REBE SMITH, Lou Norfleet, Alice Leake and "Blanchette," have all given us a call since school opened. It does us ever so much good to see the dear, familiar old faces from time to time and to hear such pleasant things said of school days now past and gone forever.

OUR forty-eighth annual session opened September 9th, with brightest prospects. Already the household numbers as many pupils as during the whole of last year, and a goodly number are still expected. They are generally working well and earnestly, and enter with a pleasant spirit into all schemes for their improvement.

STEPPING into Christ Church for afternoon service we were pleased to see as "choir leaders" our old friends Sallie Carter and Florence Tucker, who after cultivating their vocal talents under Northern masters for a year or two, have returned home, and are making their accomplishments thus useful to their Parish Church.

EUTERPE has been summering on the coast of Maine—yachting and bathing and—all the other things that go to make a true summer idyl, have lent their charms, and now the happiest of memories gladden the working hours, while hope looks forward to many more such summers all radiant with the brightness of "moonlight, music, love, and"—boating!

A WORD to the Alumnæ! Let them not forget that the next meeting will take place on Wednesday afternoon of Fair week, (October 20th) at 4 o'clock. We hope that there will be a full

attendance, and that many names will be added to the list of full members. We want at least two hundred and fifty names and for each name at least one dollar, and then our good intentions can be carried into execution without further delay.

OUR Rector and Principal, in company with the Rev. Mr. Rich, of the Church of the Good Shepherd, spent a portion of the vacation in making a very delightful summer excursion. Going by sea from Norfolk to Boston, they spent a week in seeing the sights of the modern Athens, another in the enjoyment of a quiet watering place on Long Island, and thence went to New York, returning home thoroughly refreshed and benefitted.

WE ARE glad to welcome Caro Pettigrew ('77), who is making us a short visit on her way to the Peabody Normal College at Nashville, Tenn. Caro has been fortunate enough to secure a scholarship there, and by appointment of Mr. Scarborough, Superintendent of Public Instruction in North Carolina, she comes to Mr. Smedes and St. Mary's for the preliminary examination and recommendation necessary to admission. She has our best wishes and congratulations.

THE General Convention of the Church in the United States will assemble in New York City on October 6th. This meeting is tri-ennial, and it is something worth seeing to witness the gathering together of all the Bishops and prominent clergymen from every Diocese in this broad land; and something worth listening to to hear the debates on the state of the Church and all matters of interest connected with it from the eloquent lips of the wisest and best men of our country.

AMONG the "matriculates" of this session we are happy to greet Miss Phoebe McCullough, of Spartenburgh, S. C., who won the prize for answering the greatest number of questions last year. She selected "Art Lessons," among the prizes offered, and has entered upon her work in that department with an ardor which promises well for the development of her natural gift in that line. It is her desire to manifest her reverence and devotion to

art by adopting it as her life-work. We wish her all success and a career none the less brilliant because its preparation must be long and arduous.

OUR GIRLS are making our breakfast tables bright, just now, with field flowers, gathered during their afternoon rambles. These wild-wood treasures include blue-fringed asters, the trumpet shaped, golden fox-glove, the delicate, pink snap-dragon, the fragrant honeysuckle, the golden rod—beloved of poets—with many minor blossoms whose nomenclature is unknown to us. Among the latter an humble sister of the lordly sun-flower deserves notice from the abundance and brilliancy of its bloom, and with its deep yellow portals and velvety black center, may be said to dominate the fields.

MR. SMEDES seems never to tire of improving everything connected with St. Mary's. The latest is in the introduction of steam heating in the entire East Rock House, and Radiators will also be placed in the parlor, and perhaps later, in the school room. Never has the school seen such superior advantages in every department, and never has the "music school" been in such a flourishing and perfectly equipped condition. Mrs. Meares is in her true element—directing, advising, a kind word here and a helping hand extended to both scholars and teachers as occasion offers. Never was a school so fortunate in possessing such a *lady* principal, and never, *never* was a school *more* appreciative of such a *mother*.

MRS. MARY MASON, the author of that best of cooking books, which bears her name, and who is herself a notable housekeeper and *practical* cuisiniere, has discovered a new way of making yeast. It is unfailing and keeps indefinitely—so say the good housewives who have for two years used no other "rising." Mrs. Mason calls it "Missionary Yeast," because her customers who *will* have it and yet are unwilling to accept a gratuitous supply of their constant demands, have induced her to allow them to pay for it, and she applies all the proceeds to missionary purposes. It is put up in ten cent packages and may be safely

transported by mail. Orders are solicited from all who are troubled with bad yeast and sour bread. . Address Mrs. Mason, Raleigh, N. C.

STEPS have at last been taken for the early opening of our Diocesan institution for boys. Bishop Lyman's indefatigable exertions have secured the services of the Rev. Messrs. Spalding and Pitts as associate principals. These gentlemen bring to their work the prestige of great success in other fields, and are said to be in every respect eminently fitted for their responsible position. Former experience in such schools as Racine and Dr. Coit's, at Concord, N. H., inspire them with the determination to have "Wilberforce" rival those famous institutions, both in scholarship and discipline. With such a standard constantly in view, and such wisdom, energy and enterprise to wait upon them, we may well hope to have a church school for boys, of which we may be proud. Let our people come to the front and support, at least by their patronage, so good and *necessary* an undertaking. The locality is not yet fixed upon, but will be announced in the public journals at an early date.

THE following information received from the Mission Rooms in New York, respecting the scholar supported in Miss Nelson's school at Shanghai by St. Mary's, will be of interest :

[Extract from Miss Nelson's Letter.]

"KAW NIE-PAW was one of the first pupils in the school; her mother died before she came to the school, and her father has married again. The step-mother is a most bigoted heathen, and during my absence in America threatened great violence to the girl if she came home and refused to conform to heathen worship. The girl is an earnest Christian, has been baptized and confirmed, and her step-mother has, I believe, softened down very much; but the girl prefers remaining at the school during the winter and summer holidays, with several other of the pupils. She studies English and Chinese, and is doing remarkably well in English."

Faithfully yours,

JOSHUA KIMBER, Sec'y.

## ANSWERS TO PRIZE QUESTIONS.

1. Give the origin of "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

*Answer.*—Ancaeus, King of Ionica, paid great attention to the culture of the vine. On one occasion he was told by a slave whom he was pressing with hard labor in his vineyard, that he would never taste of the wine from those grapes. After the wine was made Ancaeus was about to raise a cup of it to his lips, deriding at the same time the pretended prophet, who said "there are many things between the cup and the lip." Just then tidings came to the king that a wild boar had broken into his vineyard. Throwing down the cup with the wine untasted, he rushed out to meet the animal, and lost his life in the encounter. Hence the proverb.

2. What four historical personages voluntarily laid down almost *absolute* power?

*Answer.*—Sulla of Rome, Diocletian of Rome, Charles V. of Germany and Spain, and Christina of Sweden.

3. According to the ancients, which were the seven planets?

*Answer.*—The Moon, the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn, Mars, Venus, Mercury; in the given order, the Moon being the nearest to the earth.

4. What is the first *pitched* battle, the place of which is recorded in history?

*Answer.*—Thymbra, B. C. 548, where Cyrus defeated and took Croesus prisoner.

5. In what year was King James' version of the Bible issued?

*Answer.*—A. D. 1611.

6. Who was the first English poet, and who the first English prose-writer of note?

*Answer.*—Chaucer, poet; Sir John Mandeville, prose-writer. They were contemporaries, and lived in the 14th century.

7. When and by whom was Westminster Abbey built?

*Answer.*—It is said to have been *founded* by Sebert, King of the W. Saxons, A. D. 707; was rebuilt and enlarged by Edward the Confessor, and added to by various other sovereigns. After the revolution it was repaired, and the western towers were added by Wren. As it now stands it was completed in 1245.

8. What makes the difference in the color of eyes?

*Answer.*—The coloring matter depends upon the materials composing the blood which is furnished to the iris.

9. Who was Robert Clive?

*Answer.*—A British General and conqueror in India. Beginning life at the age of eighteen, as a clerk in the service of the East India Company, his military genius soon led him to enter the army, where he distinguished himself for desperate courage and sagacity. By his victories in the Carnatic he laid the foundation of English power in India; was elected to the Irish peerage with the title of Baron Clive of Plassey, and was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the British possessions in Bengal. He acquired almost fabulous wealth, and in his latter years charges of fraud were brought against him in the House of Commons. He successfully vindicated his conduct, but his health had failed, and resorting to the use of opium for relief his intellect became greatly impaired, and at last, in a fit of melancholy, he committed suicide.

10. During the reign of what King of England was our modern grand jury established and from what did it spring?

*Answer.*—Henry II. Twelve men were sworn to present those who were known or reputed to be criminals within their district, for trial by jury.

11. Who was the first and only King of England who surrendered to a foreign potentate the independence of his country?

*Answer.*—John Lackland gave up his crown to the Pope to receive it again from him as his vassal.

12. There is a story told of a Chinese boy who accidentally dropped his ball into a deep hole where he could not reach it. He filled the hole with water, but the ball would not float. He

finally bethought himself of a lucky expedient which was successful. Can you guess it?

*Answer.*—He put salt in the water to increase its density.

13. Why is the flame of a candle tapering?

*Answer.*—Because the supply of hot vapor diminishes as it ascends, and as it affords less resistance to the air the flame is reduced to a mere point.

14. Why did Louis XVI. deem “21” a fatal number?

*Answer.*—It was on April 21, 1770, that he was married to Maria Antoinette, which marriage brought such calamities upon France; on June 21, fifteen hundred people were trampled to death at the fete in honor of the marriage; the birth of the unfortunate Dauphin was celebrated by a fete on January 21, 1782; the flight to Varennes was on June 21, 1791; the abolition of royalty September 21, 1792, and on January 21, 1793, the unhappy monarch was decapitated.

15. Who is known in literature as the “Etrick Shepherd”?

*Answer.*—James Hogg, a poet of Scotland, so called because he was born in a cottage on the banks of the Etrick, and was descended from a long race of shepherds, whose occupation he himself followed in his youth.

16. What price was paid for that copy of the Hebrew Scriptures from which the Septuagint translation was made?

*Answer.*—The liberty of 20,000 Jewish slaves in Alexandria, whose estimated value formed a large portion of the £2,000,000 sterling paid.

17. What became of the brazen serpent which Moses lifted up in the wilderness for the healing of the plague?

*Answer.*—It was preserved for about 700 years, until the time of Hezekiah, who “cleansed the temple” from all the idolatries of his father Ahaz. “He removed the high places, and brake the images and cut down the groves and brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made; for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense unto it; and he called it Nehushtan,” (a piece of brass.)



18. When and by whom was the first opera composed?

*Answer.*—Francesco Bamerino brought out “The Conversion of St. Paul,” at Rome in 1460. But it lacked many points of the *complete* opera, and it was not till 1600 that Giacomo Peri composed “Eurydice,” the libretto of which was written by Ottavio Rinuccini.

19. Where and what was the prayer of Jabez?

*Answer.*—Chronicles iv: 10. “Oh that thou wouldest bless me indeed and enlarge my coast, and that thine hand may be with me, and that thou wouldest keep me from evil that it may not grieve me.” And the Lord granted him that which he requested.

20. How was Marie Stuart “Queen of Scots” descended from King Rene?

*Answer.*—Yolande, of Anjou, daughter of Rene, married Ferrand de Vaudemont, from whom were descended the Dukes of Guise and Mary of Guise, who was Mary Stuart’s mother.

21. By whom was the first written arithmetic published, and when?

*Answer.*—By Diophantus, of Alexandria, in the 4th century. It was discovered in the 16th century in the Vatican Library. Originally there were fourteen books, but only six were found.

22. What was Beethoven’s physical infirmity, and at what age did it affect him?

*Answer.*—Deafness. It was the result of a serious illness, and gradually increased, till at the age of fifty he was totally deaf.

23. The origin of “Man proposes but God disposes?”

*Answer.*—It is generally attributed to Thomas a Kempis, but is really of much greater antiquity; it appears in the Chronicle of Battle Abbey, and in Piers Ploughman’s Vision. The idea is contained in Prov. xvi, 9: “A man’s heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps.”

24. What is the difference between the battles of Ipsus and of Issus, of Chaeronea and of Coronea?

*Answer.*—The battle of Issus was fought by Alexander with Darius in 333; that of Ipsus by his Generals contending for

dominion in 301. Coronea was fought by Agesilaus, King of Sparta, against Athens, Thebes and their allies in 394; and at Chaeronea in 338, Philip of Macedon subverted the liberties of Greece.

25. By the birth of what two great men was the year 1564 rendered illustrious?

*Answer.*—Galileo and Shakspeare.

26. Who was the founder of the city of Palmyra?

*Answer.*—Solomon built Tadmor, “the city of the plains,” for the convenience of his traders in bringing materials for the building of the Temple. The name was afterwards changed to Palmyra or “the city of palms.”

27. Who were the “Seven Champions of Christendom?”

*Answer.*—St. George of England, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. David of Wales, St. Patrick of Ireland, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, and St. Mark of Venice.

28. What is meant by the Year of Jubilee, and how often does it come?

*Answer.*—It was the greatest of all the Sabbatical feasts of the Levitical law. After the “Seven times seventh year,” the Jews were commanded to hallow the fiftieth year. The trumpets were blown for joy; lands that had been sold for distress went back to their owners; men who had been made slaves for debt were set free. It was the great year of deliverance and joy.

29. What is a “Venice glass?”

*Answer.*—A very delicate glass which shivers into fragments at contact with poison, and which was much used in the time of the Borgias.

30. What is the meaning of the word “Selah?”

*Answer.*—Generally accepted as a pause.

ART NOTES.

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THE labors of our modern archaeologists and discoverers have brought many strange things to light, and we have long ago given our consent to become devout believers in Assyrian Art, and Phœnician Art, and the Art of the more than or ancient periods of Egyptian history, but it seems rather strange to hear of "Early Irish Art." Can one think of the native Celtic inhabitants of Ireland as possessing artistic taste? Nevertheless the Antiquarian Society of Zurich has lately published a learned treatise by Ferdinand & Keller, on the "Ornaments, Pictures and Letters of the Irish Manuscripts preserved in the Libraries of Switzerland." These Irish manuscripts are mostly of the eighth and ninth centuries, not a very early period in the world's history, but a time when Ireland was in a state of semi-barbarism. Prof. Keller is of opinion that the rich and varied designs which appear in many of them must have been derived from the East, and could not have had their origin in such a primitive country as Ireland then was.

WHAT A TREASURE! How our art students would delight in the sumptuous and richly illustrated volume which gives to the world Mr. Paul Lacroix's studies of the manners and customs and costumes of France in the 18th century. Hundreds of pictures, gorgeous costumes, art information and all such things! The tantalizing ways publishers do have! We will say nothing of the *price* of the book.

# ST. MARY'S SCHOOL,

RALEIGH, N. C.,

(FOUNDED 1842.)

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THE REV. BENNETT SMEDES, A. M.,

RECTOR AND PRINCIPAL.

MRS. C. DeR. MEARES,

LADY PRINCIPAL.

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The 77th Term began Friday, September 10th, 1880.

For circular containing terms and full particulars address the Rector.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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VOL. III.      RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1880.      No. 3.

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## *THE DAY BEFORE THE FLOOD.*

On the seventh of those last days granted to the rebellious children of men in which they might yet turn to their God and escape the awful doom pronounced against them, the Angel of Mercy descended from heaven, seeking if he might anywhere find repentance. As he neared the earth, a beautiful valley opened beneath him. Lofty hills, forest-crowned, half encircled it; through its midst flowed a broad river, whose long windings ended in the distant, shining sea; while groves of trees, tall and spreading or bending heavily under the rich fruit, surrounded and shaded the numerous dwellings scattered throughout its extent. But the beauty of the valley only seemed to render more terrible the angry sky above. A sense of fear, of imminent and untold evil, pervaded all nature and stamped its impress upon the white, bewildered, upturned faces of men.

It was the month Zif, the time of ripening barley, of cloudless, azure skies. But swift, silent masses of clouds were gathering black and terrible against the blue, forming, as it seemed to the men below, a vast roof descending to shut them forever from the sight of heaven.

The angel paused in his slow flight; for from an ark resting by the waterside, rose the voice of praise and prayer. Bending lower he listened, well pleased; and upon the holy family within fell a deeper peace, and on their lips burned more earnest thanksgivings as the unseen angel joined in the worship of their common Maker. But suddenly there arose a tumult of loud and angry voices from a group of boys near the river. A moment

before, a dove had been resting upon a tree whose spreading branches shaded the ark; now its wing broken by a stone, it flutters to the earth, caught as it fell by the youngest of the party. He who had thrown the stone attempted to wrest his prize from the hand of his play-fellow; but the child pitying its terror and pain, refused to give up the wounded bird. Holding it fast, he endeavored to escape, but a shower of blows from his enraged companion laid him senseless on the ground, while the other children looked on, some indifferently, others in amusement, at the sport.

The angel shuddered and passed on. Now, down a mountain slope wound a glittering bridal procession. On the way the party came upon a band of ruffians plundering the house of a defenceless woman; but deaf to her cries for help, with wild songs and boisterous mirth, the revellers went their way.

Then in a lonely field the angel saw a feeble, blind, old man, bound to a tree by his two stalwart sons. They were weary of working for his support, and answering with mocking laughter, their father's bitter curse, they left him there to die. Filled with sorrow and indignation, the angel continued his flight, pausing soon above a green and quiet hillside, where a shepherd lad sat tending his flocks. A troubled and awe-struck look came over the countenance of the boy as he raised his eyes to the unfamiliar, stormy sky. But into his own looked the deep and tender eyes of the Angel of Mercy, and the child was comforted, he knew not why. Then as he heard the glad voices of his little brothers playing near their father's dwelling in the vale below, his face grew bright, and raising his voice, he answered back their merry songs. But now, on the brow of the hill a band of hunters appear, returning unsuccessful from the chase. Fierce with disappointment, they see the little flock of sheep guarded only by a child, and rush down among them, killing some and scattering the rest terror-stricken to the neighboring woods, while the leader of the band answers the little shepherd's entreaties by a savage blow

which stretches him motionless upon the ground, his happy voice silenced forever.

Sadly the angel left the scene, and next looked upon a mother, young and fair, standing in her doorway with a little child by her side ; before her two travelling merchants displayed their wares. She gazed with longing eyes upon the rich silks, the gold and jewels. At length, after some parley with the men, she lifted her beautiful boy, and placing him in the arms of one of them, received in return a parcel of the coveted goods.

Such were the scenes which throughout the day the Angel of Mercy beheld. Childhood was not innocent, nor womanhood pure and gentle. The earth was filled with violence. The wickedness of man was great ; and every purpose and desire of his heart was only evil continually. The very fount and well-spring of good was choked. For as the day drew to its close, the angel hung one last moment over the earth. The solemn sounds of praise and supplication breaking on the evening stillness had arrested his upward flight. But they came from a grove where a great multitude were bringing gifts to an idol's shrine ; and their prayers and hymns were offered to a block of senseless stone. The angel spread his wings and flew heavenward, crying, crying : Woe, woe, woe ! A roll of thunder, low, deep, awful, startled the worshippers from their unholy rites ; a sudden burst of rain extinguished the sacrificial fires and the torches ; a blinding glare of lightning revealed for a moment the awful terror and confusion of the vast multitude ; then a horror of great darkness fell upon the world.

B L I N D .

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED.)

Clement turned round. He had never before seen his father show so much emotion. He went to him, and tried to speak.

“Leave me, my son,” said the old man, waving him off. “What will you give me that heaven has not given better? Listen. Soon after his death I was sleeping up here in my grief, when I was awakened in the night by the storm and rain. The lightning showed unto me himself, dressed as he was in his lifetime. He spoke not, but stood at the foot of the bed, and gazed quietly on me. Then it seized hold of me. I had not sufficient grace to see the brightened face. The next day I felt the peace which it had left for me. Since then it has never come again. But last night, (in the evening I read a book raising doubts of God and His word, and went to bed in anger,) about midnight, as I again started up, he stood before me once again, but in his hands was the Bible, open and written in golden letters. He pointed to it with his finger, but the brilliancy of the light which was reflected from the pages nearly blinded me, and I could not read a line. I drew near to him, half rising; he stood still, sorrow and love in his countenance which now softened more into anxiety as I struggled to read, and was not able. Then a light passed before my eyes—everything was dark—he went out softly and left me in tears.”

The old man was standing at the window, and Clement saw him trembling.

“Father!” he called, and seized his weak, loose hand. It was moist and cold. “Father! you frighten me. You should send for the doctor.”

“The doctor?” said his father, almost violently and straighten-



ing himself. "I am well; that is the matter. My soul wills and longs for death, and my body obstinately resists it."

"This dream, father, unsettles you!"

"Dream? I tell you that I was as wide awake then as now."

"I do not doubt, father, that you were awake, but all the more does this ague-fit which wakes you with disturbing dreams worry me. See, even now, with the remembrance of them you are beside yourself, and your pulse is flying. I know, even as little of a doctor as I am, that you had a fever in the night, and now"—

"Do you imagine that you know that, poor man," cried his father. Oh, noble wisdom! Oh, gracious knowledge! But whom do I accuse? Do I not deserve the punishment, I who prattle of God's secrets and make my full heart a target for the mocker? Is that the fruit of your learning, and do you fancy to eat figs from the brier? But I know you well, you poor fellow; you who make new gods for the people, and in your heart worship yourself. Your days are numbered!"

He went to the door, his bald head flushed, and did not look at Clement, who stood stunned. Suddenly, he felt the hand of his father on his shoulder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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## EPICS.

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Poetry is the natural expression of men's deepest thoughts. But while nations are in their rude, primitive state, they are incapable of sustained effort, and the first fruits of their muse are mere fragments. Some of these are very beautiful, but their subjects are unconnected. As the people grow in power and civilization, they ponder one idea more deeply and attempt more difficult departments of poetry. At last they arrive at the Epos, which is the noblest of all. As it is the noblest, so it is the

most difficult. It is simply the recital in poetic form of some illustrious enterprise. But to construct a long poem which shall not for a moment allow the interest to flag, and shall maintain a style suited to the dignity of the subject, is the highest effort of poetical genius. None have ever attained that highest point, for even the best epic has failed in one or more respects, and few countries have produced works worthy to be placed by the side of the *Iliad*. Spain has given us the *Araucana*, Persia the *Shah Namah*, and Finland the *Kalevala*; but who besides antiquarians reads them? We can count on our fingers the epics of the world.

Epics may be classified under four heads. First, the martial epics, as the *Iliad* and the *Mahabharata*; second, the epics of adventure and colonization, as the *Ramaqana*, the *Æneid* and the *Odyssey*; thirdly, the sacred epic, in which class *Paradise Lost* stands alone; fourthly, the social epic, under which head we may place *Aurora Leigh*. The honor of being the first to essay the martial epic is due to Homer. With a plot which to us seems simple to absurdity—a mighty warrior in a childish fit of the sulks over the equally childish exactions of his commander—he interweaves the history of the close of the Trojan war; the biography of its chiefs and the story of their ancestors; the religion, manners and customs of the allied Greeks down to the minutest detail. Nothing is too small for his notice. In that tenderest of episodes, the parting of Hector and Andromache, Homer does not disdain to notice the fright of a little child; and with that touch, the scene becomes life-like.

But it is not in the martial epic alone that the greatness of Homer appears; the *Odyssey* stands first in the second class. Not so majestic in style, but with a plot far more complex than that of the *Iliad*, it is possessed of a charm which wins the hearts of all women at least; and the ball-play of Nausicaa and her maids make a more lasting impression on our minds than the battle of the river Scamander. When we lay aside Homer, we feel as if we had left a friend; and not one only, for he makes us know and love all his characters; yes, love their very faults.

What wonder that these poems were taught as an encyclopedia of knowledge to the Greek youth, not only for the facts that they contained, but as models of style, and inspirations to all brave and tender deeds. They were not, however, without fault. Plato takes great exceptions to them. In advising the rulers of his ideal Republic as to the education of their children, he proposed that certain of Homer's stories which would teach fraud and guile, and certain others which belittled the gods, shall not be allowed. "And neither shall anything be said of the wars and quarrels of the gods, unless they mean their future guardians to regard the habit of quarreling as honorable. For though they love Homer, they do not love his faults and lies." Stern judgment of a heathen on a heathen; but we, viewing these epics, not as science or history, but as ancient thought, can admire the genius which produced them and the tenderness and love with which they are pervaded.

In Homer we find evidences of an untutored age, but in Virgil we find more polished manners and more enlightened minds. His *Æneid* ranks next to the *Odyssey* in epics of adventure. Virgil was very fortunate in the choice of his subject. In his time, nothing could have been more flattering to the Romans than his deriving their source from the famous hero *Æneas*, the son of *Venus* and *Anchises*, who after the fall of *Troy* landed with a few followers on the shores of *Latium*, and married into the family of its king. But it was an insinuation which none of the earlier and sterner Romans could have borne. They had looked down upon the Greeks, and had scarcely dignified them with the name of nation. But as Greece had risen on the roll of fame, and become the seat of learning and the fine arts, the later Romans were only too proud to derive their descent from so illustrious an ancestry. After the Greek provinces were conquered, the education of the Roman youth was intrusted to Greek slaves, and the sturdy old Romans strove in vain against the mastery which the Greek mind was gaining. So when Virgil demonstrated to them that they were descended from this nation of learning, instead of hooting at him as they would have

done a century before, he was received with shouts of applause. This was the first sign of the decline ; gradually the style of the poets degenerated ; and having little patriotism to inspire them, they aimed to please the crowd with a style profuse with ornaments and figures.

But there is one book in the *Æneid* which has never been equalled. It is the description of *Æneas'* descent into hell. The scenery and objects are all calculated to produce that solemn awe which is to be expected in a glimpse at the invisible world. Doubtless this is where Dante derived his idea of the *Divina Commedia*. For he says :

“Thou art my master, and my author thou,  
Thou art alone the one from whom I took  
The beautiful style that has done honor to me.”

Virgil's style is indeed beautiful. Coleridge says : “Take from Virgil his rhythm and versification, and what remains?”

I have dwelt so long on these epics, not only because they were the first, but because they were the models after which the later poets built. Statius, Lucan, Tasso, Camoens and Voltaire adhered more or less slavishly to their forms. Camoens, in his endeavor to remain true to his model, the *Æneid*, has introduced its mythology and has confounded with it his own faith ; while Tasso, following the *Iliad* less strictly, has treated his subject in a more masterly manner, and produced in the *Gierusalemme* one of the greatest epics of the world.

Long before the time of Virgil, almost before Rome was a nation, were produced in the heart of Asia two great epic poems, the *Ramaqana* and the *Mahabharata*, respectively ascribed to the poets Valmike and Vyasa. The subjects of both are drawn from the religious tenets of the Hindus. Each relates an incarnation of their favorite god, Vishnu ; and in each some most beautiful episodes are found ; the *Bhagavad-Gita*, or Divine song in the *Mahabharata* has been pronounced “the most beautiful and perhaps the most truly philosophical poem the whole range of literature has produced.” But as a whole these epics, though grand,

are not pleasing; for the monstrous proportions by which they convey the idea of power and omniscience are revolting; and the customs of the people are so at variance with our own that no skill could render them attractive.

One great man in modern times has followed no ancient model, but has paved a new way for himself, and that man is John Milton. While other poets were celebrating the glorious deeds of earth, and introducing angels and demons as aiding or hindering men, he ventured to the gates of heaven and made the same angels his heroes. He sang "Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." He tells us of Paradise Lost and Paradise Regained. He presents a grand picture of the fallen archangel Satan; he shows us the purity and innocence of our first parents, their happiness in the Garden of Eden, their fall and punishment. His poem has been called "the dream of a Puritan who fell asleep over the first pages of his Bible." He completes the trio of great epic poets. No others have risen to such heights. We may fittingly close with the words of Dryden :

"Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy and England did adorn :  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed ;  
The next in majesty ; in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go ;  
To make a third, she joined the other two."

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### THE ADVANTAGES OF POVERTY.

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If we consult the annals of the "shining lights" of the literary and scientific world, we shall find that few of these great men were reared in luxurious homes, surrounded by all the comforts that money could desire; but rather that nine-tenths of them were born poor, or thrown upon their own resources in early boyhood.

We shall never know how many men of brilliant minds have

lived and died without accomplishing anything, simply because there was no necessity for exertion ; nor yet how many of our "shining lights" might have followed in their foot-steps if the glaring eyes of that wolf, hunger, had not followed them day after day, forcing them to put forth every energy to save themselves from her yawning jaws.

Suppose the kind-hearted, though uncultivated, old Dr. Johnson had been the offspring of wealthy parents, the petted child of fortune, would his mind have been more vigorous or his generous heart more sympathetic? Surely not ; for it was his great longing to raise himself out of his lowly position that urged him to toil unceasingly, until he had given to the world his great literary work. It was also his early experience of the toils of poverty that made him quick to sympathize with the blind and the maim, and ready to share his last crust with those less fortunate than himself. It is almost impossible to think of Samuel Johnson as "my lord," for we have pictured him from childhood as a shabbily dressed, uncouth, old man, toiling with his brain for his daily bread, and sharing that with his household pets and dependents, lame Mr. Levett, and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge and the negro Frank.

If Burns had not been the child of a peasant, had not been obliged to follow the plough, had not spent his childhood on a farm, where he had the best opportunities for studying nature, the world would have experienced a great loss. If he had been the child of wealth, where would have been those gems of poetry, "On Turning up a Daisy with the Plough," and "On Turning up a Mouse's Nest with the Plough"? If he had not been the son of a poor man, how could he so vividly have portrayed the peasant's life in that famous poem, "Cotter's Saturday Night"?

But this tendency to invigorate the mind by throwing it upon its own resources and making it think for itself when young, is not the only good effect produced by poverty ; for by it the soul is also strengthened and brought nearer to its Maker. It is almost impossible, though, for man to realize that poverty, in many cases, is the greatest blessing. Why, the very word poverty,

brings to his mind's eye wan faces of innocent little children, wasting away for want of something to fill their hungry mouths; the haggard countenance of some poor young mother, driven almost to despair, because her only child, her darling, is starving and she has not even a crumb of bread or a drop of water, with which to bring it back to life. He turns from the contemplation of such pictures with the question, Can there be any advantage in all this suffering; can you poor desolate woman have anything for which to be thankful? He forgets that as fire has a purifying influence on metals, so poverty and suffering strengthen and purify the soul and draw it closer to the great Sufferer, who has said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and I say unto you not one of them shall fall to the ground without my Father in heaven."

It is true that "God does not willingly afflict his children," but does so in order to make them care less for the things of earth and more for Him; so this woman's trials have only brought her closer to her blessed Saviour, who was Himself a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

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### D R E A M S.

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The subject of dreams is one which has been much discussed and one which contains many interesting topics for thought.

A dream is a series of thoughts passing through the mind during sleep. They are intimately connected with our waking thoughts; and the thoughts which are in our minds when we lie down to sleep, are often continued in our dreams. Coleridge composed his *Kabla Khan*, while in this unconscious state of mind. He had been reading, and the last sentence he read, lingering in his mind, formed its self, as it were, into a poem, a part of which he remembered and wrote down when he awoke. A remarkable fact about dreams is, that while they seem to em-

brace hours, days, and even years, they are in reality, begun and ended in a few minutes.

In DeQuincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater," we have an example of a dream which seemed to last a thousand years, but was really not more than two or three hours long. He says: "Vishnu hated me, Seeva lay in wait for me. I came suddenly upon Isis and Osiris. I had done a deed they said, at which the ibis and the crocodile trembleth. I was buried for a thousand years in stone coffins, with mummies and sphinxes, in narrow chambers, at the heart of the eternal pyramids." By such examples as this, we learn that we have no control over the mind in sleep, and that dreams wholly disregard all laws of time and space. Many people attach a prophetic character to dreams, and there are many incidents related which would seem to support the belief. Cicero tells a story of two men who were travelling together, and coming to a town where they were to spend the night, one of them went to the inn, while the other went to a private house. During the night the one at the private house dreamed that his friend came to him in great distress, imploring his help, because the landlord was attempting to murder him. The dream was so vivid that the dreamer awoke expecting to see his friend standing by his side; but finding he had been dreaming, he again went to sleep. Soon his friend returned, this time to tell him that help would be useless, for he had already been put to death, and that an attempt would be made to take his body out of town in a wagon filled with trash. On going to the inn the next morning, he could hear nothing of his friend; so he resolved to search a wagon which he saw standing by. He did so, found the body and had the murderer arrested. Such dreams, however, are not common, and therefore cannot be easily accounted for. But these real dreams are by no means the only ones which we experience, for is there any one who does not to some extent indulge in day dreams?

In them we surround ourselves with all that our hearts hold dearest and best. Then no shadow or disappointment disturbs us, and we live in a perfect dream-land. And what variety there is



in these dreams ! as each loves to think and dwell on the things that lie nearest his heart. The ambitious dream of fame ; the avaricious of gain ; and in these dreams they enjoy those things which they so earnestly desire in actual life. The school-boy dreams of the time when he shall have finished his books, and have laid before him, truer and more lasting pleasures than those afforded by his ball, hoop and marbles. He plans all sorts of brave and generous deeds to be done in future years. The young girl also looks forward to the end of her school days ; but from that time their dreams are slightly different, for as he dreams of victories in the field of public life, she thinks of conquests to be made in a different field. The whole world furnishes him with food for thought, while only a small part of it is open to her. He dreams of fame, fortune and power among his fellow-men, but in the hearts of those around her she finds her world ; it is there she seeks for hidden treasures ; it is there she seeks to rule. Like the birds,

He sings to the wide world, she to her nest ;  
In the nice ear of nature, which song is the best ?

We dream of these things, but alas, how few of our dreams are ever realized ! Perhaps like the fair dreams of Tennyson's "Lily Maid," they may not only fail, but we may realize instead their direct opposites ; and instead of a life of unalloyed happiness, have one of adversity, made all the more hard to endure by the contrast with our bright dreams. While these bright fancies may give us pleasure for the moment, they seldom give strength for the sterner duties of life, hence we should strive to

"Do noble things, not dream them all day long,  
And so make life, death, and that vast hereafter,  
One grand, sweet song."

“THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.”\*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

(CONTINUED.)

Though Ivan's behavior on this occasion did not re-establish him in the estimation of all, he gained, at least, one friend; the young man whom he had saved adopted him as his “*koniak*” (a sacred title which the mountaineers of the Caucasus never violate), and swore to defend him against all men.

However, this bond of friendship did not serve to lessen the hatred of the principal inhabitants. The courage which he had shown, and his attachment to his master, increased the fear with which he inspired them. They could no longer, as formerly, regard him as a mere buffoon, incapable of any great undertaking; and when they reflected on the unsuccessful expedition in which he had taken part, they were astonished that the Russian troops were met at a point so far distant from their ordinary quarters, and they suspected that Ivan had had some means of fore-warning them. Although this conjecture was without foundation, they watched him the more narrowly. Old Ibrahim fearing some scheme for the release of his prisoners, no longer permitted them to have any lengthy conversation, and the brave denchik was menaced, sometimes even beaten, when he wished to converse with his master.

In this situation the two prisoners devised a means of communication without exciting the suspicions of their jailor. As they were in the habit of singing together some Russian songs, the Major took his guitar, when he had something important to say to Ivan, and questioned him while singing; the latter responded in the same tone, and his master accompanied him with his guitar.

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\*Owing to the delay in receiving the copy, this translation was omitted in the last number.—Eds.

This proceeding being nothing new, the ruse was not discovered, and they were careful to avail themselves of it but rarely.

More than three months had passed since the unfortunate expedition of which we have spoken, when Ivan thought he perceived an unusual excitement in the village. Some mules, loaded with powder, had arrived from the plains. The men cleaned their arms and prepared their eartridges. Ivan soon learned that they were preparing for a grand expedition.

The whole nation was to unite in an attack upon a neighboring people, who were under the protection of the Russians, and had permitted them to build a fort on their territory. The purpose was no less than the extermination of the entire tribe, as well as of the Russian battalion, which superintended the construction of the fort.

Some days after, Ivan, upon leaving the cabin one morning, found the village deserted. All the able men had left during the night. In the tour which he made through the village, in order to gain information, he found new proofs of evil intentions toward himself. The old men avoided speaking to him. A little boy told him boldly that his father wished to kill him. Finally, as he was returning sadly to his master, he saw on the roof of a house a young woman, who raised her veil and excitedly made signs with her hands, to run away, pointing to the road leading to Russia. It was the sister of the Tchenges whom he had saved while crossing the Tereck. When he re-entered his prison, he found the old man engaged in a close inspection of Kascambo's fetters.

A new-comer was seated in the room; it was a man who had been prevented from following the others by an intermittent fever, and who had been sent to Ibrahim to assist in guarding the prisoner until the return of the inhabitants. Ivan noticed this precaution without showing the least surprise. The absence of the men of the village offered a favorable opportunity for the execution of his projects, but the increased vigilance of the jailor, and, above all, the presence of the sick man, rendered success very uncertain. However, death seemed inevitable if he awaited

the return of the villagers. He foresaw that their expedition would prove unsuccessful, and that, in their rage, they would no longer spare him. There remained no other course than that of abandoning his master, or of securing his liberty without delay. The faithful servant would have suffered a thousand deaths rather than to have chosen the first alternative.

Kascambo, who was beginning to lose hope, had been for some time in a kind of stupor and kept a profound silence. Ivan, more calm and gay than usual, surpassed himself in the repast, which he prepared, singing his Russian songs, with which he mingled words of encouragement for his master.

"The time has come," said he, at the same time adding to each phrase the unmeaning refrain of a popular Russian song, *hai luli, hai luli*, "the time has come for us to end our misery, or to perish. To-morrow, *hai luli*, we will be on our way to a town, to a beautiful town, *hai luli*, which I do not wish to name. Courage, master! do not despair. The God of the Russians is great." Kascambo, indifferent to life or death, not knowing the projects of his *denchik*, contented himself with saying: "Do whatsoever thou would'st, and be quiet."

Toward evening, the sick man, whom their keeper had treated hospitably, in order to keep him there, and who, in addition to a good meal, had amused himself the rest of the day by eating *chislik*,\* was seized with such a violent access of fever, that he abandoned the party and went to his home. They let him go without much objection, Ivan having completely reassured the old man by his gaiety.

In order to prevent any suspicion, he withdrew at an early hour to the farthest corner of the room, and lay down on a bench against the wall, waiting for Ibrahim to go to sleep. The latter, however, had resolved to watch all night. Instead of lying down on a mat near the fire, as was his custom, he seated himself on a block opposite his prisoners, and dismissed his daughter-in-law, who retired into the next room, where her child was sleeping,

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\*Roast Mutton.

and closed the door after her. Ivan, from his obscure corner, attentively regarded the scene before him. By the light of the fire, which blazed up now and then, a hatchet glittered in a recess of the wall. The old man, overcome by sleep, sometimes let his head fall on his breast. Ivan saw that the time had come, and rose up. The suspicious jailor instantly noticed it. "What art thou doing there?" he said sternly. Ivan, instead of replying, drew near the fire, yawning like one who has just awakened a profound sleep.

Ibrahim, who felt his eye-lids growing heavy, commanded Kascambo to play the guitar, in order to keep himself awake. The latter was refusing, but Ivan handed him the instrument, making the well-known sign. "Play master," said he, "I must speak with you."

Kascambo tuned the instrument, and they sang together, the following ominous duet :

Kascambo—"Hai luli, hai luli, what do you wish to say to me? Take care." (At each question and reply, they sang the couplets of the Russian song, which follows :)

"Je suis triste je m'inquiète,  
Je ne sais plus que devenir,  
Mon bon ami devait venir,  
Et je l'attends ici seulette,  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Qu'il fait triste sans mon ami !"

Ivan—Behold that hatchet, but do not look at it. Hai luli, hai luli, I am going to break this rascal's head."

"Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,  
Le fil se casse dans ma main :  
Allons ! Je filerai demain,  
Anjourd, 'hui, je suis trop en peine,  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Où peut donc être mon ami ?"

Kascambo—"Useless murder! hai luli, hai luli, how can I escape with my fetters?"

"Comme un petit veau suit sa mère,  
Comme un berger suit ses moutons,  
Comme un chevreau, dans les vallons  
Va chercher l'herbe printanière,  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Je cherche partout mon ami."

Ivan—"The keys of the fetters are in the pockets of our jailor."

"Lorsque je vais à la fontaine,  
Le matin, pour puiser de l'eau,  
Sans y songer, avec mon seau,  
J'entre dans le sentier qui mène,  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
A la porte de mon ami."

Kascambo—"The women will give the alarm, hai luli."

"Hélas! je languis Dans l'attente,  
Et l'ingrat se plaint loin de moi ;  
Peut-être il me manque de foi  
Auprès d'une nouvelle amante !  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
Aurais-je perdu mon ami ?"

Ivan—"Let happen what will: will you not die all the same, hai luli, of misery and weariness?"

"Ah! s'il est vrai qu'il soit volage,  
S'il doit un jour m'abandonner,  
Le village n'n qu'à bruler,  
Et moi-même avec le village!  
Hai luli, hai luli,  
A quoi bon vivre sans son ami?"

The old man becoming attentive, they redoubled the "hai luli" accompanied by a clamorous "arpeggio." "Play, master," continued the denchik; "play the Cosaque; I am going to dance around the room in order to get near the hatchet; play boldly."

Kascambo—Ah, well! so be it; this torment will be ended." He turned his head, and began to play with all his strength, the required dance.

Ivan commenced the steps and grotesque attitudes of the Cosaque, which was particularly pleasing to the old man, making many leaps and gambols, and interspersing cries, in order to turn his attention. When Kascambo thought that the dancer was near the hatchet, his heart beat with anxiety.

The instrument of their deliverance was in a little closet without a door, made in the wall, but at a height to which Ivan could scarcely reach

In order to have it within reach he profited by a favorable moment, seized it suddenly and immediately put it on the floor within the shadow which Ibrahim's body formed. When the latter turned his eyes toward him, he was at some distance, continuing to dance. This dangerous situation had lasted long enough, and Kascambo, tired of playing, began to think that his denchik was wanting in courage, or did not deem the occasion favorable.

He turned his eyes on him, at the moment when, having seized the hatchet, the intrepid dancer was advancing with a firm step to strike the old jailor.

The agitation which the Major felt was so great that he ceased to play, and let his guitar fall on his knees. At the same instant, the old man was leaning over, and had taken a step forward in order to put some brush-wood into the fire; some dry leaves blazed up and threw a bright light over the room; Ibrahim turned to re-seat himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

*A STORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.*

(CONCLUDED.)

The old woman who kept the fried-potato stall at the corner of the Rue St.-Honore and the Rue des Bons Enfants was known in the quarter by the nickname of Mere Rissole. She was rather a character in her way; and, though not possessed of such fine literary and artistic collections as her sister-friers who sell potatoes to the rising talent of the Quartier Latin, she nevertheless wielded some social influence by reason of having some hundred garrulous female concierges for her customers. To such a woman any bit of news was welcome as a broad piece of silver, and worth it, for it helped her to keep her customers in patience while the process of slowly gilding the potatoes in the hissing grease was going on. Wherefore, Mother Rissole fairly panted with excitement when she was accosted by three perspiring men and a little boy, who all asked her with breathless eagerness whether she had seen another little boy aged nine, dressed in black velvet—a handsome boy, with large soft eyes and winning ways—‘in fact, the Prince Imperial,’ blurted out poor M. Monnier, who was beginning to have misgivings lest he should sleep at Mazas and subsequently be tried on a capital charge. ‘You must know the Prince Imperial, madame: tell us truly whether you have seen him.’

‘Seigneur Dieu! Why, it must be the boy who came here about an hour ago, but I didn’t notice him,’ exclaimed the old woman, dropping her knife into the frying-pan from surprise, and splashing a drop of scalding grease on to the round chin of M. Bachon, who murmured a benison as he wiped it off. ‘Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! added she, ‘why, he gave me a franc, and wouldn’t take any change—then he walked off with a shabby man in a bad hat, who often comes to me to buy his breakfast.’

‘Shabby man—bad hat!’ echoed M. Monnier, beside himself. ‘Which way did they go? Quick! we’ve not a moment to lose.’



'I really don't know,' answered Mother Rissolle, bewildered.

'Do you know where this shabby customer of yours lives?' asked M. Bachon, putting a more practical question.

'Is his hat so very bad? Perhaps we might know him by that,' asked Louis Conneau, anxious to display his acumen.

'I don't know where the man lives, but I've heard that he's a journalist,' answered the fried-potato woman. 'He sometimes gives me a bundle of newspapers to pay for his breakfast, instead of money.'

'What papers?' inquired M. Monnier.

'I don't know, sir; I can't read,' was the puzzled answer.

'Anyhow, the man's a Radical,' opined M. Bachon. 'No Conservative writer would come to buy fried-potatoes at a stall and pay for them in kind.'

This little sally made no one smile, for matters were beginning to look ugly. The Crown Prince in the hands of a shabby Radical might mean all sorts of abominable things, not the least probable of which might be the demand for a thumping ransom. To make matters worse, it began to rain at that moment, and the party had, of course, no umbrellas. They could not get into a cab, because it was now their duty to walk up the Rue Rivoli as far as the College Charlemagne and see if they could not fall in with the Prince on their way. Damp and wretched, they trudged off on their unpromising errand, little Conneau having to run to keep pace with them; the two detectives, who had never lost sight of them, followed at a respectful distance behind. By the time they reached the Hotel de Ville they were dripping sops; and upon arriving at the college they were steaming from heat and moisture like boiled vegetables. Unhappily, their perseverance was not to be rewarded, for on looking up and down the street, where the rain was falling in torrents, they saw nothing resembling a Prince nor even a shabby Radical. There were men with bad hats enough, but they were ordinary folks hurrying through their business in the rain, and offering nothing suspicious to the eye of the beholder. It had been the practice of M. Monnier to improve the shining hours which he spent with

his Imperial pupil by taking the casual objects and incidents of life as texts for instructive sermons. He had already made mental note of the fact that if he recovered his pupil safe and sound he would discourse to him about potatoes, scalding grease, Radicals, and the uses to which a hat may be put when the nap is gone: but he now added to his mental notes that constriction of the throat which is a symptom of great fear, and from which he began to suffer acutely at that moment. He remarked also how his friend Bachon and the valet Uhlmann were marking time nervously on the pavement, as if they too saw no pleasing vista opening before them; but this interesting observation did not cloak from him the necessity of returning to the Tuileries without further delay. So a cab was hailed, and the whole dismal party got into it. Louis Conneau, who had borne up bravely till then, began to cry, by doing which he rendered great service to the three men, who only wanted such an excuse to upbraid him all three together, and vow that the whole thing was his fault.

Let us tread lightly over the scene that took place at the Tuileries when it was disclosed to Napoleon III. and the Empress that their son had taken what the French figuratively call the key of the fields, and had last been seen in the company of a tatterdemalion quill-driver. How aides-de-camp rushed about and how maids of honour fainted; how secretaries of State were sent for, and arrived with their hair dishevelled; how the Prefect of Police drove to and fro about the city, giving orders and cross-orders; and how, during five mortal hours, the entire police of the best policed city in the world left off hunting rogues to chase their Imperial Master's heir—all these things will be recorded some day when the Court history of the Second Empire gets written. Enough to say here that towards six in the evening, when the confusion in the palace was at its height, a rather dusty and somewhat abashed little boy was seen parleying with the sentry who mounted guard under the Triumphal arch of the Carrousel.

'Why, it's he!' screamed M. Monnier, who witnessed the sight from his window; and he would have dashed out of the room: but he was practically in the custody of two officers of the guards, who courteously restrained him. The next moment, however, shouts of joy, greetings, &c., mingled with reproaches, could be heard in the passage outside, and M. Monnier knew that his pupil had come home safe and sound. Etiquette prevented the tutor from hastening into the Emperor's presence unbidden; but he was soon summoned, and entering the Empress's drawing-room, found Her Majesty laughing as she dried her eyes, while the Emperor and half a dozen court ladies surrounded the Prince Imperial, with amused, half-wondering smiles, as if he were a boy of some strange breed, telling marvelous things. In sooth, the lad was seated on a footstool, and, having made his peace with his parents for his truancy, was complacently relating his adventures. On seeing his tutor, he stood up and hung his head, as if ashamed, for form's sake.

'Ah, Louis, you will have to beg M. Monnier's pardon, for you have put him in great anxiety,' said the Emperor. 'Your punishment shall be to write out an account for him of all you've been doing.'

'I can't remember every little thing, you know,' said the Prince, not much relishing the prospective task.

M. Monnier made a mental note for a lecture on mnemonics, but for the present he said, 'Well, monseigneur, do you at least know who your companion was?'

'Oh, he was a very nice person,' exclaimed the Prince. 'When it rained, he took me into his house and showed me a number of odd things. He seems to be a poor man, but he has seen a great number of countries and spent many years in Cayenne. Where is Cayenne, papa?'

And the Prince looked up artlessly at the Emperor, who winced.

A few weeks later one of those political plots which used always to be breaking out in Paris under the Empire (perhaps because the police had some interest in their frequency)

brought about a dozen so-called revolutionists into the meshes of the Rue de Jerusalem. Among them was a poor wight, a journalist, named Victor Marchy, who had but lately returned from a ten year's captivity at Cayenne, whence he had escaped. Lying in prison, this unfortunate fellow was told one day that papers had been found in his lodgings which implicated him in a plot against the Emperor's life.

'Ah pour ca non!' exclaimed Marchy. 'J'en appelle au Prince Imperial que je ne suis pas un assassin!'

'Why to the Prince Imperial, who is but a child?' asked the juge d'instruction, astonished.

'Take him my photograph,' answered Victor Marchy.

The prisoner's photograph was submitted to the Prince Imperial, who recognized it as that of 'the shabby Radical with the bad had' in whose company he had spent his truant day. Wherefore the Emperor, as he himself examined the portrait, said, with some emotion:

'This man held my boy's life in his hands during a whole day; he can be no enemy of mine!'

And he signed Victor Marchy's pardon.

[An unpublished poem by the late Joseph Pannell, of Petersburg, Virginia,  
contributed to the MUSE by his daughter.]

*THE SEASON OF LIFE.*

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Our life is but a rolling year ;  
From change to change we run ;  
Our joys, our hopes, our grief and fear  
Are fleeting as the sun.

First spring in pure and holy joy,  
With blushes on the cheek,  
Comes forth a merry, laughing boy,  
The sunny fields to seek.

It's budding flowers of loveliness  
Are hopes that soon depart,  
The promises of happiness  
That spring up in the heart.

Then all is sunshine in the sky,  
All dewdrop on the flower ;  
If tears bedim youth's sparkling eye,  
'Tis as an April shower.

Hope still o'er all, his castle builds  
And points to summer's reign,  
When earth her lap with plenty fills,  
Her store-house heaps with grain.

And summer comes, proud Manhood's type,  
With boys and laurels crowned ;  
Her golden fruit hangs tempting ripe  
Or strewed upon the ground.

Next autumn, and upon his brow  
 Sits melancholy drear ;  
 The wreath that summer wore, is now  
 A chaplet, brown and sear.

The days are gone when blithe and gay,  
 Joy caroled his glee—  
 Hopes fall as silently away  
 As leafless from the tree.

Next winter comes ; the chilling frost  
 Lies hoary on his head ;  
 Ambition's spells forever lost,  
 And withered hope lies dead.

His wrinkled hand he points behind  
 To childhood's time of flowers ;  
 While dirges sings the howling wind  
 Over departed hours.

The Future ! all is dark and drear,  
 Hope pierces not its gloom :  
 Strength fails, and in the dying year  
 He totters to the tomb.

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### THE BLUE RIDGE MOUNTAINS.

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In Asheville there are not many stores and houses, and it has no large handsome buildings. Its only beauty (but that is a great one) is the mountains which surround it. When you wish to see the mountains at their best, you have to start early, as it takes a long time to go up and come down. When you get on top, however, you are fully repaid for your trouble. There you can look down and see the whole surrounding country. Ashe-

ville looks like a doll town, and the houses and the tall trees look no taller than an inch from the ground. Everywhere you see lovely ferns and hill flowers, beautiful mosses and the mountain laurel with its delicate rose-like flowers. Blackberries and huckleberries grow temptingly about your path. The dogwood with its scarlet berries, and lovely grasses, wave to and fro in the gentle wind. Now and then you come suddenly upon a spring of clear, cold water. The rocks shine like silver, for they are full of mica. Walking or riding in the mountains you see quantities of it. Once in a long while you come to a house or see a goat, but besides this, it all abounds in a lovely solitary grandeur.

MARGIE BUSBEE,

Eight years old.

NOTE.—The primitive punctuation and other evidences of infantine genius plainly show the genuineness of the above.

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“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”

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NUMBER TWO.

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DEAR MUSE:—In compliance with your wishes, expressed in the September number, I take pleasure in sending you the following contribution to your pages:

The work of building up the Church at Dry Grove, Miss., did not owe its first impulse to a daughter of St. Mary's, but as her large sympathies and ever-ready fingers contributed so greatly to the ultimate success of the undertaking, a brief account of it may not inappropriately appear in the series, which it is designed to bring out in the MUSE. Of the other two co-laborers, one is bound by a yet tenderer tie to the interests of St. Mary's, and may in a more literal sense be called “a daughter” of the house.

When the Spring of '65 came with its burden of defeat and gloom, there were, in the South, few sadder households than ours,

if we consider that its three members who had worn the grey, had all passed safely through the fiery ordeal of a four years' war.

The broad fields that had formerly constituted our wealth, were now scarcely worth more than the taxes that were paid on them. There was no church edifice nearer than Raymond—10 miles distant—and the noble roans that had so often drawn us there to service, and returned in time for dinner, on Sundays, had long since taken their place in government service as artillery horses. Ours was the only Church family in the neighborhood; and Church ministrations seemed to human eyes one of the least possible of things.

The first to move in the enterprise was the youngest of the three sisters, who afterwards, by their united efforts and with God's blessing, built a church which cost \$2,700; bought a rectory, with upwards of 100 acres of land attached, and valued at \$2,500, and cherished a Training School, which has given to the vineyard three Priests and four Deacons, besides preparing nine Postulants for Holy Orders.

Emmy sought a situation as governess in a private family, and at the end of the term in June, '66, put aside her year's salary—\$500 in gold—as a nucleus for our church building. Then a sewing-society was organized, but through this channel money came in small dribblets, because, at the beginning, little was done outside of one household. Next, friends all over the land were written to, six letters apiece daily being the self-appointed task of each worker. In this way two thousand letters were written, names of Church people being obtained from the *Spirit of Missions*, religious papers and even funeral notices.

In conjunction with this labor a regular system of visiting was instituted and faithfully carried out, through the winter's mud and the heat of summer, in order to prepare the minds of the people for the Church's teaching. So blessed were these lay efforts, that at the first visitation of the Bishop in our new building, there were twenty-three baptisms, and several confirmations.



One of the sisters—she who is proud to call herself St. Mary's pupil, was asked to stand sponsor for quite a number of the younger members of families who had hitherto been strangers to our worship. Among other charms that endear her to those who know her, is that of a ready and most hearty laugh. It gushes forth sometimes like suddenly loosened waters, against her will. Fancy how difficult she found it to hold herself in check when she had to give the name of one of her proteges as Hezekiah Moses John Daniel Isham Harris Sterling Price Walker. The child was born during the war, the father and brothers absent, and each suggested a name, all of which were taken and strung together, forming a total aggregate of doubtful euphony.

A minister was called, and duly installed in the rectory; and now to provide for the payment of his salary became a serious question, for though many families had been added to the household of faith, they were for the most part impoverished by the war, and unable to bear heavy burdens. The three sisters promised fifty dollars apiece, without any visible means of paying one. Believing firmly in the blessing which attends faithful effort, however humble, they begged bright calico scraps and made a handsome quilt, which was sold for five dollars. With that money they bought a piece of pink calico, out of which four dresses were made and sold for \$2.50 each. This was invested in domestics, which was made up into underclothing; and finally, from calico and domestics, they passed on to all the articles usually seen in a country store. They have never cleared less than one hundred and fifty dollars annually, and sometimes a much larger sum.

Several missions have sprung up in connection with our church, and previous to the direful pestilence of '78 our Rector and his postulants held services at different points for both white and colored congregations.

During that period of darkness and despair those who were seeking to live unto the Lord, showed that they had already learned how to die for Him, and they ceased not in their ministry to both dead and dying, till they themselves were stricken

down. Three of our brightest and gentlest spirits passed away from the scene of earth's labors to inherit the Crown of Life.

Our Training School has never recovered from this blow, and the congregation of nearly forty souls, which once sat within the church, now lie around it. One young girl, whose family had belonged previously to the Presbyterian Church, was found by her physician, with her prayer-book open on her pillow, and blistered with tears. Another of the same family, a fair young sister, begged with her dying breath, to be laid *nearest* the church. These belonged to a household of ten, and two only survived.

In giving the foregoing meager outline of what we have done, we shall be more than rewarded for our pains, if we have strengthened any weak hand or failing hearts, teaching them not to despise small means, but to labor faithfully in that "state of life unto which it has pleased God to call them."

"THE DABNEY SISTERS,"

Per S. D. T.

### PREPARATORY CLASS ROOM.

Teacher—Who brought the Israelites out of Egypt?

Pupil—Alexander the Great (!)

Teacher—State and analyze this problem, "If one bench can hold eight boys, how many will five benches hold?"

Pupil (slightly confused)—If one boy can hold eight benches—further analysis stopped by laughter of the others.

Teacher—Who composed first Latin Triumvirate?

Pupil—Marcus Aurelius, le Cid Campedor and the Heruli.

# 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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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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A "VOCAL RECITAL" comes off on Saturday evening, 13th instant, at 7½ o'clock.

HATTIE MORGAN and her mother are wintering in the gay metropolis of New York.

CAN any one who does not care to file the MUSE furnish us with one or more copies of the number for June, 1880?

WE have for some time lost sight of our dear old friend Georgia Fowlkes. Can any one inform us of her whereabouts?

WHISPERS of a Thanksgiving entertainment by the Kindergarten Buds and Fairies are afloat. Wonder if they mean anything?

THE REV. AND MRS. SMEDES have received cards to the marriage ceremony of Julia Anderson, of Sewanee, Tenn., and Mr. Murdoch.

SUBSCRIPTIONS to the MUSE have come from several old scholars. We wish that all of them would remember us in the same way.

EMMA TEW ('75) is working most successfully as governess in the family of Rev. T. F. Gadsden, at Anderson, S. C. Her pupils are the grandchildren of Bishop Gadsden, of honored memory.

LIZZIE HARLLEE solicits the aid of St. Mary's in building a church in Marion, S. C. Her personal interest and efforts in so good a cause shall certainly be responded to by something more substantial than kind words.

MRS. NORWOOD tells elsewhere of her visit to New York, so we will only say that she spent a week of much profit and pleasure to herself, and prospectively to her class, which is glad to have her with them again full of fresh vigor and enthusiasm.

THE ARTICLE in this number by Miss Minnie Albertson, entitled "The Day Before the Flood," was the "Honor Essay" of last session, and as such attained the distinction of being read by a member of the Senior Class during the exercises of Commencement Day.

WE ARE charmed to learn that Annie Sargent talks of coming back in January to devote herself especially to oil painting. Those who love pictures will remember the beautiful ones contributed by her to our art exhibition in June '79. Let us beg that she will not fail to carry out her purpose.

WE HAVE a daintily bound volume on our table entitled the ST. MARY'S MUSE, VOL. II. How delightful in future years to glance back at the sayings of our humdrum school-life, and to have preserved in permanent form, some of the works which, may be, cost us many a weary hour's labor, but which gained for us an honorable place in the annals of Alma Mater.

NEWS comes to us from a distant region that Adele Steiner has become an accomplished equestrienne. Clever in all she

undertakes, we readily believe that in this too she excels among the daughters of the "Lone Star State." What is our sweet Bessie doing meanwhile? Will she not sing to the soft south wind a message of love for us from her bright sunny home?

THE USUAL reception complimentary to our annual visitors, the "Bingham Boys," was held on Thursday evening of Fair Week. The harpers made sweet music, and both girls and boys tripped on the light fantastic as only merry-hearted youth can do. On Friday the reception of "party callers" and other visitors occupied most of the day, and study-hour in the afternoon did not seem to be welcomed with *very* great alacrity.

DIED, in Washington City, on September 15th, Mrs. Mary Lacy, Lady Principal of Peace Institute. In recording the death of Mrs. Lacy, we would express our sincere sympathy for our sister institution, which since its foundation has enjoyed the teaching and example of that most estimable Christian lady. She nobly fulfilled all the duties of a long and useful life, and sank to rest calmly and peacefully as one fallen asleep after the "long, long weary day" is done.

FANNY HUGER, one of our graduates of last June, has a situation in Miss Murden's School, Charleston, S. C. We wish her "good luck and good scholars."

Janet Whitfield, also of the class of '80, is teaching in the neighborhood of her home at Jackson, N. C.; but a little bird whispered to us that there is a hope of her returning for the Easter Term, in February, in order to secure the diploma which she came so near getting in June. We hope the little bird sings truly.

DURING MISS NORWOOD'S late absence her art pupils were aglow with enthusiasm about sketching from nature, she having added a stimulus by offering a prize for the best work done in that line while she was away. On her return there were so many creditable specimens offered for competition that the "judges" found it difficult to decide which was the most meri-

torious. At last there was a tie between Phoebe McCullough and Raven Lewis, and the "lot fell upon" the latter. She now rejoices in the possession of a beautiful miniature easel and palette, which she is decorating according to the most approved modern method.

THE GOOD work done by the Calisthenic exercises is daily becoming more and more manifest, in the improved bearing of our girls. Stooping shoulders are straightened, bent backs are becoming more erect; and the muscular development, at St. Mary's, promises to keep pace with the intellectual. It is no unpleasing sight to watch those rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed maidens, drawn out in long ranks and files, under autumn-tinted trees, executing the varied motions which bring into play nearly every muscle of the body—and all with the precision of soldiers on drill, true to the word of command.

FAIR WEEK, among its many pleasures, brought us none so bright and welcome as the visits of our "old girls." Among them were Mildred Cameron, Annie Collins, Annie R. and Annie E. Jones, Nita Hughes, Mrs. Shober (May Wheat), Mrs. Mary (Garrett) Harrison, Mrs. Mary (Rawlinson) Myers, and Mrs. Lucy (Moore) Henry, of Kittrells. Some had their husbands and some their babies to introduce to St. Mary's. Several daughters of girls who were here "long, long ago," came to see the happy school their mothers had told them so much about; and lots of future aspirants for scholastic honors came to lay in a store of memories wherewith to feed their hopes meanwhile.

THE SUCCESS of our sewing school is an assured fact. Already it promises excellent results. Under the direction of one of our resident ladies, who is very proficient in that line, some of the best workers have formed a class in dress-making. Others with equal zeal and deftness are turning their attention to embroidery, under the guidance of Mrs. Iredell, and are doing very pretty work. Plain sewing, button-holes, darning, mending, &c., occupy the large body of "preps," but

some very pretty baby frocks for "little sisters" are under way, and their puffs and frills, and tucks and edgings, show that plain work is not to be despised by the most rigid rule of esthetics.

THE DEAR festival of All Saints was celebrated in St. Mary's Chapel with full choral service and celebration of the Holy Communion. The autumn woods were robbed of their richest tinted offerings for the decorations appropriate to the day. The leaves of the forest, so brilliant in their varied hues, so surpassingly beautiful in death, teach our hearts one of nature's sweetest lessons. Emblems, they are of the perfected beauty of God's saints when the frosts of death have removed them from this world, each dwelling in our memory, glorified by some peculiar grace or individual charm, which makes us thank God upon every remembrance of them, and thrill our hearts with earnest aspiration as we join in the beautiful Collect for All Saints' Day.

THE MOST interesting feature of the late State Fair was the "Bingham Boys," who won golden opinions from all by their fine carriage, their military skill, and especially by their most excellent conduct. In compliment to St. Mary's they had a special drill in front of our buildings, which teachers and pupils, gents and boys, seemed to enjoy alike. On Thursday their field-movements on the Fair Grounds, their volley-firing and their splendid skirmish drill, were pronounced by competent judges to be the most perfect exercises of the kind ever witnessed in the State. And yet the military is secondary to the civil and literary, and is used for the leverage it gives in furthering the main objects of the school. More than ever before, Bingham's is the place where our best people send their sons, as a glance at the roll of its patrons shows. The school has been steadily increasing in numbers, in area of patronage, and in reputation, till the Catalogue of 1880 will contain nearly or quite two hundred and fifty names, representing an area from Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Missouri on the North to Florida and Texas on the South, and reaching out to South America, Europe and Asia. As North Carolinians, we rejoice to see this school ahead of any simi-

lar enterprise in the whole South in numbers, and in area of patronage, ahead of any school of any grade, as far as we can hear, in the whole Union.

OUR EDITORIAL table assumes quite a business air with so many attractive looking exchanges scattered about among its pens, ink, paper, &c., &c. First of all there's the *South Atlantic*, which since its enterprising move to Baltimore "dresses up" so stylishly, and displays such a tempting bill of fare, that we are more than ever proud of its acquaintance. Then comes the *Concordiensis*, whose classic name suggests its relationship to Union College, Schenectady; it is the brightest and spiciest of visitors. We send friendly greetings to No. 1 of the *Oxonian*, with special acknowledgment of the pretty compliment to the MUSE that graces its ninth page. We shrewdly guess whose is the flattering pen that tempts our "innocent" hearts to vanity, and herewith extend an invitation to a personal acquaintance at our Commencement Exercises in June, '81. The *Oxonian* promises to be one of our most readable and edifying exchanges. We extend to it the right hand of fellowship, and hope it will make its appearance regularly. The *Salem Academy* is ever welcome as an old friend. Its success in stirring up from the dim past so many records of former pupils is cheering to us in our endeavor to do the same. Where is the *Madisonian*, that has for so long been on friendly terms with the MUSE? The *Musical Record*, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, is sent regularly to the school; the MUSE appreciates it, however, and considers it the most readable and most instructive musical paper in America. We should be pleased to receive music for review from the various music houses.

BRIM FULL of school-girl fun and patriotic fervor, our girls made election day the occasion of a unique jollification. The Hancockites, who were of course strougest in numbers, availed themselves of recreation hour to do, we venture to say, the quickest political work that was ever accomplished. In an incredibly short time a Democratic Club was organized—Hancock,



English, Jarvis and Smedes placards of enormous size were fastened upon every conspicuous part of their dresses ; and a long procession, headed by a banner of gay device, marched about with all the pomp and circumstance of (prospective) triumph. Sundry instruments of unmelodious music were improvised ; disjointed members of old stove pipe, discarded tin pans, &c., with occasionally the faintest sound of a stringed instrument in the hands of an embryo violinist, made din enough to rally every laggard, and rouse the wildest enthusiasm. (Blessings on the seclusions of our dear old grove, which gives us freedom to make merry after our own fashion, with no fear of the proprieties.) So round and round they marched, and lustily they cheered, and the leaders made speeches heavy with patriotism, and proudly all assured themselves that their cause was safe. Meanwhile the Garfield sympathizers looked small and sad in their minority. But alas for human hopes ! the next evening, when the wires had flashed Garfield's victory throughout the length and breadth of the land, the cases were reversed. Crestfallen and grief-stricken these same Hancockites, led by their President, and all clad in sombre habiliments of woe, marched in slow and measured tread to the strains of a solemn dirge to celebrate the funeral of dear hopes and a "lost cause." While, *O tempora mutantur, &c.*, behold the Garfield quintette, all jubilant with victory achieved, gaily waving their banners and singing their songs of triumph, and in the joy of to-day forgetting all the griefs of yesterday. Only one comfort remained to soothe the afflicted H-ites, and in that all could make common cause ; for was not St. Mary's candidate victorious, however the rest might be ; and in shouts of "George and St. Mary's forever," all wounds were healed and differences forgotten. Such fun even these halls, where "mirth and youthful jollity," &c., have so often reigned, have seldom witnessed. To be sure some marks did "come down" the next day, but what brother, father or other lord of creation doesn't let his business go to the winds on election day ? and shall any cast a stone of censure at us for taking our tiny part in the general excitement ? Happily, it comes only once in four years, and that isn't more than once in many a girl's (school) life time.

## ALUMNÆ MEETING.

The special meeting of the Alumnae Association which was announced for Wednesday of Fair Week, was duly held in the large parlor of the school. The ladies present manifested great earnestness and zeal, and several important measures were adopted :

The Association now numbers over one hundred members, most of whom have paid in the annual fee for 1880.

(1.) It was decided that the delinquents should receive a gentle reminder of their remissness, and be urged to greater promptness in future.

(2.) Agents were appointed in various prominent localities to collect names of all former pupils resident in their neighborhood, and solicit from them subscriptions and donations to the funds of the Association.

(3.) The subject of honorary and life membership, with their conditions, was broached, but the question was left open for discussion at the annual meeting on June 9th, 1881.

(4.) Every member was urged to make special efforts to secure an unusually full attendance at that time, with a view to establishing a great *triennial* reunion of members living at a distance; it being understood, however, that interest in the annual meetings on the part of all who can conveniently attend shall not thereby be in any degree lessened.

(5.) As the Treasurer's report showed a sufficient amount was on hand to justify the Association in beginning the work which they have undertaken, viz. : "the education of the daughter or sister of some old schoolmate," it was therefore

"*Resolved*, That announcement shall be made in the next MUSE, of our readiness to receive applications from suitable parties who would like to avail themselves of the advantages offered by the Alumnae Scholarship, with such information as may be needed by applicants."

In accordance with this resolution we are directed to state that applicants will be received to December 20th, when the advisory committee will be called together to decide between the claims of the competitors, and that in awarding the scholarship, certain points, hereinafter mentioned, will be taken into consideration. The applicant must be (a) a baptized member of the church ; (b) a child of good moral and intellectual status ; (c) unable to procure in any other way, either wholly or partially, the means necessary for a sound Christian education ; (d) have an earnest purpose so to profit by the advantages offered her as to become qualified to earn her own support in days to come ; (e) furnish a sufficient amount for all personal outlays, i. e., washing, text-books, sheet-music, and other incidental expenses. If possible, the funds of the Association must be supplemented by the aid of friends and other private resources, and the amount so contributed shall go far towards strengthening the claims of an applicant.

Every educational advantage the school affords will be open to her, and any talent she develops will receive special care and cultivation. Copies of the MUSE for May, 1880, containing full particulars of the organization and proposed work of the Association will be furnished to those interested.

Sisters of St. Mary's, beloved friends and old school-mates, from what has been said, you will readily see that it is a work of no common interest or weight that we have undertaken, and its success must not be hazarded by our indifference or neglect, and demands our steady, earnest interest and effort. Ours is a sacred trust, and a sacred cause. Let us see to it that our zeal in its behalf does not flag, that our devotion to Alma Mater, and our loving reverence for its sainted founder, inspire us not only with a noble, generous *impulse*, but with that far higher and more effective grace, *steadfastness* in good works. Let all whose eyes rest on this, and who have not yet enrolled their names as members of the "Alumnæ Association of St. Mary's," send them without delay, and join our band. Let each one who has already become a member, find one or more who has not done so,

and induce them to swell our number. And let us swell our Treasury by the annual fee of \$1, by donations of larger amounts, and by soliciting in behalf of the great cause of Christian education, contributions and legacies from wealthy and benevolent people. So may we look forward hopefully to the *permanent endowment* of our scholarship, and feel that as long as the State of North Carolina exists, so long shall her Diocesan School be furnishing intellectual and spiritual training to an orphan or needy daughter of some one or more of her number.

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### ART NOTES IN NEW YORK.

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AMONG THE PICTURES.—The lovely October days, which in the country bring so many quiet thoughts born of dreamy skies and tinted forests, and silent falling down of dying leaves, carry to the city only the golden brightness of their sunshine and the invigorating breath of their autumn breezes. All there is Life and Motion. Busy footsteps hurry with a firmer tread on the crowded pavements, as the great living stream pulsates through the streets with unceasing ebb and flow. The sunlight finds no tinted foliage, but glances back from crystal palaces which reveal all the wonders of fairy land.

Here are graceful bronzes and vases with a background of satin tapestry, heavily embroidered.

Diamonds gleam on their velvet cushions, and wrought gold takes enchanting shapes, and twines itself in sinuous rivulets of light. Here is a display of delicate tinted porcelain, fresh from the touch of some skillful artist, and there is a bewildering exhibition of silk and satin fabrics, whose texture gleams with gold thread, amid the richest blending of colors.

And then the Pictures! Never before was New York so rich in Art. Even to *speak* of it all would be a work of time, but to describe such a world of beauty is simply impossible. We

can only mention things here and there. As to modern paintings, the salesrooms and galleries of Knoedler & Co., (Goupils), and Wm. Schaus, exhibit a collection of pictures by the first and best of European Artists, that gives one a high idea of the taste of New York picture buyers.

At Knoedler's there are beautiful examples of the works of Corot, Millet, Diaz, Fortuny and Troyon. Constant's "Judith" is there also, and a small picture by Rosa Bonheur, speaking for itself instantly, with that well-known look of life and reality which cannot be mistaken.

When we think of the place which these painters occupy in the art world of Europe, and how eagerly their works are sought for there, we must believe that New York people know how to appreciate excellence in art, or we would not see these pictures for sale here.

Two little landscapes by Ciceri, though unpretending, still hold their place securely among the works of more distinguished artists.

The coloring in the painting by Diaz, called "Nymphs and Cupids," reminds one of the days of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese. The flesh tints are soft and warm, and exceedingly pure in tone, and the drawing very graceful. The *tout ensemble* is a combination of warmth, grace and softness.

The beautiful and suggestive vagueness of Corot, and the breadth and strong truthfulness of Millet's style find devoted admirers, but nothing as yet has been able to supersede with the general public the small, highly finished pieces of the school represented by Messonier and Gerome, and their host of imitators. In M. Knoedler's gallery is a little Messonier, six by four inches, which is valued at more than seven thousand dollars, and will no doubt soon find a purchaser.

The delicate finish of the smaller pictures and their life-like reality seem to have a fascination for modern art-lovers which nothing can dispel.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art is going on steadily in its work of gathering riches and gleaning from the art treasures

of the world. \* This gallery has been made familiar to us by the illustrated periodicals of New York, but there is now a new loan collection just arranged in the east gallery, which forms an additional attraction.

Among the best of the old paintings were some fine old pictures belonging to General Leventhorpe of North Carolina.

The Lenox gallery we found to be one of the most interesting in the city. The collection of paintings, together with a very valuable library and the elegant building which contains both, was given to the city by the late James Lenox—a most magnificent gift.

There are several paintings by Landseer, four by Sir Joshua Reynolds, one by Gainsborough, two by Turner, and others, very fine, by painters too numerous to mention. A lovely little Verboeckhoven, a sheep with twin lambs, almost made you forget the claims of higher art. No one else can paint so much beauty in such a subject. The portraits by Reynolds are very fine and the warm, harmonious coloring has received an additional charm from the softening touch of time, yet there was one other portrait painted by Sir Henry Raeburn, which seemed to surpass them all in a certain indefinable grace and beauty of expression—a sort of soul that the artist has infused into it and which appeals to the deeper feelings of the heart. You look again and again, and wonder what it is in the quiet eyes, and the restful, yet expectant attitude, that makes you search for some clue to the unknown thoughts which filled the young heart and yet were closely hidden there. There were also some illuminated manuscripts on vellum which were enough to set an antiquary crazy, and some beautiful paintings on porcelain, but about the time we were getting lost among all these treasures, the noiseless footsteps of the Librarian came near as he gently began to close the doors, so we reluctantly gave up further research, as we do now, and made our adieux.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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VOL. III.      RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1880.      No. 4.

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## *FIRST LOVE.*

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There's a sweet little flower that blooms in the spring,  
When skies are the brightest, and wild warblers sing  
    Their merriest lay ;  
But thick in its pathway grows many a thorn,  
And the whispering zephyr sighs 'round it forlorn  
    Like a lover all day.

'Tis a delicate flower, the chillness of night  
Will cast o'er its leaflets a withering blight  
    That Time cannot cure ;  
The pitiless storm with its wild, howling wind,  
A glance from old winter, a whisper unkind,  
    It cannot endure.

Some kind one must cherish, some kind hand must nourish  
Its first tender buddings, or ne'er will it flourish,  
    Or bloom 'neath the sky ;  
That spirit, its head must protect from the storm,  
That gentle one shield it from danger and harm,  
    Or quickly 'twill die.

This flower is love, tho' pure is its birth  
And it buds in that garden, the fairest of earth,  
    There are thorns in its way ;  
A glance of unkindness, a cold word or look,  
Will freeze up its current, as winter the brook,  
    Will wither its leaf in a day.

Neglected 'twill die, but if cherished 'twill bloom  
 And gladden the air with the sweetest perfume,  
     To the heart bringing joy ;  
 In smiles if it blossoms, in beauty 'twill live ;  
 No storm to its colour a blackness can give,  
     No winter destroy.

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“ *THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.* ”

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

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(CONTINUED.)

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If Ivan had now proceeded with his undertaking, a hand to hand combat would have become inevitable; the alarm would have been given, which it was so necessary to avoid; but his presence of mind saved him.

When he perceived the Major's excitement, and saw Ibrahim rise, he placed the hatchet behind the same block of wood on which the latter sat, and commenced to dance. “Play, zounds!” said he to his master; “of what are you thinking?” The Major seeing how imprudent he had been, began to play softly. The old jailor had no suspicions, but he ordered them to end the music and go to sleep. Ivan quietly went to take the guitar case, and came to place it on the hearth; but instead of receiving the instrument which his master handed him, he suddenly seized the hatchet behind Ibrahim, and dealt him such a terrible blow on the head that the unfortunate man fell dead without a groan. His head fell in the fire, and his long grey beard began to blaze. Ivan dragged him out by the feet, and covered him with a mat. He was listening to find if the woman had been awakened, when, no doubt, astonished at the silence which reigned after so much noise, she opened the door of her room:



“What are you doing there?” said she, advancing towards the prisoners; “whence comes the odor of burnt feathers?” The fire had fallen down, and gave scarcely any light. Ivan raised the hatchet to strike her; she had time to turn her head, and received the blow in her breast, while she uttered a frightful scream; another blow, swift as lightning, struck her in its descent, and threw her lifeless body at the feet of Kascambo. Shocked at this second murder, which he had not effected, the Major seeing Ivan advance towards the child’s room, placed himself before him in order to stop him. “Where are you going, wretch?” said he, “can you have the cruelty to sacrifice this child also, who has shown me so much friendship? If you would deliver me at that price, neither your attachment nor your services can save you, when we arrive at the line.”

“At the line,” replied Ivan, “you may do what you wish; but here it is necessary to finish this business.” Kascambo, summoning all his strength, seized him by the collar, as he wished to force his way: “Miserable fellow,” said he, “if you dare to attempt his life, if you touch one hair of his head, I swear here before God that I will deliver myself into the hands of the Tchetchenges, and your barbarity will be useless.”

“Into the hands of the Tchetchenges!” repeated the denchik, raising his bloody hatchet over the head of his master; “they will never take you alive; I will kill them, you and myself before that happens. This child can destroy us by giving the alarm; and in your condition, the women are sufficient to put you again in prison.”

“Stop! stop!” cried Kascambo, whose hands Ivan was trying to unclasp. “Stop, monster, you must kill me before you commit the crime.” But feeble as he was, and incumbered with chains, he could not hold the fierce young man, who pushed him off, and he fell heavily on the floor, ready to faint with surprise and horror. He endeavored to rise, and cried, “Ivan, I pray you do not kill him! in the name of God, do not shed the blood of this innocent creature!” As soon as possible he ran to rescue the child, but on reaching the door, he met Ivan returning.

“Master, all is over; do not lose any time, and do not make any noise. I say, do not make any noise,” replied he to his master’s despairing reproaches. “What is done is done, and we must not hesitate. Until we are free, every man I meet shall die, or shall kill me, and if any one enters here before we leave, I care not if it be man, woman or child, friend or enemy, I will stretch them beside the others.” He lit a splinter of larch, and began to fumble in the cartridge-box and the pockets of the jailor; the key of the fetters was not found there; he also sought it vainly in the dress of the woman, in a chest, and everywhere that he imagined it might have been hidden. While he made these investigations the Major abandoned himself without prudence, to his grief. Ivan consoled him in his way. “You had much better,” said he to him, “cry for the key which is lost. Why do you grieve for this company of brigands who have tormented you for more than fifteen months? They wished to murder us. Well, their turn has come before ours. Is it my fault? May the infernal regions swallow them all?”

However, so many murders were useless, as the key could not be found, unless they succeed in breaking the fetters. Ivan, with the edge of the hatchet, began to break the hand-cuff, but the chains which bound the feet resisted all his efforts; he feared to wound his master, and feared to use all his strength. Besides, as the night was advancing and the danger became great, they decided to leave. Ivan fastened the chain to the girdle of his master, so that it would not hurt him, and so as to make as little noise as possible. He put in the knap-sack a quarter of mutton, the remains of last night’s repast, besides other provisions, and armed himself with a pistol and a poinard. Kascambo took his borka; they left silently, and in order to avoid any encounter, they took the road to the mountains instead of the direct route to Mosdok, foreseeing that pursuit would be in that direction. They wandered during the rest of the night over the heights to their right, and when day appeared, they entered into

a beech-wood, which surrounded the top of the mountain and saved them from the danger of being seen at a distance. It was in the month of February. The earth on the heights, and especially in the woods, was covered with a hard snow, which sustained their steps during the night and part of the morning; but towards mid-day, when it was melted by the sun, they sank in it at each step, and their progress was rendered very slow.

They reached thus painfully the edge of a deep valley, which they were to cross, and in the bottom of which the snow had disappeared. A well-worn road followed the windings of a stream and showed that the neighborhood was inhabited. This discovery and the fatigue of the Major decided the travelers to remain here until night-fall. They established themselves between some rocks from which the snow had melted.

Ivan cut some fir branches to make the Major a bed on the snow. While he rested Ivan tried to discover their whereabouts. The valley on the side of which he found himself was surrounded by high mountains, from which he saw no outlet. He saw that it was impossible to avoid the beaten road, and that it would be necessary to follow the course of the stream in order to get out of the labyrinth. It was about eleven o'clock at night, and the snow had begun to harden, when they descended into the valley. But before they set out they set fire to their couches in order to warm themselves, and to make a little dish of chislik, of which they were in great need. A handful of snow served them as their beverage, and a drink of brandy finished the feast. They traversed the valley safely, without meeting any one, and entered the defile, where the road and stream were enclosed between the high mountain peaks.

They marched as rapidly as possible, well-knowing the danger they ran in meeting any one in this narrow passage, from which they emerged about nine o'clock in the morning. Then the gloomy defile suddenly opened to the view, and they discovered at the foot of the lower range of mountains before them, the immense horizon of Russia, looking like a distant ocean.

## NOTRE TABLE FRANÇAISE.

En venant à l'école, une des choses qui me semblait la plus terrible était cette Table Française! Est il possible que nous devons parler Français à table! Alors je mourrai de faim fut la triste pensée qui remplit mon esprit. Eh bien me suis-je dit en regardant cette table si redoutée elle n'a rien d'extraordinaire elle n'a rien de remarquable, C'est tout à fait une table ordinaire! Telles furent, mes impressions, au *premier* abord, mais *seulement* au premier abord, car j'ai bientôt trouvé, que je devais la considérer sous un point de vue tout à fait différent.

Non pas la table elle même, mais les demoiselles qui formaient cette table, et à laquelle j'en l'honneur de m'asseoir. Hélas les terribles animosités entre elles et contre les institutrices! quelque fois c'était, "oh comme je méprise celle ci, on celle là, et souvent elles méprisaient tout le monde sans exception.

Le vendredi qui était le jour noir pour nous, c'était encore bien pis, et la pauvre table entendait des murmures de toutes sortes, en français bien entendu mais du français qui n'était pas toujours conforme aux règles de Noël et Chapsal." Notre pauvre Mademoiselle était quelque fois au désespoir car ce mélange de Français et d'Anglais faisait un jargon à déchirer le cœur d'une institutrice. Il était des fois incompréhensible même à celles qui s'en servait et alors suivait une explication en bon Anglais quand les oreilles de Mademoiselle étaient fermées.

Mais ne pensez, pas que nous ne parlions jamais français oh oui! oh, oui! parceque la règle nous y obligeait, et qu'il fallait examiner sa conscience le soir quand l'appel se faisait; cette pauvre table, cette bête noire à toutes celles qui ne la connaissent pas perd petit à petit toute son horreur et devient la place où toutes les langues se délient et où chacune jette son petit mot, si ce n'est que "passez ce pain s'il vous plait." Cette phrase ci, est la phrase, si vous êtes fâchée c'est "passez" et, si vous êtes contente c'est "passey" et c'est toujours la première que l'on apprend à dire, Mais la politesse des demoiselles ne leur, permet jamais d'oublier ce qu'elles se doivent l'une à l'autre.

Eh bien! mes chères amies si jamais vous avez le bonheur de venir à Ste Marie ne vous faites pas en imagination une bête noire de notre Table Française mais au contraire attendez vous à trouver l'instruction unie à la gaieté. Venez et soyez les bien venues.

PREHISTORIC ART.

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Before beginning my lecture, young ladies, I must tell you that I do not attempt, in these short talks on art, to give you anything like a complete treatise on the subject.

It is the province of a lecture to be suggestive, rather than exhaustive. We cannot explore all the wide field which lies so invitingly before us, but we may gain some valuable hints as to the best manner of doing it, and if I can suggest some of the best paths of thought, and awaken sufficient interest to induce you to make further research, then my object will be attained.

It is generally believed, among those who have given most attention to the subject, that the arts of painting and sculpture were first cultivated by the Egyptians; though there are some who attribute the first attempts in marble to the Chaldeans, while they accord the art of coloring to the Greeks.

When we consider the condition of many of the master-pieces of painting of the sixteenth century, and see how rapidly they are fading and passing away, we may easily imagine the impossibility of finding any remains of the works of painters who lived three thousand years ago. I mean any relics of pictures such as we would now consider real art—paintings which had harmony of color, delicacy of finish, and life-like expression. The finer forms of sculpture, though more enduring, are also frail and perishable, and yield rapidly to the corroding touch of time, so we may conclude that our theories in regard to the state of the fine arts among the oldest nations of the earth must be founded more upon conjecture, and the traditions handed down by the earliest writers, than upon any evidences which exist at the present day. But while we cannot expect to learn many particulars in regard to art and its rise and progress among the Egyptians and Chaldeans, we may, with good reason, suppose that the art of design, which is the soul of both painting and sculpture, did exist

in the infancy, so to speak, of our race. When God made man in his own image, He made him not only God-like in beauty and in power, but also endowed with all those high faculties which more distinctly announce the divine origin of the human soul. The powers of imagination and invention, of perception and intuition, which go to make up what we call *genius*, are among the highest endowments of the human mind, and have existed in it from the beginning, since no mind is perfect without them. And if man was thus endowed from his birth with creative faculties, which were a faint reflection of the boundless creative power of God, so he would be instinctively led to exercise them, and to make new combinations of beautiful forms, and new designs to express the love of beauty which illumined his soul.

At the same time he would not want for the most exquisite models for his study and imitation. The earth, fresh from the hands of her Creator, glowed with the loveliest colors, and teemed with inexhaustible riches of natural beauty, even as now. The same purity of transparent blue was in her skies, the same rainbow tints were in her clouds, and the same "bright waves of Ocean dashed their sun-dyed jewels on her shores." We can therefore easily believe that there were, in those days, artists who sought to embody their dreams, and visions of loveliness and grace. In the long period between man's creation and the deluge—a period which some chronologists think was as long as that which has elapsed since the flood—men evidently attained to considerable proficiency in some of the arts, and if Belus, son of Nimrod, only two hundred years after the flood, set up the statue which, in after times, gave birth to idolatry, his knowledge of sculpture must have come down to him from the ante-diluvian time. His renowned daughter-in-law, Semiramis, is said to have had golden statues made of herself, her husband and various members of her family, which would show the existence of portrait-sculpture also, at that time, and that casting figures in bronze was well understood. But before speaking of Assyrian and Babylonian art, we should first direct our eyes to the much older relics which have come down to us from the past ages of the land of the Nile.

"Time," says an old writer, "sadly overcometh all things; he sitteth on the Sphinx, and gazeth on the ruins of Memphis, and Old Thebes, gloriously triumphing, and turning all glories into dreams." It would seem, however, that even time had resolved to spare the great monuments of Egypt, and leave the Sphinx to gaze with the same sad, earnest eyes upon centuries to come, even as it has watched the passing of the generations from the unknown date of its birth, lost in the twilight of ages, until now. Oldest of the nations of the earth, the Egyptians have left us the most enduring monuments of their existence, and from the remotest period seemed determined to live in the minds of succeeding generations. But monolith, and column, and temple have, for the most part lapsed into silence, and have become to us as dead and voiceless as the masses of granite that still sleep in the everlasting hills. The Great Pyramid remains to us what it was to Joseph, the Ruler of Egypt under Pharaoh, an object of wonder and veneration, but to all our questions it answers neither "why" nor "when." We know not who built it, nor why it was so wonderfully constructed, and near it the still older Sphinx keeps well the mystery of its own birth, and the unrevealed record of long forgotten history. Perhaps among other wonders of this marvelous age we shall yet see the riddle solved, and the veil lifted from the shadowy past, while the great, calm idol will condescend to break the spell of silence and tell of those old days before Cheops was born. At present, however, the science of Egyptology is in its infancy, and liable to exhibit unexpected changes and developments. The researches of modern travelers have overturned many a theory which was at one time accepted, and any day a new, or rather an exceedingly *old* Papyrus may be discovered which will upset the labored calculations, and dissolve the visions of the most industrious of even our students and explorers. It becomes us, therefore, still to speak with due hesitation and deference in the presence of these old dwellers by the Nile, who know so much and tell so little, and not to make many rash assertions about them. We should

rather wait, and hope a time will come when they, too, will begin to yield to the spirit of our restless age.

Ours is pre-eminently an age of investigation and discovery, and the irrepressible Anglo-Saxon of the nineteenth century, whose nation was born but yesterday, does not hesitate to interview the embalmed majesty of ancient Egypt, and demand that he shall give account of himself and his family relations. Our ubiquitous modern reporter makes his bow to the lofty obelisk which the old Theban king has grandly challenged him to destroy; he dives into the recesses of tombs, and works his way, like a mole, into the vast mounds which bury the ruins of Ninevah and Babylon, and he fearlessly enters the great pyramid, studying curiously the mysterious lines and tracings on the walls. Everywhere he demands to be answered. Old kings and their tombs, obelisks and pyramids, mounds and temples, he thinks, are quite in his line, and he endeavors, with great energy, to make a sensation among these old survivors of a vanquished world. He considers their pride and reserve quite out of date, and he urges them to give up their hieroglyphics and nail-heads, and learn to discourse in good English on the machinery of their day, and the building of their cities and things, even if they don't remember exactly why and when it was done.

How far these persevering efforts will be rewarded remains to be seen, but at present we are left in great doubt as to prominent historical facts and dates, and while there is so much uncertainty in regard to these, we cannot expect, as I said before, to glean many particulars in regard to the exact status of the arts in ancient Egypt.

It is natural to suppose that a nation like the Egyptians, which reached such a high standard in other departments of knowledge and skill, should also have had its artists who attained a corresponding degree of perfection, but the evidences of their proficiency which have survived to our day, leaves us still in doubt as to whether they may, or may not, have excelled.

The paintings and sculpture which have come down to us, are nearly all historical, and it is not the object of ancient historical



painting to express the idea of beauty. Clearness and conciseness are chiefly sought for, and ideas are expressed in the simplest way. The figures of the warrior and the king become conventional forms, and are repeated in the same stiff and monotonous way, again and again. In fact, for two thousand years it is said that any innovations in art were strictly forbidden, and the artists worked under the direction of the priests, who monopolized this as well as other branches of study. But previous to this period of art in fetters, it is thought there was an epoch when it had life and freedom, and perhaps if some of the paintings of *those* days could be found in some hidden treasure-house, we should see something approaching our standard of ideal art. To this older art-period is thought to belong the wooden statue of one Raemke, which, according to M. Mariette (one of the first among Egyptologists), should be attributed to the fifth dynasty, or nearly 4000 B. C. The body of this statue is well modelled, and the whole very much superior to the stiff forms which prevailed afterwards. This primitive art-period expired with the sixth dynasty, and from the eleventh dynasty, or formation of the Middle Empire, about three thousand years before Christ, Egyptian artists formed a sort of hereditary craft, controlled by a rigid code of rules, prescribed by the sacerdotal authority. The standard types of form were Archaic in character and deficient in action and expression. And under these conditions the results were so uniform as to justify the statement that for nearly two thousand eight hundred years there was but one epoch in Egyptian sculpture. After this came the period of Græco-Egyptian art, which came in with the Ptolemies, and lasted until the extinction of the empire. To the first or better epoch belong the wall-paintings on the tomb of Tih, near Memphis. Tih was a priest who lived in the days of the fifth dynasty, and the walls of his tomb are covered with an immense number of figures in relief, and with paintings which illustrated the life of Egypt at that remote period. From these delineations it seems to have been a happy, simple life, and the nation well-to-do. The caves of Beni-Hassan, near the Nile and about two hundred miles above

Cairo, have also yielded a rich harvest to the Egyptologists, but the paintings in them belong to the twelfth dynasty. When we remember that Joseph came to Egypt during the *seventeenth* dynasty, we will see that these paintings are quite old enough to command our respectful attention. They, too, portray the daily life of the people, and picture it peaceful and comfortable.

In these caves, the traveler sees, to his surprise, the Doric column make its first appearance in the world. The tombs of the kings, near the ruins of Thebes, sometimes called the catacombs of Thebes, form another great series of cave-like tombs. They are on the western side of the Nile, near the remains of the ancient city and are approached through a long ravine, as wild and rocky as a gorge of the Rocky Mountains. You wind upward, higher and higher, among the bare rocks, glaring in the sunlight—which only once in ten years or so ever feel the effect of a cooling shower—and after three miles of climbing you reach the caves. For a long time Thebes was the capital of the Egyptian empire, and when a Pharaoh came to the throne, besides building palaces and adding, perhaps, another temple to the city of a hundred gates, he immediately set to work to execute a new tomb in the yellow rocks of the Libyan range of hills. One of these, that of Sethi I., a king of the nineteenth dynasty, is decorated very elaborately, and evidently cost an immense amount of labor. It would be vain to attempt a description of its extensive drawings and inscriptions. Unlike the caves of Beni-Hassan, this one deals with death, rather than life, and the walls are full of representations of the tremendous trials of the soul after its departure, and of the terrors of the unseen land.

One of Nero's monstrous diversions was to have a party of Nubians and Egyptians act out the scenes portrayed in this tomb, as an amusement for the Roman populace.

The tomb of Osymandyas, which was so minutely described by Diodorus, does not appear to have been one of these cave-like sepulchers, but a kind of mausoleum built near the Memnonium. Diodorus says it was encompassed by a band of gold which was a cubit in width, and one hundred and sixty-five

cubits long. This golden belt was divided into spaces of a cubit each, and figures of the sun, moon and stars so arrayed as to show the rising and setting of the sun and the motion of the planets during the year. The walls were richly decorated with sculptures and paintings. These paintings, however, bore little resemblance to modern pictures. There was no attempt at blending the colors or shading, and no perspective. They consisted generally of out-lines in one color drawn on a ground of another. As yellow out-lines on black, blue on white, &c. Blue and green on black, and yellow, &c. We could not expect great excellence of design among a people who proscribed music, and did not cultivate poetry. But we must not linger too long in these mysterious abodes of the departed monarchs. We are students of art, and do not at this time propose to yield too much to the weird spell which falls on us with the shadow of the hollow hill, or be fascinated with the charm that lures the antiquary on from one dimly traced emblem to another. Art study leads to regions of light and beauty and motion, and does not give us time to indulge in silent meditation like Herodotus, of whom 'tis said :

"He was a mild old man, who cherished much  
The weight dark Egypt on his spirit laid ;  
And with a sinuous eloquence would touch  
Forever at that haven of the dead."

We may pause, however, long enough to remark that the results of modern discoveries and research have tended to prove that Herodotus was not the simple and too credulous old gentleman that some have thought him. So much has been brought to light that is truly marvelous, that the writings of the "Mild Old Man" are looked upon with much greater respect than they formerly were. It is true that he lived only four hundred and forty-five years before Christ, and therefore was a man of yesterday, compared with the Theban kings who slept in the catacombs, but he traveled in Egypt and conversed with the priests and studied the annals of her history before her empire had ever succumbed to foreign foes, and become subject to the influence of

the more modern Greek civilization. If you have studied Egyptian history at all, you must remember that Thebes was a powerful and magnificent city before Athens was founded or Corinth ever heard of, so we may well say the civilization of the Greek empire was later.

In fact it never left many lasting traces in Egypt, whose architecture and monuments remain unlike anything except themselves.

But we will now return for a little while to Thebes. Not to Thebes the magnificent, full of palaces and temples, whose tall obelisks and statues stood grandly majestic amid the crowding life of a great and populous city, but to Thebes the silent and desolate, Thebes the deserted and overthrown.

The site of the ancient city is now partly occupied by four wretched villages, Luxon and Karnak on the east side of the Nile, and Medynot Abou and Gornou on the western banks. The temple at Karnak is noted for its magnitude and beauty, and on the opposite side of the river we find the ruins of the celebrated Memnonium, said by Diodorus to have been erected by Osymandyas.

This Osymandyas is rather a favorite of mine, but I must reluctantly admit that he labors under the disadvantage of being a doubtful character. Some historians say that he lived 2300 B. C., others say 2110 B. C., but I would not mind this so much, because two hundred years is but a mite in Egyptian chronology, if the more modern writers did not go on to damage him further by saying in the first place, that he was Sosostris, and Rameses II., and secondly, that he never was any body at all. I do not understand the methods of study pursued by antiquarians, but it does seem to me that they have a discouraging tendency to occupy our time with endeavoring to prove that everybody was somebody else. In the days of the old Greek writers Herodotus, Diodorus and Strabo, Sosostris was a great king, who was seated as securely on his throne as any monarch of the past, but he had the misfortune afterwards to get somewhat mixed up with Rameses II., and since then he has been summarily dismissed to

the region of myths and shadows, to keep company with Osiris and Hercules, and Memnon, the son of Aurora. According to Diodorus and others, Osymandyas was a powerful and warlike king, who extended his territory, and conquered his enemies, and proceeded to embellish his capital city of Thebes with magnificent temples, palaces and obelisks. He also had the good taste to employ sculptors and painters to beautify these edifices with paintings and bas-reliefs and statues. He seems to have been far less reserved than the builders of the sphinx and the great pyramid, for on the colossal statue of himself he placed this inscription: "I am Osymandyas, king of kings, if any man will know my greatness and my resting place, let him destroy one of my works." Thus he seemed to know who he was, poor fellow, and was kind enough to tell us. A large and beautiful statue was found at Karnak in 1818, which was thought to be the statue of Osymandyas, although the inscription on the pedestal was not certainly deciphered. This is now in the museum at Turin. It is made of hard, red sandstone, and is one of most perfect and largest colossal statues ever brought to Europe from Egypt.

But in spite of this evidence, and of the special claims which he has on our regard, Osymandyas has fallen into the hands of the investigators, and they do not seem disposed to allow him to testify in his own behalf. It is quite possible that he may share the fate of Sosostris, and be sent into banishment, while all his greatness and his glory will be appropriated by the grasping Rameses II. This great Rameses has also some interest for us, for he too erected a colossal statue of himself in Thebes on the western side of the Nile. This statue, which is now overthrown and lying prostrate and broken, seems to have been more conspicuous for its great size than for any artistic excellence which it possessed.

It was, however, no doubt very imposing when it was standing or rather sitting upright, and was the largest statue in the world. Deau Stanley says of it: "Nothing which now exists in the known world can give any notion of what the effect must

have been when he was erect. Nero towering above the Colosseum may have been something like it, but he was of bronze, and Rameses was of solid granite. Nero was standing without any object, Rameses was resting in awful majesty after the conquest of the then known world. No one who entered that building, whether it were temple or palace, could have thought of anything else but that stupendous being who had thus raised himself up above the whole world of gods and men." Rameses II. was a man who was evidently ahead of his times. He believed in advertising, and he put his own name on buildings up and down the land, besides having his victories continually celebrated both by pen and pencil during his long reign of sixty-six years. I am afraid, however, he had little taste in art. He was too fond of bigness, and of making a show, and has been accused of magnifying himself more than he deserved after all. His great statue was like most of the Egyptian statues, in a sitting posture with the hands on the knees. In this same western part of Thebes, which was once known as the Libyan suburb, there are two other objects which will claim our special attention. These are two great colossi sitting alone in a sort of level plain which is partly covered with ruins, and skirted by the yellow hills which surround the city. They were originally designed as the entrance to an avenue leading to the temple-palace of Amunoph, or Amenophis III., a king of the eighteenth dynasty, who reigned about one thousand four hundred years before Christ, and they both represent this king. These statues are in all, fifty-four feet in height, though at present seven feet of earth cover the lower portion. Each was at first of a single block, but one of them was at one time shattered down to the waist, and subsequently repaired in five blocks. There are tablets at the backs bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions, from which we learn their history. Miss Harriet Martiman gives us the following description of them: "The pair sitting alone amidst the expanse of verdure, with islands of ruin behind them, grew more striking to us every day. To-day, for the first time, we looked up at them from their base. The expression of sublime tran-

quility which they convey when seen from a distance, is confirmed by a nearer approach. There they sit, keeping watch—hands on knees, gazing straight forward, seeming, though so much of the faces is gone, to be looking over to the monumental piles on the other side of the river, which became gorgeous temples after these throne-seats were placed here—the most immovable thrones that have ever been established on this earth!”

From this account you might be led to suppose that the artists of that time had succeeded in giving to their figures an appearance of majestic repose, and a sublime expression of sadness and patience which entitle them to rank as true art.

Farther reflection, however, will soon show us that this expression is something which was bestowed on them by that great master, Time, and not given at first by the sculptors who created them. When we criticise them as works of art, we must detach them from their present surroundings, and deprive them of the softening tints of decay, and the interest which is shed over them by the subdued touches of a hoary antiquity. If we could see copies made of them in freshly hewn sandstone or granite, and placed at the entrance of a grand temple whose pillars and sculptured walls reflected the mid-day sun, and echoed the life and movement of busy streets, we should have a better opportunity of deciding their original merit. It is true that some critics have thought that the idea of grandeur which they convey is much better expressed by their massive breadth of form and the simple lines of the drapery, than it would be by greater finish and more elaborate details.

But it is not possible that this effect was intended by the sculptor, or that he purposely simplified the details of his work, in order that it might be grand, on the contrary, the statues were probably brought into existence by laborers working under the direction of men whose designs were limited to certain proscribed and conventional forms.

One of these colossal figures, the one on the right as you stand in front of them, has enjoyed a wonderful celebrity in past

times, being no other than that statue of Memnon, the son of Aurora, which in the days of Strabo was called the "Vocal Statue." This name was given it because after the disaster occurred which shattered it down to the middle, many ear-witnesses declared that sometimes at sunrise, or rather during the first hour after sunrise, it gave forth a sound like the breaking of a harp-string.

The accounts of this phenomenon, as transmitted by divers pagan writers, are clear and distinct, and form a chain of evidence which is very strong. Of course the idea that the voice was the result of a miracle was a mere fancy. There are many inscriptions on the base of the statue commemorating the satisfaction of pilgrims from different lands, who coming to "hear Memnon," had not been disappointed. In fact the whole lower part of the colossus is covered with inscriptions from the classic times, in Greek or in Latin, in prose and verse. The earliest, so far as their dates can be traced, were made in the reign of Nero. Among them is one consisting of some Latin verses composed by a blue-stocking Roman lady who visited Memnon in the train of the Emperor Adrian in 140 A. D.

A great many travelers, some of princely rank, were attracted to the spot, but Memnon was by no means constant in his favors. On some mornings the pilgrims were gratified with the expected voice, at other times went away disappointed. It was a common idea therefore that to hear it was a mark of the special favor of the gods.

Some modern philosophers have thought the sounds were produced by some jugglery or deception of the priests, but this is not at all probable, and it is far more reasonable to adopt the theory of Sir David Brewster, who believed that they were caused by the "transmission of rarified air through the crevices of the sonorous stone." It is plain that in such a case the phenomenon would depend on the varying conditions of temperature or the seasons. The restoration of the statue was made about the year of our Lord 200, and since that time Memnon has remained utterly silent. The huge stones which were fitted on the half-



figure seem to have had the effect of extinguishing his voice. It is a great pity he had not kept it until the *Herald* reporter could make him a visit and get the benefit of a few communications. We should then no doubt be much wiser than we now are about these things. There are, of course, many other examples of ancient Egyptian art, but most of them will be found to exhibit the same characteristics as those which have been mentioned. In the department of ornamental work, however, we may find some specimens which show a different and more delicate style of design. There are some jewels, for instance, which King Amosis had made to adorn the mummy of his mother, which would do credit to the skill of a Genoese Goldsmith. King Amosis lived previous to the time of Moses, so you see the old lady had kept her ornaments a long time before she enjoyed the opportunity of exhibiting them to us. But to continue our researches would rather be trespassing on the domains of the archæologist and neglecting our legitimate studies among the early artists of other nations, and so we bid Egypt farewell.

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CHRISTMAS SONG.

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(BY PERMISSION.)

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O World! ye keep high festival to-day!  
 Your homes and Altars shine in bright display!  
 What wondrous thing do ye commemorate?  
 What lofty theme do ye thus celebrate?

'Long time ago, in Bethlehem, this night,  
 A Child lay in a manger, clothed in light,  
 Born of a Virgin,—and by Kings adored!  
 A Prince and Saviour, which was Christ the Lord!

' For us He lived on earth, for us He died :  
 And now in Heav'n He reigneth glorified !  
 All princes, pow'rs and worlds to Him shall bend,  
 And of His Kingdom there shall be no end !'

Grant, Lord, that we Thy servants here  
 May faithful be and true !  
 Then when at last Thou dost appear,  
 To judge the works we do ;  
 We may arise to Life for Aye ;  
 And sing the blessed story :  
 How once in lowly manger lay  
 The Lord, the King of Glory !  
 And Thee, O God, will we adore,  
 And praise, and bless, for evermore !

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*“BY THEIR FRUITS YE SHALL KNOW THEM.”*

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NUMBER THREE.

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Mrs. Buford sends us for publication the following letter giving a short account of the origin and growth of her unique and wonderful mission among the negroes of Brunswick county, Va. During her attendance at the great missionary meetings recently held in New York and other Northern cities, full information of her work was requested, especially by the “Woman’s Auxiliary” Associations, which, to our shame be it said, exist only in the Northern Dioceses. This letter was written in answer to these enquiries, and though it has been already printed for circulation there, we do not hesitate to avail ourselves of Mrs. B.’s permission to publish it, that our Southern friends may know how greatly God has blessed the feeble efforts of one weak, but earnest woman.

The object of these papers is to set before the daughters of St. Mary's examples of what some of their sisters have been privileged to do for Xt and His Church, and to stir up others to recognize their responsibility and seize their opportunities to go and do likewise. And it seems to us that work like Mrs. Buford's lies at the very door of every Southern woman. Vast fields of labor surround us on all sides; the cry is audible to every willing ear—"Come over and help us"—the reward awaits every faithful, loving soul—"Inasmuch as you have done it to one of the least of these, you have done it unto Me":

MY DEAR MRS. ———:—You know as well as I do, how impossible and how presumptuous it would be in me to stand up before the ladies of your meeting and tell them the beautiful story of this poor effort to help the most desolate of God's children. So many persons have asked me since I came North, how it commenced and grew to its present dimensions, that, even at the risk of tiring those who have heard it so often, I will write you as briefly and simply as I can, how tenderly and lovingly the dear Father's hand has rested on this pitiful work from its incipency, and will, I trust, to the end.

I am, you know, a Virginia woman, and live in the southern portion, just on the borders of North Carolina—a portion of country so utterly ruined and desolate, that when I contrast it with the beautiful, teeming, prosperous region I have been passing through, my eyes are blinded with tears. Ever since I can remember, humbly I thank God for it! I have been in the habit of teaching the little negroes every Sunday afternoon. My father was a large slaveowner, and I, of course, only taught my own. But when the four years of bloody agony were over, the kindly relations of master and slave were severed, and a gulf wide and impassable lay between the white man and the black man. He refused to listen to any teachings but those of his own wild, incendiary colored leaders. The white man's Bible was not for him; he must walk by inner lights and direct revelations of the Spirit. We, alas! with this blessed Book in our hands, did not obey its divine mandates, and the poor negro was

left to his wild worship. Numberless sects sprang up; the most numerous was the Zion Union. The founder was an old man who shortly after the war came from the North and proclaimed himself a new prophet, and succeeded in gaining a wonderful influence over the lowest and most abandoned of the plantation negroes. They are divided, you know, into two classes, the house servants, who are cultivated and educated, in comparison to the old plantation negro. Reared on large farms which they could not leave without a pass from the overseer, working hopelessly and aimlessly from sunrise to sunset, with no gleam of light ever breaking through the midnight darkness of their mental night, knowing their masters only by sight, these poor creatures, as soon as they were set free, wandered off from the only homes they knew, and with their helpless families drifted from place to place until they could rent from the owners a few acres of land, for which they promised to pay a fourth of what they made, and built their log huts and went to farming, without a dollar, or mule, or ax or plough!

I cannot think God's blessed sunlight falls on any creatures more abjectly poor—more pitiful than they are. These are the wretched creatures among whom my weary lot is cast, and whose hopeless poverty and wretchedness I see every day. These the poor, blind men and women whose immortal souls were starving for the bread of life, who received Howell as if he had, indeed, been sent from God, and made up his Zion Union Church, and swelled its numbers soon to two thousand. Little log huts, chinked with red mud, and falsely styled churches, were soon dotted over my own county and several adjacent ones. At last one was built about a mile from me on a neighboring farm, and night was made hideous by the wild shoutings and howlings of their midnight orgies. About five years ago last March or April, as I was walking out one Sunday with my children, I met a negro woman, Lucilla, with a large Testament under her arm. I stopped and asked where she was going. She replied, she hated to see the children running wild, and was going up to the new church to try and gather them in a Sunday school.

How my conscience smote me when I remembered I could read and she could not. "Lucilla," I said, "if you will let me I will go up to your church and help you to teach your children." She replied she would ask the permission of the preachers, and come for me next Sunday, if they did not object. I did not think she would come. I spoke simply on the impulse of the moment, and never dreamed what a weary load I was taking up so lightly. Promptly the next Sunday, she came accompanied by Aunt Sally Bland, an old woman about seventy, dressed in a voluminous white dress, her head artistically tied up with a red handkerchief, and sporting a large turkey wing fan, she was the mother of the church, she said, and very solemnly we walked through the forest till we reached the poor little building. May God forgive us, that in a Christian land it should be called a church. A miserable hut built of rough pine logs, chinked with mud, no flooring, nothing but logs for seats. And the scholars, a few ragged, filthy, wild-looking children, who stared at me, but answered not a word when I asked them a few questions. "The Lord have pity on their ignorance."

Aunt Sally devoutly exclaimed, "Does you think you can ever get anything in them numbskulls?" What weary work it was and how hopeless it did seem. But my sisters never failed to come for me, though sometimes we could not get into the church, and had to teach under the trees, the opposition was so great to it at first. We had no minister in the parish, and the Diocese of Virginia is so large the Bishop cannot visit the rural districts oftener than once in three years. I did not know to whom to appeal for books, and in my perplexity I wrote to Dr. Twing, begging a few books. The dear Lord surely guided my wandering feet to him. Most generously he responded by a large lot of books and a large Bible. His strong hand held out to me then has never been drawn back, but has strengthened and upheld me all these weary years, when the burden has been intolerable, and my strength utter weakness. Next to God, the success of this work is due to this most faithful servant of our blessed Master. The books drew the children like magic; soon my

school numbered nearly two hundred, including old men and women. Howell himself came and begged for books for his children, and gradually all his preachers were drawn to me by their potent influence. Feeling the absolute necessity for a daily school for these ignorant children, I wrote to Dr. Twing again. He helped me, and we built a comfortable log chapel, in which I commenced a parish school, where the children were taught to read, and the girls to cut and make their own clothes. In one week, I had one hundred and sixty scholars. One session I taught those children alone. At the expiration of that time, Dr. Twing, who loved me and did not want me to die, had the chapel enlarged and employed an assistant for me, a most earnest Christian man, who has been helping me ever since. Gradually, through the influence of the colored preachers, Sunday schools have been established at twenty-seven of their poor churches. Alas! they had no teachers for these schools but ignorant negro men. These I have taught as well I could, but most superficially, how to teach our catechism. But the Lord has been their helper and teacher, and through the blessed agency of these poor schools, fourteen hundred children have been taught the Creed, Lord's Prayer and Ten Commandments and the Calvary Catechism, and great numbers can repeat the entire Church Catechism.

Three years ago these poor Zion Union negroes, through their Bishop and preachers, at their Annual Conference, begged that the doors of the Church might be opened to receive them, and the poorest corner be given them. Each succeeding year this cry has been iterated and reiterated with mournful pathos, and to-day these two thousand men and women are standing at the doors of the Church begging, with tears, that they be opened to them, "poor, humble colored people though they be." I cannot think in the annals of the Church there has been anything half so pitiful. There is no one to plead for these poor negroes and tell the story of their squalid poverty and hopeless wretchedness, and their great hunger for the bread of life. If there were, I do know tender eyes would be filled with tears, and generous hearts would prompt to deeds of noblest charity, and

strong hands be held out to them. Surely He who has blessed these pitiful efforts so marvelously so far, will give this glorious work to stronger hands than a woman's, as weak and helpless as the negroes themselves, tottering and reeling under a burden too intolerably heavy to be borne alone.

One feature of this work and the one nearest my heart, I have forgotten to tell you about, my Colored Sisterhood. Scarcely a day passes but application is made to me for assistance for some poor creature—helpless, sick or dying. How to reach the wretched men and women who shiver half naked in their lonely huts, so far apart, and hunger and thirst and starve and die without a comfort, or a tender, pitying hand to help them, or a gentle voice to whisper words of comfort to lighten the dark valley, sorely puzzled me. For a long time I wondered that we had no Sisterhoods in Virginia to minister to these sufferers. Then I determined I would have a Sisterhood of my own, and a curious one it is. At our little chapel I have four sisters, at most of the other churches two. These women are selected by my colored preachers and endorsed by the whole congregation as women of good moral character and earnest piety. It is their duty to visit the old, the sick and destitute of their respective congregations and report their condition to me. Thanks to the noble charity of the generous Christian women of the North, I was enabled to supply the most pitiful cases last winter with clothing, and for nearly three hundred. Thanks to the sweet, thoughtful kindness of the ladies of Philadelphia, I can go myself now, when I am strong enough, to see the real condition of many of them. How I wish I could take you with me on these mournful visits. Just let me tell you one day's experience.

The sisters at Mt. Olive begged me to come to their neighborhood, about seven miles distance, to see a poor woman who wanted so much to see me before she died. At last I reached the cabin where poor Peggy lay sick; at the door, basking in the sun, were her five children, one an infant, filthy, ragged, uncared for, hungry too, I was afraid. I entered the poor house; no window, no fire; on the stretched bed the poor mother lay,

coughing horribly. Ah me! I knew she would die, consumption is so common and so fatal! Soon the sister arrived and attempted to kindle the fire, but the puffs of smoke almost suffocated the poor woman panting for breath. I could do nothing—hers was a hopeless case. A few days after my sister dressed her for her burial. “But I got another case wuss than this one to show you,” my sister said, and together we went about a mile further to another lonely cabin; another group of staring children, but cleaner, dressed in substantial home-spun.

When I went in I found the house neat and clean, a tidy woman spinning. “How many children have you, Betsy?” I asked her. “I ain’t gone but nine,” she said, “but I don’t want you to help but one—I kin take care of the rest.” I looked at the bed, clean with home-spun sheets and covering, on which her husband, a strong man, lay with burning fever. “Come here, this is the one I brought you to see,” my sister said; and crouching in the corner was a poor deformed girl, Betsy’s eldest child, half imbecile. “She fell in the fire in a fit and burnt herself; look here!” and the sister proceeded to unwrap the horrible burns. I begged her to stop—such things made me so sick. By this poor girl’s side was a wooden cradle in which lay her mis-shapen, puny baby.

Returning home I stopped to see about three little motherless boys, the brothers of one of my scholars, a girl of fourteen. How it touched me to see how she had fixed them up as well as she could and bravely tried to hide their tattered garments. The youngest could tell me it was a handkerchief I held in my hand, the second heard what he said, and repeated after him like a parrot, but when I took up my muff instead, the eldest turned from me to hide the tears in his sightless eyes, for he could not tell. Think of the weary lives of never-ending night of perfect idleness, leading to driveling idiocy, which these blind children must drag out in our wretched county poor-house—there is no other asylum for them. My Christian sisters, I see cases just as sad as these continually. Think what a hopeless task it is for one woman to attempt to stem such a torrent of misery with her



feeble hand. You, to whom God has been merciful—will you help me by your sweet sympathy, by your generous gifts, by your prayers?

Long ago I should have sunk, hopelessly overwhelmed, but for your strong hands held out to me, your tender words of sympathy and strength; you will not fail me now, you will continue to help me. I cannot think there is any other mission more pitiful than my poor negroes and I are.

Truly yours,

PATTIE BUFORD.

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LETTER FROM CALLIOPE.

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DEAR SISTER EUTERPE:—You are doubtless in despair of ever hearing from your errant Calliope again; and I fear you may be too righteously indignant, in consequence of my apparent neglect, to listen to me now at all. But, I beg you, do not dash my scroll down in impatience, and declare that I am a hateful thing; for my silence has been forced by circumstances, and I have longed to communicate with you again and again! My brain is fairly in a whirl with manifold labors; and I now stop short the mental maelstrom by a sudden effort, in order to snatch a few moments of converse with you.

O Euterpe! O my sweet octave of sisters! That you could have been with me to hear the wondrous music-poem performed on last Saturday evening at Steinway Hall! Surely the spirit of Hector Berlioz rejoiced in the enthusiastic rendition of his great work "La Damnation de Faust," now at last so tardily recognized and appreciated, more than half a century after its composition. The colossal tone-drama was given by the combined forces of the Symphony, Oratorio and Arion Societies; the Orchestra and Chorus numbering in the aggregate between five and six hundred performers, and lead by the *great* director

and conductor Dr. Leopold Damrosch, as he is now by all acknowledged to be. The soloists were Mlle. Alwina Valleria, Marguerite; Mr. Fred. Harvey, Faust; Mr. Georg Henschel, Mephistopheles, and Mr. Bourne, Brander.

Oh for words to describe the wonders of this Dramatic Legend!—its grandeur, its beauty, its passion; here its wild and unrestrained hilarity, there its deep pathos, and again its terrific horrors! If I should follow my impulse, this scroll should become so bulky with my attempted description of all the phases of artistic representations, which the genius of Berlioz has here embodied, that I should incur the sharp reprehension of our courier Mercury, and no end of *impertinences* from him as payment for the transportation of so heavy a burden,—the rascal!

The Legend of Faust has for years been the most popular of all themes of romance. Long before Goethe wrote his immortal poem, the story was told, with ever-varying detail of plot and incident, by bards and minstrels of all the European nations, from the most remote periods of popular song and story. Scores of poets and composers have exerted their genius in the delineation of the characters of Faust, Marguerite and Mephistopheles, and have vied with one another in elaborating the rich capabilities of this great sentimental drama. The foundation of its unceasing popularity seems to be laid in the fact that it, above all other romances, appeals to every sentiment, good and evil, of the hearts of men. It is the very personification and dramatization of Human Nature. The form which the Legend assumes in the work of Berlioz was the result of a thorough sympathetic analysis of Goethe's great poem—which may be said to be the grand culmination of all forms of the Faust-Legend—moulded by the composer into a form suitable to be clothed with the many-colored robes of his music. Berlioz tells us that the score fairly wrote itself, crowding every moment of his thoughts, and compelling its transcription at all odd times and places. At midday or midnight, at home or on the way, in stage-coach or restaurant, wherever he was, whether waking or sleeping, his theme pursued him, and gave him no rest until completed and

ready for production. "The labor of writing," he says, "was nothing to the difficulty of having it performed!" Here I am prosing along like a commercial report! A moment ago I was in the Torrid Zone of rapture over the wonderful music, and endeavoring to cool my heated enthusiasm a little by seeking the Temperate Zone of historical reminiscence, I have swung beyond, pendulum-like, into the Frigid regions of cold analysis! Lest I freeze you with the breath of bare abstraction, I will hasten back to the latitude of animation in which you dwell. Let us listen to the music.

The violins begin a soft and flowing strain, which breathes forth the very atmosphere of the opening Spring:—no suggestion is needed of its intent, for the delicious feeling of the expanding life of nature seizes on one the moment the first phrase is enunciated. In a moment the warmth of the melody deepens, and is answered by counter-melodies in the lower toned instruments. Faust, worn out with study, begins a meditation on the joy with which Nature seems to awake from her lethargy, and contrasts with it the gloom of his own unhappy soul, wearied out by long years of striving after the happiness which he had hoped to find in abstruse knowledge. The strains grow more animated; anon the recluse hears the faint sound of a shepherd's pipe, chanting the theme of some simple country dance. As he listens, the Spring-motive is gradually transformed into a Rondo of the Peasants, which becoming more and more distinct, at length breaks into a rollicking chorus, full of the simple jollity of rural mirth. This gradually subsides, and leaves Faust no more cheerful than before; but his rueful reflections are again interrupted by the sound of a distant drum. The Hungarian army is crossing the plain; soon their trumpet-calls usher in the Rakoczy March, in which the composer has developed the Hungarian National Anthem in a magnificent piece of orchestral scoring, probably the most brilliant that has ever been written. As the troops disappear in distance, Faust resumes his melancholy musings. He bewails his dismal lot, and resolves to take the poison which will free him from it; whether for the

better or the worse, he cares not. The movement of the orchestra raises one to a high pitch of suspense, as he lifts the cup to his lips,—when the music suddenly changes to the distant strain of an Easter Hymn, coming in solemn grandeur from a neighboring Church. Its harmony moves along first in the male voices alone, and then swells out into the full chorus; subsiding at length into a solemn hush. This strain of pious fervor wins Faust back from his desperate purpose, and he feels for the first time since his childhood, the joy of religious emotion.

But the Prince of Evil will not submit to lose the victim so nearly in his grasp. Mephistopheles suddenly appears, heralded by a truly infernal fanfare of trombones; and then begins the swift course of temptation through which he drags the philosopher down to perdition. He proposes to Faust that they should study the world together; and he acceding, they fly through the air, buoyed up on a wonderful soaring movement of the strings. In a moment they alight among a crowd of revelling students and burghers in Auerbach's cellar. The revellers call for wine, and sing a drinking song almost too realistic to be heard with pleasure. Then Brander, the lion of the hour, sings the Song of the Rat, with a very amusing squealing accompaniment; and the carousers then improvise an amen fugue on the melody of the song. Mephistopheles responds with the Song of the Flea, accompanied by a very suggestive skipping movement. All this coarse ribaldry disgusts Faust, and accordingly the demon, crying, "This is not to thy taste? Come on!" leads him away; and again they soar through the air (and you cannot help soaring with them,) alighting ere long in a flowery dell, where Mephistopheles bids Faust recline upon a bed of roses and resign himself to slumber. No sooner does he close his eyes, than the evil genius summons his spirits of sleep, to bewitch the senses of the victim. Then begins the wonderful Slumber Chorus of the Gnomes and Sylphs, one of the most effective of the whole work. The delicious melody floats about through the different parts, wafted along upon a billowy accompaniment of sextolets by the other voices, and gradually subsides into a pro-

longed, slumbrous chord low down in the depths of the parts, resting upon an indescribably drowsy fifth (low D and G) in the basses. The chorus dies away on this entrancing chord and the orchestra continues the sorcery in one of the most delicate orchestral arrangements ever written, the Ballet of the Sylphs formed from the melody of the chorus and built upon the organ point of the low D left by the bass voices, which never once ceases to sound until the movement dies completely away in a close so exquisitely *pianissimo* that the moment when the sound ceases can with difficulty be discerned. Faust awakes from his magic slumber, with the name of Marguerite on his lips, and, deeply enamored of her by his dream, he begs Mephistopheles to lead him to her presence, which he of course accedes to forthwith. As they approach the hamlet where the hapless maiden dwells, a chorus of soldiers approaches, singing a martial strain in six-eight time; and anon a band of students from another quarter break out into a Latin song in two-four time. Then they are both heard together, in a movement of marvellous ingenuity, in which the different parts move along two notes against three; the effect being exceedingly fine.

The night is now falling; in the distance (concealed) clarions sound the echo of the soldiers' chorus. Mephistopheles conceals Faust within the boudoir of Marguerite. Faust felicitates himself on his good fortune, but the demon hushes him as the maiden enters:—you can hear the rustle of her robes, the soft whisper of her footfalls, as she glides into the room. At her toilet she sings a ballad, which at first strikes chiefly by the quaintness of its archaic form; but soon by its exquisite beauty, which fascinates the mind; and remains as one of the pleasantest memories of the whole work. When it dies away, we hear Mephistopheles without, invoking the Will-o'-the-wisps to a magic Minuet, and follows up the sorcery with a rakish serenade, accompanied by a pizzicato imitation of the mandolin. Now and again he is interrupted by demoniac laughter. Then we hear again the voice of Marguerite, just as she exclaims in surprise at seeing Faust before her. He breathes her name in ecstasy, and she answers timidly

with his. Then begins a duet of most wonderful emotion, which is soon broken in upon by the rude and scoffing Mephistopheles and anon by the jeers of the neighbors in the street below. And then follows a trio of the most intense passion it would seem possible to embody in music. The farewell rapture of Faust and Marguerite, the demoniac exultation of Mephistopheles, are portrayed with matchless power; and, as every brain whirls with the excitement of the music, the voices of the trio are at last drowned in the renewed cries of the people without.

After this catastrophe, we are next attracted by a strain of the deepest sadness, from an English Horn (an instrument somewhat out of date, whose tones are full of the pathos so needful at this point of the work); and as the plaintive melody fills the heart with melancholy feelings, Marguerite sings from her window:

"My heart is heavy,  
My peace is o'er,  
I shall find it never,  
And never more."

But in a moment she becomes more animated, as she thinks of her lover's charms; her love wells up from her full heart, in strains more rapid and energetic, and as her excitement grows, the whole song, melody and accompaniment, becomes breathless and heaving with syncopation, and a short, panting motion of almost painful intensity. Then at length it subsides into the former mournful lament, and the English Horn again wails forth its plaintive strain. The night again closes down; in the distance once more is heard the (concealed) chorus of students, as the careless world goes on outside: and gradually the movement transports us to a stern and gloomy wilderness, where all the sounds of forest and rock and stream mingle in chaotic grandeur in the orchestration. Hither Faust has fled, in despair of the happiness he had hoped to find with Marguerite, and now he seeks to solace his wearied soul in the contemplation of the grandeur of Nature's wildest domains. But as he invokes the awful solitudes around, the relentless fiend appears, scaling the rocks.

He taunts the unhappy Faust with his inconstancy, and tells of Marguerite, in prison and condemned to death. The old love returns, and the dupe implores the demon to save her. He agrees, on one condition, namely that Faust will sign a scroll which he proffers. Faust glances at the contents, and, unheeding the fact that he is pledging his soul to perdition, signs the writing at once—and as he does, the doom-gong strikes.

Forthwith Mephistopheles summons two magic steeds as black as night: "Hither, Vortex, Gaiour!" They dash up, and man and demon mount, and away they ride at a terrible pace. Oh the realistic power of the galloping movement of the orchestra! Soon Faust sees a group of women praying at a shrine by the way-side, far in advance of them. The Ave Maria comes solemnly to our ears, as the twain rush along. They dash by, and the women scatter with a great cry of terror! Fear begins to shake the breast of Faust, as a low growl in the basses is taken up by the trombones, and swells into the hideous snarl of some infernal monster following them. Then a flock of night-birds sweep by them, with a hoarse and ominous croaking. The demon, reining in his horse, asks: "Dost thou fear? Let's return!" They halt, the galloping movement gradually ceasing; but in the pause Faust hears the death-knell tolling for Marguerite, and bids Mephistopheles proceed. The gallop begins again, rising higher and higher in its fierce haste—the demon shouts at the steeds, as he urges them on—the darkness becomes more dense, and awful shapes fill the air—the manes of the infernal steeds bristle, their nostrils breathe forth fire—the earth quakes before them—and with a terrific crash they fall into the abyss, while the Arch-Fiend greets his legions with a shout of victory! The roar and crash and clatter of the orchestral *ensemble* which follows forms the frightful close of a tone-picture so awful, so truly infernal, that one would think the mind of man incapable of imagining, much less representing it, as Berlioz has here so vividly done through the medium of music.

After a short solo describing the fate of the fallen soul, answered by a deep whisper of the basses: "Awful doom!"

the great work then closes with the Apotheosis of Marguerite, a lovely movement with harp obligato, to which the Seraphim (Soprano, Alto and Tenor) sing a hymn of praise, and welcome the soul of the penitent with sweet strains of consolation, in which all finally join in the closing whisper of peace: "Come! Come! Come!"

There! I suppose you are tired out with my long and prosy description of the Great Dramatic Legend! And here comes Mercury, and I know he will be perfectly dreadful! But I was so full of the wonderful music that I couldn't help it; and if you will forgive me, I'll promise never to write so much again. Farewell!                      Your loving sister,

CALLIOPE.

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### HORNER SCHOOL.

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THE CATALOGUE of "Horner School," for boys, Oxford, North Carolina, is received. It gives us pleasure to add our testimony to the numerous endorsements that school has already received. Under the government of Mr. Horner, *pere*, it attained in past years a very high reputation for excellent discipline and thorough instruction. And now that Mr. Horner, *fils*, is associated with his father in its management, a new life and spirit of enterprise seems to be infused. Instructors of high attainments are employed in every department, and the addition to the staff of such an accomplished gentleman as Mr. Van Jasmund, meets the demands of the present age for a knowledge of the *modern* languages in addition to the curriculum of "classics and mathematics," which was in olden times considered sufficient for a boy's education. Mr. Horner is determined that his school shall rank second to none in the country, and the honors that his boys receive in entering college is the best proof of the efficiency of his method of instruction.



# 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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Advertisements inserted at lowest rates.

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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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THE "OXONIAN," (PRICE \$1.00) WILL BE FURNISHED WITH THE "MUSE," TO ONE ADDRESS FOR \$1.25, AND ANY PUBLICATION WILL BE FURNISHED WITH THE "MUSE" AT REDUCED RATES.

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THE KINDERGARTEN "Musical Charade" netted \$55.00, which was appropriated to the foundation of a Children's Cot in St. John's Hospital.

WE GRATEFULLY acknowledge the receipt of two copies of the MUSE for June from Mrs. Samuel Ruffin, and one number from an anonymous subscriber.

THE FIRST premium for Crayon Drawings given at the late Weldon Fair, was awarded to Miss Rebe W. Smith, one of our most zealous and enthusiastic "artists" of last year.

THREE NEW "boarders" since our last issue, and so little room left for others that we must suggest the necessity of early application to all who intend coming in January.

MRS. WARREN, after a sojourn of two months in Raleigh, where she won many friends, has returned to her home in Texas, leaving her only daughter at St. Mary's for a term of years.

SANTA CLAUS will carry well-filled pouches this Christmas, if we may judge by the quantity of bric-a-brac, beautiful stationery, books, albums, cards, dolls in full dress, dolls in demi-toilette, etc., etc., etc., which we saw the girls buying at the Fair the other night.

WE HAVE received copies of two charming new Christmas carols by Mr. H. B. Whitney, of New York. Both words and music are excellent, and we cannot recommend them too highly to such of our parishes and Sunday schools as are not yet furnished for the coming joyous season.

WE ARE now greatly interested in "Aunt Becky's" little band of "Messengers," who are working in the same good cause. "Old Girls," we look to see the names of our *grandchildren* in that band. Bring them to the front and train them from their earliest years to do their little part in the great army of Christian soldiers!

WE ARE indebted to the *Church Messenger* for some valuable teaching on the Advent Season. That series of articles is alone worth the year's subscription to that excellent Church paper (\$1.50), and we wish every churchman in the Diocese and out of it, could derive from it the same pleasure and profit that we have done.

THE DAINTEST little box of wedding cake and cards announced to us the marriage of Loula Atkinson ('77) and Mr. J. Williams Murchison. The wedding took place in November, and after a bridal visit to some of our Southern cities, the happy pair have returned to their home in Wilmington, where we trust "they may live long and happily."

FIFTY DOLLARS towards our Church Building Fund is already handed to Bishop Lyman, and we hope after Christmas, when the mite boxes are opened, to have nearly as much more to give

him. It is good to feel that we are among the first to respond to the call of the General Conference for that million of dollars that is so sadly needed for building churches in the desolate and waste places of our broad land.

OUR THANKS are due to our valued friend Miss Carrie Patterson, for cards of invitation to the marriage of her sister, Miss Lettie, to Mr. Frank Fries. The marriage was celebrated at the Moravian Church, in Salem, and we learn from the "Academy," that it was a very brilliant affair, and that the "stars" indicate great joy and happiness in store for the young couple. They have our hearty congratulations!

WE ALL rejoice that Mercury, in his travels in our service, has come across our good old friend Calliope once more. Our lost Muse we had begun to think her, but the winged god caught her at the happy moment when the charms of music had filled her soul and it was not hard to persuade her to share with us that which is most precious to her. See the loving enthusiasm which pervades her letter as she tells of that exquisite music of Berlioz.

PLANS for spending the Christmas holidays are disturbing the peace of mind of many of our household. Some, both teachers and scholars, are going away at all costs, others are trying to think it more sensible to stand by each other and have as good a time as possible in the few brief days of rest, and some make a virtue of necessity and stay with cheerfulness, however bright and tempting are the sweet drawings towards home at the merry Xmas tide.

IT WAS a matter of surprise to us some time ago to see in a letter to the *Church Messenger* (from one of our Diocesan clergy too) the statement that "scholarships" in the mission field were unknown in North Carolina. Is it possible that even our Fathers in God do not know what St. Mary's has long been doing in that way? Please take note, Rev. Fathers, that this, your nursery, has for years supported the "Aldert Smedes Scholarship" in Miss Nelson's School, Shanghai, China, and that it was for a long time the only one cared for by North Carolina.

IT IS PLEASANT to have on our exchange list so many bright papers and magazines, most of them school productions like our own. Those from church schools are especially welcome, and among them none more so than the *Palladium* of our namesake, St. Mary's, in Knoxville, Illinois. Fresh and wide awake, it comes to us like a good bracing nor'-wester, warming up our blood and stirring our pride to keep pace in all good works, poor as we are in worldly goods, with the richly endowed church institutions of that more favored region.

THE BISHOP has given us the right to name the church that we are working for, and we have decided to call it "St. Mary's in the Mountains." One of our ready young mathematicians made the calculation that if each member of Mrs. Meares' Bible Class makes three dollars, we can raise the whole sum needed by this means, and though we have a large part of it secured by the Fair, there are some little girls who still persist in making their three dollars. How true it is that we love the cause in which we spend ourselves. May St. Mary's daughters be ever ready with hearts and hands to do the Master's work.

A TREAT awaits us on the 20th inst., when the Mendelssohn Quintette Club is expected to give a concert in Raleigh. They come under the auspices of Prof. Sanborn, who generously makes himself personally responsible for their financial success, in order that his pupils may have the rare opportunity of hearing the high order of music of which their repertoire consists. With the delightful memories of the wondrously sweet music they gave us last spring, we cannot doubt that a large and interested audience will testify to Raleigh's appreciation of what is best in the musical line.

MANY and varied are the roads to learning opened to us at St. Mary's, and Mr. Smedes' liberality has added still another to the numerous teachers necessary to our proper guidance therein. This time the "Compositions" are delegated to the special care and supervision of Miss Stubbert, of Boston. Her varied acquirements, broad literary culture, and extended travels in

Europe, as well as in the United States, seem to promise all that is needful to improve and interest her pupils in that branch of work which school girls universally pronounce the bug-bear of their lives. We give Miss S. a cordial greeting, and promise to give her our best aid in bringing up this department of our school work to the desired standard.

THANKSGIVING DAY was cold and rainy; consequently we could not carry out our purpose of attending service at the churches in the city. Though our Chapel was destitute of the usual "thank offerings" of Harvest-home there were not lacking hearts full of thankfulness for the many mercies which have crowned the year. The bountiful dinner of turkeys, mince pies and other traditionary accessories was thoroughly appreciated, and the evening was enlivened by a Phantom party. Notwithstanding the ghostly appearance of the guests, they had a very enjoyable time, and when at the appointed signal, the masks were simultaneously dropped, great was the merriment in recognizing friends who had successfully maintained their incognito throughout the evening.

THE WHISPER of last month's MUSE was true, and the Birds and Fairies of St. Mary's Kindergarten gave us a treat on Friday, the tenth. The Musical Charade had been postponed on account of the long rains, but the well-filled room showed that the friends of St. Mary's believed patient waiters would be no losers. The operetta was in three parts. 1st, Excel; 2nd, Lent; 3rd, Excellent. The first scene opened with the tableau:

"QUEEN OF THE BIRDS AND HER COURT."

A little maid, in dainty dress and golden crown, stood upon her throne, at her feet knelt her pages, two bright-eyed boys, whose soft, grey suits and hats of grey and white showed they were Wrens—Robin stood gaily by, her cherry jacket like to the red-breast, and opposite was graceful Bluebird in airy azure robes. The background was filled with bright faces and the many gay dresses were truly fine feathers. In and out, among

them all, moved little Lark, as fair as the cloud land to which she journeyed each morning.

The Queen told her courtiers how the Fairies had asked for her best singer, and commanded each willing bird to sing. So Robins, Bluebird, Wrens and Lark sang for Her Majesty, and the court decided that Lark should be sent to the Queen of the Fairies.

Next came a midnight scene in Fairy-land, with tiny sprites in white and gold, dancing among the trees, while high on her throne sat the Fairy Queen.

The chorus of the Fairies to their Queen was very spirited; while they sang, the Herald of the Birds appeared and Her Majesty bade his court welcome. They had come to leave their dear Lark, and when the Fairies had received the sacred trust the givers sang themselves away.

Poor little Lark found the midnight hours very hard, and the next scene opened with her dear voice in sad complaint. Then Nightingale came to help and comfort, and both sang sweetly to the bright array of Birds and Fairies, who had suddenly appeared. A strong light was thrown upon the merry throng and the dazzling figures glided in and out in the final dance.

The cantata was followed by the Herdsmen's Chorus in Shepherdess costumes and the solos were well done by Miss Horner and Miss F. Tucker. This, as well as the Postillion Song by Miss Sharpe and the final chorus, "Carolina," showed good work in the vocal music department. The tableau at the end of the chorus, having the coat of arms of the good old North State for its centre, was very fine.

WE had the honor and very great pleasure of a visit from Bishop Lyman on 11th ultimo. After a few words with the elders, in Mrs. Meares' cosy sitting room, he was invited into the parlor, where the girls had already gathered, and were seated, in the form of a bold and somewhat irregular crescent, at the open end of which stood an arm-chair, ready to receive our welcome guest. We make this arrangement of seats because the Bishop

is warmed up and stimulated by the near presence and sympathetic glances of his listeners. On this occasion he told us about the doings of the late Convention, of the spirit of harmony and friendliness which characterized all its proceedings, of the various questions discussed, some of which were definitely settled, while others are still open for future action on the part of the next great triennial meeting.

Then we heard what a true interest is felt in our own Diocese by good Churchmen in the North; an interest manifested, not in words alone, but in deeds; and our Bishop explained that though much had been granted him of material help, there were yet waste places to be built up within our borders, and—"will not St. Mary's throw herself into the breach?"

Who is so easily roused by high thoughts and noble deeds as a roomful of bright and earnest young girls? Therefore—

Behold St. Mary's pledged for one hundred dollars!

THANKS to Mrs. Iredell's good management, the Fair held on Saturday night in behalf of our missionary chapel in the mountains was a complete success. Every pupil was expected to furnish something salable—her own handiwork or a gift of some kind, and as far as we can hear, this was done. But most of the wares displayed on the tables, were selected by Miss Czarnomska in New York. Her sound judgment and beautiful taste were borne witness to by the rapid sales which absolutely stripped the tables in less than two hours. No outsiders were invited to attend, and our Fair was strictly confined to the inmates of the school.

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improvements in our methods of instruction and discipline; and the fact that  
a large proportion of our boys have been able to compete successfully for the  
highest honors in the various Colleges and Universities of the country, fur-  
nishes satisfactory evidence of the excellence of our system.

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## *HORNER SCHOOL*

and to make it complete in all the requirements of a first-rate preparatory  
and finishing Academy. None but well-qualified Assistant Instructors will be  
employed; and none but honorable and studious boys will be retained in the  
School.

The location is retired, but not so remote from the town as to lose the health-  
ful influence of its refined society. Students live in the family of the Princi-  
pals; and their conduct out of school and in school is strictly supervised and  
controlled. The standard of Scholarship and of gentlemanly deportment is  
high.

The course of study is complete. The Text-Books are up to the latest ad-  
vancements in every department; and the best educational advantages in all  
the appointments of the School are provided. The session is divided into  
two terms of twenty weeks each, with only one day's interval.

The first term of the scholastic year begins the third MONDAY in August;  
the second, the first TUESDAY in January.

The charge for board and tuition is \$100 for each session, or \$200 for the  
whole scholastic year, payable at the beginning of each term.

For further particulars apply to

JEROME C. HORNER,  
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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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## *PHANTOM SHIPS.*

The days come in and the days go out,  
Like silent ships on a silent main ;  
    But the ship once gone,  
    With its fleet sails on,  
It will never come back to the port again.

They pass each other at dead of night,  
They cross like dreams, and give no sign,  
    Nor jostle, nor jar,  
    As they cross the bar,  
Where the sands of time make the crossing line.

Each night one comes and one goes out,  
But never we hear the stretch nor the strain,  
    As they land the weight  
    Of their noiseless freight,  
And as silently put to sea again.

Some morning we come to the best loved cove,  
But our flowers and shells lie scattered about,  
    And lo! in the sand,  
    Is the print of a hand,  
And then we know that a ship has gone out.

Some morning we hurry down to the beach  
To see what the last night's craft has left,  
    And lo! is a waif,  
    All precious and safe,  
Some treasure dropped from the smuggling craft.

Some morning we'll stand all ready and packed,  
 Awaiting a ship on the self-same shore,  
     But we know 'tis the last  
     Of the fleet all passed,  
 That the ships will come back to the port no more.

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### HOMES.

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We will take a journey to-day, and peep into some of the most familiar homes on both sides of the water. We will go first to an old manor house of England. In olden times the scene which would have greeted our eyes as we entered the wide hall door, would have been a fire of blazing hickory logs, the old 'squire in his large arm-chair smoking his pipe, his dogs lying on the hearth, and in one corner his patient wife, a second Griselda, quietly sewing, not daring to intrude upon the dreams of her lord, and his planning for the next day's hunt. But her tenants would have told you that her plans were for something better than hunting, for she made their homes bright with her loving presence, and her deeds of charity were not few. The picture which we find now in the nineteenth century is quite different though the same spirit pervades the place. The great hall is converted into a suit of rooms elegantly furnished. The lord of the manor is busy with plans for the improvement of his cottages, while his wife and daughter are engaged in making warm flannels for the Christmas feast.

Now pass on to the house of one of the lord's tenants. Before us is a whitewashed cottage with vines climbing over the door. Lift the latch lightly so as not to disturb the inmates. All is as neat within as without; the furniture of the room is plain but scrupulously clean, and in the sunny south window are a few flourishing plants. The good wife is at the back door busy with her washing; her little ones are at the village school, so she is

free to do her work in peace. Her husband is off in the field, and she must make haste to have his dinner ready when he comes.

We do not find it easy to leave the neat cottage, so bright in its homeliness, and visit a crowded tenement house in one of our large cities. What poverty, what wretchedness meets our eyes! We climb the rickety stairs and lift the rusty latch. Only one small window lights the room, but that is sufficient to show us the misery within. There is no fire in the empty chimney, and the wind howls dismally without. In a corner on a wretched pallet lies a young girl with flushed cheeks and eyes unnaturally large and bright. A boy of twelve is seated near the window, looking with hungry eyes at a tempting bakery shop across the street. The mother is gossiping with her next door neighbor instead of trying to relieve the pain of her sick daughter, or to earn bread for the hungry boy. There can be no home without thrift and devotion.

We are glad to get into the street again away from the dirt and noise. As we walk along the dark, narrow way we are greeted by the music of children's voices, and following the sweet sound we enter the Chapel of the Little Wanderer's Home, a refuge for little waifs, made by those who have more than enough for their own homes. It does our hearts good to see the bright little faces and how heartily they all join in the service. We are sorry to leave this pretty scene, for it is a comfort to see so much brightness where it else would have been only sadness and sin.

But we are tired of roaming; let us come back to the South, home to us as no other country could be. Our first visit shall be to that white house yonder, which almost hidden by oaks and poplars, makes such a pretty picture. There is a group of children playing on the lawn, and the air rings with their laughter. An old man, ragged, tired and hungry, comes up the walk, and there is a hush in the merry group. The oldest girl goes up to him and leads him to the house, where we find the sweet mother busy with her household cares, but not too busy to minister to the wants of the poor and suffering.

It is growing late and there is one place we must not pass by, that is, our own dear home. The lamps are lit and the fire is crackling merrily on the hearth, throwing a ruddy glow over the room. It is a room that many perhaps would not fancy, but to our tired eyes it is lovely. Father near the table piled with books, is deep in some old sermon. Down on the rug in front of the fire are the two boys, pretending to study; but I guess kitty could tell tales. Then there is the elder sister with her embroidery. Now we have come to the cosiest corner, and there we find mother with her knitting, thinking perhaps of her girls far away, and protecting them with her silent prayers. God bless them all.

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### AN INDEPENDENT OPINION.

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The modesty of 'bashful fifteen' in members of the fair sex has been a good deal insisted on, but the shyness of the most retiring maiden at that epoch is not to be compared with the shrinking sensitiveness of an unprinted young author. While his first work remains in MS. there is no miss in muslin who has not a greater assurance; albeit when they have both 'come out' it must be allowed that the author is the first to lose his modesty.

Even before he has gained the honours of type he has of course an excellent opinion of his merits—is certain that there is 'that within him' which, if it will not set the Thames on fire, will make a considerable conflagration in any suitable material; makes comparisons, not altogether unfavorable, between his own productions and those of Byron, for instance, at his own age; and draws deductions from data to be depended upon (for they are his own) that are as satisfactory as they are conclusive. But these opinions he keeps religiously to himself, or confides them to only a trusty friend or sister who believes in him.

When he has furtively slipped his MS. into the contributor's box of the 'Weekly Parthenon'—for he cannot endure the suspense involved in entrusting it to any monthly organ—he falls into a state of anxiety which I should call 'the jumps,' but that the Americans have, as usual, pirated the term and applied it to delirium tremens; let us term it 'the twitters.' And he remains in them for an indefinite time, dependent partly on whether the editor of the 'Parthenon' has mislaid or lost the precious document, and partly on his own powers of mental endurance. Then he writes in the most humble and honeyed strain to inquire after the fate of his 'unpretending little story,' and receives a printed reply, couched in antagonistic terms, to the effect that the periodical in question does not guarantee the return of any rejected contribution whatsoever. No young lady of the tender age I have indicated, and who has conceived a passion for her music-master, suffers half the pangs on discovering that, instead of being the exiled scion of a princely house, he is a 'man of family,' in quite another sense, and has been married these five years.\*

I remember a most terrible accident that happened to the first production of my own pen that ought to have got into print—not 'ought,' of course (as I thought), in respect to merit, for there had been several others of equal intrinsic value which had been unhesitatingly and remorselessly declined, but which really could have done so but for my own impatience. I had received a letter—as sweet as the first kiss of love—from some admirable editor, expressing his approval and acceptance, and I waited, week after week, for the blessed thing to appear, as the sick man longs for the morning. I knew nothing, of course, of the mechanical necessities of a periodical, and, if I had, should only

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\*It is curious that the great lord of literature who has so admirably described the slings and arrows of 'outrageous fortune,' all the disappointments to which flesh is heir, has not a word to say about the hopes and fears of authorship, with especial reference to the fastidiousness of theatrical managers. If he had tried his luck nowadays, it is certain he would know what it is to be rejected.

have felt that all the contrivances of science and art should have been enlisted to procure for a yearning public the immediate publication of my contribution ; so, on the second week of its non-appearance, I wrote to express my surprise ; on the third week, and since I had still received no answer, I wrote another letter to demand an explanation ; and on the fourth week to express 'disgust' at what I conceived an unparalleled outrage. On this I got my MS. sent back again with 'Declined,' without a word of thanks, written on its first page, which bore evident marks of the printer's hands.

It was as though some Peri had knocked at the gates of Paradise, been admitted through the golden gates for half a second and then been shown out again with ignominy at the back door. I only hope, for the sake of my future, that those divines are in error who say that it is as wicked to have the wish to commit murder as to put that wish into effect ; for I could have drunk that editor's blood with relish.

After that little experience I became, if possible, more modest than ever.

But when the author in embryo has not only appeared in print, but published a volume of his own, matters are very different with him. His diffidence has disappeared, while his sensitiveness remains as delicate as ever, and unfortunately much more liable to meet with shocks. I got one once, or rather a succession of them, that lasted for a long railway journey, and which I am almost surprised I ever survived ; for there were two factors, as it were, that went to make up the discharge (it was so far electrical that it set my hair on end), and both of the most powerful kind—self-love and (what is only second to it) first love for somebody else.

Arabella was my beloved object, and with Arabella and her aunt I was to travel from London to Exeter. She was young and charming, but, as I even then perceived, somewhat frivolous in character. She liked dancing, and—what was worse—dancing with military men rather than with civilians ; and she had no opinion of her own as to books—that is to say, she was not

quite so certain as she ought to have been (for I was) of the supreme excellence of a particular story of mine which had not only been given to the public in a three-volume form, but had recently obtained the honours of a cheap edition. She liked to hear 'what other people thought about it, which was clearly an act of disloyalty to me, as well as a proof of her want of judgment and independence of character. She said 'she didn't care for the opinions of friends and relatives about it,' a remark which showed her to be deficient in natural affection and the reverence that is implanted even in the breast of the savage; and she wanted to know if I was personally acquainted with my reviewers, which argued suspicion of the basest sort.

Nevertheless, I loved Arabella, and would have married her if an allowance of one hundred pounds a year, and tastes that would have done honour to one of a thousand, would have permitted it. As it was, we had agreed to wait and live in hope, which is certainly preferable to living *on* it.

At Paddington station, after seeing the ladies comfortably settled in the carriage, of course I went to the book-stall to see if the 'Bandit of the Apennines' (it was not a domestic story like this by any means) was properly displayed, and to put a few careless questions as to how it was going off. In point of fact I meant to buy it, for I always encouraged its sale in that way whenever I took a journey. To my surprise and horror there was not one copy on the stall. 'This is the way,' thought I, 'that great reputations are burked.' However, I commanded my temper (which is beautiful, but hasty) so far as to ask of the person in charge how this infamy had occurred.

'Well sir,' said he, 'the explanation is very simple: we have just sold the last copy of the book.'

If I had had one to spare—but the fact was, that fare to Exeter had made a great hole in my quarter's allowance—I could have given that man a sovereign.

'Is there any other book, sir?' he continued winningly.

'Other book? No, indeed,' thought I; 'I hate your railway

literature.' And had I not got my Arabella, the prettiest picture book in the world, to look at throughout the journey?

'The sale of the "Bandit" is pretty good, I suppose?' remarked I, indifferently.

'It's very quiet,' he answered drily.

Now, what could he mean by *that*? The term 'quiet' as applied to the 'Bandit of the Apennines' was a monster misnomer; he lived, in fact, in a lurid atmosphere made up of combats, escapes, and wholesale massacres: the man must therefore have restricted his observation to the sale of the book only. In that case he probably meant 'quietly prosperous'—not influenced by fits and starts of public favour, but growing more and more into popularity as its merits became known.

'You say, my man, that you have just sold the last copy,' said I affably; 'would you kindly tell me—for I happened to take an interest in the author—how many copies did you take to begin with?'

'Jem,' cried he to a small boy at his side, whose head was only half above the counter, 'how many had we at first of that 'ere "Bandit of the Apennines"?'

'Oh, *that*? We never had but one,' replied the small boy.

Again I say that I trust the desire for blood is not so culpable in the eyes of the recording angel as the actual imbruement of the hand in human gore.

I fled to my railway carriage with the smothered execration of 'Dear me!'

I found there not only Arabella and her aunt, but another passenger—a middle-aged gentleman (but old in my eyes), who would have made a very nice companion for the latter if I could only have persuaded them to remove into another compartment and to leave us two alone. But the selfishness of old age is proverbial, and there they stuck. However, I was opposite to Arabella, and under the protection of a common railway rug we could, and did, interchange an occasional affectionate pressure of the feet—an operation that is a little difficult, by-the-bye; dangerous through its openness to the mistake of pressing some-



body else's foot, and exposed to the ridiculous error of making advances to the foot-warmer and other things under the seat. To do her justice, Arabella had never been backward in reciprocities of this kind, but on this occasion she was especially demonstrative; indeed, as I happened to possess a corn only less tender than my sentiments towards her, her attention which I could not of course but welcome, were a little embarrassing.

At last I perceived by the direction of her glance that they had a particular object. Her eyes were fixed on the volume that our railway companion had purchased at the station, and she was telegraphing to me with intense excitement, 'It is the "Bandit of the Apennines."' "

I declare that for the first moment or two I quite forgot my Arabella in the consideration of this tremendous circumstance. That a stranger should have actually bought my book, paid coin of the realm for it, of his own head, without fear or favour or personal relationship, and then got into the same compartment as the author of that admirable production, was something much more than an undesigned coincidence; it was an incident (remember it was my first book) calculated to confound the infidel and establish the providential government of the world. 'But suppose—for everything is possible, however improbable'—thought I with sudden revulsion, 'that he shouldn't like it, that he should yawn and even go to sleep over it, and that Arabella, who wants to know the opinion of outsiders about the "Bandit of the Apennines," should see him?' My heart felt cold as a stone.

It was obvious that my beloved object was enjoying the situation; her eyes sparkled even more brightly than usual—with joy, no doubt, at seeing how I was appreciated by the public: but there was a twinkle of fun about them, which I didn't like. 'Now we shall see what we *shall* see,' they seemed to say.

The man was not a romantic-looking man, such as would be likely to enjoy a high-class dramatic fiction; I should have said he was a lawyer, or perhaps connected with commerce—and not in the fancy goods line either. Upon the whole I was relieved

to see that, after fumbling in all his pockets for a paper-knife, he was about to put the 'Brigand' (which was uncut) into his travelling bag for a more convenient season, when, to my horror, Arabella's aunt—a good-natured but officious personage—produced from her reticule the article of which he stood in need. He thanked her, and proceeded to cut the book with irreverent rapidity, as though it were a penny paper; nevertheless, I was pleased that he cut it all at once, for if he had cut as he read and stopped half-way, or even earlier, it might have produced the impression that he was tired of it.

'It is a pity,' he said as he handed the knife back with a bow to Arabella's aunt, 'that these railway books should not have their leaves cut; but they tell me the reason is that a good many of 'em don't "go off," and then the sheets are used for packing purposes.'

I saw Arabella's beautiful form tremble with suppressed mirth at this frightful speech. It seemed to me that there was something unnatural and a little coarse in a girl of her age possessing such a sense of humor; her pretty lips distinctly formed the words 'for packing purposes' before they subsided into a roguish smile.

Then the man began to read, but not in a satisfactory manner; instead of his attention being at once riveted (as it ought to have been, for there was a most thrilling episode in the first chapter), it was distracted by contemptible objects—the management of his railway rug, the pushing of his portmanteau farther under the seat, and by the localities on the way-side. He must have been mad himself, I thought, to have stared at the Hanwell Asylum so attentively, at the very moment—for I knew where he was by the pages he had turned over—when all his intelligence should have been concentrated on the description of the brigand's prison cell. I am not a pessimist—I endeavour to think as well of our common human nature as circumstances will permit—and yet I could almost swear that I saw him turn over two pages at a time without discovering his mistake, and that in the middle of an unequal contest between the brigand and five officers of justice,

that should have stirred the blood of a sea anemone. Then, presuming upon the paper-knife as an introduction, he would address a word or two to aunt Arabella, as to whether she liked the window shut to the very top, or preferred sitting with her face to the engine (as if *that* signified), while the heroine, in whose adventures he ought to have been wrapped up, was escaping out of a window much too small for her, and by a rope that swayed with every gust from the mountain-side.

It was I alone, of course, who was aware of the extent of his enormity, for Arabella only knew he had my book in his hand, and Arabella's aunt did not even know that; but it was easy even for them to see that his attention was not devoted to it. Indeed, every now and then he stole a glance of admiration at Arabella herself, which I should have objected to at any time, but which under the circumstances was doubly impertinent and offensive; as an old man—old enough to be her father, forty at the very least—he ought to have been ashamed of himself, and as a man of business he ought to have been attending *to* his business and getting his money's worth out of his investment. Then—horror of horrors!—as we drew near Swindon (perhaps it was the motion of the train affecting his aged frame, or the need of lunch asserting itself in his feeble carcass) he actually began to drop off in little snatches of—I hesitate, in charity, to say sleep—but of somnolency. The idea to which I clung was that he closed his eyes the better to picture the scenes which the author of the 'Brigand of the Apennines' had so vividly painted; but this explanation it was difficult for me to communicate to Arabella (who sat next to him) by the mere pressure, however significant, of my foot; in her eyes I felt that this cold-blooded and stupid ruffian was falling asleep over my story. She had made, in fact, more than one little grimace to express her apprehensions upon this point, and though I had smiled back in the most cheerful way, 'He is only thinking, my dear; he is in reality charmed with the story,' she seemed to only half understand me, and shook her head in a very incredulous way. If he really should go to sleep beyond all doubt, so as to snore, for example—and he looked

just the sort of a man to snore—I felt that my reputation as a novelist with Arabella was gone.

However, we reached Swindon without his committing himself to that full extent; but, under the influence of lunch, I felt certain it would happen, unless something was done in the meantime, and I resolved to do it.

We all got out to have soup, and I found my opportunity of speaking to the old gentleman.

‘My dear sir,’ I said, ‘I am sure you had no notion whose book you were reading coming along, or you would never have nodded your head over it.’

‘What do you mean, my lad? I was reading my own book—the “Brigand of” something or another. I bought it at Paddington. It is rather a——.’

‘Hush! But you didn’t write it: that’s the point. That young woman in the carriage with us wrote it.’

‘What, the pretty girl who sat opposite you?’

‘Yes, next to you.’ (This I said with significant reproach.) ‘She couldn’t help seeing you nod, and it pained her.’

‘She wrote that book—she?’

‘Yes; she is exceedingly clever.’

‘Very likely; but it seems so strange that a woman should have written such a book at all,’ he murmured. ‘It’s so sensational, so full of scenes. Dear me!’

‘She’s a girl of genius, my dear sir.’

‘No doubt, no doubt,’ he said. ‘How very unfortunate! Did I nod? If I did so, it was in adhesion to her sentiments. I remember now that some of them struck me as very beautiful.’

‘They are all beautiful,’ said I; ‘it is a noble book. But she would not have you know she wrote it for any money. It was published anonymously because she was too ‘modest to put her name to it. You must not hint at what I have told you; only, you had better alter your manner.’

‘Thank you; I will, of course. I have a sincere admiration for the book, and I shall show it.’

‘Only, don’t excite her suspicions; be careful about that.’

He nodded till I thought he would have nodded his old head off; and we returned to the carriage very amicably and resumed our journey.

'I always feel sleepy after luncheon,' said Arabella's aunt, by way of excuse for the forty winks in which she felt herself about to indulge.

'So do I in a general way,' said the old gentleman; but I have a book here that interests me immensely.'

I saw Arabella's eyes light up with pleasure, then hid myself behind a newspaper which I had just purchased for that very purpose; I was a very young man, and my tender conscience reproached me for my little duplicity. I had not the hardihood to look; I only listened, which fortunately, my darling took not for remorse but modesty.

'I thought you didn't seem to like it,' said Arabella's aunt, who was a plain-spoken person.

'On the contrary, I am delighted with it; it is not often one buys a book at a venture—for I confess I never heard of the work before—and find one has drawn such a prize. I am not myself much of a novel-reader, but henceforth I shall look for a book by the author of the "Brigand of the——."'

Would it be credited that he had to look at the title-page before he said, 'Apennines'? But such is the 'outside public.'

'The "Brigand of the Apennines!"' exclaimed the old lady in great excitement. 'Why, that's——.' Here, thank goodness, she was stopped by a cross volley of reproachful glances from her niece and me.

Arabella was very anxious that her aunt should not reveal the authorship, on account of her craze for an 'independent opinion,' and of course I was still more solicitous not to have my innocent little artifice exposed. Our united efforts had the happiest effect; they sealed the old lady's lips, and convinced the stranger that Arabella was the real Simon Pure.

'There is a strength and vigour about this book,' continued the old gentleman, 'that keeps one's attention at the fullest stretch; one has only to lay it down and close one's eyes to feel

oneself one of the *dramatis personæ*. Have you ever read it, sir?' And the hypocritical wretch actually addressed himself to me.

'Yes,' I said; 'it is a good story, and, as you suggest' (for I determined to pay him out for his audacity), 'singularly masculine in style.'

'Nay, I didn't say that,' he answered hurriedly; 'it has the vigour of a male writer, but there is a delicacy, a purity, a—dear me! what shall I call it?—a perception of the niceties of female nature in it, in which I seem to recognise a lady's hand.'

Here Arabella, shaking with laughter, put up her muff before her eyes, and I took advantage of the circumstance to give the man a warning glance that he was going too far. My fear was that before we got to Exeter there would be an *eclaircissement* of some kind; but, to my immense satisfaction and relief, he left the train at Bath.

'I have no friends here, and am going to stay at an hotel,' said our fellow-passenger at parting; 'but while I have this book unfinished I shall not find the time hang heavy on my hands.'

Upon my life,' said Arabella's aunt as we steamed away, 'one would think, James, that you had told the man you had written the book.'

'Upon my word and honour,' said I fervently, 'I told him nothing of the kind.'

'I am quite sure he didn't,' cried Arabella indignantly; 'James is incapable of such underhand conduct. And I must say the independent praise of that gentleman is very satisfactory and convincing. I really began to fear at first that he didn't like the book. If so, it evidently grew upon him.'

'It grew beautifully,' said I, 'the soil being rich and favourable.'

'Yes, evidently a most intelligent man,' said Arabella's aunt, 'and exceedingly polite. I am so glad I lent him that paper-cutter.'

And so was I, although there had been moments (when he was "feeling himself one of the *dramatis personæ*") when I had regretted it very much.

## BLIND.

A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

## CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED.)

“Tell me frankly, my son, have you already gone as far as those of whose deeds I have read with horror? Do you hold so far with the bewitched materialist that you laugh at miracles, and believe that the Spirit is a delusion about which a man prates, and to whom fools listen? Tell me, Clement, has neither your youth nor the seeds of gratitude which God has sown in you heart been able to choke the weeds.”

“Father,” said the young man after a pause, “how can I answer you? All my life I have meditated on the question. I have heard it answered in different ways by men all of whom I honor. Among my dearest friends some profess themselves of my opinion, which you condemn. I listen and learn, but dare not decide yet.”

“Who is not for me, is against me, saith the Lord.”

“How can I be against Him, or against the Spirit? Above all, who, while He himself is in the substance can disown the Spirit? Do not His miracles remain what they were though they should be only the effects of nature? Does it disgrace a noble sculpture because it is hewn out of stone?”

“You talk like them all, so you deceive yourselves with cloudy smiles, and confuse yourselves with sounding words, until you become merely the echo of yourselves. And you are come to spend Pentecost with us?”

“I am come because I love you.”

There was a pause. Several times the old man opened his lips as if to speak, but again pressed them firmly together. They heard Marlina's voice outside, and Clement stepped expectantly from the window where he had been standing sadly.

"It is Marlina," said the old man, "have you forgotten her? Did not the picture of your youthful joys appear before you when those wretched cavilers were disputing the divine origin of the Holy Ghost?"

Clement repressed the answer which he had ready. They now heard the soft steps of the blind girl. The door opened, and with blushing cheeks Marlina stood on the threshold.

"Clement!" she cried, and raised her clear brown eyes to the spot where he really stood. He went to her and clasped her outstretched hand. "What happiness for your parents. Welcome, welcome! You are so quiet," she continued.

"Dear Marlina," he said, "I am home again; was obliged to see you again. You are looking so well, and have grown."

"I have been quite well since the spring. The winter was hard. I am so happy to be with your parents, Clement. Good morning, dear father," she then said, "we went out so early this morning I could not give you my hand," and she reached it to him.

"Go outside, my child," said he, "Clement wants to go with you; you can show him your garden. There is still a little time before noon. Think on my words, Clement."

The young people went out.

"What is the matter with father," said the young girl, "his voice sounded so strange, and yours too."

"I found him agitated; his blood seems to trouble him again. Did he not complain yesterday?"

"Not to me; but he was so restless and uneasy that your mother was troubled. Is she opposed to you?"

"We quarreled on a serious point. He asked my opinion on a question, and I could not keep it from him."

The young girl grew meditative; but as they stepped out into the fresh air, her face brightened again.

"Is it not lovely here?" she asked, stretching out her hands.

"Really," he said, "I do not know it again; what have you done with that little waste patch of ground? Since I can



remember, nothing stood here but a fruit tree, and the little mallow and star-wort beds ; now it is full of roses."

"Yes," said she, "formerly your mother did not care much for this little garden, but now it is her delight. The magistrate's son, who learnt gardening in the city, sent me the first rose-bush, and planted it himself. Then the others sprouted from that one, and now it is beautiful. But the prettiest are not in bloom yet."

"And you take care of it by yourself?"

"You wonder at that because I cannot see," she said hastily, "but I can know what the plants need."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### BUDDHISM.

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The founder of Buddhism was Siddhartha Gautama, a prince of the tribe of the Sakyas, who, being the only child of the raja of that tribe, was reared amidst all the luxuries that his father's wealth could afford. He became disgusted, however, with the useless life he was leading ; and, in his twenty-ninth year, determined to leave his wife, his little son, and all the pleasures of an Eastern court, that he might satisfy the longings of his soul by devoting himself to those intense meditations and self-tortures which the philosophers of his time declared would raise men above the gods. But Gautama found no peace in these penances and meditations, and his faith had almost given way, when one day as he wandered on the banks of the Nairanjara, he sat down under a large tree, now known as the sacred Bodhi, the tree of knowledge. He remained there the whole day doubting, and almost crazed in doubting, until the setting of the sun, when all at once, his soul was enlightened by the new faith which he was to declare to the world. He had conquered his

doubts and had come out of the struggle the Buddha, the Enlightened One.

From that day Buddha set out to preach his doctrines to all who would listen to him, to the Pariah as well as to the Brahmin, and he declared to his followers that

"Pity and need  
 Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,  
 Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,  
 Which trickle salt with all; neither comes man  
 To birth with tilka-mark stamped on the brow,  
 Nor sacred thread on neck. Who does right deeds  
 Is twice-born, and who doth ill deeds vile."

Buddha preached the "good tidings" to all classes, therefore his doctrines became very popular, and the number of his followers increased so rapidly, from the nine hundred who first took the yellow robe, that now "four hundred and seventy millions of our race live and die in the tenets of Gautama." It is the only religion of the East which teaches its followers the great lesson of love and the duty which man owes to his fellow-man. The tone of its morality is exceedingly high, and it also teaches that man's salvation depends, in a great measure, on himself; that he is a free agent. In these respects, Buddhism is very similar to Christianity, but in other ways Gautama's doctrines differ widely from those of our religion. He taught nothing of a God, or of a Creator, nothing of a blessed immortality. He grasped a few of the truths of Christianity and taught man to love his neighbor, but lost sight of the fact that the aim and object of all love is to make man more like his Heavenly Father, Who is love. He did not realize that great longing for something higher and holier than self; the need of a God to worship and adore; and that without this, man is miserable. He gave his followers no glimpse of the eternal joy and peace which await those who have done their duty in this life; but rather exhorted them to strive earnestly to enter Nirvanna, or the state of absolute extinction.

In one of Buddha's discourses, that which he delivered before the King, his father, he declared that

"What hath been bringeth what shall be,  
 Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince  
 For gentle worthiness and merit won ;  
 Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags  
 For things done and undone."

In these lines is contained one of the principal doctrines of his religion, which is the transmigration of souls. He carried this belief to such an extent that he forbade his followers to sacrifice animals in their public festivals; still he did not scruple to eat animal flesh.

The Buddhists believe that "sin is a necessary thing," therefore they have no idea of mediation, no sense of the need of a "Mediator." The principles, or rather the creed of the Buddhists, is summed up in the following words: "True wisdom consists in perceiving the nothingness of all things and in a desire to become nothing, to be blown out, to enter Nirvana;" from which they conclude, "To be is misery, not to be must be felicity."

It is sad, indeed, that a religion which contains so much truth and wisdom, and which is embraced by a large portion of mankind, should be so gloomy in this life, so hopeless for that which is to come. How beautiful is Buddha's religion in many respects; and yet how dark in comparison with our own glorious faith! For the end of the struggles in this life, the Buddhist looks to annihilation, to non-existence. Death must seem frightful to him, for it destroys all hope of developing into the perfect man. But the Christian looks upon death as the beginning of a purer life, in which he will grow day by day more like his Master, Jesus Christ, "who hath brought life and immortality to light." The Buddhist's goal is the darkness of Nirvana, the Christian's is the glory of the Heavenly Jerusalem, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

## A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve, and in one of the dark, narrow alleys of London, a little child was struggling all alone against the fury of the storm. There was certainly no sign of Christmas in this miserable place. The air was foul and impure, the only sounds she heard as she hurried on, were the rough, noisy mirth of the men, the shrill tones of the women and children raised in sharp contentions, and sometimes she heard even the sound of blows.

She wandered on until she came to larger and broader streets, to open squares and beautiful houses. But the little hands were stinging with the intense cold, and the pain was almost unendurable; she was sinking on the hard, cold stones, when a thought seemed to rouse her, and whispering to herself, "I have not found my Christmas yet," she struggled on. She stopped a second before one of these beautiful houses, and seeing that the curtains were only half drawn, she pressed her face against the pane, and looked in. The children were all gathered around a Christmas tree, whose boughs were laden with fruits and toys. Within, each face was wreathed in smiles, and merry laughter came through the window: could they have seen the tiny, wan little face pressed against the pane, their faces would have saddened.

She was now opposite the magnificent Church of St. George. The pain was not so bad now, indeed she hardly felt it at all, so she sat down on the steps, and leaned her poor little head against the railing, and listened to the choir boys singing the grand old Portuguese hymn. She was nearly asleep, but whispering, "I shall soon have my Christmas," she tottered on. She reached the stores of the city; she felt as if she could go no farther, but should she give up her cherished plan now? No! she is there! and saying softly, "My Christmas, my Christmas," she drew back into the shelter of the window, and gazed longingly upon

a wax figure of the Christ-Child. As she gazed the little head drooped upon her bosom, and she slept.

While the boys were singing the glorious Song of the Angel, one of the sweet messengers bore the weary little one to rest. The policemen said "Frózen dead," but the angels knew that the child had found her Christmas.

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### A CLOUDY AFTERNOON.

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From my open window, on this midsummer, day I am looking out upon a cool and quiet valley, where the "Fresh fairness of the spring seems to reign perpetually." A restful stillness pervades all nature, broken only by the roar of the river dashing over its rocks at the foot of the mountains. Soft gray clouds are gathering, heavy with their burden of rain; lower and lower they hang, till their mantle hides the mountain tops. Light wreaths of mist float up from the hills, gray streamers of cloud descend to meet them, their strange and ever-changing forms mingle in the air, swaying, floating in a silent fantastic dance. Surely those airy shapes are spirits of mountain and sky, that thus hold high carnival to the song of the river below.

But a change is coming; the clouds have for some moments been growing lighter; suddenly a mellow radiance fills all the sky. The sun is still hidden, but earth and air are illuminated, as some faces brighten without a smile; rifts in the cloud garment of the mountains grow wider, while mountain, sky and river flush into sudden and unearthly radiance, as

"Veiled and mystic like the Host descending,  
The sun sinks from the hill."

# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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THE "OXONIAN," (PRICE \$1.00) WILL BE FURNISHED WITH THE "MUSE," TO ONE ADDRESS FOR \$1.25, AND ANY PUBLICATION WILL BE FURNISHED WITH THE "MUSE" AT REDUCED RATES.

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THE DELICIOUS harmonies of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club are still lingering with us, and now we are promised a musical treat of equally high order from the Wilhemj troupe. To hear the finest living performer on the king of all stringed instruments is, indeed, something delightful to contemplate.

OUR LADY PRINCIPAL had the rare pleasure of a visit from her son, Mr. Richard A. Meares, of Winston, during the holidays. His cordial participation in the merry games and other festivities of the season, added much to our enjoyment of them, and his bonhommie will always assure him a welcome on similar occasions.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL examination of the pupils in instrumental and vocal music was held in the parlor of the school on the afternoons of Wednesday and Thursday before Christmas. Misses Boyd, Sutton and Young were commended as having made the most marked progress in piano playing, and Misses Horner, Plummer and Sharp in singing. Doubtless the good effect of this new departure will be apparent in a larger number of commendations before the close of the next term.

THE EXHIBIT by the pupils of the Decorative Art Class on Tuesday before Xmas, was exceedingly creditable. Nay, more; considering that quite a number of the exhibitors had never taken a regular lesson in drawing or painting, and had been only six weeks preparing their little Christmas gifts under Miss Norwood's direction, the display was very remarkable. The designs chiefly in water-colors, pencilling and pen and ink, were lavished upon a variety of fancy articles, and were exceedingly pretty and well executed. Some of the knick-knacks were thought worthy of being sent across the Atlantic as Christmas remembrances to absent friends.

HYMEN is making havoc in our roll of spinsters. Since our last issue we have been notified of six of the sisterhood who have "for better for worse" given up their single blessedness and entered into the holy estate. On December 3d, Georgia D. Fowlkes was married to Mr. Thomas L. Temple, of Texarkana, Texas. Willia A. Wilson was about the same time married in St. Louis, Mo., to Mr. Walter H. Page, of that city. On December 15th, Annie M. Sutton became Mrs. Nathan A. Steadman, of Raleigh, N. C. On December 30th, Annie H. Bitting was married to Mr. Wm. A. Whitaker, of Winston, N. C. The 5th day of the new year saw Bettie Burke Haywood married to Mr. Preston R. Bridgers, of Wilmington, N. C., and on January 12th, Mary W. Mordecai was married to Mr. Wm. A. Turk, of Raleigh, N. C. Our best wishes and hearty congratulations to them all!

VANDERBILT'S munificent donation of \$10,000 to the Deems Fund at Chapel Hill, makes us rejoice, not only because of the good fortune that has come to the University, but mainly as an evidence that the wealthy men of the North are waking up to a recognition of "the insignificant strip of land" that geographically lies between Virginia on the north and South Carolina on the south. As year after year we hear of the streams of money that periodically flow to the enrichment of the schools of the Northwest, we wonder if those of the South have not a work equally as great to do; and why endowments and donations do not sometimes find an outlet in this direction. We long for the day when St. Mary's shall be incorporated and endowed, and so be the better fitted permanently to continue the missionary and educational work which for half a century she has so successfully carried on without one penny of pecuniary assistance.

BY-THE-BYE, how generous Santa Claus has been with his exceedingly pretty cards! They are more numerous than ever before, and certainly grow prettier every year. Graceful tokens they are of mutual remembrance and good will. That every one appreciates them, is manifest by the increasing demand for them as the various seasons roll round, and their interchange seems to kindle anew the spark of real affection that only needs some such pleasant reminder to burst into fresh flames.

From one there comes to us a jolly old stage-coach filled with merry travellers bound for home to spend the holidays; and we have a suspicion of *mal du pays*. But the dear home itself sends pictures of the *real* "good cheer" that abounds at every Christmas feast, and of the spirit of "Peace and Good Will" which makes our *true* Christmas wherever we may be; and we are comforted.

Then far down from the Sunny South, come in rich profusion, cards of "Merry Christmas," all twined with bright and gorgeous flowers, of which even Christmas cold cannot despoil that favored clime. Pretty soon "Happy New Year" cards from away off in the chilly North bring sprays of snow-wreathed



holly to complete our bouquet, and to tell us that hearts at least are warm under those cold skies. One dear friend sends a reminder that the Blessed Babe of Bethlehem found only Passion flowers to wreath around His cross; another shows the butterfly resting on the purple blossoms, telling of the hope of a new and better life beyond.

So all the way from ice-bound Maine to the genial Gulf, from gay cities and happy country homes, we have had treasured tokens; and now to all the dear ones, who from the first "Compliments of the season" to the sweet "Mizpah" of to-day, have made us thank God for the friends who love us, we return affectionate greeting and thanks. To each one of them

"May life a winter's morning prove  
To a bright endless year!"

THE DECEMBER number of *The Oxonian* is on our table, and among some well written articles we have been especially interested in one on the subject of bringing foreign capital and foreign emigrants into our State.

As to the question of the comparative value of the two classes of immigrants, those with money and without money, we think our neighbor advances strong argument in support of his theory that the poor but industrious settler is the one to be desired and sought after, but when he goes on to argue that our State cannot offer inducements to foreigners to settle within her borders, we must beg permission to differ with him entirely. He says:

"No conscientious man, no German who loves his countrymen, could, under present circumstances, recommend to people intending to emigrate, North Carolina as a State which offers advantages to settlers."

And again:

"We must never demand or expect a new settler to do what the old settler refuses to do—we mean to work side by side with the negro."

We beg pardon if we suggest that the writer of this article must speak without having made himself thoroughly acquainted

with the geography and the resources of North Carolina. If the negro is the chief obstacle in the way of the comfort and welfare of the foreign emigrant, we would remind our *Oxonian* friend that some of the most desirable counties in North Carolina are those in the western part of the State where negro labor was never profitable in the times of slavery, and where the negro race now forms so small a portion of the population that it cannot, with any propriety, be brought into the discussion at all.

The large extent of country in North Carolina lying west of the Blue Ridge is not surpassed, in the advantages which it offers to emigrants, by any part of the West which is still open to them, and if it were made as accessible, it would soon prove equally attractive.

In the counties of Ashe, Watauga, Haywood and some others, the fine climate, the spontaneous growth of the richest grass, the unfailing rains, and the abundant supplies of food, render the country much better fitted for the business of raising cattle, and dairy-farming, than even those sections of the Northern States where those things have been made so profitable, and where the land is now held at a price which puts it out of the reach of any but the man of capital.

If our friend who is so much afraid of the influence of the negro will make a trip through our North Carolina mountains, he will find a large section of rich and desirable country where there is blue grass and fat cattle, where there are fields of wheat, rye and corn, orchards laden with the finest apples, grapes ripening in the open air, and streams of sparkling water, which in their rapid course afford unlimited motive power for mills and factories, while at the same time he would be sometimes greatly troubled to find even one negro to "work side by side" with him, or with his German countryman.

Let him go there and see.

## ANSWERS TO PRIZE QUESTIONS.

## JUNIOR SERIES.

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

*Answer.*—With the Greek nation.

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

*Answer.*—The prophetic chapters are in Hebrew; the historical in Chaldee.

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

*Answer.*—History records that it was invented by Schwartz, a monk of Cologne, in 1320-'40, and cannon was first used at the battle of Cressy, in 1346. But it was doubtless known to the Chinese at a much earlier period; also to the Moors and to the Saracens in Spain.

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

*Answer.*—Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan, in the 4th century compelled Theodosius I., Emperor of the East, to do penance publicly, because of his wanton cruelty in ordering the indiscriminate massacre of the insurgent Thessalonians.

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

*Answer.*—Francis I. of France wished to secure an alliance with Henry VIII. of England in order to strengthen himself against the power of his great enemy, Charles V. of Spain. For the purpose of effecting this, Francis invited Henry to meet him at a place near Calais. The French and English vied with one another in the splendor of their dresses and the magnificence of the entertainments. So gorgeous was the display on both sides that the place of meeting became celebrated as the "*Field of the Cloth of Gold.*" It took place A. D. 1520.

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

*Answer.*—William IV. was First of Ireland, Second of Scotland, Third of Hanover, and Fourth of England.

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

*Answer.*—The Maccabees, called the Asmonean family from their ancestor, Asmon, a priest of the Course of Joarib.

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

*Answer.*—Alexandra—Guelph.

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

*Answer.*—Jeremiah and II Kings in the Old Testament; Phillippians, II Thessalonians and Revelation in the New.

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

*Answer.*—A mill and a half.

41. Give the names of the seven sons of Japhet, and the modern nations that have sprung from them.

*Answer.*—Gomer, Magog, Madai, Javan, Tubal, Meshach and Tiras. Their descendants peopled the larger portion of Europe and part of Asia.

42. What are the Apocryphal books of the New Testament?

*Answer.*—"The Apocryphal Gospels" are five in number, viz: the Gospel of St. James, of the Infancy, of the Nativity of Mary, of St. Thomas and of Nicodemus. There are also several supplementary "Acts of the Apostles."

43. The origin of *Athanasius contra mundum*.

*Answer.*—The Arian Heresy became so widely spread that the great Champion of Catholic truth—Athanasius, a priest of Alexandria—seemed to be left almost alone to defend the Faith. Hence the saying.

44. By whom and of whom was it written "Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart?"

*Answer.*—By Wordsworth, of Milton.

45. Which of the Popes enjoyed the longest pontificate?

*Answer.*—Pius IX.

46. What five instances of rare friendship do we find in ancient story?

*Answer.*—David and Jonathan; Damon and Pythias; Orestes and Pylades; Eneas and his fidus Achates; Achilles and Patroclus.

47. What were the labors of Hercules, and by what name is he known in Northern Mythology?

*Answer.*—1. Unarmed, he slew the Nemean Lion, whose skin afterward served as his garment. 2. He killed the Lernian Hydra. 3. Captured the Arcadian Stag and bore it on his shoulders to Mycenæ as an offering to Eurystheus. 4. Hunted the Erymanthian Boar and caught it alive. 5. Cleansed the Augean stables by turning through them the course of the river Alpheus. Being refused the promised reward, he killed King Augeas and destroyed his City of Elis. 6. Destroyed the immense birds which defiled Lake Stymphalia. 7. Captured the terrible Cretan Bull sent by Neptune to destroy Greece. 8. Abducted the mares of Diomedes, who lived on the flesh of men. 9. Fought and conquered the Amazons, in order to secure the girdle of their queen, Hippolyta, a gift to her from Mars. 10. Killed the giant Gergones, and captured his oxen, who were guarded by a dragon with seven heads. 11. Slew the monster with a hundred heads who guarded the golden apples in the garden of Hesperides and secured the precious fruit for Eurystheus. 12. Having seized and chained Cerberus, he descended into the lower regions in search of Theseus, who had gone thither in hope of rescuing Proserpine. His name in Northern Mythology is Siegfried.

48. Who was called the last of the Greeks?

*Answer.*—Philopœna.

49. What great man was a master in all the fine arts?

*Answer.*—Michael Angelo was Poet, Painter, Sculptor, Architect and Musician.

50. What poet was called the LaFontaine of Germany?

*Answer.*—Gellert.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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Died, at the Episcopal residence, in Wilmington, on Tuesday evening, January 5th, 1881, the Rt. Rev. Thomas Atkinson, D. D., LL. D.

A great sorrow thrilled through the Diocese of North Carolina, when on the eve of the Epiphany its chief shepherd fell asleep in death. For more than twenty-seven years he has faithfully and lovingly tended his flock; they in turn have deeply loved and revered him, and will ever keep him in blessed remembrance. We of St. Mary's who were wont to look forward with delight to his annual visits, would here record our deep sense of the personal loss we have sustained by his removal from among us; though for several years past failing health required that he should relinquish much of the personal oversight of his charge to the Assistant Bishop, and since '78 he has made no official visitation to our Chapel. But those of us who were present can never forget the unusual fervor of his last exhortation to the class he had just confirmed. "Be not conformed to *this* world," was ever the burden of his subject in addressing the daughters of St. Mary's. How earnestly he would entreat them to be faithful to their baptismal vows; to eschew even the *appearance* of worldliness; to set before themselves a higher standard of the holy life than was exhibited by the Christian world around them. His own beautiful, consistent life so strikingly exemplified and enforced his teaching that their young hearts would burn with high resolve to cast aside every weight and to "run well" in the race they had begun. May

every good seed of his planting be quickened, while yet all hearts are tender with the thought that "we shall see his face no more," and spring up to yield an abundant harvest that may add to his glory and crown of rejoicing in the last great day.

His people love to think, that like his own beloved St. Paul, "he has fought a good fight, he has finished his course," and now with the Church in Paradise, is waiting in hope of the final triumph, and the glory that shall be revealed. His mortal remains rest beneath the altar of St. James' Church.

"May perpetual light shine upon him" in the eternal Epiphany of the home of the saints.

"Far better they should sleep awhile  
Within the Church's shade,  
Nor wake until new heaven, new earth,  
Meet for their new immortal birth,  
For their abiding-place be made,

Than wander back to life, and lean  
On our frail love once more.  
'Tis sweet, as year by year we lose  
Friends out of sight, in faith to muse  
How grows in Paradise our store."

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"Died, in Philadelphia, on Monday evening, December 27, 1880, Penelope Bradford Cox, wife of General Wm. R. Cox, and second daughter of the late James S. Battle, of Edgecombe county, North Carolina."

The friends of the late Mrs. William R. Cox have already been informed of her death through the medium of the city press; but we cannot forbear to record in

this, the organ of our school, our deep sense of the loss which we have sustained both individually and as an institution.

It becomes us not to invade the sanctity of domestic life, nor to reckon up the virtues which made her dear to those who were bound to her by the tenderest ties. That the ministry of love was not wanting at that now desolate hearth, none could doubt who knew that gentle life.

It behooves us rather to speak of her as the pupil and life-long friend of St. Mary's—the President of our Alumnæ Association—one who was ever ready to sustain with heart and hand every interest and every enterprise cherished by the school. Nor were her abounding energies limited to a single field of action; her sympathies were far-reaching and manifested themselves in deeds of love and charity in many directions, but more especially in connection with all parish and church work. She did not recognize the Motherhood of the Church in early life, yet when she had once felt its blessed influences she gave an undivided heart to its service. Long will we remember her earnest face at evening prayers in the Chapel. So dear were these services to her that but a few weeks ago, on the occasion of her last visit to us, she modestly requested that they might be held at an earlier hour in order that she might be permitted to enjoy them and return home before nightfall.

To none but to those who knew her daily life, was the full loveliness of her character revealed, for she was by nature reserved and shrinking; but as years passed a more kindly and tender tone added fresh charms to her gentle manners.

As with all noble natures, the dark waters of affliction left no trace of bitterness behind. The Angel of



Death thrice crossed her threshold, but in these as in all other visitations, she acknowledged a Father's hand. Her later years were marked by a sweet efflorescence of Christian graces that will not soon pass from the memory of those who knew her.

May her life be a lamp unto the feet of those who would "walk worthy of the vocation whereunto they are called."

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We are greatly shocked and grieved to hear by telegraphic dispatch of the sudden death of Mr. James M. Sanborn, of Augusta, Maine, the father of our valued friend, Mr. Will H. Sanborn, of St. Mary's.

A telegram announcing Mr. Sanborn's illness was received on Thursday morning, and his son left on the first train going North, but even then the sad tidings of his father's death were coming to us.

Our heartfelt sympathies go with him on his lonely and anxious journey, and into the home which the Angel of Death has made desolate.

## ART NOTES.

Among the pictures in the Loan Collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, are some very fine old paintings belonging to General Collett Leventhorpe, of Caldwell county, North Carolina.

One of these is by Gonzales Coques, a rare master, and is very fine indeed. It is entitled "A Lady and Gentleman promenading in a Wood;" the figures being evidently portraits from life. This picture is from the gallery of General Watson Webb, and was originally purchased by him from a gallery in Cologne.

Another and still more valuable one is a small picture, on copper, of the "Adoration." This is a genuine Raphael painted in his first manner, when he was only eighteen years old, and while he was still the pupil of Perugino. This accounts for the gold in the back-ground—Perugino being one of the last who used it. The grouping is perfect, and the expression of the heads very fine. It is signed by Raphael with the date 1501, though the signature has become almost illegible. There are fifteen or sixteen figures and two animals. Angels appear in a gloria above.

There is also a very fine example of Teniers in a picture called the "Chateau"—a striking effect of light and clouds after a storm. This is an undoubted original, and has been engraved. It hangs on the right hand, or south wall of the east gallery, while the "Adoration" is on the east wall, opposite the entrance.

A landscape by Paul Bril, called the "Judgment of Midas," is a very curious and valuable old picture. The figures are by Annibal Caracci.

A small picture by Jan Steen of a miser counting his money shows unmistakably the hand of the master. The expression of the face is something wonderful.

We should think that General L. who is a true lover of art, would miss these pets of his very much, and no doubt often feels

inclined to pay them a visit, and exchange the quiet of his home in the "Happy Valley" for a taste of the stirring life of our great city.

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The exhibition of pictures in black and white by the Salmagunda Sketch Club is now opened at the National Academy of Design, and seems to prove very attractive if one may judge by the sales, which are quite numerous.

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One of the most attractive features of New York is the art-stores of the city, at least we always find them so, and this winter there is more to be seen in the way of fine paintings and elegant works of art than ever before.

Wm. Shaus, at his well-known place on Broadway, is still filling his windows with the loveliest of paintings and engravings, while numerous portfolios of beautiful and rare etchings tempt the unwearied visitor to linger till he is fascinated, and goes away with a purse much lighter than when he ventured on the enchanted ground.

The gallery in the rear of the building is almost too full of fine paintings, for they sometimes crowd each other, while many treasures are still concealed in the various store-rooms; some of them having scarcely rested since their voyage over the ocean. Some of our pleasantest recollections of a charming visit to New York, in October, are of the hours spent at Shaus', where we were allowed to enjoy all the beautiful things to the full, and to examine the elegant and costly stock of materials, until our artistic eyes were feasted. We cannot forbear expressing our appreciation too, of the unwearied kindness of Mr. Karl Kraushaar, the polite and attentive salesman, who extended to us the courtesies of the house.

RALEIGH, N. C., January 14th, 1881.

MRS. C. DER. MEARES:

*Madam:*—At a recent meeting of St. John's Guild, I was instructed, as Secretary, to acknowledge the receipt of \$55.00, the proceeds of your "Musical Charade," and to return thanks to yourself and your associates for the same.

I am also directed to inform you that the sum will be applied to the establishment of a cot in St. John's Hospital, to be designated "St. Mary's Cot for Children."

Very respectfully,

HUGH MORSON,  
*Secretary St. John's Guild.*

OUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS brought with them abundance of good cheer, and the happy hearts of the young people overflowed with mirth and Christmas fun, which made the old hall ring again. At night a blazing wood-fire added its bright glow to the warm lighth of the large parlor, and sent dancing shadows over the laughing faces gathered around.

A huge circle extended outward to the middle of the room, and the merry games were enjoyed, not only by the pupils, but by the elder members of the family, who, judging from appearances, had not forgotten at all how Christmas games ought to be played.

And then the snow! Was anything ever so nice? We think some people will remember that snow ball battle a good while.

WE HOPE that in consideration of Mr. Sanborn's absence, the delay in getting out our January MUSE and other shortcomings on our part will be kindly excused.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. III.

RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1881.

No. 6.

## AUNT TABITHA.

Whatever I do and whatever I say,  
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way  
When she was a girl (forty summers ago),  
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her advice!  
But I like my own way, and I find it so nice!  
And besides I forget half the things I am told;  
But they all will come back to me—when I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,  
He may chance to look in as I chance to look out;  
She would never endure an impertinent stare—  
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasure, I own,  
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone;  
So I take a lad's arm—just for safety you know—  
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.

How wicked we were, and how good they were then!  
They kept at arm's length those delectable men;  
What an era of virtue she lived in!—but stay—  
Were the men all such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's days?

If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my papa  
How he dared to propose to my darling mama:  
Was he like the rest of them! Goodness! Who knows?  
And what shall I say, if a wretch should propose?

I am thinking if aunt knew so little of sin,  
 What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been !  
 And her grand-aunt—it scares me—how shockingly sad  
 That we girls of to-day are so frightfully bad !

A martyr will save us, and nothing else can ;  
 Let me perish—to rescue some wretched young man !  
 Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
 Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me she never did so !

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MADAME RECAMIER.

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During the period of directorial government in France, three lovely women—the three Graces, as they were styled by the madrigal writers of the time—enjoyed, and according to the unanimous testimony of their contemporaries fully merited, the exclusive prestige of incomparable beauty ; these were Therese Cabarrus (Madame Tallien), Josephine Beauharnais, and Madame Recamier. Their celebrity dated from Thermidor, when Paris, exulting in the downfall of Robespierre and the conclusion of the Reign of Terror, forgot its past troubles in the delirious excitement of the hour, and hailed with feverish eagerness, every opportunity of gratifying its thirst for pleasure and ‘effervescence of luxury.’

Then, like ‘three flowers springing from an extinct volcano,’ this trio of sirens emerged from the relative obscurity of private life into the full blaze of notoriety, became the supreme arbiters of taste, and inaugurated that semi-classical costume which none but themselves could have ventured to adopt. Here is Madame Tallien, sketched with his usual picturesque accuracy by Carlyle ; ‘her sweeping tresses snooded by glittering antique fillet, bright-dyed tunic of the Greek woman ; her little feet naked as in antique statues, with mere sandals, and winding string of riband,

defying the frost!'<sup>\*</sup> Here is Josephine, described by herself in a letter addressed to the future Princesse de Chimay, and inviting her to be present at a ball about to be given at the Hotel Thelusson: 'Come in your peach-blossom skirt, for it is essential that our dress should be the same; I shall wear a red handkerchief tied in the creole fashion; a bold attempt on my part, but admirably suited to you, whose complexion, if not prettier, is infinitely fresher than mine. Our rivals must be eclipsed, and utterly routed!'

This red handkerchief, tied in the peculiar manner alluded to, was subsequently discarded by both ladies, but constantly worn by Madame Recamier, who considered it particularly becoming to her, even during the latter years of her life. In other respects similarity of costume was not uniformly adhered to; while Madame Tallien set the fashion of diaphanous tunics, and Josephine collected the rarest onyxes, agates and cameos wherewith to adorn her luxuriant hair, Madame Recamier selected as the most appropriate accompaniment to her surpassing loveliness, the graceful appendage of the veil. Nothing could have more deliciously harmonised with the perfect oval of her face and the slender but exquisitely moulded symmetry of her form; in Cosway's lifelike portrait of her we see the effect of this simple but all-important adjunct, and comprehend the enthusiasm of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, who, when asked what had pleased him most during his stay in Paris, replied: 'Since I have seen Madame Recamier, I can remember nothing else!' There must, indeed, have been something exceptionally attractive in a woman whose powers of fascination were so irresistible, and who to the very latest moment of her existence exercised so enduring an influence over all with whom she came in contact; and as she does not appear to have been endowed with any extraordinary abilities, or even to have particularly shone in conversation, the devotion of such men as Chateaubriand, Benjamin Constant, and

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<sup>\*</sup>Each toe adorned with a superb emerald.

Ballanche may be regarded as perhaps the rarest and most significant homage ever offered at the shrine of beauty.

Jeanne Francoise Julie Adelaide Bernard was born at Lyons, December 4, 1777. Her father, Jean Bernard, was a notary in that city; of her mother, whose maiden name was Julie Matton, and who died in 1807, little has been recorded beyond her acknowledged reputation as 'jolie femme.' About 1784, the youthful Juliette (as she was usually styled) commenced her education in a convent at Lyons, M. Bernard having at the same time obtained a post connected with the financial department in Paris, where he took up his quarters in the Rue des Saints Peres. Shortly after, he was joined there by his daughter, who henceforth continued her studies under the best masters of the capital, and, besides attaining some proficiency in instrumental music, was instructed in singing by Boieldieu. During the Reign of Terror, April 24, 1793, when little more than fifteen years old she married the banker Jacques Rose Recamier, and in 1796, was already cited among the reigning beauties of the time, creating the greatest sensation wherever she appeared. At the Church of St. Roch, where she undertook the office of *queteuse*, she is said to have so distracted the attention of the congregation, that those who were not near enough to approach her stood on chairs in order to see her; and a similar curiosity was manifested at the promenade of Longchamps. Among her admirers at this period were Barras and Talleyrand, the latter of whom was so captivated by her graceful performance of a shawl dance (afterwards introduced in 'Corinne') that he remarked, he knew no greater pleasure than to look at Madame Recamier, unless it were that of being looked at by her.

In 1798, her husband purchased the hotel formerly inhabited by Necker in the Rue du Mont-Blanc (now Chaussee d'Antin), and attracted thither all the wealth and fashion of Paris by a series of brilliant entertainments, at one of which Madame Vigee le Brun in her 'Recollections' mentions having been present. There Madame Recamier first met Madame de Stael; their acquaintance gradually ripened into intimacy; and so



partial were they to each other's society, that, as Madame Hamelin laughingly observed, the safest way to insure the presence of either was to invite both. It was, we believe, at a dinner party at her house that a young man, delighted at finding himself seated at table with Madame de Stael on his right hand, and Madame Recamier on his left, complimented them ambiguously by thanking his hostess for placing him between wit and beauty; upon which the Swedish ambassadress coolly retorted that this was the first time in her life she had ever been called beautiful.

In 1799, when Lucien Bonaparte was Minister of the Interior, Madame Recamier was invited to a grand banquet given by him in honour of the First Consul, who, as is well known, was by no means insensible to the charm of a pretty woman. 'Why did you not sit next me at table?' he asked her in the course of the evening. She replied that she could not take such a liberty without having been authorised to do so. 'You did wrong,' said Napoleon; 'the place was intended for you, and you ought to have known it.' This seems to have been almost their last meeting, for although Lucien, whom she personally disliked, occasionally visited her, a circumstance soon after occurred which rendered any further communication between her and the First Consul impossible. Her father, who had been appointed to the office of postmaster-general, was suddenly removed from his post in 1802, on the charge of having allowed certain parties implicated in a royalist conspiracy to address their letters to his house; the matter was strictly investigated by the government, and sufficient proof, if not of his absolute culpability, at least of tacit connivance, was established to warrant his dismissal and subsequent imprisonment, Bernadotte, at Madame Recamier's earnest solicitation, endeavoured to intercede in his favour, but in vain; and although eventually released from confinement, M. Bernard's administrative career was virtually closed. Meanwhile, the circle of his daughter's acquaintance counted agreeable additions in the persons of Laharpe, Mathieu de Moutmorency, and the Duc de Laval, the two latter of whom remained her attached friends through life; she was

still the admired of all admirers, and although, in consequence of her father's misfortune, the festivities of the Rue du Mont-Blanc suffered a temporary interruption, she continued to receive her intimates as usual. M. de Tocqueville alludes as follows to her exquisit tact as *maitresse de maison*, a passage quoted by Mr. Hayward in his Essays: 'The talent, labour, and skill which she wasted on her *salon* would have gained and governed an empire. She was virtuous, if it be virtuous to persuade everyone of a dozen men that you wish to favour him, though some circumstance always occurs to prevent your doing so. Every friend thought himself preferred.'

The concluding statement is hardly borne out by facts, for it is certain that, however, inclined she may have been to court admiration, she never for a moment forgot her position, nor, even at the zenith of her celebrity, was the slightest breath of scandal ever associated with her name. Kotzebue, who saw her frequently during his stay in Paris about this time, corroborates this in an anecdote related in his 'Reminiscences.' 'Happening one day to go with her into a print-shop where she was personally unknown, the dealer showed us, among other novelties that had lately appeared, a caricature of herself. She took it up, and after carefully examining it, laid it on the counter, saying, "This person is probably a woman of doubtful reputation." "On the contrary, madame," replied the print-seller, "very few ladies in Paris enjoy so good a one."' The future victim of Sand is enthusiastic in her praise. 'On my arrival in France,' he says, 'I had a certain prejudice against her; misled by the calumnies published respecting her in Germany, I imagined her to be a coquette whose head was turned by flattery, and wished simply to see, but not to know her. An opportunity of satisfying my curiosity was soon afforded me, for while at the opera one evening, a gentleman sitting near me pointed to a lady who had just entered a box opposite to us, and informed me that it was Madame Recamier. She was dressed in white, without simple ornament; and her modest appearance so pleased me that I gladly accepted the offer of an introduction to her. She received me

most affably, and for several weeks I was constantly in her company, and had ample leisure to discover that the reports I had previously heard concerning her were totally unfounded. In the midst of Parisian dissipation, although married to a man old enough to be her father, she conducted herself with the strictest propriety, and was as universally respected as she was admired; having no children, she adopted those left to her charge by one of her nearest relatives, and brought them up as tenderly and carefully as if they had been her own.'

In 1803, Madame de Stael having been ordered by Napoleon to leave Paris, Madame de Recamier placed at her disposal her country house at St. Brice, an act of courage highly resented by the Emperor, and ultimately causing her own disgrace; during the peace of Amiens she visited London,\* where, besides being a frequent guest at Carlton House, she enjoyed the society and friendship of the leading nobilities of the period, including Charles Fox, and Elizabeth, Duchess of Devonshire. Three years later her husband, whose fortune had been irretrievably damaged by financial speculations, became a bankrupt, the hotel in the Rue du Mont-Blanc, together with his other valuable possessions, was sold, and Madame Recamier found herself suddenly reduced to a state of comparative poverty. At this juncture Madame de Stael, hearing of her friend's embarrassed position, invited her to Coppet, where the Prince Augustus of Prussia, Schlegel, and Benjamin Constant were at that time staying, and organized in her honour a series of private theatricals, Aricie in 'Phedre' being one of the parts assigned to the charming visitor, who by all accounts, owing to her excessive timidity, did not materially add to the effect of the performance.

In 1811, after the seizure by order of Napoleon of 10,000 copies of Madame de Stael's 'Allemagne,' Madame Recamier, in

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\*In the course of her stay she sat to Cosway for her portrait, perhaps the most faithful resemblance existing of her, not even excepting the fine picture by Gerard in the gallery of the Louvre. David had previously sketched her face, but left it unfinished.

defiance of a warning privately conveyed to her from the Tuileries, again returned to Coppet, and a sentence of exile from Paris was consequently pronounced against her. We next find her at Chalons, and subsequently at Lyons, where she became acquainted with Ballanche, one of her most sincerely attached friends in after days ; and an episode of the first interview between them has been recorded as follows : ' As soon as Ballanche, who was then residing at Lyons, heard of her arrival, he hastened, bashful as he was, to her hotel, and was received by her with such cordiality that he entirely forgot his habitual nervousness, and began to discourse as freely and eloquently as if he had known her all his life. While he was speaking, he observed her turn pale, and on asking the reason, she frankly admitted that the odour of his shoes (which had been newly blacked for the occasion) was insupportable to her. Without saying another word he quietly withdrew, left his shoes outside the door, re-entered the room as if nothing had happened, and, to Madame Recamier's great astonishment, resumed the conversation exactly where he had left it.'

In 1813, she visited Rome and Naples, prolonging her sojourn in the latter city by the express desire of Madame Murat, and in 1814 returned to Paris, after an exile of nearly three years. The death of Madame de Stael in 1816, and the departure from France of her scarcely less intimate friend, Madame de Krudner, the talented author of ' Valerie,' affected her deeply ; and feeling a growing disinclination to mix henceforward in general society, she conceived the idea of establishing herself in some quiet locality, the privilege of admission to which should be exclusively confined to those who, either from long-standing friendship or on account of their own personal merits, had a peculiar claim to her sympathy. No better place could have been selected for the purpose than the Abbaye-au-Bois in the Rue de Sevres, a vast building formerly a convent, but since the revolution converted into a species of caravansary, the apartments in which were let to different tenants, one of these being the Duchesse d'Abrantis (Madame Junot), who there composed

her Memoirs. Thither she definitely retired in 1819, and from that period until her death rarely quitted it except during the years 1823 and 1824, when she visited Italy for the second time, profiting by her stay in Rome to become acquainted with the painters Guerin and Leopold Robert, and renewing her intimacy with Hortense Beauharnais, Duchesse de St. Leu.

She had not been long installed in the Abbaye-au-Bois before the prestige of her name had gathered round her the most distinguished celebrities of the period; the circle of her *habitués*, at first restricted to some half-a-dozen especial favourites, gradually included the recognised leaders of literature and art, forming an assemblage of talent scarcely equalled by the most brilliant *salon* of the preceding century; among these were Chateaubriand, her dearest and most valued friend,\* Benjamin Constant, Ballanche, Ampere, Prosper de Barante, Humboldt, Villemain, Eugene Delacroix, and Augustin Thierry; the fair sex being attractively represented by Delphine Gay, our own Maria Edgeworth, and Miss Berry. There political and social questions of the day were discussed, literary and dramatic novelties criticised, and the latest *bons mots* of M. de Talleyrand circulated; each new-comer contributed his quota of information or amusement to the common stock, varying the conversation by the introduction of every imaginable topic, from the state of Europe to the toilette of Mdlle. Mars. Now and then, the hostess herself would relate some anecdote connected with her youth, one of which, referring to Joseph Buonaparte after his accession to the throne of Naples, has fortunately been preserved. 'I was standing one day,' said Madame Recamier, 'at the door of the Spanish ambassador's hotel, conversing with the King and M. Beffroy de Reigny, or, if you prefer it, "le cousin Jacques;" the royal carriage was in waiting, and the Prince, who was always very gallant, had just taken leave of me, when I

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\*'When he deigned to talk,' says Madame Ancelot in her 'Salons de Paris,' 'everybody was bound to listen, and no one was allowed to talk a moment longer than seemed agreeable to the idol.'

heard a gruff voice muttering something close to my ear. I turned round, and beheld a granadier, a thorough "vieux de la vieille," who had posted himself by the footway as a sort of amateur sentinel. "Citizen," he blurted out, addressing King Joseph, "thy equipage is ready;" then, changing his tone after a moment's reflection, he added, "whenever it may please your Majesty to step in!"

The death of her husband in 1830 occasioned no material alteration in Madame Recamier's mode of life; she still held her little court in the Abbaye-au-Bois, the fresh additions to her circle comprising such celebrities as Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Merimee, and Mdlle. Rachel. Up to 1848, her nightly receptions continued without interruption; but the demise of Chateaubriand in that year,\* followed shortly after by that of Ballanche, added to the consciousness of failing strength and impaired eyesight, rendered her wholly incapable of exertion, and she lingered on, growing weaker and weaker, until 1849, when she was suddenly seized with an attack of cholera, and expired on the eleventh of May, in her seventy-second year.

Ten years later, her 'Recollections and Correspondence' were published in two volumes by her niece, Madame Lenormant; the title, however, of the work is in some respects a misnomer, its contents including a vast number of letters addressed to her by Chateaubriand, Ballanche, the brothers Montmorency, etc., but scarcely anything beyond a few brief and unimportant notes of Madame Recamier herself.

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\*When she became a widow, he had earnestly solicited her to marry him; but she dissuaded him from the project by saying *en vraie Parisienne*: 'If I did, where would you pass your evenings?'

FOR THE MUSE.

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[Some extracts—principally from the Coventry “Miracle Play” of The Nativity—which at Christmas-tide, or during the season of the Epiphany, may possess some interest for the readers of the MUSE.]

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Much has been written, and more said, of late concerning the Passion Play of Ober-Ammergau and its proposed reproduction in New York. The attempt to transplant to America this relic of the Middle Ages happily failed; such an exhibition for any reason, but especially as a means of mere money getting, being extremely repugnant to the tastes and feelings of every one, and being regarded by very many as downright sacrilege.

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, however, the “Mystery Plays” and “Moralities,” as they were called, were very common; and it has been alleged that it was in witnessing the acting of plays of this nature, provided by the Earl of Leicester for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, as related in “Kenilworth,” that the then youthful Shakespeare first conceived the ambition that gave to the world the priceless boon of his matchless works. A remnant possibly of the “Moralities” may still be seen in the county of Durham, England, where a kind of sacred drama, called “Joseph and his Brethren,” is frequently acted to “crowded houses” of the colliers, to the pecuniary benefit of those concerned.

The text of some of these old plays has been preserved unaltered to this day—most complete among them, perhaps, being the Chester, Coventry and Townley series. From the Coventry (so called from the city in which it was acted) Miracle Play of The Nativity the following extracts are taken. They are appropriate to the Christmas and Epiphany seasons, and will probably interest as well by reason of their quaintness and simple pathos as by their remarkable orthography, the spelling of some words being as various as their occurrence. Classic authority will be

found for "hit" (it), that word over which our Confederate soldiers were wont to make so merry.

To the shepherds watching their flocks by night, a bright star had appeared:

" \* \* \* \* Brethur, loke up and behold,  
 What thing ys yondur that schynith soo bright?  
 Asse long ase eyver I have watchid my fold,  
 Yett sawe I neyver soche a syght in fyld.  
 Aha! Now ys cum the tyme that old fathers hath told,  
 Thatt in the wyntur's nyght soo cold,  
 A chylde of meyden borne be he wold,  
 In whom all profeciys schal be fullfyld."

"Truth yt ys without naye,  
 Soo seyde the profett Isaye,  
 That a chylde schuld be borne of a made soo bright,  
 In wentur ny the schortist dey,  
 Or elis in the myddis of the nyght."

"Lovvid be God most of myght,  
 That owre grace ys to see that syght:  
 Pray we to him ase hit ys right,  
 Yf thatt hys wyll it be,  
 That we ma have knolegge of this syngnefacacion,  
 And why hit aperith on this fassion,  
 And eyver to hym lett us give laudacion  
 In yerthe while that we be."

(Chorus of Angels.)

"*Gloria in Excelsis Deo,*" etc.

The same play, describing The Flight into Egypt, represents a conference of the Holy Virgin, St. Joseph, the women of Bethlehem—who have heard of Herod's dread decree—and the shepherds:

MARY:—

"Mekely Josoff, my one spouse,  
 Towarde that cuntrey let us repeyre.  
 Att Egyp some tocun of howse  
 God grant hus grace saff to cum there!"



Women of Bedlem, (Bethlehem)

"I lolle my chylde wondursly swete,  
And in my harmis I do hyt kepe,  
Becawse thatt yt schuld not crye.

That babe thatt ys borne in Bedlem, so meke  
He save my chyld and me from velamy!

Be styl! be styl! my lyttul chylde!  
The Lorde of lordis save both the and me;  
For Erode hath sworne with wordis wyld,  
That all yong chyldur sclayne they shal be."

The "Schepperdis," (Shepherds)

"As I rode out this enders\* night,  
Of thre joli sheppardes I saw a sight,  
And all abowte there fold a star shone bright;  
They sange terly, terlow;  
So mereli the sheppardes ther pipes can blow."

WOMEN:—

"Lully, lullay, thow littel tine child;  
By, by, lully, lullay, thou litel tyne child,  
By, by, lully, lullay."

"Oh sisters too! how may we do,  
For to preserve this day.  
This pore yongling, for whom we do singe,  
By, by, lully, lullay.

"Herod the king in his raging,  
Chargid he hath this day  
His men of might, in his owne sight,  
All yonge children to slay.

"That wo is me pore child for thee!  
And ever morne and day  
For thee parting nether say nor singe  
By, by, lully, lullay."

SHEPHERDS:—

"Downe from heaven, from heaven so hie,  
Of angeles there came a great companie,  
With mirthe and joy, and great solemnitye  
They sang terly, terlow;  
So mereli the sheppardes ther pipes can blow."

The description and explanation of the offerings of each of the three Wise Men of the East are very quaint and characteristic:

## I

“Hayle, Lorde thatt all this worlde hath wrought,  
 Hayle, God and man togedur in fere!  
 For Thou hast made all thyng of noght,  
 Albeyt thatt Thou lyst porely here,  
 A cupe full of golde here have I thee broght,  
 In toconyng thou art without pere.”

## II

“Hayle, be thow, lorde of hy mangnyffecens!  
 In toconyng of presteod and dyngnete of offece,  
 To thee I offur a cup full of insence;  
 For yt behovith thee to have soche sacrefyce.”

## III.

“Hayle, be thow, lorde longe lookid fore!  
 I have broght thee myrre for mortalete,  
 In toconyng thow schalt mankind restore,  
 To lyff by thy deyth upon a tree.”

As late even as this century the Adoration of the Magi has been made the theme of verses as simple, yet plaintive, as any above quoted. Less than a hundred years ago there prevailed in Germany, among other odd observances at Christmas-tide, a custom known as the “Journeyings of the Wise Men.” A company of men went about from house to house performing many mummeries, but they were fain rather to *receive* gifts than to bring “gold, and frankincense, and myrrh.” After the manner of our Christmas “Waits,” they sang many hymns pertinent to the great festival, one of which has been translated as follows:

## I

“The Holy Three Kings with their Star,  
 They loved the Lord, they came from far.  
 When Herod's house before them lay,  
 They heard him from the window say:

## II.

“ Oh, good wise men come in and dine ;  
 I will give you both beer and wine,  
 And hay and straw to make your bed,  
 And nought of payment shall be said ! ”

## III.

“ Oh, no ! oh, no ! we must away,  
 We seek a little Child to-day,  
 A little Child, a mighty King,  
 Him who created everything.”

But to give proper and full expression to the blessed event commemorated by Christmas, we must have recourse, outside of Holy Writ, to the immortal lines of the “Blind Bard:”

“ This is the month and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great Redemption from above did bring ;  
 For so the holy sages once did sing,  
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,  
 And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.”

Wilmington, N. C.

G. D.

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*PRE-HISTORIC ART.*

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LECTURE TWO.

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In our last lecture we found ourselves in Egypt, that great store-house of all that is old, and I hope we lingered long enough among its tombs, and temples, and sculptured walls to awaken a deep interest in their history, and lead you to make much more extended and accurate research than can possibly be attempted in a lecture, or in a hundred lectures for that matter.

You will find the subject of Egyptian antiquities a very fascinating one, and if you begin to study it I think it will occupy many a leisure hour which was once dreamed away over

those numbers of the "Sea Side Library" and like publications which we know so well. It is the proper province of a lecture to arouse our interest and direct our attention to the paths of knowledge, as a sign-post points out the best road to the traveler. I think you will certainly find the region of the Nile a very attractive one, and you will have no difficulty in finding your way, for there are many experienced guides ready to go with you.

Travelers who have gone to *see*, and antiquarians who have gone to study, all, more or less, under the influence of the potent spell which Egypt seems to cast over all who dwell awhile in her borders, wait to go with you, ready to answer your questions and astonish you with revelations from a long buried world.

Although most of the information which we gain from the labors of Egyptologists, and other antiquarian explorers in all parts of the world, belongs rather to the domain of Archæology than to that of Art; still it would not be right to leave the subject of Pre-historic Art without at least a glance at the wonderful discoveries which have been made at Nineveh and Babylon, Mycenæ and Hissarlik. We must also pause awhile and examine the works bequeathed to us by those gifted old people who lived in Etruria, and who are in some respects as mysterious and puzzling as the great Pyramid itself.

We will begin then with Assyria. Not because the Assyrian relics are next to the Egyptian in point of age, but because the Assyrian civilization is more nearly allied to that of Egypt, while the Etrurians resemble the Greeks, whose magnificent achievements in Art will soon engage our attention.

What we know of Assyrian art is founded almost exclusively upon the recent discoveries of M. Botta, Sir A. H. Layard and Mr. Rassam among the ruins of Nineveh and Babylon. The specimens of sculpture which have been exhumed are, like those of Egypt, stiff and archaic in style and almost devoid of grace, at the same time they are often impressive from their immense size, and a sort of grandeur of appearance.

The paintings are historical, and resemble those on the painted walls in Egypt, being intended to record certain events, or portray

the customs of the people, and not to convey any impression of beauty. As you may not have read Mr. Layard's books, or other accounts of these explorations, I will give you a short description of some of his discoveries, and from these you can form an opinion as to the kind of art-work which was done in the days of the Assyrian empire. You have no doubt read of the wonderful library which was found at Nineveh, with its extensive annals of history, and of the studies of the learned men who have been hard at work deciphering these records. The library is not contained in books, and not even written on parchment or papyrus, but consists of an immense number of flat tiles and bricks with inscriptions in very small characters. These inscriptions were impressed on the clay while it was soft and afterwards the bricks were baked.

A great many interesting facts have been thus brought to light, and we are startled to find ourselves as it were brought face to face with kings and warriors whose names have been long familiar to us in the Scriptural history of the Jews. A great many of the relics were discovered in excavating the ruins of the royal palace of Sennacherib at Nineveh, and in what is called the North-west palace at Nimroud, the most ancient edifice hitherto discovered in Assyria. But when we think of those vast mounds which still remain unopened lying around the sites of ancient Nineveh and Babylon, sometimes surmounted by a Mahomedan chapel, or covered with Arab huts, we must feel that only a small part of this old life is yet revealed to us. When the explorations were first commenced, no one could be found who could read the cuneiform inscriptions, but, of course, all the energy and learning of students of oriental history were at once enlisted, and before long their patient labors began to bear fruit, and their difficulties were overcome one after another, until now it is confidently expected that we will soon have a complete translation of all these strange old writings. It will certainly be interesting some day to read a history of Assyria written by those who were living in the time of the history itself.

The relics which have especial interest for us, as art-students,

are the painted tiles, the bas-reliefs, which are found extending round the walls of chambers and galleries, and the colossal figures of men and animals. Probably the most artistic of these are the bas-reliefs—that is, with the exception of the engraved gems, seals, &c. It is a singular fact that while the statues and paintings of the pre-historic age are so wanting in grace and beauty, the engraved gems will often be found to be exquisitely done. If they had no real art-work on a larger scale, how did those old artists accomplish so much in the small and delicate designs of the jewelry? The subject of antique work in gem engraving furnishes a very interesting branch of study, and you will find that a great deal has been done in the way of making large collections. Signor Castellani of Rome has probably the finest one in the world. The sculptured bas-reliefs, however, are more in our line, and we will examine those of Sennacherib's time first, though they are not the oldest records. They are found carved on slabs of alabaster, limestone and black marble, which were inserted as panels in the wall in such a way that the figures and inscriptions formed a continuous series. Most of them record the history of Sennacherib's warlike expeditions and conquests, and we find the costumes of the different nations and the dresses of the officers, soldiers and prisoners, all given with the most careful minuteness. One series of the bas-reliefs gives an account of the conquest of the country of Susiana, and on one of the slabs there seems to be a representation of the city of Susa or Shusan. Its position between two rivers well agrees with that of existing ruins which are generally believed to mark the site.

The city is represented as surrounded by a wall, with equidistant towers and gate-ways. The houses are flat-roofed, and some have one tower or upper-chamber, and others two. They have no windows, and their doors are square, and in general form resemble the common dwellings of the Egyptians, being not unlike the meaner houses of the modern town of Shushter, the representative of ancient Susa.

The adjoining slab is divided into eight bands, or friezes, by parallel lines, and the next slab into seven. On both are pictured

the Assyrian army returning from its victorious campaign, and bringing to the king the captives and the spoils. The principal group is composed of the General or Prince of the conquered people with a number of the captive Susianians who have come to surrender to the Assyrian General. Some kneel, some bow down to the ground and others lie prostrate at full length and rub their heads in the dust in token of grief and submission. The Assyrian warriors are welcomed by bands of men and women, singing, dancing and playing on instruments of music. In another place the unfortunate prisoners are shown undergoing various dreadful tortures at the hands of the executioners, and it would seem, in the royal presence. It is surely a comfort to us to think that in our day no people could be found who would exhibit at the same time evidences of such magnificence and such barbarous cruelty.

It is no wonder that when the enemies of Assyria found themselves able to retaliate they played the role of conqueror in the same fashion, and "made of the defenced city a ruinous heap," and visited upon its inhabitants the same sufferings of which they had been the victim. It is probable that the ferocious cruelty of the Assyrians made them more than usually hated by their neighbors, for few cities seem to have met with such utter destruction at the hands of a conquering foe as Nineveh and Babylon.

Another series of the sculptured slabs represents the siege of Lachish in the time of Hezekiah, King of Judah; Lachish being one of his strongest cities. This series occupies thirteen slabs, giving pictures of the different events of the campaign. The city appears to be defended by double walls, with battlements and towers, and fortified outworks.

Around it the country is hilly and wooded, producing the vine and fig, while a great number of warriors are drawn up in battle array before the walls.

From the gate-way of one of the advanced towers or forts, issues a procession of captives, reaching to the presence of the king, who receives them seated upon his throne. The vanquished people are distinguished by their dress, and the warriors

of the two armies have different armor and accoutrements. The king is portrayed seated on a richly carved throne, dressed in gorgeous robes, embroidered, and finished with fringes and tassels. Two officers stand behind him holding fans over his head, and in the background appears the royal tent or pavilion. Beneath the king are his led horses, and an attendant on foot carrying the parasol, the emblem of royalty.

Above the head of the king is an inscription which has been translated thus: "Sennacherib, the Mighty King, King of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment, before the city of Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter." The captives are undoubtedly Jews, for their physiognomy is strikingly indicated in the sculptures, but they have been stripped of their ornaments and their fine raiment, and left barefooted and half-clothed. The series is finished by the ground plan of a castle or fortified camp containing tents and houses. Within its walls are seen priests standing before a fire-altar, and in front of the altar a table bearing various sacrificial objects.

There are a great many more of these sculptured pictures, for Mr. Layard uncovered no less than seventy halls, chambers and galleries, which were almost all paneled in this way, either with alabaster, limestone or black marble.

You will certainly excuse me from attempting a full description, when I tell you that there are enough of these slabs to make a series two miles long, and yet these have all been found in one palace only.

But you can easily see that the artists who made them had a good deal of skill in drawing, or they could not have given us such a clear idea of the scenes they intended to describe. Sennacherib, like Rameses II. of Egypt, seemed determined to go down in full to the latest posterity, and his "I, Sennacherib," confronts you on all sides in the ruined city, and is even found on the enameled bricks that the Arabs have gathered up and built into the walls of their miserable huts. The celebrated Rock Sculptures at Bavian are thought to belong also to his reign. The painted and enameled bricks sometimes have designs



which are quite spirited, but the painting consists mostly in putting figures in one tint on a ground made with another single color, and without regard to the natural color of the objects.

On one we have a picture drawn in black outlines on a yellow ground, in another you will find a costume elaborately drawn, and colored blue and yellow with fringes of white. In another, blue horses with white trappings are attached to a yellow chariot, and the whole relieved by a background of olive green. One brick twelve by nine inches had a complete little picture on it of a king in his royal robes, and around the outside, like a frame, was a painted border designed like twisted cords. This border occurs in a great deal of the ornamental work.

No sculptures or inscribed slabs have ever been found in the ruins of Babylon, but Diodorus says that the walls of the palaces in the ancient city were ornamented with historical and religious paintings, and with bricks which were enameled and painted with figures of men and animals. A multitude of small objects have been discovered there, such as bronze plates, cups, ladles, gold ear-rings, moulds for casting gold ornaments, &c. All showing that the Babylonians had skilled workmen who could handle their tools deftly, and were acquainted with the art of casting bronze, but none of them exhibiting any real knowledge of design, as we now understand it.

In the last five or six years Dr. Henry Schlieman has also made some very valuable additions to our store of antiquarian knowledge, by his discoveries at Hissarlik and Mycenae. Dr. Schlieman, who, by the way, writes himself an American, though a native of Amsterdam, was always an enthusiastic lover of Greek literature, and a great admirer of Homer. His explorations were undertaken in a pure spirit of enthusiasm, his great desire being to prove that there was a real historical basis for the Homeric poems, that there was certainly a city of Troy, which some have doubted, and that Agamemnon, and King Priam, and Achilles and the others were real personages who lived, and fought, and loved, and quarreled pretty much as Homer says they did. Dr. Schlieman thinks that at Hissarlik he

has certainly unearthed the ruins of the city of Troy, and opened the tombs of warriors who lived in the time of the celebrated siege.

Indeed, the relics which he discovered give very strong support to his theory. They evidently belong to a very early period, as all the archæologists agree. All the implements, utensils and weapons which have been discovered are of copper and bronze, such as are described by Homer, in the *Iliad*. No iron or steel among them. The pottery which is found is all hand-made, not made on a potter's wheel, and the articles of jewelry and the arms were of a fashion long forgotten. There were two golden head-dresses found which seem to supply a perfect explanation of the twined or plated fillet of gold which formed part of the head-dress of Andromache which she tore off in her grief at Hector's death.

There was a cup also found, made of the *electron*, a metal made of a mixture of gold and silver, which is described by Homer.

A number of short inscriptions were discovered, which were in Greek, in a very ancient Cypriote character. There were many other points of identification which seem almost to prove that these remains belong to inhabitants of the veritable old city of Troy.

In 1876, Dr. Schlieman, pursuing his purpose, procured permission to make excavations among the tombs at Mycenæ and Olympia, in Greece. Mycenæ, you will remember, was the capital city of Agamemnon, who was King of Argos, and Commander-in-chief of the allied army of Greeks in the Trojan war. The site of the place has always been known, and there is still standing there a portion of the old wall with a gate-way, evidently of great age, surmounted by two lions standing on their hind feet, who are, however, so rudely carved that you can scarcely tell whether they are lions or cats, or elephants.

The tombs near there have always been noted, too, and one of them has been pointed out from time immemorial as the tomb of King Agamemnon and his companions, who were treacherously

put to death after their return from Troy, by Clytemnestra, Agamemnon's wife. To this tomb, therefore, went Dr. Schlieman, and with a sort of sacrilegious zeal, determined to restore King Agamemnon to the region of facts and reality, by finally removing every trace of him out of his own grave. Sure enough, he found bodies in this deep sepulchre, which we can easily believe may be those of the ill-fated warrior and his friends, but while there was any amount of gold crowns, gold belts, gold bracelets and bronze axes, which in their day were exceedingly costly, there was no sign of an inscription to tell us that these once belonged to the King of Argos. Some of the bronze and golden objects were beautifully ornamented by spiral and circular lines. There were twenty-five two-edged swords, four of which had richly ornamented handles of gold plate. There were golden masks, which retained the shape of the dead faces, over which they were once fitted, and golden leaves and buttons, and jewelry which adorned, perhaps, the body of the unfortunate Cassandra. There were two massive gold seals, one of which had a chariot on it with the horses at full speed, while the other represents a warrior who has just vanquished his three enemies. The drawing of the figures is so correct and their position so faithful to nature that Dr. Schlieman says he was forced to believe that it belonged to the art which is so minutely described in the Iliad and Odyssey.

One of the most interesting things discovered was a golden drinking cup with two handles. On each handle was a pigeon carved in gold, and a blade of gold connected the handles with the bottom of the cup. This does remind one of Nestor's drinking cup described by Homer in the eleventh book of the Iliad. I will give you Pope's translation of this passage, because I have it at hand, and not because I admire Pope as a translator of Homer:

“Next, her white hand a spacious goblet brings,  
A goblet sacred to the Pylian Kings  
From eldest times : the massy sculptured vase,  
Glittering with golden studs, four handles grace,  
And curling vines around each handle rolled  
Support two turtle doves embossed in gold.”

What a great pity King Agamemnon did not have his name engraved on his cup after the manner of Rameses and Sennacherib! I believe Dr. S. thinks he did not know how to write, and that the Greeks at that time did not even know the alphabet. The era of the Trojan war has never been fixed as yet by chronologists. Some place it as far back as 1316 years B. C., others 1226, others 1184. But of course Homer lived a long time after. At least it is probable that he lived about nine hundred years before Christ. Homer, however, certainly died before the great *Greek* artists, and therefore the descriptions of art-work which occur in his poems are very surprising, and suggest an inquiry as to the people who supplied him with the originals of the pictures which he draws so graphically. His descriptions are so minute and careful, and relate so much to the *manner* in which the work was done, that we cannot think he derived them entirely from his own imagination.

The most famous of all is his "Shield of Achilles," which has been the subject of so much discussion among antiquarians. This shield is a part of the armor made by Vulcan for Achilles at the intercession of his mother, Thetis. Vulcan is described as first preparing the metal, and

"Then he formed the immense and solid shield ;  
 Rich various artifice emblazed the field ;  
 Its utmost verge a threefold circle bound ;  
 A silver chain suspends the massy round ;  
 Five ample plates the broad expanse compose  
 And godlike labors on the surface rose."

He then goes on to enumerate the various scenes in which were reflected the "image of the master mind." There were twelve pictures in all, animated and full of motion, and descriptive of actual life ; that is, with the exception of the earth, sea and heavenly bodies, and the great ocean river which encompassed the whole, as Homer imagined it surrounded the earth.

Among the pictures on the shield was one of a vintage, with people gathering grapes ; and observe with how much skill it seems to have been wrought out in the various metals :

“Next ripe in yellow gold a vineyard shines,  
Bent with the pondrous harvest of its vines;  
A deeper dye the dangling clusters show,  
And pales of glittering tin the enclosure grace.  
To this, one pathway gently winding leads,  
Where march a train with baskets on their heads,  
(Fair maids, and blooming youths) that smiling bear  
The purple product of the autumnal year.”

You will find the whole description of the shield in the eighteenth book of the Iliad, and you ought by all means to read it, not only for its intrinsic merit, but its interest in connection with the question of pre-historic art.

Another collection of antiquities in the way of art is the Cesnola collection of objects discovered in the island of Cypress by General Palma Cesnola. Most of them are now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in Central Park, New York, and you will find an account of them in the June number of *Harper's Magazine* for 1880.

There still remains the extensive field of research offered by the study of ancient Etruscan art. We can do no more here than give a mere glance at the multitude of its treasures, and give an idea of what is meant by the term *Etruscan*. To give you anything like a detailed account of a hundredth part of the objects which have been discovered from time to time would require volumes. In fact, many books have been published on this subject, and one of them, Inghirami's *Etruscan Monuments*, an Italian publication, contains four quarto volumes.

First then, who were the Etruscans or Etrurians? You need not be ashamed to say you do not know, for notwithstanding the question has been asked many times for many centuries, nobody has ever answered it, for nobody knows, or can find out.

Etruria was a beautiful region in northern Italy, bounded west by the Mediterranean, east by the Apennines, north by the river Magra, and south by the Tiber. A small territory compared to the immense tracts of country which we are accustomed to in America, but one which was nevertheless once the home of a people who attained a degree of refinement and excellence in art-

culture which was surpassed only by the Greeks in the days of their greatest splendor.

The Greeks called the inhabitants of Etruria Tyrrheni, and the Romans called them Etrusci, and Tusci, from which was derived the modern name Tuscany. But these names throw no light on the history of this ancient people, because they knew nothing of either, and called themselves Rasena. Some ancient writers thought that Etruria was originally settled by a colony from Lydia, but the entire absence of similarity between the language, religion and customs of the supposed colony and the mother country seems to be a conclusive argument against this hypothesis.

Others suppose that it was a Greek colony, but in latter times vases have been found with Greek inscriptions, and other relics which go to show that Etruria enjoyed a high degree of civilization while Greece was still in a semi-barbarous condition. Some archæologists have therefore advanced the opposite theory that Greece received her knowledge of the fine arts *from Etruria*, which, however, leaves us still in the dark as to where Etruria got them. In this dilemma some are inclined to resort to *Egypt* as being at least *old* enough to answer the purpose, but this does not meet with much favor, for there is such a great contrast between the best Etrurian work and the attempts at art which we find in ancient Egypt, that the proposition is almost absurd. So we will leave the region of conjecture and come back to the simple facts that the Etrurians were a wonderful people, and that we do not know anything of their origin.

As to their art-work, it is scattered now all over the known world, and if you ever travel you will find it in every well filled museum of art. They excelled chiefly in bronze work, and in making sculptured and painted vases, and in ornamenting all articles of comfort and luxury. Their vases have never been surpassed in grace and elegance of form, and give evidence of a real love of beauty which is very different from anything we have seen in Egypt and Assyria. It is not equal to the highest style of Greek art, but it distinctly foreshadows it. The bas-reliefs with which many of the vases are decorated, are peculiar

in style and graceful in drawing. They are different from all other work of this kind. The painted vases do not show any attempt at light shade or any mixture of colors, but are generally decorated with designs in black or brownish red.

Among the oldest Etruscan relics are the Sarcophagi which were intended to hold the ashes of the dead, and not their bodies. They are much smaller and shorter than a coffin, and usually have a recumbent figure on the lid, which is supposed to represent the deceased person. I have seen one which was said to be three thousand years old, and I have no doubt it was, if one may judge from appearances. It looked as if it might have been in existence since the creation. The sculptured and painted vases have, however, attracted the attention of antiquarians more than any other remains of Etruscan art, and several lengthy treatises have been written about them by various authors. So you see how extensive the subject of Pre-historic Art is, and what a great amount of knowledge we could accumulate on these matters if we could only live long enough to do it. "Fortunate is he," said Goethe, "who at an early age has learned to know what Art is!" He must have felt that a true knowledge of so comprehensive a thing as art is was very difficult to be attained. But at the same time he no doubt used the term "Art" in a different sense from its ordinary meaning, and meant that in its higher signification, Art cannot be truly understood till much of life and nature has been learned, and that in the school of experience as well as by study. As for us, I think at present we feel somewhat relieved at the prospect of leaving the tombs and caves, and coming up into the open air—the free, pure air, full of sunlight and beauty, that awaits us in the land of the Greeks.

'Tis there our footsteps must next be directed; to the land of the beauty-loving Greeks, whose mission seemed to be to teach the world how to give poetry and grace a form and shape of immortal loveliness. Other nations sought to excel by imitation, or to conform the soul of art to the narrow limits of imperfect conception. The Greeks seemed never to feel the fetters of materialism. Free and aspiring, they basked in the light of a full revelation, and became its Prophets and its Law-givers.

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**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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✉ Correspondence solicited.

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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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The following standard magazines will be furnished with the MUSE for one year at the rates given below:—*Aldine*, price \$6, with MUSE \$6; *American Art Review*, price \$12, with MUSE \$12; *American Journal of Science and Art*, price \$6, with MUSE \$6; *Atlantic Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Blackwood's Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Magazine*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Weekly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Bazar*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Demorest's Fashion*, price \$3, with MUSE \$3; *Scribner's Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *The Oronian*, price \$1, with MUSE \$1.25. And any publication will be furnished with the MUSE at reduced rates.

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OUR CHARMING little visitor, *The Palladium*, is always welcome. It may be ahead of us in some respects besides the "endowments" (which we still insist upon), but we are "head" in geography at least this time, since we *do* know that Raleigh is the capital of *North Carolina*. Strange the *types* so often make such mistakes!



THE SUNNY DAYS that ushered in the new term were happily reflected in the brighter spirits with which (examinations well over) the girls entered upon their new routine of duty. We are glad to note the addition of eighteen new names to our "roll." Crowded now to her utmost capacity, Alma Mater is clamoring for increased accommodations.

MISS DEROSSET'S Christmas holidays were spent with our dear old friend Fanny Huger, in Charleston. She returned full of pleasant accounts of that aristocratic city by the sea, and of its warm-hearted hospitality to herself.

Miss Tew was quite as much charmed with the more quiet fascinations of the mountain village of Greenville, S. C., where dear friends made happy holidays for her.

AFTER AN ABSENCE of nearly two years Annie Sargent ('79) has come back to avail herself of the exceptional advantages St. Mary's now affords in the two departments of Fine Arts, Music and Painting.

Mary Hardin too has returned for vocal and instrumental music, and it is rumored that Sue Cunningham will soon come to resume the studies which to her great regret were interrupted last year.

It is delightful to see these dear familiar faces among us again, and to feel that our girls after enjoying the gay pleasures of society for a season, can voluntarily turn from them and devote a few more years of their youth to self-culture.

WE MUST note a charming visit and lecture from our Rt. Rev. Father in God Bishop Lyman. Baalbec, Damascus and the Fountain of Fijeh offered a theme fruitful of interesting information, which his delighted audience were not slow to avail themselves of. Some one promised a short outline of the lecture for the MUSE, but it is, we fear, too late to catch this month's issue. The Bishop promises us still another evening before entering upon his spring visitations. These will necessarily be more arduous now that he is alone in the administration of this

broad jurisdiction of North Carolina; and we gratefully acknowledge his kindness in bestowing so much of his valuable time upon our corner of his vineyard.

THE ATTRACTIONS of the Sternberg-Wilhelmj Concert brought us a visit from Lizzie Curtis, of Hillsboro. Her devotion to music is as fresh as when a school girl, and she fully participated in the delight we all experienced in listening to the witching strains of the great *virtuoso*. Sternberg's playing was equally enjoyable, though we could but wish that his estimate of musical culture in this part of the world had allowed him to give such selections as we particularly desired to hear. Miss Fritch's voice is fresh and pure and flexible. Balfe's "Sweetheart" song as rendered by her, seemed to be lifted far above our previous conceptions of its artistic beauty, and displayed to perfection the natural capabilities as well as the finished cultivation of the young singer. The visits to our capital of such artists as these and the Mendelssohn Quintette Club go far to compensate us for the *superior* "attractions and advantages" of city schools.

It is especially gratifying to our pride that both these troupes came to Raleigh under the auspices of St. Mary's, inducements having been offered them by the liberality of our enterprising Director of Music.

AMONG a number of cordial letters from former pupils to the MUSE, is one from Alice Gayle, now Mrs. Hagood, of Galveston, Texas. She encloses a year's subscription and writes as follows:

"*Dear Muse*:—I thank you most heartily for recently wending your way to my far-off Texas home. As you know, we have been wisely counselled to "Drink deep, or else taste not of the Pierian Spring," so I feel assured you will not expect me to be content with one delicious draught. Cognizance of the pleasure *this* visit has afforded me, will, I trust, induce a generous response to my cordial entreaty that you vouchsafe me always in your journeyings a kind remembrance.

With grateful and affectionate regard, I am, truly yours,

A. G. HAGOOD."

Mrs. Hagood's loving confidence in St. Mary's was still more substantially manifested last September when her only daughter was sent to be enrolled among our pupils.

Another, Mrs. Virginia L. Beck, of Council Bluff, Iowa, says: "Some time since, I received a copy of "ST. MARY'S MUSE," of June last, the first I have ever seen. I notice that former pupils are requested to send in their fees, and have their names enrolled as early as possible. Now I am an old St. Mary's girl, and would like to have received some former numbers of the MUSE so that I might know the amount of the *fee* desired, and the *object* to be obtained. Living so far away, and having few correspondents in the Old North State, I have lost all trace of St. Mary's, and can assure you I was delighted to hear something of it through the MUSE. My interest was so awakened by the familiar old family names of the girls who took part in the commencement exercises that I feel I must become one of the enrolled, and shall be glad to remit the fee as soon as I learn what it is. \* \* \* I have a little daughter not yet old enough to be sent from home, but when she is, I hope to take her to St. Mary's for a few years!"

Yours, &c.,

VIRGINIA L. BECK."

Still another, Tina Deputy, writes from Helena, Ark., "\$1 is too slight a token of my love and gratitude to St. Mary's and Dr. Smedes, and too small an amount for such an object as the Alumnae Scholarship." So she sends \$5.

Mrs. Shober (May Wheat) has done a good work for the scholarship in Salisbury, and sends thirteen subscriptions; some of them "in memoriam" by friends and relatives of old girls who have long since departed this life.

IT SEEMS to us that fully half—and that the handsomer half too—of the "distinguished members" of the present Legislature, have St. Mary's girls for their better-halves. We are proud to see so many of them adorning society in its high places, and surely it is a pleasure to welcome them to their old haunts, and hear their cordial words of happy days gone by, and their kind wishes for our continued welfare and prosperity.

WE are glad once more to see Mary Ambler ('79), who is visiting Miss Heck, in Raleigh, and is looking bright and well.

MISS SADIE SMEDES is with us for a short visit, and it is rumored that she and her mother, Mrs. Aldert Smedes, will ere long return to take up her permanent abode in Raleigh.

WE are pleased to see Mrs. Lyman at home again after her long absence. Miss Lyman is to remain with friends in Washington until after the fourth of March, to witness the pomp and pageantry of the inaugural ceremonies.

ON DIT, that Mrs. Meares talks of a vacation tour to Niagara, Canada, &c., in charge of any of her girls (old or new) who would like to accompany her. Wonder if it is true, and who will be able to avail themselves of such a pleasant opportunity for a summer excursion.

PREPARATIONS are making by a number of our household for a trip to Europe during the holidays. Of the musical corps Mr. Sanborn, Frauelein Blume and Miss Smedes propose to go, and Miss Norwood of the Art Department, whose zeal and enterprise in her field keeps her always up to the requirements of modern progress, will also join the party.

THREE NEW pianos have replaced so many old ones in the music rooms. One of them a lovely "Stieff," upright, is in the Professor's room for the benefit of his pupils. Another of peculiarly sweet and liquid tone is for Frauelein's vocalists, and the third is still in dispute between the rival claims of Misses Smedes and deRosset.

WE WOULD ask attention to the Editor's club rates as advertised in this issue. We desire to increase our subscription list, especially among the old scholars and friends of the school, many of whom are doubtless constant readers of one or another of the periodicals named. Arrangements have been made by which we can furnish the MUSE with any of these magazines at the price of the latter alone.

TO THE ALUMNÆ OF ST. MARY'S.

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The frequent inquiry, "How does the Alumnæ Association grow?" suggests the idea that it may be well to publish the list of its members. This includes only the names of those who have paid the annual fee. A good many others have signified their desire to have their names enrolled, which will be done, and their subscriptions acknowledged in the MUSE as soon as they come to hand. The fees for 1881 are due on or before June 1st.

The sad loss the Association has sustained in the death of its earnest and warm-hearted President, very seriously cripples its intended action with regard to candidates for the scholarship. It is now thought more prudent to wait until the election of new officers at the close of the present session, before incurring any pecuniary responsibility. We grieve to disappoint the hopes of those who desired immediately to avail themselves of the advantages offered, and sincerely trust that the delay may not be longer than next September.

It will require constant interest and persevering effort on the part of each member to keep the fund up to the yearly demand upon it; but we, who from our central position, can best estimate the value of this work, are more and more impressed with its promise of permanent and valuable results.

Let us not, then, lag in it, dear friends; but little by little, surely if slowly, lay deep our foundations. As great buildings arise, "brick by brick," so must each place *one* every year in our "memorial." Many of us *can* place many more than *one*. So let each one of us do according to her ability, not grudgingly or of necessity, but with the cheerful, loving spirit that befits our work.

Some day (who knows?) we may see our *Alma Mater* an incorporated institution, with perhaps more than one endowed scholarship. But let ours be the first. Let us remember that our revered founder, himself established free scholarships in Christian schools for heathen children of foreign lands, and surely

we, his favored daughters, for the love of him and of each other, may support at St. Mary's the orphan or needy child of one of our own number.

Mrs. ANNIE B. AIKEN .....	Darien, Georgia.
Miss JANIE O. ALLEN .....	Windsor, N. C.
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" JAMES BOYLAN .....	" " "
" JAMES S. BATTLE.....	Rocky Mount, N. C.
" RICHARD C. BADGER.....	Raleigh, " "
" LEROY G. BAGLEY.....	" " "
Miss EMMIE R. BENBERRY.....	" " "
" LUCY P. BATTLE.....	" " "
" ELLEN P. BROWNLOW .....	Warrenton, " "
Mrs. WM. R. COX .....	Raleigh, " "
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" PULASKI COWPER.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Miss ANNIE C. COLLINS.....	Hillsboro, " "
" KATE D. CHESHIRE.....	Tarboro, " "
" E. J. CZARNOMSKA.....	Brooklyn, N. Y.
" KATE F. CURTIS .....	Hillsboro, N. C.
" OLIVIA B. COWPER.....	Raleigh, " "
Mrs. GRAHAM DAVES.....	Wilmington, N. C.
Miss MARY DORTCH.....	Goldsboro, " "
" CORINNE DORTCH .....	" " "
Mrs. OTELIA J. EATON.....	Laurinburg, " "
" PAUL FAISON.....	Raleigh, " "
" MARY GRIFFIN .....	Lewiston, " "
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" JOANNA HALL.....	Thomasville, " "
" ELLIOTT W. HAZZARD*.....	Germantown, S. C.
" D. H. HAMILTON .....	Hillsboro, N. C.
Miss KATE R. HAMILTON.....	" " "

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\*Sent \$4.

Miss ANNIE P. HAWKINS.....	Warrenton,	N. C.
Mrs. MARY IREDELL .....	Raleigh,	"
" JOSH. C. JAMES .....	Wilmington,	"
" W. W. JONES.....	Hendersonville,	"
" CAD. JONES, Jr.....	Greensboro,	Ala.
Miss FANNIE I. JOHNSON .....	Raleigh,	N. C.
" HELEN B. JOHNSON .....	"	"
Mrs. BESSIE SMEDES LEAKE .....	Wadesboro,	N. C.
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" WM. MARTIN.....	Norfolk,	Va.
" JAS. MARTIN....	Asheville,	N. C.
" JOHN MYERS .....	Charlotte,	"
" JAS. C. MUNDS.....	Wilmington,	N. C.
" LOSSIE DER. MYERS.....	"	"
" NANNIE D. MCLEAN.....	New Berne,	"
" BASIL C. MANLY .....	Raleigh,	"
" JANE I. MEARES....	Wilmington,	"
Miss KATE MCKIMMON.....	Raleigh,	N. C.
" ELIZA MCKEE,.....	"	"
" ANNIE MARTIN .....	Asheville,	"
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“ WM. B. SHEPARD.....	Edenton, “
“ R. S. TUCKER.....	Raleigh “
Miss LULA S. TUCKER.....	“ “
“ EMMA L. TEW.....	Anderson, S. C.
“ ELLA G. TEW.....	Raleigh, N. C.
Mrs. S. S. TENNANT.....	Asheville, “
“ BURGESS URQUHART* .. .. .	Roxabel, “
Miss KATE V. WHEATON.. .. .	Savannah, Ga.
Mrs. JOS. WEBB .. .. .	Hillsboro, N. C.
“ ARETE E. YARBOROUGH.....	Louisburg, “

Since the above was in type the following names have been received :

MRS. NATHANIEL BOYDEN, in memory of her daughters—	
SARAH BOYDEN ('45).....	Salisbury, N. C.
RUTH M. BOYDEN ('51).....	“ “
SALLY H. MITCHELL ('51).....	“ “
MARY JANE LEAKE ('67).....	“ “
FANNY M. MILLER ('60).....	“ “
WM. H. OVERMAN, in memory of his wife—	
LAURA C. MURPHY ('68).....	“ “
HENRIETTA M. HALL ('61).....	“ “
SARAH JANE BAILEY ('45).....	“ “
BESSIE B. CAIN ('68).....	“ “
CARRY MCNEELY ('72).....	“ “
JENNIE COFFIN ('72).....	“ “
MAY SHOBER ('71).....	“ “
ANNIE MACAY ('72).....	“ “
TINA DEPUTY* .. .. .	Helena, Ark.



# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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RALEIGH, N. C., MARCH, 1881.

No. 7.

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## *A JOURNEY FROM BAALBEC TO DAMASCUS.*

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On our way to Damascus we paused at the dilapidated old city of Baalbec, to gaze upon the wonderful ruins and examine the antique architecture of the grand old temples built so many years ago.

First, we visited the magnificent remains of the Temple of the Sun, or Baal. This temple was erected upon the ruins of a still more ancient temple. In this sub-structure are three immense stones which are thought by many to have been placed there by Solomon, the supposed builder, at the time he was induced by his wives to worship Baal; others believe that they were manufactured on the spot. The latter supposition is not very probable, for, as we pursued our journey, we came to another stone of exactly the same dimensions and kind as these, and which had been cut down at the four sides, but had not yet been detached.

We passed from the Temple of the Sun to that of Jupiter. What is termed the temple proper is surrounded by immense columns of cream-colored marble, built in the Corinthian style, and beautifully carved. There is a spiral staircase built within one of these columns.

As we continued our tour, almost overcome by exhaustion and the heat of the sun, suddenly our eyes fell upon a stream of clear water, which burst from the side of a mountain whose rich verdure rendered it pleasing to our eyes. Immediately our fatigue vanished and we stood immovable in silent admiration. The last rays of the setting sun formed a halo above the mountain, and colored the vegetation with the hues of the rainbow, while

the water flowing from the fountain presented the appearance of large diamonds, rubies and emeralds, which, as they were thrust continually out of the opening in the mountain, burst into a thousand fragments of fewer diversified tints, and again seemed to mass together as they fell into the Burada, changing this small, muddy stream into a large river. The crystal waters flowing majestically on to the city of Damascus, reflected the whole of this lovely scene, and each little bubble repeated the picture.

By the fountain we camped, and it was with regret that we, next morning, took leave of its bright waters.

Then began a tedious journey across an endless, weary desert, and up a steep mountain. We inquired of our guide why he took us this round-about way, but he merely told us to wait and see for ourselves; so we rode on impatiently until we gained the summit of a high mountain, and there below us lay the city of Damascus. The spectacle was the grandest conceivable; in the distance the stately temples, towering far above the city walls, appeared to pierce the sky and cast their shadows like white clouds over the azure canopy, while the rich, green, regular heights of the shrubbery and trees seemed like terraces, extending to the heavens.

We descended by a winding path, crossed the sunlit plain, and entered by one of the city gates into Damascus. Soon we found ourselves in the street called Straight, which, strange to say, is very crooked. After turning its many corners, we came to the Abdel Malek, which seems to look down with haughty satisfaction from its superior height upon the mosques and temples of less grandeur.

One of these lesser temples interested us very much. It was an old church, now used as a Mahometan mosque. It was impossible to get a distinct view of it on account of the shops built against the sides. We climbed to the top of one of these shops and from there were able to get an unobstructed view of the grand building. Over the old door this inscription is written, in Greek: "Thy kingdom, O Christ, is an everlasting kingdom, and Thy dominion endureth throughout all generations."

One day our guide took us through a magnificent Jewish mansion. In the large *salon* were a number of ladies eating lettuce with jelly. On our entering, they laughed merrily and insisted upon our joining them; but we begged to be excused.

Then we visited the garden of a wealthy Greek merchant. As we were admiring the flowers, the British Consul, whom we knew, came out, bringing us an invitation from the mistress to enter the house. We declined, but suddenly the lady appeared with so cordial a welcome that we changed our minds and accepted the kind invitation, although our travelling costumes were scarcely fit for paying a visit. We were ushered into an immense and elegantly furnished room, in which a number of gaily dressed ladies were seated. All were provided with cigarettes, and, from the way they laughed, they seemed to enjoy them very much. They asked us to join them, but only the gentlemen of our party complied.

Next we went to one of the Turkish bazaars, and there, in the middle of the floor, upon a rich cushion, sat the Turk, cigar in hand, the very personification of laziness, as he watched the wreaths of smoke circling about him, and denied the possession of any articles called for, which might be beyond reach of his rod. He would rather not sell than trouble to get up and find what was wanted.

We rose very early on the morning of our departure, and, as we stood ready to mount our mules, took a hasty, but memorable look at the city. It was wrapt in stillness; hardly a human being was astir. In the distance stood in solemn grandeur the Abdel Malek, round whose turrets and pinnacles the little birds gathered to warble their morning chant. Then, as the eastern sky gave signs of the rising sun, the city blushed for shame that he should find her still sleeping.

Slowly we turned our faces from Damascus, while the palm trees waved a farewell and the gentle breeze whispered "good-bye."

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“*THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.*”

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TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

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(CONTINUED.)

It is difficult to imagine the pleasure which the unexpected sight afforded the Major. Russia! Russia! was all he could say. The travellers seated themselves, in order to rest and to enjoy in anticipation their approaching freedom. The presentment of happiness was strangely mixed in Kascambo's mind with the recollection of the horrible catastrophe which he had witnessed so lately, and which his fetters and clothes stained with blood, vividly recalled. With his gaze fixed on the distant boundary of the road, he calculated the difficulties of the trip. The aspect of the long and dangerous route which lay before him, with his feet in fetters, and his limbs swollen with fatigue, very soon effaced the trace of momentary pleasure which had been caused by the sight of his native land. To his anxiety and weariness was added an ardent thirst. Ivan went down to the rivulet which ran at some distance, to get water for his master: he found there a bridge formed of two trees, and saw in the distance a small habitation. It was a sort of cottage, a summer-house of the Tchetchenges, which was found deserted. In the present situation of the fugitives this isolated dwelling was a precious discovery. Ivan returned, and drew his master from his sad thoughts by conducting him to the refuge which he had found, and as soon as he was established there, he began to search for provisions. The inhabitants of the Caucasus, who are, for the most part, half nomadic, and often exposed to the incursion of their neighbors, always dig near their dwellings, caves in which they conceal their prisoners and their goods. Their store-houses, in the shape of narrow pits, are closed with a plank or a large stone, covered with earth, and are always dug in corners where there is no grass, for fear that the color of the herbage would

betray the spot. In spite of these precautions the Russian soldiers often discover them. They strike the ground with the ramrods of their muskets in the paths which are near the houses, and the sound indicates the hollows which they seek. Ivan discovered one of them under a shed near the house, in which he found some earthen pots, some ears of maize, a piece of rock salt, and several household utensils. He ran to bring water to establish his kitchen; the quarter of mutton and the potatoes which he had brought were placed on the fire. While the soup was preparing Kascambo roasted the ears of maize, and some nuts, also found in the store-house, completed the repast.

When they had finished, Ivan with more time and means at his disposal, succeeded in freeing his master from his fetters, and the latter, refreshed and made comfortable, slept profoundly until night had closed in. In spite of this favorable repose, when he wished to resume the journey his swollen limbs were so stiff that he could not move without experiencing the most insupportable pain. However, it was necessary to set out. Leaning on his domestic, he sadly proceeded, persuaded that he would never arrive at the desired destination. The motion and the heat of the walk allayed little by little the pain which he felt. He marched all night, stopping often to take a short rest.

Sometimes we would give way to discouragement, and throwing himself on the ground, would beg Ivan to leave him to his miserable fate. His intrepid companion not only encouraged him by his words and example, but almost employed force to support him and pull him along with him. They found in their route a difficult and dangerous pass, which could not be avoided; to wait for the daylight would have caused them an irreparable loss of time; they decided to attempt the passage, even at the risk of being precipitated on the stones below; but before allowing his master to try it, Ivan wished to reconnoitre, and to cross alone. While he descended, Kascambo remained on the edge of the rock in an indescribable state of anxiety. The night was dark; he heard beneath him the dull murmuring of a rapid river which ran in the valley; the noise of the stones which

were detached under Ivan's tread, and fell in the water below, proved to him the immense height of the precipice over which he had stopped. In this moment of anguish, which might be the last of his life, thoughts of his mother filled his mind; she had blessed him tenderly on his departure for the line; this thought renewed his courage. A secret presentiment gave him hopes of seeing her again. "My God!" he cried, "let not her benediction be lost!" As he finished this short but fervent prayer, Ivan re-appeared. The passage, upon examination, proved not to be so difficult as they had at first imagined. After descending some fathoms among the rocks, it was necessary, in order to gain a passable declivity, to walk along a narrow and leaning bank of rocks, covered with sliding snow, below which the side of the mountain was perpendicular. Ivan opened some holes in the snow with his hatchet, which assisted them in crossing. They made the sign of the cross.

"Let us go," said Kascambo, "if I perish, it will not be for lacking courage. Sickness alone is able to take that from me. I will go as far as God will give me strength to move." They crossed this dangerous ridge in safety, and continued their route. The foot-paths began to be more connected and well-beaten; they now found snow only in the corners on the northern side, and in low places where it had accumulated.

They had the good fortune to meet no one until daybreak, when the sight of two men, who appeared in the distance, compelled them to crouch to the ground to avoid being seen.

On leaving the mountains in these provinces, one no longer finds any forests; the earth is absolutely bare, and it is vain to seek a single tree, except on the banks of the large rivers, and even there they are much scattered. This is extraordinary, seeing the fertility of the soil. The travellers were still following the course of the Sonja, (which they must cross to reach Mordok) seeking a point where the stream, being more calm, would offer them a less dangerous passage, when they discovered a horseman riding towards them.

The country, totally bare of trees and bushes, afforded them no means of concealment. They cowered under the bank of the

Sonja, near the water's edge. The horseman passed within a few feet of their hiding-place. Their intention was only to defend themselves if they were attacked. Ivan drew his poniard and gave the Major the pistol. Perceiving then, that the rider was only a boy of twelve or thirteen years, Ivan rushed suddenly on him, seized him by the collar, and threw him on the grass. The youth wished to resist, but, seeing the Major approach with the pistol, he ran off at full speed. The horse was without a saddle, and had in his mouth a halter instead of a bridle. The two fugitives at once made use of their capture in crossing the river.

This encounter turned out very fortunately for them, as they soon discovered that it would have been impossible to cross the river on foot, as they had intended. The animal, however, burdened with the weight of two men, came very near being drawn under by the rapid current. They arrived, however, safe and sound on the other bank, which, unfortunately, they found too steep for the horse to mount. They dismounted in order to relieve him. As Ivan pulled him with all his strength, to make him climb the bank, the halter came off and was left in his hands. The animal, drawn down by the rapidity of the water, after many efforts to reach the land, was engulfed in the stream and drowned. Deprived of this resource, but less fearful of the danger of pursuit, they directed their steps toward a hillock, covered with loose stones, which they saw in the distance, with the intention of concealing themselves and resting until night-fall.

By calculating the distance over which they had travelled, they judged that the habitations of the peaceful Tchetchenges could not be far off, but if they delivered themselves to these men it was not at all certain that they would not betray them. However, in Kasambo's weak state, it was very difficult for them to gain the Tereck without assistance. Their provisions were exhausted; they passed the rest of the day in silence, not daring to communicate their mutual anxiety. Toward evening the Major saw his denchik strike his brow with his hand, while

uttering a profound sigh. Astonished at this sudden despair, which his intrepid companion had never shown until then, he demanded the cause of it. "Master," said Ivan, "I have committed a great fault!" "God is willing to pardon us," replied Kascambo, signing himself. "Yes," replied Ivan, "I have forgotten to bring away that beautiful rifle which was in the child's chamber. It slipped from my mind. You groaned so, and made so much noise, that I forgot it. You smile? It was the most beautiful rifle in the village. I would have made a present of it to the first man we met, in order to gain his assistance, for it is very uncertain, seeing your condition, that we will be able to finish our journey."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### THE TAJ MAHAL.

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India, and particularly the plain of the Jumna, is rich in temples and tombs. Some of these have not fallen into decay as much as others, and many of the finest are still perfect. One, the Taj Mahal, is perhaps the most beautiful monument ever erected. The Taj is a mausoleum in the Saracenic style of architecture, situated not far from the fort at Agva, and directly on the banks of the Jumna. It stands in the same relation to Saracenic art that the Parthenon does to Grecian art.

The Taj Mahal was erected by one of the great Moguls over his Queen. If the accounts of this Queen are true, she must have been all that was beautiful in mind, as well as in person. It is certain that she had great influence over the Emperor and possessed his entire love. The Taj is built almost wholly of white marble, very nearly equal to that obtained from the quarries at Canard. The garden which surrounds the building is entered by an archway of sand-stone. This arch, as well as the building itself, is ornamented by inscriptions taken from the



Koran. Indeed, it is said that the whole of the Mahometans sacred book is written on the walls in precious stones, such as cornelian, lapis lazuli, agate, blood-stone, emerald and amethyst. Many of these stones are native, but the greater part of them came from distant countries, as the Shah was not content with the choicest of his kingdoms alone, but sent far and near for bright jewels to enrich the tomb of his beloved. The building is octagonal in shape, and from the centre rises a large dome, nearly round, and crowned with a crescent-tipped spire. On each side of this dome are two smaller domes of the same shape. These domes, when first seen by the traveller in the distance, seem like tremendous bubbles, which may break and vanish at any moment. On a nearer view they are so dazzling that, in the full sunlight, one can scarcely look at them, and this is the reason many travellers visit the Taj in early morning or by moonlight.

The tombs of the Emperor and his consort are in the crypt. They are very simple, all the ornamentation being on the monuments, which are placed in the rotunda, directly over the tombs. This rotunda is not surpassed by any in the world. The floor, of stainless white marble and jasper, is covered with flowers inlaid in jewels, which are so life-like that it seems impossible they could have been created by any other hand than that of nature. Screens of marble serve as windows, and let in only a dim light, which enhances the beauty of the rotunda. Around the monuments is an octagonal screen, six feet high, with garlands of beautifully carved lillies and vines, which, in the dim light, look as though they were waving in a gentle breeze.

The large dome has an echo finer, even, than that in the celebrated tower of Pisa. A musical tone uttered in the crypt rises and floats away in one long undulation. The soft, sad notes of the flute, when played by the side of the tomb, rise and fall again and again around the monuments. We can imagine how a chorus of human voices in a lament over the dead Queen would echo and re-echo.

Though years have passed since the Emperor and his loving Queen were laid to rest side by side, even now precious perfumes,

sweeter than those brought by the Peris to their caged sisters, are sprinkled around the tombs, and the cold gleaming of the marble is broken by fresh wreaths of roses and jasmynes.

Many who have wept over the sorrows of the "Light of the Harem," scarcely realize that she was a living person, and but few know that she—

"The one whose smile shone out alone,  
Amidst a world, the only one,  
Whose light, among so many lights,  
Was like the star on starry nights  
The seaman singles from the sky,  
To steer his bark forever by"—

is supposed to be the one to whom the Taj Mahal was erected.

The proportions of the Taj are perfect. Bayard Taylor says of this structure, it is "a poem, the tablets of which are marble and the letters jewels."

Some persons assert that Shah Jehan intended building on the opposite shore of the river the counterpart of the Taj, as his own resting place; but what was allowed to love was denied to vanity, and the Taj stands alone in its loveliness, by the side of that clear, flashing stream, whose bright waters reflect its beauty and murmur again and again its story of love.

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### NAMES OF WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

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1. What a rough man said to his son when he wished him to eat properly. *Shakespeare.*
2. A lion's house dug in the side of a hill where no water is. *2.*
3. Pilgrims and flatterers have knelt low to kiss him. *Pope.*
4. Makes and mends for first-class customers. *Taylor.*
5. Represents the dwellings of civilized men. *Holmes. (C. W.)*
6. Is a kind of linen. *Holland.*
7. Is worn on the head. *Head.*

8. A name that means such fury things I can't describe their pains and stings. *Burns.*
9. Belonging to a monastery. *Abbot.*
10. Not one of the four points of the compass, but inclining towards one of them. *Sunbury.*
11. Is what an oyster heap is like to be. *Shelby.*
12. Is a chain of hills containing a dark treasure. *Cotteridge.*
13. Always youthful, you see. But between you and me, he never was much of a chicken. *Young.*
14. An American manufacturing town. *Lorrell.*
15. Humpbacked but not deformed. *Campbell.*
16. An internal pain. *Achenside.*
17. Value of a word. *Warolenorth.*
18. A ten-footer whose name begins with fifty. *Langfellow.*
19. A brighter and smarter than the other one. *Phillips.*
20. Worker in precious metals. *Goldsmith.*
21. A very vital part of the body. *Temple.*
22. A lady's garment. *Spencer.*
23. A small talk and a heavy weight. *Chatterton.*
24. A prefix and a disease.
25. Comes from a pig. *Bacon.*
26. A disagreeable fellow to have on one's foot. *Bunyan.*
27. A sick place of worship. *Chapel.*
28. A mean dog 'tis. *Courier.*
29. An official dreaded by students of English Universities.
30. His middle name is suggestive of an Indian or Hottentot.
31. A manufactured metal. *Steel.* *Walker Savage.*
22. A game and a male of the human species. *Yunyan.*
33. An answer to "Which is the greater poet, William Shakespeare or Martin F. Tupper?" *Hillier.*
34. Meat! what are you doing? *Browning.*
35. Is very fast indeed. *Smith.*
36. A barrier built by an edible. *Common.*
37. To agitate a weapon. *Shakespeare.*
38. A domestic worker. *Buller.*
39. A slang exclamation. *Dickens.*

40. Pack away closely, never scatter, and doing so you'll soon get at her. *Harriet Beecher Stowe*
41. A young domestic animal. *Lamb.*
42. One that is more than a sandy shore.
43. A fraction in the currency, and the prevailing fashion. *Mills*
44. "Mama is in perfect health, my child;" and thus he named a poet mild. *L. W. Childs.*
45. A girl's name and a male relation. *Addison.*
46. Put an edible grain 'twixt an ant and a bee, and a much loved poet then you'll see. *Bryant.*
47. A common domestic animal and what it can never do. *Leaup.*
48. Each living head, in time, 'tis said, will turn to him though he be dead.

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BLIND.

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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CHAPTER V—(CONTINUED.)

"I understand enough to know what the plants need. I can tell by the odour whether they are wilting or are in blossom, or need water. They speak to me. But I cannot gather you any flowers, for I will scratch my hands."

"I will do it for you," said he, and broke for her one of the monthly roses. She took it. "You have picked so many buds," she said, "but I will keep it and put it in water, then you will have more blossoms."

So they walked about sadly until the mother called them to dinner. Clement was grieved about his father, but Marlina, who had formerly taken but a modest share in the conversation, to-day had a hundred things to tell and ask. The old man, too, had overcome the first effects of his conversation with his son, and the old, true companionship was soon re-established.

It was impossible that the next few days would not furnish an opportunity for the renewal of the discussion. His father inquired about the condition of theology in every university, and the conversation soon overleaped all general questions. The more Clement tried to evade the question, the more his father urged it upon him. Many a time the apprehensive looks of his mother helped him to keep to his resolution of avoiding an open acknowledgment; but if he broke off suddenly or said anything trifling, the painful stillness impressed his heart. Marlina, alone, could arouse in him the feelings of his youth. But he saw how she, too, had suffered, and avoided her when she was alone, for he knew that she would question him and he could hide nothing from her. It seemed as if a shadow fell over him the first time he saw her. Was it that childish promise to which he had proved unfaithful? Was it the belief that in the difference of opinion which had estranged his parents from him, she, also, was silently on their side?

He still felt the desire, always resistless in him, and which he could now no longer deny, and with which he struggled bravely. He was filled with his own knowledge, with the thought of his future, and obstinately put aside anything which might hinder his upward path. "I will be a traveller, and on foot," he often said. "I must have little to carry with me." It embarrassed him to think of being tied to a wife, who would demand a part of his life. And a blind wife, whom he would fear ever to leave! Here in the village where everything had its simple plan, to which she had been accustomed since childhood, she was not surrounded by any of those difficulties which she could not escape in a city. So he persuaded himself that it would be doing her a wrong if he were to form any nearer ties with her. That his withdrawal might give her pain, he never thought for one instant.

After this determination his plans were without disguise. The last day when he had embraced his parents, and heard that Marlina was in the garden, he left a message for her, and with beating heart, took his leave, going through the fields and woods. The garden opened into one of the fields and woods. The way

was to go through a little grated door. He made a wide bend. But he could not go through the field of young seed without looking back. He stood there in the bright sunlight, looking over the cottagers and houses. Behind the hedge which enclosed his mother's garden, he saw the slender form of the maiden. Her face was turned towards him, but she did not know he was near. His eyes were burning, and it was only with difficulty that he refrained from tears. He sprang eagerly over the ditches and back to the hedge. "Good-bye, Marlina," he said, in a clear voice, "I am going away, perhaps for a year." He stroked her forehead and hair—"Farewell." "You are going," she said. "I beg you, write often to your parents. It is due your mother; and sometimes remember me." "Certainly," said he, abstractedly, and then left.

"Clement," she called after him. He heard her, but did not look back. "It is well that he did not hear," she said softly to herself. "What have I to say to him?"

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## CHAPTER VI.

After this visit Clement did not stay any length of time with his parents. He always found his father harsh and intolerant, his mother loving but reserved towards him, Marlina quiet and taking no part in their conversations. He saw her but seldom.

On a bright day in the latter part of autumn, we find Clement again in the room in which he, when a boy, passed the weeks of his convalescence. One of his friends and fellow-students has accompanied him. The hard work of the university is behind them and they are returning from a long journey, but Wolf was taken sick, and wished to wait awhile in this quiet village. Clement could not prevent it, though Wolf was the one of his acquaintances whom (to please his father) he would least like to own. In the meanwhile the stranger, contrary to expectation, conformed with cheerfulness and good-humour to the customs of

the old people, and won the mother especially, through a keen interest which he seemed to take in household affairs. He could give her many a hint, and relieved one of her complaints by a simple remedy, for he had studied this in the apothecary shop of his old uncle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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### AN IRISH IDYLL.

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We had been out all night watching the herring-fishers; but as soon as the work was over, and the faint glimmering of dawn appeared in the east, we turned our boat's bow towards the shore, and pulled swiftly homewards. There lay the group of curraghs, still upon the scene of their labour, loaded with phosphorescent fish and dripping nets, and manned with crews of shivering, weary men. The sea, which during the night had been throbbing convulsively, was calm and bright as a polished mirror, while the gaunt grey cliffs were faintly shadowed forth by the lustrous light of the moon.

Wearied with my night's labour I lay listlessly in the stern of the boat, listening dreamily to the measured splash, splash, of the oars, and drinking in the beauty of the scene around me: the placid sea, the black outline of the hills and cliffs, the silently sleeping village of Storport. Presently, however, my ears detected another sound, which came faintly across the water, and mingled softly with the monotonous splashing of the oars and the weary washing of the sea.

'Is it a mermaid singing?' I asked sleepily. 'The village maidens are all dreaming of their lovers at this hour, but the Midian Maras sing of theirs. Oh, yes, it must be a mermaid, for hark! the sound is issuing from the shore yonder, and surely no human being ever possessed a voice half so beautiful!'

To my question no one vouchsafed a reply, so I lay still half-sleepily and listened to the plaintive wailing of the voice, which

every moment grew stronger. It came across the water like the low, sweet sound of an Æolian harp touched by the summer breeze ; and as the boat glided swiftly on, bringing it ever nearer, the whole scene around seemed suddenly to brighten as if from the touch of a magical hand. Above me sailed the moon, scattering pale vitreous light around her, and touching with her cool white hand the mellow thatched cabins, lying so secluded on the hill-side, the long stretch of shimmering sand, the fringe of foam upon the shingle, the peaks of the hills which stood silhouetted against the pale grey sky.

A white owl passing across the boat, and almost brushing my cheek with its wing, aroused me at length from my torpor. The sound of the voice had ceased. Above my head a flock of seagulls screamed, and, as they sailed away, I heard the whistle of the curlew ; little puffins were floating thick as bees around us, wild rock-doves flew swiftly from the caverns, and beyond again the cormorants blackened the weed-covered rocks. The splash of our oars had for a moment created a commotion ; presently all calmed down again, and again I heard the plaintive wailing of the mermaid's voice. The voice, more musical than ever, was at length so distinct as to bring with it the words of the song :—

‘ My Owen Bawn's hair is of thread gold spun ;  
Of gold in the shadow, of light in the sun ;  
All curled in a coolun the bright tresses are,  
They make his head radiant with beams like a star !

My Owen Bawn's mantle is long and is wide,  
To wrap me up safe from the storm by his side ;  
And I'd rather face snow-drift and winter wind there,  
Than be among daisies and sunshine elsewhere.

My Owen Bawn Con is a bold fisherman,  
He spears the strong salmon in midst of the Bann,  
And, rocked in the tempest on stormy Lough Neagh,  
Draws up the red trout through the bursting of spray.’



The voice suddenly ceased, and as it did so, I saw that the singer was a young girl who, with her hands clasped behind her, and her face turned to the moonlit sky, walked slowly along the shore. Suddenly she paused, and while the sea kissed her bare feet, and the moon laid tremulous hands upon her head, began to sing again :

‘ I have called my love, but he still sleeps on,  
And his lips are as cold as clay :  
I have kissed them o’er and o’er again—  
I have pressed his cheek with my burning brow,  
And I’ve watched o’er him all the day ;  
Is it then true that no more thou’lt smile  
On Moina ?  
Art thou then lost to thy Moina ?

I once had a lamb my love gave me,  
As the mountain snow ’twas white ;  
Oh, how I loved it nobody knows !  
I decked it each morn with the myrtle rose,  
With “ forget-me-not ” at night.  
My lover they slew, and they tore my lamb  
From Moina.  
They pierced the heart’s core of poor Moina !’

As the last words fell from her tremulous lips, and the echoes of the sweet voice faded far away across the sea, the boat gliding gently on ran her bow into the sand, and I, leaping out, came suddenly face to face with the loveliest vision I had ever beheld.

‘ Is it a mermaid ? ’ I asked myself again, for surely I thought no human being could be half so lovely.

I saw a pale madonna-like face set in a wreath of golden hair, on which the moonlight brightened and darkened like the shadows on a wind-swept sea. Large, lustrous eyes which gazed earnestly seaward, then filled with a strange wandering far-off look as they turned to my face. A young girl, clad in a peasant’s dress, with her bare feet washed reverently by the sighing sea ; her half-parted lips kissed by the breeze which travelled slowly shoreward ; her cheeks and neck were pale as alabaster, so were the little hands which were still clasped half nervously behind her ; and as she

stood, with her eyes wandering restlessly first to my face, then to the dim line of the horizon, the moon, brightening with sudden splendour, wrapt her from head to foot in a mantle of shimmering snow.

For a moment she stood gazing with a peculiar far-away look into my face; then with a sigh she turned away, and with her face still turned oceanward, her hands still clasped behind her, wandered slowly along the moonlit sands.

As she went, fading like a spirit amid the shadows, I heard again the low sweet sound of the plaintive voice which had come to me across the ocean, but soon it grew fainter and fainter until only the echoes were heard.

I turned to my boatman, who now stood waiting for me to depart.

'Well, Shawn, is it a mermaid?' I asked, smiling.

He gravely shook his head.

'No, yer honour; 'tis only a poor Colleen wid a broken heart!'

I turned and looked questioningly at him, but he was gazing at the spot whence the figure of the girl had disappeared.

'God Almighty, risht the dead!' he said, reverently raising his hat, 'but him that brought such luck to Norah O'Connell deserved His curse, God knows!'

This incident, coupled with the strange manner of my man, interested me, and I began to question him as to the story of the girl whose lovely face was still vividly before me. But for some reason or other he seemed to shun the subject, so for a time I too held my peace. But as soon as I found myself comfortably seated in the cosy parlour of the lodge, with a bright turf fire blazing before me and hot punch steaming on the table at my side, I summoned my henchman to my presence.

'Now, Shawn,' I said, holding forth a steaming goblet which made his eyes sparkle like two stars, 'close the door, draw your chair up to the fire, drink off this, and tell me the story of the lovely Colleen whom we saw to-night.'

'Would yer honour really like to hear?'

‘I would ; it will give me something to dream about, and prevent me from thinking too much of her beautiful face.’

Shawn smiled gravely.

‘Yer honour thinks her pretty ? Well, then, ye’ll believe me when I tell ye that if ye was to search the country at the present moment ye couldn’t find a Colleen to match Norah O’Connell. When she was born the neighbours thought she must be a fairy child, she was so pretty and small and white ; and when she got older, there wasn’t a boy in Storport but would lay down his life for her. Boys wid fortunes and boys widout fortunes tried to get her ; and, begging yer honour’s pardon, I went myself in wid the rest. But it went one way wid us all : Norah just smiled and said she did not want to marry. But one day, two years ago now come this Serapht, that lazy shaugrhaun Miles Doughty (God rest his soul !) came over from Ballygally, and going straight to Norah, widout making up any match at all, asked her to marry him.’

‘Well ?’

‘Well, yer honour, this time Norah brightened up, and though she knew well enough that Miles was a dirty blackguard widout a penny in the world—though the old people said no, and there was plenty fortunes in Storport waitin’ on her—she just went against everyone of them and said she must marry Miles. The old people pulled against her at first, but at last Norah, with her smiles and pretty ways, won over Father Tom—who won over the old people, till at last they said that if Miles would go for a while to the black pits of Pennsylvania and earn the money and buy a house and a bit of land, he should marry her.’

He paused, and for a time there was silence. Shawn looked thoughtfully into the fire ; I lay back in my easy-chair and carelessly watched the smoke which curled from my cigar, and as I did so I seemed to hear again the wildly plaintive voice of the girl as I had heard it before that night :

I have called my love, but he still sleeps on,  
And his lips are as cold as clay :

and as the words of the song passed through my mind, they seemed to tell me the sequel of the story.

‘Another case of disastrous true love,’ I said, turning to Shawn; and when he looked puzzled I added, ‘He died, and she is mourning him?’

‘Yes, yer honour, he died; but if that was all he did, we would forgive him. What broke the poor Colleen’s heart was that he should forget her when he got to the strange land, and marry another Colleen at the time he should have married her; after that, it was but right that he should die.’

‘Did he write and tell her he was married?’

‘Write? devil the bit, not to tell he was dead neither. Here was the poor Colleen watching and waiting for him, for two whole years, and wondering what could keep him; but a few months ago Owen Macgrath, a boy who had gone away from the village long ago on account of Norah refusing to marry him, came back again and told Norah that Miles was dead, and asked her to marry *him*. He had made lots of money, and was ready to take a house and a bit of land and to buy up cattle if she would but say the word to him.’

‘Well?’

‘Well, yer honour, Norah first shook her head and said that now Miles was dead ’twas as well for her to die too. At this Owen spoke out and asked where was the use of grieving so, since for many months before his death Miles had been a married man! Well, when Owen said this, Norah never spoke a single word, but her teeth set, and her lips and face went white and cold as clay, and ever since that day she has been so strange in her ways that some think she’s not right at all. On moonlight nights she creeps out of the house and walks by the sea singing them strange old songs, then she looks out as if expecting him to come to her—and right or wrong, she’ll never look at another man!’

As Shawn finished, the hall clock chimed five; the last spark faded from my cigar; the turf fell low in the grate: so I went to bed to think over the story alone.

During the three days which followed this midnight adventure, Storport was visited by a deluge of rain, but on the fourth morning I looked from my window to find the earth basking in summer sunshine. The sky was a vault of throbbing blue, flecked here and there with waves of summer cloud, the stretches of sand grew golden in the sun-rays, while the saturated hills were bright as if from the smiling of the sky. The sight revived me, and as soon as my breakfast was over, I whistled up my dogs and strolled out into the air.

How bright and beautiful everything looked, after the heavy rain! The ground was spongy to the tread; the dew still lay heavily upon the heather and long grass; but the sun seemed to be sucking up the moisture from the bog. Everybody seemed to be out that day; and most people were busy. Old men drove heavily laden donkeys along the muddy road; young girls carried their creels of turf across the bog; and by the roadside, close to where I stood, the turf-cutters were busy.

I stood for a while and watched them at their work, and when I turned to go, I saw for the first time that I had not been alone. Not many yards from me stood a figure watching the turf-cutters too.

A young man dressed like a grotesque figure for a pantomime; with high boots, felt hat cocked rakishly over one eye, and a vest composed of all the colours of the rainbow. His big brown fingers were profusely bedecked with brass and steel rings, a massive brass chain swung from his waistcoat, and an equally showy pin adorned the scarf at his throat. When the turf-cutters, pausing suddenly in their work, gazed at him with wonder in their eyes, he gave a peculiar smile and asked with a strong Yankee accent if they could tell him where one Norah O'Connell lived: he was a stranger here, and brought her news from the States! In a moment a dozen fingers were outstretched to point him on, and the stranger, again smiling strangely to himself, swaggered away.

I stood for a moment and watched him go, then I too sauntered on. I turned off from the road, crossed the bog, and made direct for the sea-shore.

I had been walking there for some quarter of an hour, when suddenly a huge shadow was flung across my path, and looking up I again beheld the stranger. His hat was pushed back now, and I saw for the first time his face was handsome. His cheeks were bronzed and weather-beaten, but his features were finely formed, and on his head clustered a mass of curling chestnut hair. He was flushed as if with excitement; he cast me a hurried glance and disappeared.

Five minutes after, as I still stood wondering at the strange behaviour of the man, my ears were greeted with a shriek which pierced to my very heart. Running in the direction whence the sound proceeded, I reached the top of a neighbouring sand-hill, and gazing into the valley below me I again beheld the stranger. This time his head was bare—his arms were outstretched, and he held upon his breast the half-fainting form of a lovely girl whom I had last beheld in the moonlight. While I stood hesitating as to the utility of descending, I saw the girl gently withdraw herself from his arms, then, clasping her hands around his neck, fall sobbing on his breast.

‘Well, Shawn, what’s the news?’ I asked that night when Shawn rushed excitedly into my room. For a time he could tell me nothing, but by dint of a few well-applied questions I soon extracted from him the whole story. It amounted to this: that after working for two years like a galley-slave in the black pits of Pennsylvania, with nothing but the thought of Norah to help him on, Miles Doughty found himself with enough money to warrant his coming home; that he was about to return to Storport, when unfortunately, the day before his intended departure, a shaft in the coal-pit fell upon him and he was left for dead; that for many mouths he lay ill, but as soon as he was fit to travel he started for home. Arrived in Storport, he was astonished to find that no one knew him, and he was about to pass himself off as a friend of his own, when the news of his reported death and Norah’s sorrow so shocked him that he determined to make himself known at once.

‘And God help the villain that told her he was married,’ con-

cluded Shawn, 'for he swears he'll kill him as soon as Norah—  
God bless her!—comes out o' the fever that she's in to-night.'

Just three months after that night, I found myself sitting in the hut where Norah O'Connell dwelt. The cabin was illuminated so brightly that it looked like a spot of fire upon the bog; the rooms in the house were crowded; and without, dark figures gathered as thick as bees in swarming-time. Miles Doughty, clad rather less gaudily than when I first beheld him, moved amidst the throng with bottle and glass, pausing now again to look affectionately at Norah, who, decorated with her bridal flowers, was dancing with one of the straw men who had come to do honour to her marriage feast. When the dance was ended she came over and stood beside me.

'Norah,' I whispered, 'do you remember that night when I heard you singing songs upon the sands?'

Her face flashed brightly upon me, then it grew grave,—then her eyes filled with tears.

'My dear,' I added, 'I never meant to pain you. I only want you to sing a sequel to those songs to-night!'

She laughed lightly, then she spoke rapidly in Irish, and merrily sang the well-known lines:—

'Oh, the marriage, the marriage,  
With love and mo bouchal for me:  
The ladies that ride in a carriage  
Might envy my marriage to me.'

Then she was laughingly carried off to join in another dance.

I joined in the fun till midnight; then, though the merriment was still at its height, I quietly left the house and hastened home. As I left the cabin I stumbled across a figure which was hiding behind a turf-stack. By the light of my burning turf I recognised the features of Owen Macgrath. He slunk away when he saw me, and never since that night has he been seen in Storport.

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MISS BLUME certainly enjoys her down town scholars, though she has to be very for-beer-ing with Mr. Hardin at times.

MRS. KEMP BATTLE, of Chapel Hill, spent part of a day with us last week. We are pleased to see her looking well.

ANOTHER nice, new upright piano for the Department of Music has just arrived, and still another is coming in a few days.



AMONG NEW subscribers are Mrs. Chisman (Gussie Anderson) and Mamie F. Lewis, who write with loving remembrance of St. Mary's.

THE COLLECTION of hyacinths sent by a friend in Salisbury to Miss Sadie Smedes, have been unanimously voted the handsomest ever seen here.

OUR "ARKITES" will be glad to hear from Louise Allston, who is studying music at the Peabody Institute, in Baltimore. Do not forget our "contract," Louise!

THE RECEIPT of the following papers is acknowledged: *Oxonian*, *Church Herald*, *The People's Vindicator*, *The Musical Record*, *The South-Atlantic*, *Scribner's Monthly*.

MISS NORWOOD is storing away square after square of goodie's for Commencement; occasional glimpses of choice landscapes and beautiful faces give us a foretaste of the treat we are to have in June.

AND HATTIE MORGAN of old "Quintette" times has been with us again. She and Mrs. Morgan paid us a visit, too short, but most welcome, on their way South. Our "Lily of Alabama" is ever fair and bright.

WITH THE return of sunshine our young invalids are all out again, looking bright and cheery. Bad colds and measles have fled with the wintry weather and left us to the enjoyment of spring time and flowers.

WE ARE sorry to record the death of Mrs. Lizzie Anderson, the mother of our friend Mrs. Joanna Hall. She died in this city on 16th of March. Mrs. Hall has the sympathy of many friends at St. Mary's.

WE ACKNOWLEDGE the receipt of two dollars for the MUSE from Miss Annie Hawkins. Always considerate of the MUSE's needs, she does not forget her old friends, neither does the MUSE forget the sweet influence of her presence.

PROFESSOR—sternly to young lady who persists in playing too many notes—“Now, can't you see that those notes are *tied*?” Young lady—slightly confused but with an injured air—“A-h yes—but I think they sound a heap better *untied*.”

MISS ANNIE SARGENT, who has been quite sick for the past two weeks, is convalescing rapidly, and will soon join the happy throng of aspirants for musical fame who make the early hours hideous with shouts of woe, because the Professor is such an early riser.

WE RETURN thanks to our Oxford contemporary for a very handsome compliment paid to the MUSE in the *Oxonian* of January 29th. We feel very proud of the praise which our little MUSE wins from friends, old and new, and we hope long to deserve their cheery words of encouragement.

SPEAKING of travelling, our party for Europe are still busy discussing and perfecting their plans. Guide books have taken the place of fashion magazines, while a brisk correspondence is kept up with the agents of steamship companies. We are sure our energetic Director will arrange everything all right before June, and we do not think the hearts of the young ladies will fail.

LOVERS of good music and musical goods will find a fine stock of the former, and one of the best and most varied collections of the latter, ever seen in Raleigh, at Mr. F. W. Walter's store, No. 3 Fayetteville street. We heartily commend Mr. Walter to the notice of our patrons, as an educated musician and a thoroughly reliable dealer in pianos, organs and sheet music at the *lowest prices*.

THE RECEPTION given at St. Mary's to the members of the Legislature was largely attended, and very pleasant indeed. We think our honorable legislators enjoyed laying aside the cares of State for a time, while they devoted themselves very successfully to the task of entertaining the young ladies. Among the lady guests on the occasion we were glad to welcome the Misses Higgs, who had long promised us a visit.

THE MUSE returns thanks to the agents, Messrs. Oelrichs & Co., of the North German Lloyds Line to Bremen, for their courtesy, and congratulates the teachers of the Music Department in having secured passage on the fine ship *Neckar*. This line has established for itself an enviable reputation for its *cuisine*, and the efforts of its officers to make the voyage pleasurable is in marked contrast to that of several other lines.

It is with regret that we come before our readers with an apology for the lateness of our appearance, nothing but dire necessity could induce us to have allowed any opportunity for such a mortifying occurrence. Our business manager was away and our printer has taken a dull time to have his annual sickness, at which he was quite as pains-taking as in the work of the MUSE. We are sorry too, to announce Mrs. Meares' indisposition, and beg indulgence of our readers in the loss of such a happy wielder of the quill.

THE VISITS of our Bishop are always welcome and delightful, but his last lecture on the Scandinavian country was surely one of the most interesting we have ever had, even from him. He described a visit to Sweden and Norway, and carried us with him in the quaint "carioles" over the blue mountains and down by the crystal waters of the fjords, and through scenery lighted by the strange light of a midnight sun. In Stockholm he witnessed a royal wedding, and we were surprised to hear him say that he met many people in society in Stockholm, who spoke the English language fluently.

AN ITINERANT wandered into the room of *one* of the unmarried members of the Faculty of St. Mary's, with a colossal artificial bouquet carefully preserved under glass, which she offered for sale at the moderate price of eight dollars. After quite a lengthy conversation, in which each tried to persuade the other that the like of this bouquet never had existed before and never would again, the owner turning to a fair young maiden who was present, and looking sweetly at the unmarried gent, said: "Now

buy it for your sweet little wife to look at"!!! Instant rigidity on the part of the young miss, and great confusion on the part of the young gent. Tableaux.

WE GREET this month a new friend from our North Carolina city by the sea. We mean *Home and Abroad*, a monthly magazine, published at Wilmington, North Carolina. The first number is before us, and if all its readers are as well pleased as we are with its contents, the enterprise will never want for friends. The aim of the publishers is to present a purely literary periodical which shall steer clear of the sensational fiction of our day, without confining itself to the discussion of the weighty subjects which are handled by the reviews. It is a home enterprise, and we trust will prove very valuable in developing and encouraging home talent. We tender our best wishes for a long and successful career.

WE HAVE before us Prof. dePotter's little programme for a summer tour in Europe. Among other things he says: "Arrangements have been made with both the State and National Lines, *neither* of which have *ever lost a vessel*, and the *latter* of which is especially noted for the *perfect order and discipline* on board." We beg to ask the Professor about the *State of Louisiana* and the *State of Georgia*, both of which, we think, have been lost within the last three years. The "order and discipline" on the National Line we failed to notice when the disgraceful collision between the *Italy* and *Canada* occurred off Bedloe's Island. We were on the *Italy* at the time, and could not be induced again to take passage on a National Line steamer. However, perhaps Prof. dePotter has been misinformed in these matters, and we certainly trust he is more conversant with the facts of European travel. He is spoken of as a most accomplished gentleman by several friends of the MUSE, and one who uses every effort to make the time pleasant and profitable to his party. We wish him *bon voyage*.

THE *Art Interchange* finds its way to our sanctum with commendable promptness, and brings us some news from New York studios, together with numberless useful hints about beautifying our homes and improving ourselves in "decorative art." Who would be so lost to all ideas of progress as to be entirely wanting in sympathy with this great crusade against barrenness and ugliness of which we hear so much? Can we live much longer without taking to ourselves "portieres" and curtains which shall be a lesson and a marvel to all beholders? We believe not. But when the full tide of enthusiasm in these matters sweeps down upon us, we do hope that some benevolent genius will interfere in our behalf and kindly insert some modified form of the present styles. When we think of the short and sunny winters of our climate, we certainly feel somewhat dismayed at the thought of giving up the traditional airiness of our apartments and finding ourselves defended on all sides by heavy hangings of "art embroidery." We are afraid we would rather look out on the interlacing boughs of tree-tops against the sky than to study the tracing of "conventional trees" in gold color on an olive green ground, or lambrequins which display a wealth of sunflowers on blue satin. But perhaps we shall become more aesthetic in our ideas. Who can tell?

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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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## *VICTUALS AND DRINK.*

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One cold, winter evening, Mother Goose was sitting by her cosey hearth. Her little room was the picture of comfort. The fire-light glowed in the polished andirons, and gave an added lustre to the brass balls and knobs on the quaint clock in the corner, the pride of the dear old lady's heart. The neat shelves of the well-filled cupboard were garnished with fanciful lambrequins of white paper, and covered with rows of cups and plates which gleamed in the dancing light. But to-night the eyes of Mother Goose looked not upon those evidences of her care and industry, which were wont to rouse her housewifely pride. Not even the endearments of her favorite tabby cat had power to rouse her from her thoughtfulness. Silent and pensive she sat, gazing into the fire. Mother Goose had made a visit that evening to some neighbors, whose arrival had created quite a sensation in the quiet little village. She was invited into a room, the furniture and ornaments of which were magnificent to her simple notions, and the lady who rose languidly from her chair on the entrance of Mother Goose, seemed to her, a very fine lady, indeed. But on entering into conversation with her hostess, Mother Goose was much surprised to find that she could hit on no topic which seemed agreeable. The weather was too cold; the village too quiet; she found the house inconvenient; and the cook did not understand her business; in short, for this lady, the machinery of things in general seemed out of order. Mother Goose was puzzled. Her own modest little home and the simple pleasures of her quiet life had always been

sufficient for her happiness ; but this woman, surrounded by all the luxuries that money could buy, took no pleasure in them, and was discontented still.

Mother Goose, her visit over, came home much perplexed, and having laid aside her bonnet and shawl, locked up the house and put things to rights for the night, she sat down by the fire to think the matter over. Soon the mob-cap began to sway slowly to and fro, coming to a full stop as the head beneath it settled gently against the back of the chair ; while the fire-light was reflected only in the steel rimmed spectacles, and no longer in the bright, black eyes behind them.

Suddenly Mother Goose found herself the centre of a crowd of strange looking people, who seemed to have made themselves quite at home in her neat little room. Before her, leaning on a broomstick, stood a tiny old woman whose short, black gown scarcely touched the large, shining buckles which adorned her shoes. A scarlet blanket was thrown over her shoulders ; her sharp, bright eyes looked out weirdly from beneath black, bushy brows, while her long, gray hair, under a high peaked cap, stood out in every direction around her wrinkled face. In a corner of the fire-place sat a fat, small boy, complacently eating plum pudding out of a large, yellow bowl. Standing near him was another boy, with merry blue eyes and bright curls, peeping through a torn straw hat. He was dressed in a suit of blue, and a bugle was slung around his neck. At his side, leaning on a crooke, and looking coquettishly at him, was the prettiest little shepherdess ever seen. Not far from these two, a wiry boy had set the tall, brass candlestick on the floor, and was looking doubtfully at it, as if measuring its height, while near him stood a lad with a shepherd's pipe in his hand, upon which he seemed about to play a signal for the wiry boy to jump. All these, and some others, were engaged in an earnest discussion of the very same subject upon which Mother Goose had just been thinking so deeply. The old woman with the broom, held in her hand a book, which Mother Goose at once recognized, and now began to read, in a high, cracked voice, the following lines :



“There once was a woman,  
And what do you think ?  
She lived upon nothing  
But victuals and drink.  
Victuals and drink  
Were the chief of her diet,  
But yet this old woman  
Could never keep quiet.”

“And why,” said the reader, closing the book and turning to her audience, “could not this woman keep quiet ? Why was she discontented ?” For a moment there was silence. Then the fat boy, pulling out a plum from his pudding, and looking at it with the air of an epicure, remarked, that he saw no earthly reason why the woman could not keep quiet, as it seemed she had enough to eat. A pale, nervous looking little person, with light, gray eyes, and wiry frizzes, was sitting on a low stool by Mother Goose’s side. At these words of the fat boy she said, peering timidly into the shadows, and nervously drawing her skirts close around her, “Perhaps it was because she was afraid of spiders ; I have never recovered from the terrible fright a big, black one once gave me, when I was quietly enjoying my curds and whey.” The fat boy gave a scornful grunt and answered : “Of course she could not be quiet if she was foolish enough to be looking out for spiders all the time. There’s one over your head now !” Little Miss Muffet screamed, and clung to Mother Goose. Scarcely a foot from the horrified frizzes a diminutive spider was slowly letting himself down by an invisible cord. The spider seeing the commotion he had caused, beat a hasty retreat. When Miss Muffet had somewhat recovered from her fright, the subject of debate was resumed. “I think it is easy enough to guess,” said the boy with the pipe, “why she was not satisfied. Women always have to stay at home, and perhaps this woman was like me, and wanted to see the world. Why, the only tune I can play is ‘over the hills and far away.’” “If I had a home, I should be glad enough to stay there,” said a pale little boy, who had been leaning unnoticed against the chimney corner ; “I think she was not satisfied because she could not get the kind of victuals and drink that she wanted. When I

sing for my supper I always expect to get white bread and butter, but people sometimes give me brown bread, sometimes potatoes, and often nothing at all." "You ought to be thankful for what you can get," said the fat boy. "Expect white bread, indeed!" and with a look severely virtuous, he returned to his pudding." "Surely the poor woman hadn't any sheep to look after," said the little shepherdess. "Though if she had," she added, sighing, "they might break her heart by losing all their beautiful, long tails, as mine did." "You are wrong, all of you," spoke she of the broom and blanket. "Why was the woman restless? She had an exalted soul, a soul akin to mine, which longs to do great things." "A woman's business," said the boy of the pudding, "is to make pies for us." The sharp eyes gave him a withering look, and their owner went on: "How exalted is my sphere! I scorn the petty cares of earth, I mount above the moon and aspire to clear from cobwebs the four corners of the heavens." Here the jumping boy, looking at her with admiring awe, put the candlestick back on the table, but the others did not seem profoundly impressed with the high aspirations of the little old woman. Indeed, the shepherdess appeared rather frightened by her vehemence, but she was re-assured when Little Boy Blue whispered, "We find the skies bright enough, without any sweeping; don't we, dear?" Bo' Peep gave him a sympathetic glance, and was about to reply, when the door opened, and she turned with a joyful exclamation to meet a fairy-like figure that came dancing in. The new comer was a tiny maiden, whose long, bright tresses floated in golden waves over her gauzy robe of green; her head was crowned with a cap of green and gold, whose plumes rested lightly upon the bright locks which fell about her fair little face. "Oh! Daffy Down Dilly, my darling, when did you come into town?" cried little Bo' Peep, joyfully embracing her friend.

"Just now; for I heard of this gathering, dear,  
 And what the good people were saying in here;  
 So all in a minute, I put on my gown,  
 And hurried as fast as I could into town,"

sang the little maid.

“Why, how did you know where I was,” asked Bo’ Peep, and who told you what we were talking about?”

“Who told me? O, a little bird,  
A chimney swallow, who had heard  
What you were talking of in here:  
He told me, dear;”

and springing lightly into a chair she perched herself upon its back, resting one hand on Bo’ Peep’s shoulder to steady herself, and with the other pushing back her hair. Just then a fresh, sweet voice cried, “This way, dear, don’t fall over the chair,” and all eyes were turned upon the new comers, who had entered, no one knew how. One of them was a bonny little lassie, with smooth, brown braids fastened neatly back from her bright, open face, and thoughtful eyes that looked affectionately at the sister she was leading by the hand. This was a lovely child, a little taller than her guide, and with bright curls shading a pure, tender face. But one of her radiant eyes was closed, and she could not safely leave her sister’s guiding hand. They were kindly greeted by Mother Goose, who seemed to know them very well. When they were comfortably seated by the fire, the little brown-eyed maiden, whose name was Common Sense, said: “Perhaps you are surprised, dear Mother Goose, at seeing me here. I came because my little sister whispered to me something of what was going on; I do not know what I should do without her, she hears and sees so many things that I do not.” “But I cannot find the way alone along the rough roads, over which we often pass, nor see the stepping-stones in the brooks we have to cross, so you help me too,” said Imagination, the little sister.

The new arrivals had diverted the attention of the company from the subject of discussion; it was now recalled by the old woman with the broom, who was much aggrieved by the general lack of sympathy with her lofty views. “You do not appreciate thoughts like mine,” she cried; “you think that a woman should stay at home, satisfied with its trivial employments, and”—“But don’t you think, good mother,” said Common Sense, “that sweeping the cobwebs from the sky is a little more than one woman can

do?" The old woman looked angrily at her, but said nothing, and Common Sense went on: "Perhaps if she looked around her she would find some cobwebs beneath the sky, that needed sweeping away; and I think," she said musingly, "that if she had a little sister to love and take care of, she would be much happier." "Perhaps she had too many children to take care of, and didn't know what to do with them all," broke in a sharp voice from a little old woman, whom strangely enough, no one had noticed before. She was standing by an enormous wooden shoe, whose capacity for holding children seemed limitless. Children of every age, shape and size, tall children and short, fat children and lean, children with blue eyes, black eyes, green eyes, swarmed in and around their singular dwelling, and when the astonished lookers-on were fain to believe that there could be no more, re-inforcements of children crowded up from the seemingly bottomless depths of the old shoe. The poor, bewildered mother stood with a whip in one hand and a bowl of broth in the other, striving to satisfy her hungry brood, and induce them to go quietly to bed. This desirable object at last accomplished, she joined the group around the fire, saying, "Do you think a woman in my place could be quiet long?" "Bright little Common Sense, in spite of her sympathy, broke into a merry laugh, in which every one, even the mother, joined. Then Imagination said, "It is true that you hardly know what to do with them, but don't you think you would know still less how to do without them?" "Well, there is something in that," she answered. "Now, dear Mother Goose," said Bo' Peep, "all of us have tried to give a reason why the woman couldn't keep quiet, will you tell us what you think?" "My dear," answered the old lady slowly and thoughtfully, "yours are all good reasons, but the best that I can think of is this: She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink, nothing *but* victuals and drink." No one spoke for a little while, then Common Sense said, "Yes, good mother, and although none of us have all we wish for, our lives need never be so empty that we "live upon nothing but victuals and drink."

HARTZ MOUNTAINS.

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The Hartz Mountains are in the northern part of Germany. So many stories have been written about fairies and goblins living among them, that at mention of their name, the mind of the German fills with strange visions of the shadowy hunter, and to us it seems that they may be a mere creation of the imagination.

In the valley of these very mountains lived Hans and Ursula in their little cottage; it was sheltered by the broad branches of a century-old oak, while a noisy cataract came dashing over the rocks close by. Hans' cattle grazed upon the luscious herbs that grew along the banks of this stream, and his goat-pen was sheltered by an overhanging beech.

At first Hans and Ursula were very happy in their pleasant home. God had early blessed them with a little son, whom they loved with all their hearts; but the cold winds of his third winter soon chilled the wee frame, and they were obliged to watch his little lamp of life die out.

After that Hans no longer went singing to his work, but often stopped to brush away the tears which would come; Ursula would sit for hours watching the flowers she had planted on her little son's grave, then, with eyes full of tears, she would look up to heaven, crying "mein Heinrich! mein Heinrich!"

At last God sent a smiling little stranger to cheer them. Their Bertha, as they called the baby, was a perfect beauty, with her black eyes, and brow whiter than alabaster. There was an angelic look in her sweet face that sometimes puzzled her parents, and in their prayers they would ask God if He had sent them an angel. The child's mind was filled with legends of fairies and goblins, and she often wandered into the woods to look for them.

One Christmas-eve the little family were all cosily gathered around the glowing fire; Hans on one side smoking his pipe, Ursula sitting opposite, busy with her knitting, while from her stool between them, Bertha gazed pensively at the falling embers.

Hans walked to the window. "How beautiful!" he cried, looking out into the clear, frosty night, "why, the stars seem almost trying to outshine each other; the fairies must be having a fine time on the mountains."

Bertha asked him to tell her about them, so he repeated to her story after story, and told her about their queen with her crown of frozen dew-drops and diamond chariot. Then they sang their evening hymn, but Bertha's voice was scarcely heard, for her thoughts were still with the fairies.

The next evening a little figure wandered off in the direction of the mountains, leaving small foot-prints in the snow; it was Bertha in search of the fairies. She was getting very cold and tired, but struggled on in hope of finding them. At last she heard merry voices. The very snow from under her feet seemed calling "Bertha, Bertha," as overcome by cold and fatigue, she sank into a snow-drift, and the little flakes which were falling fast, covered her. She no longer heard the voices, for she had gone to heaven. In the morning her parents found her body, beautiful as in life.

They dug her grave by the side of her brother's, and every Christmas the shadowy hunter, who had often watched the little maid in her walks and had grown fond of her, comes and plants a crocus at her head.

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### W A T E R .

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Water in all its forms is beautiful, whether dashing against the rocks, heaving in foaming billows, or softly murmuring, as gently o'er a pebbly bed it winds its way through some green and shady dell.

It covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, and composes, perhaps, four-fifths of our flesh. It is one of the chief agents in the manifold workshops, in which and by which the earth has been made a habitation fit for man.

Circulating below the surface of the earth and passing under the mountains, it runs among the hills and down through the valleys, in search of food for the creatures that live in the sea. In rivers and in rains it gathers up nourishment for the insects that wait upon it. It carries off from the land whatever of solid matter the sea in its economy requires. It takes from the soil nutriment for the plants, and carries off their refuse.

Water set in motion by the sun, in a remote age helped to form coals, and then stored them away beneath the washings from the hills, for our present and future use. We see its traces in the marl beds, the gravel pits, and the sand banks. Boulders tell of its action, and the rocks bear record of its force.

The sea conch makes its shell, the great whales and all the fishes form their bones, the pearl oysters their jewels, and the madrepores their evergreen islands, from the materials collected by the rains and rivers, and thus poured into the sea.

The bottom of the sea, that realm over which water has complete control, reminds us of our childhood's dreams of fairy land. It presents itself before us diversified with hill and dale. The coral trees, with their graceful stems and curious forms, stand in groves, decorated with the polypes. Parasites of the most delicate structure and softest tints strew the bottom, which is of the purest and whitest sand, hang like leaves and flowers from stronger plants, or cling like mosses and lichens to the branching coral, lending rare enchantment to the scene. Fishes innumerable, of many colors and of exquisite movement, dart from tree to tree to sip the flowers or feed among the branches. When the shades of evening fall, the sea shines like the milky-way, with myriads of brilliants; the microscopic *medusæ* and crustaceans, invisible by day, constitute the beauty of the night; the sea-feather, vermilion by daylight, now waves in a phosphorescent green. Every part of the sea is luminous: even those plants which are of dull colors, now become radiant in the most wonderful play of green, yellow and red lights.

Water is one of the most powerful and benign agents in the terrestrial economy. It becomes a solid, and in passing from a fluid to

a solid state displays a power which forces the rocks from their very foundations, rends them into fragments, or grinds them into sand.

Gently and tenderly it bathes the fevered brow and parched lips of some weary traveller. How gallantly it bears upon its bosom the majestic ships; thus conducting the commerce of the world. It comes in the clouds as rain, bringing to us the heat of the tropics, and tempers our northern climate; while in spring it floats the ice of our rivers and takes it away to be melted in warmer air. It propels water-wheels, works forges and mills, and thus becomes the great motive power of manufactures.

Now it takes the form of invisible vapor, and carries off from the sea water to supply the mountain springs, which give drink to man and beast. It washes down the hill-side, levelling its lofty summit and fertilizing the valley beneath. The mighty glacier, as it glides down the mountain, is continually melting, and the traveller upon its rugged surface hears far down the creviced depths the sound of running water, as gathering volume from a thousand trickling streamlets, it wends its way through icy caves, and at last issues forth, the never-failing source of some noble river.

Water, spreading itself out in clouds, protects the earth from the heat of the sun, or falling in snow, covers the young plants as with a mantle to screen them from the biting winds of winter. Fulfilling all these duties, it returns again to the beautiful, dancing, laughing water, more enduring than the mountains.



TORQUATO TASSO.  

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A curving line of deep blue waters, fringed with mild white foam, softly laves the foot of the cliffs on which Sorrento sits and smiles dreamily amid her orange groves in the dreamy, orange-scented air. Yonder, across the liquid plain, rises Capri. On the opposite side of the bay a tuft of vapour, white and soft as a plume, waves above Vesuvius' awful crest. The mountains behind Sorrento are furrowed with deep narrow gorges, down which many a torrent plunges toward the sea, overshadowed by luxuriant bowers of foliage, and sometimes murmuring a deep *bourdon* to the sound of voices chanting the litany of the Madonna in a wayside chapel, or the sharp jangle of bells that call to worship from some crumbling tower. Sails, white, brown, or red as autumn leaves, are wafted over the wonderful turquoise-tinted Mediterranean, that quivers under the sunlight with that exquisite *tremolar della marina* which greeted Dante's eyes when he issued from the *aura morta*—the dark, dead atmosphere of eternal gloom. Half-naked fishermen stretch their brown sun-baked limbs on the brown sun-baked shore. Soft island shapes swim on the sea-horizon veiled in silver haze, and over all, the sky of Southern Italy spreads an intense delight, an ecstasy of blue!

Sky, sea, islands, silvery vapour, shadowy gorge, and groves of burnished greenery studded with golden globes, are not different at this day from what they were when Tasso's eyes first opened on them more than three centuries ago. Nature here, like some Southern Circe, daughter of the Sun-god and a nymph of Ocean, smiles in eternal youth, and steals away the hearts of all men who behold her.

That sparkling sea, that crystal sky, those evergreen gardens, with their background of mountains, were familiar to the eyes of Torquato Tasso in his earliest years. He was born in Sorrento on the 11th day of March, 1544, a season when, in that southern, sheltered spot, the tepid air is full of perfume and all the sweetness of the spring. Torquato's father was himself a poet of no

mean fame—Bernardo Tasso, author amongst other things of a poem in one hundred cantos on the subject of Amadis of Gaul, which is his best known work. Bernardo Tasso belonged to an ancient and noble family of Bergamo, where he himself was born; his wife, Porzia de' Rossi, was a Neapolitan of Pistojesse lineage.

The instances are innumerable of the transplantation of Italian families from one part of the peninsula to another. From Dante to Guarini, the history of an Italian man of letters almost invariably includes a series of migrations from city to city and from court to court. And in that word 'court' lies the explanation of most of the migrations. The numerous Italian potentates and princes, big and little (many of them very little, if their magnitude be measured by the size of the territory they ruled over!), vied with each other in 'patronising' the Muses. And in order to do so efficaciously, it was, of course, necessary to bestow some patronage on the poets and artists whom the Muses deigned to inspire; those goddesses being, indeed, unpatronisable except by deputy! One may serve Calliope or Polyhymnia in one's own person, but one cannot patronise them save in somebody else's! This being so, poets, philosophers, painters, sculptors, and such-like folks, were in great request amongst sovereign rulers, and wandered from court to court throughout the length and breadth of Italy, from Turin to Salerno, from the Mediterranean to the Adriatic shores. It is strange and somewhat sad to observe that the result of all this sovereign patronage, however agreeable and flattering it may have been to the Immortal Nine, was in nearly every case to embitter and oppress the souls of the patronised—Dante's fiery pride, Petrarch's lofty sweetness, Tasso's romantic enthusiasm, Guarini's worldly culture—none of these so widely different qualities of these so widely different men availed to mitigate the sorrows, disillusion, and mortifications to which the favour and familiarity of the great exposed them one and all. An irritable genus, these poets, truly! And we may believe that the sovereign patrons had their trials, too, of a serio-comic and not intolerable kind.

But neither for young Torquato nor for his parents had the

inevitable time of sorrow and persecution arrived when he was staring with calm baby eyes at the blue gulf of Sorrento, or conning his first lessons at his mother's knee upon the shores of exquisite Parthenope. He lived the first years of his life in Naples, amidst all the luxuriant images of natural beauty which abound there, and which, it cannot be doubted, made an ineffaceable impression on his tender mind. There is something pathetic as well as a little ludicrous in reading, on the authority of a grave and learned biographer, that at *three years old* Torquato was so passionately fond of study that he would willingly have passed his whole day in school had he been let to do so. He had a tutor, one Don Giovanni d'Angeluzzo, to whose care Bernardo confided him during an absence of the latter from Italy, and this tutor wrote to the absent father wondrous accounts of the child's genius and thirst for learning! Luckily for Torquato, he had a loving mother to prevent him from becoming an odious little prodigy of a pedant, and to keep the bloom of childhood from being quite rubbed off her tender little blossom by the zealous masculine manipulation of the learned Don Giovanni. How beloved this loving mother was by her boy, and how fondly and fervently he kept her memory in his heart, is proved by the following touching lines written years afterward to record his final parting with her, which took place when he was not yet ten years old:—

Me from my mother's breast, a little child,  
 Harsh fortune tore. Ah, of her kisses bathed  
 In tears of sorrow, oft with sighs I dream,  
 And of her ardent prayers, dispersed in air;  
 For nevermore, ah! never, face to face  
 Within those arms was I to be enfolded  
 In an embrace so clinging and so close.  
 Alas! With childish footsteps insecure  
 I followed, like Ascanius or Camilla,  
 My wandering sire.

Yes, those years of happy study in the light of mother's eyes, and the warmth of mother's fond embraces, came to an untimely end. Little Torquato was really, it should seem, a wonderfully precocious child, even when a due grain of salt is added to the

statements on that head of his preceptors. He was sent before he had completed his fourth year to a school kept by certain Jesuit Fathers, who had then but newly, and with cautious modesty, set up a little church and schools in a somewhat obscure street of Naples, called *Via del Gigante*.\* The Tassos then were inhabiting the *Palazzo de' Gambacorti* (an ancestral inheritance), and from the palace to the schools, the future singer of '*Jerusalem Delivered*' trotted daily in quest of knowledge. It is related that such was the child's passionate thirst for learning, that he often rose before daylight, impatient to be gone to his teachers; and that on more than one occasion his mother was constrained to send servants with lighted torches to accompany him through the still dark and silent city. The Jesuits were proud of their marvellous young pupil. With their accustomed acuteness of judgment, they doubtless perceived that here was a genius of no common sort; and it is possible that some among them may have looked forward to enlisting the fiery soul of Torquato under the banner of the militant company of Jesus. His confessor—the confessor of an infant of eight years old!—considered his intelligence and his behaviour sufficiently mature and serious to warrant his receiving the sacrament of the Holy Communion at that tender age. At seven he had 'perfectly learned the Latin tongue, and was well advanced in Greek,' and had composed and publicly recited orations in prose and several poems.

But now, as I have said, these pleasant days of study and love at home, and praise abroad, were to end for little Torquato, and in this way: His father, Bernardo, was the secretary, and friend, and faithful adherent of Ferrente Sanseverino, Prince of Salerno. Now, Don Pero di Toledo, Viceroy of the Emperor

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\*The above dates were given on the authority of Manso, a contemporary and friend of the poet; but Tiraboschi (*Lett. It.*, vol. vii, book 3) observes that it is certainly ascertained that the Jesuits were not introduced into Naples before A. D. 1552, and that consequently Tasso must have been at least seven years old when he began to frequent their schools: a much more creditable statement than Manso's.

Charles V. in Naples, desired to introduce into that city, the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, *all' uso di Spagna*, 'after the custom of Spain,' as one of his biographers says, and the city of Naples ungratefully opposed the bestowal of this blessing with might and main. So strong was the feeling of the Neapolitans in the matter, that they sent the Prince of Salerno to the Emperor as their ambassador, to plead with his Majesty against the pious project of Toledo. Bernardo Tasso accompanied the prince, his master, on this embassy, which took place in the year 1547. It was successful; and the prince, on his return to Naples, was received with the utmost enthusiasm by his fellow-citizens, and with scarcely concealed hatred and spite by Toledo, who could not forgive him for having baulked his designs. But Prince Ferrante's triumph was short-lived. Toledo filled the mind of Charles V. with suspicions and prejudices against his powerful subject; and possibly not the least efficacious of the viceroy's arguments was the possibility held out to Charles of reclaiming for the imperial crown the customs dues of Salerno, which had hitherto enriched the prince's revenue. We are not now concerned to follow the windings of this story of court treachery and tyranny, *all' uso di Spagna*; for our present purpose it suffices to say the Prince of Salerno was driven from his country, and that Bernardo Tasso followed his master's fallen fortunes into France. On leaving Naples, where he left his wife, he took with him Torquato, who, incredible as it seems, is stated on grave authority to have been involved, child as he was, in the odium with which Toledo and his party covered the Prince of Salerno and his adherents. In the year 1552 the said prince and all who had followed him were publicly declared to be rebels, and the sentence included Bernardo and Torquato Tasso.

The scene now changes for our young poet. His father carried him to Rome, and there left him under the charge of one Maurizio Cattaneo, whilst he, Bernardo, accompanied the Prince of Salerno to France. Cattaneo was a gentleman of Bergamo, long settled in Rome, where he enjoyed considerable favour at the Papal court, and especially from the Cardinal Albani, whose

secretary he was during many years. He was bound to the Tassos not only by ties of friendship but of some distant kindred, and he seems to have fulfilled his charge towards the boy with almost paternal affection. Torquato loved and honoured his memory all his life, and has dedicated one of his dialogues to him, giving it the name of 'Cattaneo.' Under this good man's care Torquato remained until he had completed his twelfth year. Meanwhile his only sister, Cornelia, who had remained with her mother at Naples, was married to a noble gentleman of Sorrento named Marzio Sersale; and very shortly after the marriage, her mother died. Bernardo felt his wife's loss deeply. They had been a very affectionate and faithful couple, and Bernardo's grief was of course aggravated by his having been absent from Porzia in her last moments. In his sorrow and loneliness he resolved to send for Torquato to rejoin him. It must be explained that Bernardo Tasso, after his patron's final ruin, had returned from France to Italy, and taken refuge at the court of Guglielmo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, who had invited him and received him very honourably. So, after some four years passed in the Eternal City, which years were chiefly spent in assiduous study, Torquato took leave of his kind preceptor, Maurizio Cattaneo, and departed for Mantua.

Among the most indelible impressions left on our poet by his stay in Rome appears to have been that of a certain courtly and almost chivalrous tone of manners which is said to have distinguished Maurizio Cattaneo. The latter seems, too, to have concerned himself with the physical, as well as moral and mental, education of his pupil. Torquato was an adept in most of the knightly exercises of the day. When he rejoined his father at Mantua, he was tall for his years, handsome, and strong; and a prodigy of education according to the standard of the times, having fully completed a course of the Greek and Latin languages, rhetoric, poetry and logic. His father was, very naturally, filled with joy and pride at the boy's attainments, and although he had sent for him with the intention of keeping him as a companion in his widowed life, yet he shortly sent him to

the University of Padua, there to pursue the study of the law, in company with Scipio Gonzaga (afterwards Cardinal), a kinsman of the reigning Duke of Mantua, and within a year or two of Torquato's own age. The two lads fell into a great friendship, lived during their student days in the closest intimacy, and preserved their mutual attachment through life. There, in the stately and learned city, Tasso passed five years of his existence, still so brief, but already chequered with many vicissitudes. Stately, sleepy old Padua, as it is now!—with its great silent spaces which the sunshine reigns over victoriously; its narrower streets full of welcome shade in the spring and summer and autumn days; its wide picturesque piazza all ablaze on market-days with fruits and flowers, amongst which the vivid yellow flowers of the pumpkin burn like flames; its glimpses of red oleander blossoms and polished dark green foliage peeping over garden walls; its wide, silent, dreamy churches, and its haunting memories of a splendid past!

Padua was still splendid in the middle of the sixteenth century, when Torquato Tasso, and Scipio Gonzaga, and many another youth illustrious by birth or genius, paced its academic halls. Here Torquato, not yet turned seventeen, passed a public examination in canon and civil law, philosophy, and theology, 'with universal eulogy and astonishment of that learned university,' as a contemporary writer quaintly declares. But in the following year, when Torquato was but eighteen, the eulogy and astonishment were still further intensified by the publication of the heroic poem called 'Rinaldo.' It was, indeed, a marvellous production for a youth of his age, and, in the words of his friend and biographer Manso, a brilliant dawn which presaged the rising of that full sun of genius to be displayed later in the epic of 'Jerusalem Delivered.' The poem was dedicated to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este brother of the reigning Duke Alfonso II., and published under the auspices of his Eminence. This was the first link in the chain which bound Tasso to the princely house of Este, to their glory and his sorrow as it proved. Bernardo, although naturally proud of his son's genius, seems to

have looked with some discontent upon the lad's devotion to poetry. He himself was a poet, and the Muse had not bettered his fortunes; and he had thought to give young Torquato a career which opened up a prospect of worldly success, riches, and a solid position—namely, the profession of the law. But let the good Bernardo rough-hew his ends as carefully as he might, the divinity called poetry shaped them far otherwise than he intended. It is an old story. Boccaccio and Petrarch furnished examples of the imperious and irresistible force of inborn genius to break through any bonds of calculating prudence. And long before their time the Roman Ovid sang, undergoing the same struggle against parental authority :

Nec me verbosas leges ediscere, nec me  
 Ingrato vocem prostituisse foro,  
 Mortale est quod quæris opus ; mihi fama perennis  
 Quæritur ut toto semper in orbe canar.

Tasso, like Ovid, chose 'undying fame' rather than the weary but profitable labour of studying 'verbose laws.' The one languished in a horrible exile, the other was imprisoned as a maniac. Rarely does the implacable divinity confer her sovereign favours save in exchange for the very life-blood of her votaries ; but perhaps even among the tragic annals of poets there is no record more steeped in sadness than that of the life of Torquato Tasso.

As yet, however, he is surrounded by the rosy light of the *lucente aurora* ; youth and hope animate his breast, praise is meted to him in no stinted measure, friendship holds his hand in a firm, cordial grasp, and the clouds that are to darken the meridian and the evening of his days cast no shade upon the brightness of the morning.

So great was the reputation of the 'Rinaldo' that the University of Bologna invited the youthful poet to visit that city, conveying the flattering request through Pier Donato Cesi, then vice-legate, and afterwards legate at Bologna, and Cardinal. Torquato went to Bologna and there pursued his studies, and even read and disputed publicly in the schools on various



subjects, and especially on poetry. He is said to have been recalled thence at the instance of Scipio Gonzaga, at that time head of the Academy of the 'Etherials' of Padua—one of the numberless institutions of the kind which sprang up in Italy in the sixteenth century. Scipio is said to have been jealous of Bologna's having possession of the rising genius instead of Padua; and moreover to have desired Tasso's return to the latter place from motives of personal attachment to him. Certain it is that Tasso did return to Padua, where he was received with great honour by the 'Etherials,' amongst whom he assumed the name of 'Pentito,' or 'The repenting one.' This singular choice of an appellation is explained by Manso to mean that Tasso repented the time he had spent in the study of law. But Tiraboschi reveals a bit of secret history which Manso either did not know or chose to suppress, and which shows that vexations and mortifications were not spared to the young poet even in these early days of his fame. Tiraboschi possessed a long letter written by Tasso to the vice-legate Cesi, above-mentioned, from which it appears that the poet during his stay in Bologna was accused of being the author of certain libellous verses, and that his dwelling was consequently searched by the *birri* (officers of the law, in such evil repute that their title is a term of reproach in Italy to this day), and his books and papers carried off, and that this was the true cause of his quitting Bologna. Tasso indignantly defends himself against the charge, and complains with much spirit to the legate of the injurious treatment he suffered. 'Why,' says he among other things, 'were the *birri* sent to my rooms on a slight and unreasonable suspicion, my companions insulted, my books taken away? Why were so many spies set to work to find out where I went? Why have so many honourable gentlemen been examined in such a strange fashion?' He demands, moreover, to be allowed to come to Bologna, and justify himself before some wise and impartial judge, 'which, however,' says Tiraboschi quietly, 'does not appear to have been granted to him.' The letter bears date the last day of February, 1564, and was

written from Castelvetro, at that time a feudal tenure of the Counts Rangoni within the territory of Modena.

Tasso was thus within a few days of having completed his twentieth year when he left Bologna.

During his second sojourn in Padua he appears to have sketched out the first plan of his great epic, the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' which he intended from the first to dedicate to Duke Alfonso d'Este, sovereign of Ferrara. In the year 1565 he was formally invited by the duke to take up his abode at the court of the latter. Chambers were provided for him in the ducal palace, 'and all his wants so considered, as that he should be able at his leisure, and free from care, to serve the Muse both by contemplation and composition; the which, in truth, he did, by proceeding with the poem of the "Jerusalem Delivered," and writing those earlier rhymes and dialogues in prose which were the first to be beheld with eagerness and astonishment by the world. (Manso: *Life of Torquato Tasso.*)

If ever ghosts walked in the sunlight, I think they would choose the long, sunny, grass-grown, silent, slowly crumbling streets of Ferrara for such wanderings. The changes there for the last three centuries or so have been brought about, not so much by the advent of new things, as by the fading and decay of the old. Like an antique arras solely preyed upon by moth and dust, Ferrara yet preserves a faint and colourless image of the olden time; and her aspect appeals to the fancy with all that pathos which belongs to things once stately and noble, now rotting in oblivion and decay. As Browning, in his poem entitled 'A Toccata of Galuppi,' speaks of the fair Venetian dames who used to listen to that quaint music, toying with a velvet mask or drinking in soft sounds of courtship covered by the tinkle of the harpsichord, and exclaims, with the sensitiveness of a poet—

What's become of all the gold  
Used to fall and brush their bosoms?  
I feel chilly and grow old!

so one may feel chilly in the sunny streets of Ferrara, thinking of all those brave figures, shining with beauty, valour, splen-

dour, and genius, which used to pace them, and have marched across the illuminated disc of this life into the fathomless shadow of the dread beyond.

Duke Hercules, the immediate predecessor of Tasso's patron, Alfonso II., had beautified and extended his city very greatly. In his time and under his auspices a whole new quarter sprang up, enclosed by an extended circuit of walls fortified according to the military science of that day. He caused a number of new streets to be planned, and compelled the monks of various religious houses, such, for example, as the Monastery of St. Catherine, of the Angels, and of the Carthusians, to sell or let on lease their lands which bordered on the new streets, in order to have stately mansions constructed on them. In this way, in the *Via degli Angeli* alone there arose four or five truly magnificent palaces, besides other handsome edifices; and of these palaces the visitor to Ferrara will probably remember most vividly the *Palazzo de Diamanti*, so called because the whole of its facade is covered with massive stonework, each block of which is cut in facets, like the surface of a precious stone. This splendid building existed, then, in Tasso's time; but when he first saw it, it was not yet completed. It belonged to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, to whom it had been bequeathed by Duke Hercules, together with a sum of money to finish it. And the Cardinal finished it accordingly in 1567—that is to say, two years after Tasso first went to reside at the court of Ferrara. The city was then a brilliant scene, the resort of the most famous, talented, and illustrious Italians of the day. Beauty, rank, and genius figured on that stage. The first parts, the leading personages in the drama, were admirably filled; even tragic elements were not wanting to complete the interest and prevent any chance of a monotony of cheerfulness! A great poet suffering from hopeless love and forcibly imprisoned amongst maniacs, for instance, must have been a thrilling incident. As to the choral masses in the background, the crowd which figured in dumb show, the populace, in short, they suffered a great deal from pestilence and famine in those days; both which scourges fell, of course, more heavily on

the poor than on the rich. But still it appears that Alfonso II. did his best for them according to his conception of his duty. The population of the city, according to a census taken in 1592 by command of Pope Clement VIII. soon after the death of Duke Alfonso, amounted to 41,710 souls, *exclusive* of ecclesiastics, foreigners, and Jews; including those categories, it reached to over 50,000. The number of inhabitants in Ferrara in the present year is but 30,000!

In the year 1570 (according to Tiraboschi and Rosini, 1572 according to Manso) Tasso accompanied the Cardinal Luigi d'Este on an embassy with which the latter was charged by Pope Gregory XIII., to the court of Charles IX. of France. There the poet was loaded with flattery and honours; the king himself particularly delighted to distinguish him for the reason, as it is alleged by contemporary biographers, that Tasso had paid such a splendid tribute to the valour of the French nation in his great poem of 'Goffredo.' Thus it would seem that the 'Jerusalem Delivered' was originally destined to bear the name of Godfrey de Bouillon, and also that it was far enough advanced at the period of Tasso's visit to France to allow of a portion of it having become known to the world, at least to the little world of courtiers who surrounded the poet.

But Tasso did not remain very long in France. Within a twelvemonth he returned to Ferrara, drawn thither by an irresistible attraction—his unhappy and misplaced passion for the Duchess Eleonora d'Este. It appears clearly from the poet's own words\* that he became fantastically enamoured of the princess's portrait before he had seen her; for on his first arrival in Ferrara, during the festivities on the occasion of the marriage of Duke Alfonso with Barbara of Austria, Eleonora was too indisposed to leave her room. But very soon his love ceased to be merely a fantastic dream, and became only too serious and fervent. On her part, the princess was touched and flattered by the adoration of the greatest poet of his day, who was at the

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\*Sonnet 149. Edition of Pisa. *Nel tuo real petto.*

same time a very accomplished cavalier. She seems to have had an insatiable appetite for his homage, his praises, conveyed in immortal verse, and his respectful worship of her, at a distance. But the best testimony of the most illustrious Italian commentators seemed to exclude the idea that the princess so derogated from her rank as to return Tasso's love like a woman of a less illustrious breed, or as he very certainly desired that she should return it. Scandals of a much graver kind than a love intrigue between an unmarried princess and a poet were rife enough in that time and place to make such a suspicion neither strange nor improbable. But various circumstances, minutely searched for, sifted, and collated, concur to show that there is no ground for darkening Eleonora's maiden fame.

But she cannot, I fear, be acquitted on a different count, that, namely, of a cold, hard, and unwomanly indifference to the terrible misfortunes which fell upon Torquato Tasso for love of her. During his long and horrible imprisonment in the hospital of St. Anna, she vouchsafed no reply to his heartrending appeals to her for mercy; nor, so far as is known, did she make one effort to intercede with the duke her brother for his release. It is true, however, and may be pleaded as an extenuating circumstance, that to have done so might have endangered her own position in her brother's court, and might even have resulted in her own imprisonment in some dull cloister, which Madonna Eleonora would have found a dreary exchange for her brilliant, luxurious, flattered existence in Ferrara. Let the excuse count for what it is worth, but after reading the earlier story of Tasso's intercourse with her, the blank, implacable silence with which she received his cries from prison chills and oppresses one after three centuries.

After his return from France, Tasso continued to work at the 'Gerusalemme Liberata,' and produced also a very different species of poem, in the charming dramatic pastoral of 'Aminta,' which has furnished the model for innumerable other dramas of the same kind. It was represented for the first time in Ferrara, in the year 1573, with great pomp and splendour. Afterwards it

was played at Florence, the scenery and decorations being under the direction of the celebrated architect, Bontalenti. It was received with universal applause, and no sooner was it printed than it was translated into several European languages. The Duchess of Urbino (Lucrezia, sister of Alphonso and Eleonora D'Este) sent for the poet to her court, in order that he might read it to her himself; and he spent some pleasant and tranquil months with this princess, partly at Urbino, and partly in a country seat near to it. He returned, in company with the Duchess Lucrezia, to Ferrara, and not long afterwards made part of the suite of gentlemen who accompanied the reigning Duke Alfonso when the latter went into the Venetian Provinces to meet Henry III. of France, who had then newly succeeded to that throne, on his way from Poland. There was a great gathering of grandees at Venice, and later at Ferrara, whither the Duke invited Henry III., the Cardinal of San Sisto (nephew of Pope Gregory XIII.), Duke Emanuel Philibert of Savoy, Duke Guglielmo Gonzaga of Mantua, and many other notable and puissant seigneurs, to accompany him. The great heats (it was the month of July under an Italian sun), or the fatigues of the journey, or the much banqueting in Venice, or all three causes combined, gave our Tasso a quartan fever, accompanied by so great a languor and weakness, as to compel him to renounce all studious application for a time. His health was not fully re-established until the spring of 1575, in which year he had the satisfaction of completing his great poem of the 'Jerusalem Delivered.'

And respecting the completion of this fine work certain facts have to be recorded, which it is well to warn the reader are facts; for here the authentic narrative takes upon itself an air of impertinent irony, which might well be attributed to the innocent transcriber of historic events as a flippant attempt to hold up to ridicule the whole race of critics! than whom no variety of the human species are less mirth-inspiring to a right-minded author.

Tasso, then, distrustful of his own powers, thought fit to submit his yet unpublished epic to the judgment of various learned men of letters, who, although it does not appear that they have

ever produced anything themselves which posterity delights to honour, yet had a great reputation in their day as holding the secret of the only authentic road by which to reach readers in centuries yet unborn. Unfortunately, it turned out that these erudite persons differed in opinion among themselves to a degree quite fatally confusing to the minds of those who consulted them. For example, it may interest readers of the 'Jerusalem Delivered,' whether in the original or in Fairfax's translation, to know that several critics considered that the protagonist too manifestly eclipsed all the secondary heroes of the poem; that Scipio Gonzaga pronounced the episode of Erminia too improbable; that Sperone Speroni found the 'unity of action' defective; that another objected to the descriptions of Armida and her enchanted garden as too glowing; and that Silvio Antoniano wished that not only all the enchantments, but all the love scenes of whatever nature, should be ruthlessly cut out altogether. Moreover, the episode of Sofronia and Olindo, now deemed one of the most touching and beautiful in the whole poem, very narrowly escaped excision, because the otherwise conflicting critics were nearly unanimous in condemning it. Fortunately for us of these later times, Tasso, after undergoing a great deal of annoyance, and many struggles with his better judgment, resolved to pay as little heed to his censors as possible. His dilemma, however, is one which will recur again and again; for the ideal conceptions of a great genius will always be so far above and beyond his performance, as to make the suggestion of amendments in the latter seem very possible to him. But the discontent and diffidence of an extraordinary mind as to its own work is a very different matter from the power of an ordinary mind to better it.

The anxiety and curiosity with which the publication of the 'Jerusalem Delivered' was expected, indirectly caused Tasso endless pain and mortification, for the cantos were seized upon one by one as they were finished, and before the poet had time to revise or reconsider them, and passed from hand to hand until they reached some publishers of the day, who gave them to the press full of errors, and even with huge gaps here and there of

an entire stanza. Manso says that the MSS. of his poem were got from Tasso in this fragmentary manner partly by the impertunity of friends, partly by the commands of his sovereign masters. Alas, poor poet! Then, too, there assailed him a furious warfare waged by the Academicians of the Crusca against the 'Jerusalem Liberated.' This critical body was not exempt from the destiny which appears to afflict all similar institutions, namely, a strange adjustment of the focus of their 'mind's eye,' which makes them unable to perceive genius at a lesser distance than one or two centuries back. One of their number, a Florentine, Lionardo Salviati, published a pamphlet in which he pronounces Tasso inferior not only to Ariosto, which might be a tenable opinion, but to Bojardo and Pulci! Upon which one of Tasso's biographers mildly observes that this is a judgment 'most unworthy of one who had the reputation of being learned in the Greek, Latin and Italian literatures, and of a first rate critic' (*un critico di prim' ordine*). And he subjoins farther on, 'If criticisms dictated by a spirit of party serve to retard the justice due to an original writer, the latter can, however, easily console himself by the certain hope of occupying that place in the temple of glory which posterity, severe and infallible in its judgments, will assign to him.' A comfortable doctrine of the all-the-same-a-hundred-years-hence pattern, with which certain minds 'easily console themselves,' for the misfortunes of other people!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



*“THE PRISONERS OF THE CAUCASUS.”*

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF X. DE MAISTRE.

(CONCLUDED.)

The weather, which had been favorable until then, changed during the day. The cold wind of Russia blew with violence, and dashed the sleet into their faces. They set out at nightfall, uncertain whether to try to reach a village, or to avoid them. But the long journey which would be necessary, should they pursue the latter course, was rendered impossible by a new misfortune which occurred to them near the morning. As they were crossing a little ravine over the ice which covered the bottom, it broke under their feet, and they were drenched with water up to their knees. The efforts which Kascambo made to disengage himself completed the drenching.

The cold had never been so piercing since their departure; the whole country was covered with sleet. The Major, after walking a short distance, overcome by cold, weariness and pain, threw himself on the ground, and decidedly refused to go any farther. Seeing the impossibility of reaching his home, he considered it a useless cruelty to keep his companion, as he could easily finish the journey alone.

“Listen, Ivan,” said he to him, “God is my witness that I have done all that was in my power, up to this time, to profit by the help which you have given me; but you see now that you cannot save me, and my fate is decided. Go back to the line, my dear Ivan, return to our regiment; I command you. Say to my old friends and my officers that you left me here in the field with the crows, and I wish them a better fate. But, before leaving, call to mind the vow which you made in the blood of our jailors. You have sworn that the Tchetchenges shall never re-capture me living; keep thy word.” While saying these words he stretched himself on the ground, and covered up entirely with his bourka.

"There yet remains one resource," replied Ivan; "it is to seek one of the Tchetchenges' dwellings, and gain assistance from its master. If he betrays us, we will at least have nothing with which to reproach ourselves. Try to drag yourself that far; or rather," added he, seeing his master kept silent, "I will go alone, and will try to secure the services of one of the Tchetchenges, and if I succeed I will come back with him to get you; if I am unfortunate, if I perish and do not return to you, here is the pistol." Kascambo put his hand out and took the pistol. Ivan covered him with grass and dry branches, for fear he might be discovered by some one during his absence. As he started, his master called him back.

"Ivan," said he, "hear my last request. If you pass the Tereck, and if you see my mother without me,——"

"Master," interrupted Ivan, "I will see you again this day. If you perish, neither your mother nor mine will ever see me again."

After an hour's walk, he perceived from a hill-top two villages lying near together; this was not what he sought: he wished to find an isolated dwelling, into which he could enter without being seen, in order to speak to the master privately. The smoke of a distant chimney showed him one, such as he sought. He immediately hastened thither, and entered without being seen. The master of the house was seated, occupied in patching one of his boots.

"I come," said Ivan, "to offer you two hundred roubles in order to gain your interest, and to ask a service of you. You have doubtless heard of Major Kascambo, prisoner among the mountaineers. Well, I have released him; he is here, very near, sick, and in your power. If you wish to deliver him again to his enemies, they will praise you, of course; but I know they will not reward you. If you consent, on the contrary, to save him and keep him in your house for only three days, I will go to Mosdok, and will bring you back two hundred rubles in silver for his ransom; but if you dare to move from that place (added he, drawing his poniard,) and to give the alarm in order to arrest

me, I will murder you instantly. Your word at once or you are dead."

The assured tone of Ivan persuaded the man without intimidating him. "Young man," said he, quietly putting on his boot, "I also have a poniard in my belt, and yours does not frighten me. If you had entered my house as a friend,—I never have betrayed a man who crossed my threshold, but now I promise you nothing. Be seated and say what you wish."

Ivan, seeing with whom he had to deal, sheathed his poniard, took a seat and repeated his proposition.

"What assurance will you give of the execution of your promise?" demanded the Tchetchenge.

"I will leave the Major, himself," replied Ivan; "do you believe that I would have suffered for fifteen months, and that I would have led my master to your house in order to abandon him?"

"That is true, I believe you; but two hundred rubles, that is too little: I wish four hundred for it."

"Why do you not ask four thousand? It costs you nothing; but I, who wish to keep my word, I offer you two hundred, because I know where I can get them, and not a kopeck more. Do you wish to make me a deceiver?"

"Oh well, let it be so. Go for the two hundred rubles; and you will return alone, and in three days?"

"Yes, alone, and in three days, I give you my word, but you, have you given me yours? Is the Major your guest?"

"He is my guest, as well as yourself from this moment, and you have my word for it."

They shook hands, and hastened to find the Major, whom they brought back half dead with cold and hunger. Instead of going to Mosdok, Ivan, learning that he was much nearer Tchervelian-skaya-Staniza, where there was a Cossack post, repaired thither immediately.

The brave Cossacks, of whom some had been in the unfortunate engagement which cost Kascambo his liberty, taxed themselves cheerfully in order to make up the ransom. At the appointed day Ivan started to deliver his master, but the colonel

who commanded the post, fearing some new treachery, would not permit him to return alone; and in spite of the agreement made with the Tchetchenge, he made some Cossacks accompany him.

This precaution came very near proving fatal to Kascambo. When, in the distance, his host perceived the lances of the Cossacks, he believed himself betrayed; and displaying the bold cruelty of his nation, he took the Major, still sick, to the roof of the house, tied him to a chimney, placing himself opposite, his rifle in his hand. "If you advance," he cried, when Ivan was near enough to hear, "if you take another step, I will blow out your master's brains, and I have fifty cartridges for my enemies, and for the traitor who leads them."

"You are not betrayed," cried the denchik, trembling for his master's life; "they made these men accompany me; but I bring the two hundred rubles, and I keep my word."

"Make the Cossacks go back," said the man, "or I will fire."

Ivan, himself, begged the officer to retire. He followed the men for some distance, and returned alone; but the suspicious brigand would not permit him to come near. He made him count out the rubles at a hundred steps from the house, on the ground, and ordered him to retire. As soon as he had seized the money, he went back to the roof, and throwing himself on his knees, begged the Major's pardon, and asked him to forget the harsh manner in which he had been compelled to treat him, in order to secure his own safety.

"I will only remember," replied Kascambo, "that I have been your guest, and that you have kept your word to me; but before asking my pardon, begin to take off my bonds." Instead of replying, the Tchetchenge, seeing Ivan return, sprang from the roof, and disappeared like lightning. In the same day the brave Ivan had the pleasure and the honor of bringing back his master to the bosom of his family and his friends, who had despaired of ever seeing him again.

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The person who has related this narrative, passing, some months after in Jegorievski, during the night, by a small house of good

appearance and well lighted, descended from his kibick,\* and drew near a window, in order to enjoy the sight of a very lively dance which was taking place on the first floor. A young sub-officer also watched very attentively what was passing within.

“Who gives the ball?” asked the traveller of him.

“It is the Major who has just married.”

“And what is the Major’s name?”

“His name is Kascambo.”

The traveller, who knew the singular history of this officer, congratulated himself with having given way to his curiosity, and had the Major pointed out to him, who, radiant with happiness, forgot in that moment the Tchetchenges and their cruelty.

“Show me, if you please,” added the traveller, “the brave denchik who liberated him.”

The sub-officer, after some hesitation, replied “It is I.”

Doubly surprised at this meeting, and still more to find him so youthful, the traveller asked his age. He had not yet reached his twentieth year, and had just received a donation, with the grade of sub-officer as a reward for his courage and fidelity. This brave young man, after having voluntarily shared the misfortunes of his master, and having restored him to life and liberty, was now enjoying his happiness, while watching the wedding through the window; but as the stranger expressed his astonishment that he was not at the dance, and was accusing the Major with ingratitude, Ivan gave him an angry look and entered the house, whistling the air “Hai luli, hai luli.” He soon appeared in the ball-room, and the traveller mounted into his kibick, happy at not having received a blow from a hatchet on his head.

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\*A kind of carriage.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.

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IT IS WHISPERED that one of St. Mary's fair daughters—Mary Henderson of Salisbury—will this week enter into the “holy estate” of matrimony. Perhaps, before we go to press, we may be able to announce that it is *un fait accompli*.

WE HAVE reason to think our display of flowers in the Chapel quite creditable to our climate, when we read in letters from the far South that their Easter flowers could be held in the hollow of one hand.

WE REGRET to say that Mrs. Meares continues to suffer with inflammation of the eyes, and is ordered by the doctor to give them complete rest. Hence we must crave the indulgence of our patrons for all short-comings in the present number.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the plate on Easter Sunday amounted to \$45. This includes the \$25 made and given by the Missionary Society. In this connection it must be borne in mind that the mite-chests have not yet been opened.

WE WERE very glad to see our friend Major Bingham looking so well and bright. The charge of a hundred and eighty boys does not seem to depress him in the least, and we hope he may continue to add to his cares in the same way.

WE HAD the pleasure of a short visit from our beloved Bishop on Thursday last, and were rejoiced to see him in excellent health and spirits. We are delighted to announce that he will be with us at Commencement.

WE REGRET our inability to attend the interesting debate at the Bingham School on Friday, 29th. The young gentlemen may rest assured that their courteous invitation is highly appreciated by the young ladies, who would be charmed to accept it if it were in their power to do so, at this time.

WE DOUBT if anything in after life gives more real, restful pleasure to a hard-working school-girl than the short holidays of this season. After the steady pull, beginning at Christmas-tide and terminating in the forty days of Lenten discipline, this brief rest comes like rain on a parched and thirsty soil.

MISS SADIE SMEDES makes her home with us for the present, and gives pleasure to many by her bright ways and words. The family circle was also re-inforced during the holidays by the addition of Mr. A. K. Smedes, of Goldsboro. We are tempted to wish his clientage smaller, that we might enjoy this pleasure oftener.

ANOTHER week or two of this mild spring weather, and the ramblers in the grove will rejoice in a leafy canopy overhead, while more enterprising walkers will be tempted to the woods, where the short grass is already starred with white and blue innocents, and where wild violets show their pretty blue eyes under dark green leaves.

DECORATED CARDS are growing more and more beautiful in design and in richness of coloring with each season, till they bid fair to become works of exquisite art. On Easter morning "St. Mary's" presented each teacher and pupil with lovely specimens, and friends vied with each other in this sweet interchange of kindly greetings. The joyful murmur which filled the large dining-room as these treasures were counted and conned over, gave ample proof of their appreciation.

THE LITTLE ice-cream party, given by Mrs. Meares in honor of Fraülein Blume and Miss Roberts, was much enjoyed by all who attended it. Our dear Fraülein, who is so soon to leave us for her beloved Fatherland, will carry with her warm wishes from many hearts. Miss Roberts is an elder sister of our Lalla, and has been for three years a student of music at the New England Conservatory in Boston. We were pleased to welcome her as a guest of her sister during the holidays.

THERE IS talk of great changes and improvements to be made during vacation: old floors to be taken up and new ones put down; an infirmary to be built where the rooms may be flooded with sunshine on every bright day. We look forward to a state of confusion, in which carpenters, plumbers and white-washers will be masters of the situation, while others may enjoy such small comfort as arises from a cheerful submission to necessary evils. Lucky people will flee to Asheville or other cool retreats; the unlucky few who must stand to their posts, will, like Mr. Micawber, hope for something pleasant to "turn up!"

IN ACCORDANCE with an old custom, Mr. Smedes, on Monday, took the girls over to see all the interesting points about the



Penitentiary. It was a merry party, and the brisk walk in the fresh air brought them back with blooming cheeks and bright eyes. While inspecting different parts of the building, about twelve of the girls became separated from the main body, and were, by mistake, locked up in one of the working-rooms. As Mr. Smedes had that morning made a playful threat to the effect that all those who had a certain number of demerits on their reports should be left in custody of the Penitentiary authorities, there was no little excitement among the fair prisoners when they found themselves securely fastened in. Of course, but a few minutes passed before they were missed and restored to liberty.

THIS REMINDS us that only six short weeks remain before the closing week will be here with all its excitement, enjoyment and sadness. We cannot think of the many *good-byes* without a pang of sorrow, and still the happy young hearts are already counting the days and looking forward to that joyful one which will reunite them to the loved ones at home. Let us be sure that we carry with us the satisfaction of duty faithfully performed and honors gained by earnest effort. We are sure that the victor's wreath will crown more than one of our aspirants for literary fame, and as for our fair sisters in the Music Department, and those absorbed young artists whom we see standing before their easels even in the waning light of evening in the studio, we cannot tell what they will *not* have for our delectation. "Warblings at Eve" continue to float down from the rooms of "the Conservatory" long after lazy people have given up the work of the day, and still the early morning brings renewed sounds of melody from Miss Blume's song birds. Who is going to be our Prima Donna?

VARIOUS are the ways and means employed to fill the mite-chests. From some unknown cause, our collections this year were smaller than usual, and the approach of Easter warned us that some step must be taken to redeem our pledges. Forthwith a set of rules, any violation whereof involved the payment of a fine, was enacted by the girls at the different tables. *Notre Table*

*Francaise* led off in the sternness of her laws. Total silence or an English word spoken were made penal offences; absence from table and want of punctuality at meals were heavily punished; any unlucky wight who chanced to spill the contents of a dish made up by heaviness of heart for lightness of purse, while the heaviest fine known to the code was inflicted on those who showed unmistakable signs of *maladie noire*. Each table aspired to collect the largest sum in a given time, hence no culprit, however anxious to hide her guilt, had the slightest chance of escaping detection with so many sharp eyes watching for a victim.

ANOTHER EASTER has come and gone! In spite of many direful predictions as to the weather, we had, after all, a day to be remembered among a thousand; a fresh and balmy atmosphere, with a sun whose bright rays were no unfit emblem of the beams shed abroad in the hearts of loving believers by the Son of Righteousness, who this day rose from the darkness of the tomb.

A cold spring, with late frosts, had robbed us of many of the flowers which this season usually brings, yet by tasteful arrangement our decorations in the Chapel were made effective and beautiful. A belt of growing plants extended around the chancel rail, presenting a rich mass of green which a few more days of kindly sunshine would have crowned with a wealth of bloom; swelling buds of calla standing side by side with heavy-headed stalks of geranium, almost ready to burst into flower. All the services were choral, and never were the noble tones of the organ more soul-stirring than in those grand strains from Bach which preceded the singing of the processional hymn "Now is Christ risen from the dead." The mighty flood of melody which those opening chords poured forth seemed to give voice to the thought that the whole earth and every living creature was giving praise and glory to God for the accomplished work of Redemption..

There was no written sermon, but after a few words of earnest exhortation, the solemn celebration of the Holy Communion took place. The long but delightful morning service was brought to an end by the singing of the Magnificat.

The selection and rendering of the hymns and chants at evening service gave expression to the triumphant joy which dominates every other feeling at the blessed season of Easter-tide, and cold indeed must have been the heart which was not lifted heavenward by these glorious songs of praise. At the close of the second lesson the Sacrament of Holy Baptism was administered to one of the pupils.

ON EASTER TUESDAY our annual visit to the Insane Asylum was made under circumstances especially pleasant—because novel; that is to say, the usual crowded, lumbering omnibus was voted down, and a proposition for a walk “across fields” was carried by acclamation. Under the guidance of that most obliging of cicerones, Prof. Sanborn, our large party set out merrily. After a charming walk through Mr. Boylan’s domains, we soon found ourselves in the beautiful grounds of that institution, of which the “Old North State” feels so proud.

Winding along the gravelled walk, we gradually ascend the picturesque slope in front of the building, and have ample opportunity for observing its massive architecture and noble proportions. Approaching nearer, we are impressed with its admirable adaptation to its great purpose; with the exquisite neatness of the grounds; with evidences of careful provision for the enjoyment and pleasure of the patients, as well as for their well-being and comfort. Patches of flowering shrubs, and parterres of rich flowers dot the well-kept lawn like gems in an emerald setting. Here and there great forest trees stretch out their leafy arms to enfold in grateful shade the weary pedestrian. Large, cheery windows open upon a sunny terrace, and pots of blooming flowers upon many of their sills suggest the happy thought that *all* is not gloom in that abode of suffering and misery.

At the threshold we are met by the presiding genius of the place, good Dr. Grissom, whose handsome face lights up with genial hospitality as he bids us welcome, and offers to conduct us through the mysterious building. With a sort of breathless interest we follow him through the lofty hall and corridors; with

vague apprehension we hear the click of the bolt behind us as we enter ward after ward and find ourselves in such close contact with the afflicted ones, for whom earth has no home so happy as this. Admiringly and gratefully we gaze upon the portrait of Miss Dix, which the Doctor points out to us as the memorial of the noble woman to whose efforts the very existence of the Asylum is due. We hear that this woman's heart was so full of grief for the sorrows of this class of suffering humanity, that she devoted her life to their alleviation—leaving her home of luxury and wealth, she travelled from State to State besieging their legislative bodies with urgent appeals to provide asylums where these poor outcasts could be cared for. In North Carolina at least, her humane importunity was rewarded, and this institution is her enduring monument.

And her mantle could have fallen on no worthier shoulders than his to whose care the State commits the great trust. Dr. Grissom's executive ability secures the most admirable administration of the domestic affairs of the institution, his kindly nature commands the affection and confidence of his patients, and his intelligent views and broad humanity make him ever watchful for the best interests of his work, and careful that it shall receive the benefit of every appliance suggested by scientific advancement.

But we must not presume to laud him professionally, rather would we acknowledge his courteous hospitality to us on this occasion, and thank him for the unwearied kindness which met and answered every detail of school-girl curiosity and interest.

At last, accompanying him to the parlor, our cup of gratitude is filled to overflowing at sight of the feast of good things there spread before us. In a glass of his own good wine we pledge his health and wish him many a year of continued usefulness in his great and good work. Then bidding "good-bye," we turn our steps homeward with another "holiday memory" stored away in our hearts to gladden them in the years to come.

IN OUR last issue we inadvertently omitted to append an important *note* to the composition by Miss Mary Yarborough, entitled "From Baalbec to Damascus." It should have been explained that the paper was a resume of one of Bishop Lyman's delightful "Lectures on Foreign Travel," which never fail to interest the girls, and which they sometimes beg leave to impress upon their memory by writing abstracts of them in place of the regular composition-work of the week.

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ANSWERS TO PRIZE QUESTIONS.

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SENIOR SERIES.

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1. Where and what was the island Atlantis?

*Answer.*—An island fabled by Plato to have existed outside the pillars of Hercules, some nine thousand years before his day. He describes it with so much circumstance, that the ancients believed in its reality, and that it had been submerged by the flood.

2. What two Queens of Ancient History were noted linguists?

*Answer.*—Cleopatra of Egypt and Zenobia of Palmyra.

3. Whence did Tennyson draw the materials for his "Epic of King Arthur"?

*Answer.*—From the collection of Welsh legends, published in the 16th century by Sir Thomas Mallory, and from the *Mabinogion* of Lady Charlotte Guest.

4. When and by whom were tournaments first introduced into England?

*Answer.*—In the latter part of the 13th century by Edward I. They had been prohibited by his predecessors and denounced by the Church.

5. What great victory was commemorated by a medal with the inscription "Flavi Jehovah et dissipati sunt"?

*Answer.*—The victory gained by the English over the Spanish Armada, A. D. 1588.

6. For what purpose were the hanging gardens of Babylon built ?

*Answer.*—According to legend, to remind Amytis, Nebuchadnezzar's Median queen, of her mountain home; according to Rawlinson, to afford a refuge from the swarms of gnats that infest the banks of the Euphrates.

7. At what period and for how long a time were there no Jews in England ?

*Answer.*—From Edward I. to Cromwell; from 1290 to 1655.

8. What three poets have made a *descent into hell* a prominent feature in their work ?

*Answer.*—Homer, Virgil and Dante.

9. Who were the successful reformers of the three great pagan religions ?

*Answer.*—Zoroaster, Confucius and Mahomet

10. What great astronomical discovery signalizes the opening of this century, and what was its importance ?

*Answer.*—The discovery of the first asteroid, Ceres, which demonstrated the truth of Bode's Law.

11. Give some *one* prominent event connected with the epoch of the Reformation ?

*Answer.*—The invention of printing.

12. The origin and meaning of the expression "Sub Rosa" ?

*Answer.*—It means "secretly." From a custom of the Rosicrucians.

13. What oldest son of an English King after Edward II. was never Prince of Wales, and why ?

*Answer.*—Edward VI.; because Mary Tudor had been created Princess of Wales by her father, Henry VIII.

14. Whence do we derive the idea of the "music of the spheres."

*Answer.*—From Pythagoras.

15. What three noted female novelists have written under masculine *noms de plume* ?

*Answer.*—Charlotte Bronte, "Currer Bell;" Marie Dudevant, "George Sand;" Marian Evans, "George Eliot."

16. What woman was the wife of two kings, the mother of two kings, the step-mother of two kings, and the aunt of three?

*Answer.*—Emma, wife of Ethelred the Unready, and afterwards of Canute the Great; mother of Edward the Confessor and Harold; step-mother of Edmond Ironsides and Hardicanute; aunt of William the Conqueror, William Rufus and Henry I.

17. In the structure of what great building are some portions of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians to be found?

*Answer.*—In the Church of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, now a Mohammedan mosque, are pillars of porphyry and agate, said to have been taken from the Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

18. What European possession has England lost within the last fifty years?

*Answer.*—The Kingdom of Hanover, on the accession of Victoria, passed to her uncle Ernest, Duke of Cumberland, since the Salic law is still in force in that country.

19. In Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," who are the "fair women"?

*Answer.*—Helen of Sparta, Iphigenia, Cleopatra, Jephthah's daughter, the "Fair Rosamond," Joan of Arc, Eleanor of Castile.

20. What king thought himself "above grammar"?

*Answer.*—Sigismund of Luxemburg, who, when presiding at the Council of Constance in 1414, was corrected by a Cardinal in the use of false Latin, and replied: "*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticus.*"

21. What three men have been masters in the arts of the silversmith and the gem-engraver?

*Answer.*—Theodore of Samos, Demetrius of Palmyra, and Cellini of Florence.

22. What is the origin of the word pasquinade?

*Answer.*—From a statue in Rome called Pasquine, on which used to appear every morning lampoons upon the government, ecclesiastical and civil, the authorship of which was never discovered.

23. Who was the "faultless painter" ?

*Answer.*—Andrea del Sarto.

24. What great personages, mythical or historical, have been blind ?

*Answer.*—Sampson, Homer, Tiresias, Phineus, Thamyris, Milton, Ossian, Galileo, Belisarius.

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

*Answer.*—William Morris.

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

*Answer.*—Godfrey de Bouillon; the Duke of Alva, for his cruelties in Holland; John Sobieski, for his victory over the Turks before Vienna; and Marshal Daun, the Austrian General who triumphed over Frederick the Great at Kolin and Hochkirchen.

27. Who was David Alroy.

*Answer.*—A young Jew of the royal line, who in the twelfth century proclaimed himself in Persia, King of the Jews, and for some months succeeded in maintaining his title. He was afterwards betrayed and assassinated.

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

*Answer.*—The famous feast in the "Arabian Nights," where the guests were served with only imaginary viands is represented to have been given by one of the Barmecides. Hence the name "Barmecide feast" attaches to all festive occasions where there is more of glitter and show than substantial comfort for the innerman. These "children of Barmek" were a noble family in the time of the Caliphs; many of them held high offices, civil and military, and one of them was tutor to the famous Haroun-al-Raschid himself. The family were finally destroyed through the malice of the Caliphs, who became jealous of their great popularity.

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

*Answer.*—In "Romola"—George Eliot.



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

*Answer.*—"The Cloister and the Hearth"—Charles Reade.

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

*Answer.*—At the approach of Attila the Hun, A. D. 447, the natives fled before him and took refuge in the islands at the head of the Adriatic, where the city of Venice now stands.

32. Who was the Winter King?

*Answer.*—Frederick the Elector Palatine, was elected King of Bohemia, reigned one year, and was driven from his throne.

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

*Answer.*—A water-clock, used in Greece in the time of Herodotus.

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

*Answer.*—Salisbury, sometimes called "Old Sarum," from a rotten borough of that name near by.

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

*Answer.*—Longinus the Greek, resided at the court of Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra.

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

*Answer.*—Humber, King of the Hunds, invaded Albion, (afterwards Britain) was defeated and drowned in a river which to this day retains his name. (See Milton's History of Britain.)

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

*Answer.*—In the reign of Charles II., 1661, in the play of Othello. Previously female characters had been personated by boys.

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

*Answer.*—D'Israeli's Rise of Iskander.

39. Whence did the river Severn receive its name?

*Answer.*—It was named after the maiden Sabra, daughter of Loerine, a king of Albion, about the time of Samuel. She was

thrown into the river by her jealous step-mother, who decreed that it should thenceforward bear the name of Sabrina, afterwards corrupted to Severn. The story is related by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

40. Who was Toussaint L'Ouverture ?

*Answer.*—The revolutionist and liberator of San Domingo ?

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 ?

*Answer.*—Leo III.

42. The author of "*quod semper quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*" ?

*Answer.*—Vincent of Lerins.

43. Who was Joseph Balsamo ?

*Answer.*—An Italian impostor, who under various names, visited many countries as an alchemist and astrologer. He appeared in Paris under the title of Count Cagliostro, in the reign of Louis XVI., and was concerned in the affair of the diamond necklace.

44. How many general councils of the Church have been held, when, and where ?

*Answer.*—1. Nice, A. D. 325 ; 2. Constantinople, A. D. 381 ; 3. Ephesus, A. D. 431 ; 4. Chalcedon, A. D. 451 ; 5. Constantinople, A. D. 555 ; 6. Constantinople, A. D. 680.

45. What Pope sent a crown to one whom he would recognize as Emperor, and what was the inscription upon it ?

*Answer.*—Gregory VII., "*Petra dedit Petro, Petrus diadema Rodolpho.*"

46. In what respect does the modern treatment of history differ from the ancient, and who instituted the change ?

*Answer.*—Modern historians do not depend solely upon the assertions of older writers, no matter how credible their testimony, but seek a nation's history in its State papers, and in the revelations of archeology, mumismatics and philology.

47. What literary forgeries were successfully palmed upon the world ?

*Answer.*—The history of Sanchoniathan, and the works of Macpherson and Chatterton.

48. Where and how did the modern “farce” originate?

*Answer.*—The history of &c., &c., Chatterton; also the “Forged Decretals” which served greatly to establish the power of the Popes.

49. What is the origin of the word “grotesque”?

*Answer.*—From a peculiar style of decoration found upon antiques dug out of caves which, from the Italian word “grotto” were called “grotesque.” The word has since acquired a wider signification.

50. What is the story of Antinous?

*Answer.*—Antinous was a youth of Bithynia, of extraordinary beauty, who is said to have devoted himself for the restoration of the Emperor Adrian’s health, by throwing himself into the Nile, in the year 132, on the faith of a prophecy to that effect. He was honored by Adrian with medals and statues to his memory, and among these is the exquisite model of masculine grace and beauty so often alluded to.

# THE SOUTH-ATLANTIC,

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I hope you will not think  
hard of my for sending  
you this. I am in Raleigh  
I am in a hurry and will  
say good bye to you to  
after  
Annie

## ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. III. RALEIGH, N. C., MAY AND JUNE, 1881. Nos. 9-10.

ROMANCE DE RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.\*

FROM OPERA OF SAME NAME, BY SEDAINE, 1784.

O Richard ! o mon roi !  
L'univers t'abandonne ;  
Sur la terre il n'est donc que moi  
Qui s'entresse a ta personne !  
Moi seul dans l'univers  
Vaudrais briser tes fers,  
Et tout le monde t'abandonne,  
O Richard ! o mon roi !  
L'univers t'abandonne,  
Et sur la terre il n'est que moi  
Qui s'entresse a ta personne.

Et sa noble amie—hélas ! son cœur  
Doit être navré de douleur ;  
Oui, son cœur est navré de douleur,  
Monarques, cherchez des amis,  
Non sur les caudiers de la gloire,  
Mais sous les myrtes favoris,  
Qu'offrent les filles de Mémoire,  
Un troubadour,  
Est tout amour,

\* The only ancient ballad, about Richard Cœur de Lion and Blondel in existence.

Fidelite, constance,  
Et sans espoir de recompense.

O Richard ! o mon roi !  
L'univers t'abandonne ;  
Sur la terre il n'est donc que moi .  
Qui s'entresse a ta personne !  
O Richard ! o mon roi !  
L'univers t'abandonne,  
Et sur la terre il n'est que moi,  
Oui, c'est Blondel ! il n'est que moi,  
Qui s'entresse a ta personne !  
N'est il que moi,  
Qui s'entresse a ta personne ?

---

*RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.*

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Richard I., surnamed Cœur de Lion, on account of his great courage, was the son of Henry II., of England. His mother was the divorced wife of the French King Louis VII., and to her training are due, to great extent, the only blots which darken the fame of one of England's noblest sons. It was at the instigation of his mother that Richard took part in the disgraceful rebellion against his father, of which he afterward so bitterly repented. When he succeeded to the throne he chose his ministers and other officers from among those who had been friends of his father, but would never allow one who had participated in his own rebellion to approach him. From all descriptions which are given of his personal appearance, we must infer that he was extremely handsome. He is described as being very tall, with large, well proportioned limbs, dark blue eyes and brown hair.

Having taken an oath to try to deliver the Holy Land from

the Saracens, he left England soon after his coronation, and of the ten years during which he reigned, less than one was spent among the people who called him king. Leaving the administration of the government in the hands of the Bishops of Durham and Ely, Richard proceeded to the plains of Vezelar, the place of meeting agreed upon with the French king. Here reviewing their united troops, they found that they amounted to one hundred thousand men. The French and English kings renewed their promises of friendship, and each pledged himself not to interfere with the other's dominions during the Crusade. They then separated, Philip going to Genoa and Richard taking the road to Marseilles. Embarking from different ports, they met in Sicily, where they were compelled to spend the winter. Here Richard and Philip were thrown into almost continual companionship, and as their temperaments were naturally antagonistic, the friendship which had previously existed between them was changed to hatred. Richard's increasing fame and popularity excited jealousy in the breast of the less favored Philip, and this was the feeling which, being nourished, afterwards caused him to withdraw from the enterprise they had undertaken together. After starting on the Crusade Richard was married in the island of Cyprus to Berengaria, a princess of Navarre.

Cœur de Lion was vehement and impulsive, and possessed all the good as well as the bad qualities belonging to that character. He was open, frank, generous, sincere and brave; but he was revengeful, domineering, ambitious, haughty and cruel. His bravery was attested by the manner in which he fought. He was always found in the thickest of the fight, urging on his men, plying his huge battle-axe so vigorously that few were able to withstand him, and winning the admiration of all, by his brave and chivalrous bearing. The Saracens called him Malek Rik, even Saladin honored him, and, some say, formed quite a friendship for him. The noble Sultan was once heard to say, that should Palestine fall into Frankish hands, there were none so

worthy to receive it as those of the Malek Rik ; and he made Richard many handsome presents.

Sir Walter Scott, in his *Talisman* and in *Ivanhoe*, has given us stirring accounts of Cœur de Lion's prowess. Who can read in *Ivanhoe* the glowing description of the "Black Knight," and not admire Richard? and in the *Talisman*, where his faults as well as his virtues are portrayed, we still sympathize with, and love him.

Richard's greatest ambition was to be the conqueror of the Saracens and deliverer of Jerusalem, and this his strong arm and will would doubtless have accomplished had not dissensions arisen among the leaders of the Crusade. Philip's jealousy led him to return to France with the greater part of his forces, and Austria also deserting, Richard was left with a force entirely inadequate to carry on the great enterprise. Some of his own men, too, becoming dissatisfied, he was obliged to return home. His departure from the Holy Land was hastened by news that Philip had violated his oath, by entering into a league with John, and they were setting on foot plans which, if carried out, would deprive Cœur de Lion of his throne. He immediately concluded a truce of three years, three months, three weeks, three days, three hours and three minutes with Saladin.

Proceeding homeward, he was shipwrecked near Aquileia. He disguised himself as a pilgrim, intending to pass secretly through Germany, but was recognized and taken prisoner by his bitterest enemy, the Duke of Austria, who treated him with great cruelty. Afterwards Leopold sold the brave knight to Henry IV., of Germany, who kept him in a dark dungeon, loaded with chains.

The English first learned of the captivity of their king from a letter sent by the Emperor to Philip of France. The news created the greatest indignation among the English, who considered it almost sacrilege thus to treat the greatest champion of the Cross. John and Philip resolved to profit by the circumstance, but when Philip invaded Normandy, he was repulsed with great loss, and John's schemes in England were equally ineffectual.



They sent large sums of money to Henry, bribing him to keep the king in perpetual captivity, and their bribes met with a hearty reception.

For a long time Richard's place of concealment was kept strictly secret, and was at last discovered by a happy accident. Richard's favorite musician, Blondel, left England for the express purpose of finding his king, but had looked long and anxiously in vain. One evening, about sunset, he found himself near an old ivy-covered fortress, on the banks of the Danube. He had wandered about all day, and now seating himself, he drew out his flute, and, thinking of his king, played the first part of a tune which Richard had often played. His feelings overcame him and he was obliged to stop. Scarcely had he ceased when the melody was taken up and finished by some one inside the fortress. Astonished and excited, Blondel stepped beneath the window from which the sounds issued and played softly another of Richard's favorites; again he was answered. This convinced him that he had at last discovered the king, and hastening home he spread the joyful news. Queen Eleanor wrote to the Pope begging his assistance, and after a long time Henry agreed to accept a ransom of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds of English money. Meantime Richard languished in captivity, thinking that among all who had flattered and admired him in the days of prosperity, not one was now making an effort to procure his release. He felt that he had been deserted by all except his faithful Blondel, and spoke his sad thoughts in this song:

“ No wretched captive of his prison speaks,  
 Unless with pain and bitterness of soul,  
 Yet consolation from the Muse he seeks,  
 Whose voice alone misfortune can control.  
 Where now is each ally, each baron, friend,  
 Whose face I ne'er beheld without a smile?  
 Will none, his sovereign to redeem, expend  
 The smallest portion of his treasures vile?

Though none may blush that, near two tedious years,  
 Without relief, my bondage has endured,  
 Yet know, my English, Norman, Gascon peers,  
 Not one of you should thus remain immur'd ;  
 The meanest subject of my wide domain,  
 Had I been free, a ransom should have found ;  
 I mean not to reproach you with my chains,  
 Yet still I wear them on a foreign ground !

Too true it is—so selfish human race !  
 “Nor dead nor captive, friend or kindred find ;”  
 Since here I pine in bondage and disgrace,  
 For lack of gold my fetters to unbind ;  
 Much for myself I feel, yet ah ! still more  
 That no compassion from my subjects flows ;  
 What can from infamy their names restore,  
 If, while a prisoner, death my eyes should close ?

But small is my surprise, though great my grief,  
 To find, in spite of all his solemn vows,  
 My lands are ravaged by the Gallic chief,  
 While none my cause has courage to espouse.  
 Though lofty towers obscure the cheerful day,  
 Yet through the dungeon's melancholy gloom,  
 Kind Hope, in gentle whispers, seems to say,  
 “Perpetual thraldom is not yet thy doom.”

Ye dear companions of my happy days,  
 Of Chail and Pensavin, aloud declare  
 Throughout the earth, in everlasting lays,  
 My foes against me wage inglorious war.  
 Oh, tell them, too, that ne'er among my crimes,  
 Did breach of faith, deceit or fraud appear ;  
 That infamy will brand to latest times  
 The insults I receive while captive here.

Know, all ye men of Anjon and Touraine,  
 And every bach'lor knight, robust and brave,  
 That duty now and love, alike are vain,  
 From bonds your sovereign and your friend to save ;  
 Remote from consolation here I lie,  
 The wretched captive of a powerful foe,  
 Who all your zeal and ardour can defy,  
 Nor leaves you ought but pity to bestow.”

But the Lion-Hearted king was not deserted ; for Queen Eleanor set herself about raising his ransom, and was joyfully assisted by Richard's loyal subjects, who, despising the weak and vain Prince John, longed for the presence of their beloved king. They strained every nerve to raise the sum, which in those days was not easy to procure.

At last the ransom was paid, and the joyful day arrived when Richard was expected at London. The people were wild with excitement and joy ; gaily colored flags floated from every window ; the streets were thronged, and from the earliest peep of dawn to midnight the city resounded with cries, " Long live King Richard !" About three o'clock the king arrived, escorted by thousands of his people, who had gone forth to meet him. Seeing the wealth and elegance of the procession, a German who accompanied him exclaimed, " Had Henry known the wealth of London, your ransom would not have been so light."

Philip on hearing of Richard's release wrote to John : " Take care of yourself ; the devil is unchained." John, too much of a coward, and in every way too base to defend his position, only begged his mother to intercede for him, and threw himself at Richard's feet, imploring forgiveness. Richard, always generous and forgiving, replied, " Rise, brother ; I forgive you all, but I would that I could forget your injuries as easily as you will my pardon."

Richard's death is one of the saddest recorded in history. He was engaged in a war with Philip, and wished to raise funds sufficient to carry it on, so he hailed with delight the news that a treasure of great value had been found by the Viscount of Limoges near the Castle of Chaluz. The treasure was reported to be twelve knights of gold, seated around a golden table. Richard demanded it of the Lord of Chaluz, and being refused, at the head of a company of Brabancorns, laid siege to the castle. As he and one of his knights were one day taking a view of the fortifications, an officer of the garrison, Bertram de Gourdon, discharged a bolt, which struck the king on his shoulder. The wound was at first considered trifling, but through want of skill

on the part of the surgeon, it proved fatal. After several days of acute suffering, it became evident that the king could not recover, and with sad hearts his attendants realized that they must break the news to him, for as yet he would not believe that the wound was a serious one.

For seven years Richard had not been to confession, because he felt that he could not forgive the injuries of Philip ; but softened by approaching death, he sent for a confessor, and, after absolution, received the last sacred rites of the Church.

It was in the month of April that his faithful followers bade a last farewell to their king. The buds were waking from their long slumber 'neath the snow, the sun's rays cast a brighter light on the old grey abbey, as softly through the fresh Spring day the sad knights bore their Lion-Hearted to his rest. Gently they laid him there within the shadowy aisles of Fontevrand, far from his native land, far from all his friends, but by the father from whom he had been so separated in life.

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## B L I N D .

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A TALE—TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF PAUL HEYSE.

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### CHAPTER VI—(CONCLUDED.)

With Clement he had nothing in common. In his visits to the parsonage, he felt himself in a strange atmosphere, and after his recovery he would certainly have left a company which he found irksome, were it not that the blind girl had been an interesting study to him from his first glimpse of her. She held herself aloof from him as much as possible. The first time he took her hand she was seized with strange inquietude, and her self-possession forsook her. Notwithstanding this, he spent hours with her, noting her keen observation, and her power of

making her other senses compensate for, and even take the place of the one that was lacking. He did not understand why Clement should devote himself so little to her, for the latter endeavored, more than ever, not to meet Marlina, especially when she was in Wolf's company. When he met her thus, Clement would grow pale, and the village people often met him wandering alone in the woods.

One evening Clement was returning from one of these solitary walks, when Wolf joined him. The latter was more than usually excited, having gone from a long visit to Marlina, to the village inn, where he had partaken more freely of the light country wine than he was aware of.

"You shall not escape me so," he called to Clement. "This little blind witch gives me enough to think about. She is more charming than a dozen women in the city who have their eyes, only to cast love-looks at every man. The way she holds me off is worthy of the most accomplished coquette."

"Perhaps she will subdue you a little," said Clement, shortly.

"Subdue me! never! When I look at her beautiful figure and charming face, it does not tend to subdue me. Do not think I wish to harm her. But sometimes it seems to me that he will be the happiest of men whom she, with her strong and delicate feelings, will love."

"You had better keep your thoughts to yourself."

"Why, whom do they hurt; and whom would it hurt, were I to make her love me a little, just to see how she would extricate herself from the embarrassment? Much of the inner fire passes out through the eyes; but here——"

"I beg you not to experiment on her," cried Clement; "I warn you, that I will neither see nor hear of such a thing!"

Wolf seized his arm and, with a cunning smile, said, "I really believe that you are in love with the girl, and wish to experiment for yourself. Since when are you so squeamish? Before this you have listened to me when I talked of my dealings with women."

"I am not your tutor; what have I to do with your shameful

thoughts? But when you meddle with one near to me, who is a thousand times too good for you, and wish to play the same game with her, then it is time to interfere."

"Ha," said Wolf, "good, good! You are a good fellow, Clement, a good fellow. Get out with you, good youth."

He gave him a slight shake and walked on. Clement remained standing, with pale cheeks. "You must explain what you mean," he said, firmly. "That I was a fool. Ask another, if you wish to. You will find some one else who will take more pleasure in talking to deaf ears than I do."

"What do you mean? Who are the others? Who dares to speak evil of her; who?"

He held Wolf in an iron grasp. "Fool," said the other, angrily, "you are spoiling my whole walk with your tiresome questions. Let me go."

"Not a step, until you have satisfied me," said Clement, in deepest anger.

"I? Settle it with the squire's son if you are jealous. Devil! Lead him on until he is ready to jump out of his skin, and then give him his walking ticket. Is that honorable? He told his distress to me; I consoled him: she is like all women, I said, a coquette. Now she is making for me. But we know how to treat them, and will not keep our mouths shut that other good youths may run into the same snare."

"Take that back," cried Clement, beside himself, and shaking Wolf's arm violently.

"Why, it is the truth, and I will prove it. Get out; you are a child of a man."

"And you are a lump of the devil."

"Oh, now it is your turn to take it back."

"I will not take it back."

"Then you know the consequences. You will hear from me as soon as we get to town."

Then he went coldly from him towards the village. Clement stood in the same place. "Wretch!" broke from his lips. His breast heaved violently, as bitter pain wrestled in him; he threw

himself on the ground under the tree, and lay long, every word which had been said repeating itself a thousand times. When he returned late in the evening to the house he found, contrary to his expectations, the family still assembled.

Wolf only was wanting. The old man was walking with firm steps through the room, his mother and Marlina were seated working, contrary to the customs of the house at so late an hour. As Clement went in the room the parson stood still and turned toward him.

“What have you done with your friend? He has gone while we were in the fields, and has left only a short message behind. When we came home we found a messenger come for his things. Have you quarreled? If not, why has he left our house?”

“We had a dispute. I am glad that I will not see him any more under this roof.”

“What was the matter?”

“I cannot tell you. Father, I would willingly avoid the subject. There are things which no man with right feelings can hear. I always knew that he was rough and inconsiderate towards all. But I never knew him as he was to-day.”

The parson looked at his son and said, slowly, “How will it end?”

“As is the custom with young men,” said Clement, earnestly.

“Do you know what is the law of Christ to settle injuries?”

“I know, but I cannot act so. If he had injured me I could forgive him. But he has insulted one near to me!”

“A woman, Clement?”

“Yes, a woman.”

“And you love this woman?”

“Yes, I love her.”

“I thought so,” cried the old man. “The town has spoiled you; you have become as one of the children of the world, who run after women, and fight for them, and make them their idols. But I tell you, as long as I live I will strive to draw you back to the Lord, and to destroy your idols. Has God done wonders for you, that at the last you should deny him? Better had it

been had you remained forever in the dark, the door closed, than that the Evil Spirit should find his way to your heart with his enticements."

The young man pressed back his emotion. "What right have you, father," he said, finally, "to attribute such low inclinations to me? Because I must do that which is necessary to cast down in the world the insolence of a base man, am I therefore base? There are many ways in which to struggle against the Evil Spirit. Your way is peaceful, because you have to do with the mass. I stand in single combat and know my way."

"You will not change him," said the old man, hotly. "Will you walk over God's message? He is my son no longer, who has raised his hand against his brother. I forbid you this combat by virtue 'of my fatherly and priestly power.'"

"Then you send me out of your house," said Clement, sadly. There was a pause. His mother broke into tears and rushed to him. "Mother," said he, earnestly, "I am a man. I dare not be faithless." He went to the door, and looked back at Marlina, who was painfully searching for him with her sightless eyes. His mother followed him, but could not speak for sobbing. "Hold him not, wife!" cried her husband. "He is not our child, if he will not be God's child. Let him go where he will; from henceforth he is dead to us!"

Marlina heard the door shut, and the minister's wife, with one shriek, fell to the floor in a deep swoon. The numbness which had held Marlina motionless suddenly left her. She arose, and with wonderful strength bore the helpless woman to her bed. The old man stood by the window, silent, but his clasped hands trembled violently. A half hour later there was a knock at Clement's door. The young man opened it, and saw Marlina standing there. She walked in silently. The room was all in confusion. She pushed the travelling-bag with her foot, and said, tremblingly, "What will you do, Clement?" Then his pain burst forth. He seized her hands and pressed them to his eyes, in which the tears stood. "I must do it," he said, gently.



“ I have long known that I had lost his love. Perhaps he will feel when I am gone that I have never ceased to be his child.”

She raised him up and said, “ Do not cry, else I will not have the strength to tell you what I must tell you. Your mother would say it, if your father did not prevent her. I know by his voice how hard it is to him to be so harsh. But he will not soften, I know well. He believes that his severity is according to God's will, even though he has to sacrifice his own heart.”

“ And do you believe that he must do so ? ”

“ No, Clement. I do not know much of the world, and do not understand the laws of honor which require duelling among men. But I am sufficiently acquainted with you to know that the frivolity of the world can have no hold on you ; that you sift thoroughly both what you do and leave undone, and this step no less than others. You will be guilty towards him in the eyes of the world and of your loved one, but more guilty towards your parents than to both. I do not know the girl whom some one has insulted before you, and so cannot understand fully how it must anger you not to do everything for her. Do not interrupt me. Do not believe that I apprehend that on her account you will withdraw from me the remainder of the friendship which you have still kept for me in these last years that we have been separated. I rejoice heartily with you if she makes you happy. But you should not for her sake do that which you are about to do, even though she is dearer to you than father and mother. You should not in anger leave the house of your parents, which will then be forever closed against you. Your father is old and will carry his principles with him to the grave. He would have sacrificed the very core of his being, if he had yielded. You would have sacrificed to him the fleeting opinion which you possess in the eyes of men ; for if that girl, whom you love, could have sent you from her because you would not embitter the old age of your parents, she would not have been worthy of you ! ”

Her voice failed her. He had thrown himself upon a chair, and groaned heavily. She drew nearer to the door and waited

for what he should say. On her forehead there was a strange frown, as if she were listening to him with her eyes. Suddenly, he sprang up, came towards her, put both hands upon her shoulders, and cried, "For your sake I do it, and for you I wring my own heart." He rushed past her down the steps.

She stood still: his last words had shaken her whole being, and a flood of joyous thoughts streamed through her shy, incredulous heart. She seated herself, trembling, on the valise. "For you, for you!" rang in her ear. She almost feared his return; if he had meant differently, and why should he not mean differently? What was she to him? At last he came back. She was seized with uneasiness and wished to go out. But he caught her in his arms and told her everything. "I am the blind one," he cried; "you are the seeing one, the seer! What were I now without your light? One deserted for all future, banished from all the hearts that I love through a miserable blindness! And now—now—all is again mine, and more than I knew—more than I ever longed for!"

She hung in a fervent silence on his neck. All the long pent-up devotedness was free, and glowed in their kiss, and silenced their poor words.

The day dawned on their happiness. He knew now what she had so steadfastly hidden all this time, and what this same room had witnessed in which they now, certain of one another for always, pressed each other's hands and parted. That day there came a letter which Wolf had written the same night from the next village. Clement must let the subject drop, he wrote; he took everything back, he knew better now, and it had all been a foolish lie. Mortification and the wine had made him speak as he did. He had really thought, while he was going around so coolly, that he need only speak the word, and he could have the girl. But when he saw that Clement was in earnest, he had reviled that which was denied himself. Clement must not think him worse than he really was, and must make his excuses to Marlina and his parents, and not give him up entirely.

When Clement read these lines to Marlina, she was touched,

and said: "He pities me now! I was not happy while he was here, and how much he could have spared himself and us. But I will think kindly of him now. How much we have to thank him for!"

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### GHOSTS FROM LEATHERN GRAVES.

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One lovely spring morning, having vainly tried to settle myself to the morning duties, and laziness having gotten the better of me, I went into the library, and up to the book-case, to look for an interesting book. I took up several, but soon returned them to their places. At last I found one which I thought I might like, and, sinking into a luxurious arm-chair, began to read. Soon, however, the book fell from my hands. Gazing languidly around, I saw a cosey room; the floor was covered with new matting, and on the many comfortable chairs were fresh linen covers. The walls were of a delicate, neutral tint; on the table, in the middle of the room, was a brightly-polished lamp, around which handsomely bound books lay, inviting one to read them. Outside, through the open window, everything looked peaceful; the green leaves gently stirred by the slight breeze, the meadows stretching far away where the cattle were browsing, the clear blue sky, and the odor of the spring flowers, together with the sweet singing of the birds, were well calculated to make one feel dreamy and lazy.

While musing on the beauty of these things, I fell asleep.

Soon the doors of the book-case opened, and people both large and small came trooping in. First came Lord Byron, with his unhappy looking wife, then George Eliot, Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Moore, the darling of society, and Enoch Arden, with his faltering steps and snow-white hair. George Eliot and Mr. Moore entered into animated conversation, while Scott talked

with Lady Byron. Poor Enoch looked completely dazed at everything before him. There was a stir, and Mrs. Browning was ushered in, escorted by the humorous Hood, followed by his poor needle woman, who took her seat in a retired corner and commenced sewing on her numberless shirts. Next came Frances Bruney, almost dragging in the modest Evelina, who was blushing like a peony at being in the midst of such a literary assembly. Hood took compassion on the maiden and offered his arm, which she took as if afraid to touch it. He tried to draw her out, but to his numerous questions and jokes, she merely answered yes, or no, without knowing what she was saying. As soon as he turned his head, she darted like an arrow and took refuge behind her chaperon. Then came David Copperfield, looking strangely like Dickens, and on his arm was little Dora. She was soon claimed by Mrs. Browning. David, after replying merrily to the hearty greetings which met him, went to his corner, where he could quietly study the different characteristics of the people before him. His were not unkind criticisms, however, for he was a merry-hearted, jovial fellow. Scott, feeling sorry for the poor workwoman, in her corner, went up to her, enquired after her health, said it was a fine day; did she not think so? Yes, she replied, languidly; but, alas! I cannot enjoy bright days, for it is

“Stitch, stitch, stitch,  
Through poverty, hunger and dirt.”

Soon a luxurious couch was seen in one part of the room; every one was filled with curiosity, and all eyes were turned to the door, which opened presently to admit Herr Von Walde, supporting his fragile sister Helen, and on her other side was Gold Elsie, one of her pets. Every one rose and made way for the delicate little lady, who was at last comfortably settled on her couch. Her friend Elsie fluttered timidly around her, lavishing delicate attentions upon her. How tenderly Herr Von Walde watched the lovely Elsie and longed to fold her to his heart! She was very shy in his presence, and looked uncomfort-

able whenever he came near her. Soon an aged Minstrel, with his harp swung over his shoulder, entered, and sank wearily into the nearest chair. Then came Mrs. Prentice, introducing Dr. Eliot, his wife, and "sour sister Martha," who watched poor Katie with disgust whenever she looked bright and happy. She had a right to be light-hearted, though, for had not Ernest laid aside books and business to gratify her; and was it not natural that she should be cheerful? How proud Ernest was of his little wife! Then came an old woman, in a red flannel petticoat, yellow overskirt, and poke bonnet, hobbling along, and followed by her faithful dog, who was wagging his tail, no doubt thinking that instead of having only a bone, he might get a piece of meat. How charming! thought he. Then came Phylis, on Marmaduke's arm, looking radiantly happy; on her other side was the faithful Billy, who was the innocent cause of Marmaduke's jealousy. Just then the Minstrel commenced to play, and dancing was proposed.

"Come now," said Billy, going up to sister Martha and bending one knee, "allow me the pleasure of dancing this with you."

"Oh," said she, "I cannot."

"But do, just once," replied Billy, "for I am a school-boy, and do not know any one here but my sister Phylis, and it would never do to dance with one's sister; besides, I liked your looks from the first, and long to know you better." This flattered the worthy dame, and she allowed the irresistible Billy to lead her out. No sooner were they on the floor, than her companion commenced to cut all kinds of capers, and her nose went higher than ever into the air. Merry Phylis went up to quiet Ernest, and making a low curtsy, said, in her quaint little way:

"I know it is not the custom for ladies to invite gentlemen to dance, but you look lonely, and I am dying to waltz; so pray come be my partner."

And how could he refuse? The poor fellow looked clumsy enough, though, being whirled about by the active little woman.

Herr Von Walde, in his country fashion, offered his arm to

Elsie, which she took timidly, and they retired to the adjoining conservatory, where they probably learned to understand each other; for when they returned they looked radiantly happy. Moore went up to Helen's couch and chatted with her awhile. She told him how she loved her friend, and how she hoped Rudolph would win her at last.

There was a general stir, and fair Ellen, her father, mother, many young girls, and, lastly, the man to whom Ellen's hand was promised, entered the room. The poor girl kept near her mother, hoping to get rid of the hateful man, but he soon came and invited her to join the minuet. She refused, disdainfully, and turned her back upon him, but a stern glance from her father made her accept his arm. She might have been a stone, for never a word said she; and he, poor coward, dared not open his lips. Scott and Lady Byron went gracefully through the different figures. Hood presently came gliding down the room with Mother Hubbard, followed closely by her dog, who seemed to think it quite a joke to see his mistress dancing with a distinguished gentleman; but the poor dame looked very uncomfortable. Enoch Arden enquired what was the occasion of the ball, and Mrs. Browning told him it was given in honor of Ellen's marriage, which was to take place that evening.

While they were talking, the tramp of horses' feet was heard, and young Lord Lochinvar burst in, much to Ellen's parents' dismay. Little that mattered to the dauntless fellow. He walked up to Ellen, who was standing by the intended bridegroom, and invited her to dance with him, and she went gladly. They led the minuet, and a handsome couple they were; she in lovely bridal costume and flowing veil; he in rich Highland dress, beautiful cap and long plume. While they danced they talked in low tones, at the same time looking anxiously towards the open door. Suddenly they flew out of the ball-room into the court yard, where Lord Lochinvar's horse waited. Lightly he swung her into the croup, and then sprang up in front.

Just then I heard the sweet lines of the old ballad:

“She is won ; we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur ;  
They’ll have fleet steeds that follow,’ quoth young Lochinvar.”

Surely, I thought, as I opened my eyes, this was no dream ;  
that must be a real voice.

The room was, as an hour ago, bright and full of sunlight,  
and through the open door floated the fresh, sweet voice of my  
little cousin, ringing out the words,

“There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,  
But the lost bride of Hetherby ne’er did they see.  
So daring in love, so dauntless in war,  
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar ?”

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### AN OLD STORY RETOLD.

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The sun shone with tempered rays upon the spacious palace of  
great Jove, the Father of the Gods, who on this day had assem-  
bled his children in solemn council.

In awful majesty Jupiter sat upon his throne, the thunder-  
bolts in his hand ; on his right, in her virgin beauty, stood his  
stately daughter Pallas, her great wisdom shining in her calm  
blue eyes ; Juno was seated on his left, jealously watching her  
husband ; near her, Iris, arrayed in her many-colored robe.  
Diana, arrows in her hand, for she had not long since come in  
from the chase, sat listening to her brother Apollo, who had  
been playing on his lyre. Bacchus, crowned with grape leaves  
and with bunches of grapes in his hands, had also been listening  
to Apollo’s delicious music. At the side of Vulcan sat his beau-  
tiful wife, Venus, playing idly with the arrows which hung on  
the shoulder of her little son, whose bright twinkling eyes were  
searching for some one whom he could wound. Hebe’s glowing  
face and lovely form were visible near Venus, where she had  
paused, the cup of nectar in her hand, as Mercury, who was to  
make a request to Jupiter, spoke : “O father Jove, thou who

holdest the thunderbolts in thy hands, who lovest to do good to mortals, listen to my tale. Last night, as speedily on a message of thine I went, I crossed the Hellespont, and there beheld a sight which grieved me much. On this side the strait at Sestos there stood on the seashore a maiden priestess to Venus, and as I gazed upon her, for she was very fair, I saw that her eyes were wistfully fixed on the opposite shore and her cheek was pale from watching and waiting. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw at Abydos a youth of manly stature, standing with arms outstretched towards the maiden, as if the love he bore her must transport him across the dark waters. O Venus, goddess of Love and Beauty, Hero is a priestess at thy shrine; will thou not intercede for her?"

Venus, rising, turned to Jupiter and said: "Lord of Heaven and Earth, if my prayers may obtain this boon for Hero, my faithful priestess, I willingly join them to those of our messenger."

Then spoke the Father of the Gods: "You know, O my children, that it is my pleasure to incline favorably toward your requests. Mercury, my faithful messenger, and Venus, ever beautiful, I willingly give to Hero her Leander. This night my brother Neptune shall bear him across the Hellespont, and thou, Pallas, my blue-eyed daughter, must go to Hero in a dream and tell her to hold a beacon-light for her lover, who shall cross the strait to-night."

Pallas bowed assent.

All this while Apollo had listened with scowling brows, for he had seen the fair Hero, and he loved her, but all his efforts could not induce her to forsake her noble Leander, for hers was a faithful heart. He said nothing, but resolved that he would revenge himself upon Leander.

The council being over, Mercury and Pallas set out on their mission of love. Passing down the side of the hoary mountain, through the beautiful Vale of Tempe, under the shadow of Ossa and Pelion, they reached the seashore, where they parted, Mercury to hasten to Neptune, with Jupiter's message; Pallas to cross the Ægean, and in the twilight hour to arrive at Sestos.



Night had come, and loving sleep had closed the tired eyelids of Hero. Then Pallas, in the form of Leander, came to her in a dream, and, bending over her, whispered softly, "Hero, my beloved, come to the beach to-night and hold aloft thy torch, for I will swim across the strait to thee." The vision fled, and Hero, springing up, passed by her sleeping maids, and, snatching her torch from before the shrine, hastened to the beach. She climbed the tallest cliff, though the rocks were slippery and the winds buffeted her about. Soon she saw a black spot on the waters; nearer and nearer it came, until Leander stood beside her; her beloved had come.

So every night she held the torch for him, and every night he swam the surging sea. Merrily the stars shone down on their happy meetings and the moon listened softly to "the old, old story."

But Apollo, in the meantime, was plotting against the happy Leander, for he had watched those midnight meetings, and resolved to draw Neptune away, so that Leander should have no support in crossing the strait. He thought that after Leander was drowned Hero would not cast away his love.

The moon had waxed and waned since that first night on which Leander had met Hero, when Apollo gave a great feast in honor of Neptune. The old Sea God sent Doris, the mother of the Nereides, to aid Leander, but Doris thought the charge irksome on the night of the feast, and determined not to help Leander, but to enjoy herself, as all the Nereides were doing. However, she relented so far as to carry him over, and then went off to the feast.

Leander lingered long with Hero; he could not tear himself away, she was so beautiful. He stood upon the cliff, ready to leap into the restless sea, but came back another time, and, looking earnestly in her blushing face, he seemed to drink in its beauty, as if it must sustain him while he battled with the waves. After one last embrace he dashed into the dark waters. He struggled bravely, but the waves had conspired against him. His strength was almost gone, and the sea mocked him and laughed

in glee. He must make braver struggles, for should he not cross to Hero the next night? At that thought he strained his eyes to see her standing on the cliff, holding her torch for him; but his sight was growing dim, the light was fading fast. He stretched out his arms to her and called her to help, but the waters drowned his voice and beat him back. Once more he rose, but only to call Hero and sink.

The next night Hero stood upon the cliff with a higher torch than ever, but no Leander came. She waited long. Ah! surely he would come; he was faithful and true, yet why was he so late? Could it be that those cruel waves had drowned him? No, the waves were kind; often when the tide was going out she had chased them and they had run back after her and kissed her feet. No, it could not be that the sea, now so calm in the soft moonlight, had destroyed her lover. At last, she cried aloud, "Leander! Leander!" No answer, save the sea, moaning back a sad "Leander." Or was it a fancy that she heard a whispered "Hero" come from the blue depths?

She was listening, trying to hear it again, when a voice at her side said: "Do not call upon Leander, Hero; he will never come to you again. Last night he was drowned in crossing the Hellespont. Think no more about him. I love you; can you not love me instead of Leander?"

With these words Apollo advanced towards Hero with outstretched arms, but Hero, with a loud cry, sprang into the waves where her lover had disappeared.

Way down under the dark blue waters Hero and Leander now dwell, for Jove pitied those two who had loved so well, and gave them everlasting youth. The mermaids watch them as they wander hand in hand among the coral groves, where no rude winds blow the dark tresses of Hero, but Leander twines among them the lovely sea-flowers.

*A PROSE LAY OF ANCIENT ROME.*

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It was the golden days of autumn, hundreds of years ago. The river Tiber, having flooded the surrounding country, looked almost like the grand old ocean, for its white-capped waves came sailing in, breaking melodiously upon the grassy shore, and the distant sound of a falling cataract floated through the air like the song of some beautiful sea-nymph. Sleeping in a basket-cradle, which was drifting with the current, were two children, lovelier than man ever beheld, resembling gods more than mortals. From the side of the cradle one little arm half hung out, and the tiny pink fingers trailed in the water. Upon each face a smile rested, as if sweet childish thoughts were carrying the wee ones into beautiful dreamland. They knew not of their danger, for fear dares not enter the hearts of the innocent ones; yet each wave that rocked their baby-bark seemed to be bringing them nearer their graves, and the birds, as they flew past, murmured, as if it were their last farewell. But it was not destined that it should so be, for an angry breaker swept them far inland, and a vine, which was climbing up a wild fig-tree, stretched out its clinging tendrils and wrapped them in a gentle embrace.

Hour by hour the tide went down, leaving the children where the waves could not reach them and among the bright trees that glowed with the light of the setting sun.

Not far off was a dense thicket, and from it a hungry wolf stole softly towards the river, but when she heard the wailing of the awaking children, she gave one spring and stood over the cradle in which they lay. Something stayed her hunger, for wonderingly she looked at the little ones and, with the instinct of a mother, took them up, one by one, and nursed them until they fell asleep, then crept slowly away.

Soon from another direction a woman with an urn upon her head came, singing some sweet ditty of long ago. She paused as she passed the fig-tree, and, lifting her hands, was picking the mellow fruit from the heavily-laden branches, when, through the

leaves, she spied a few black locks of hair and two sparkling dark eyes looking straight at her. Approaching nearer, pity filled her heart, and, bending low over the vine-clad nest, Laurentia folded the children in her arms, then kissing them, turned homeward, singing a soft lullaby which sent the budlings again into the land of dreams.

Upon the Palatine hill, amongst glistening olives, stood her little cottage; beyond were broad plains, upon which the shepherds watched their sheep.

Twilight was creeping from shadowy nooks and the "trailing garments" of night were following fast upon her heels when Laurentia reached home. Her children met her at the door, and with many eager questions begged to know where the babies came from. One of the youngest stood on tiptoe in front of her, and said, "Thome one hath thent them to me for a pesant; have they not, mater?" while the others held on to her gown and clamorously demanded a peep at the infants. Just at this moment her husband, Faustulus, after having penned his sheep up for the night, (for he was a shepherd,) came to her rescue, and with many persuasions succeeded in getting all of his own little lambs to bed. Laurentia then told him of how, when going down to the river for water, she had found the babes, and asked him to let her keep them, for their strange beauty had fascinated her. So Faustulus agreed that they should take care of the waifs, and gave them the names of Romulus and Remus.

As years passed on the infants grew to boyhood, their strength and beauty increasing day by day. None doubted they were the children of the good old couple, for tenderer care of them no one could have taken. The shadows of the good and evil to come had not yet passed over their lives, for only the dawn had stolen upon them; life itself seeming a lovely vision, stood before them, clothed in all the glory of childish imagination. Sometimes the two boys would go with the village children down to the river Tiber, where they would fight mimic battles and build mud cities, having for their king and men curious little wooden images, so different from toys made nowadays. Often under the

clear blue sky and over flowery plains they would wander, arm in arm, weaving stories strange and marvellous and building castles which soon drifted into clouds and formed themselves into higher aspirations.

So life went on and care and trouble left untouched the hearts of our heroes until manhood grew upon them. Then one night, while driving a flock of sheep homeward, Remus fell into a pit, and there in the dark he waited for help. Above him the stars twinkled brightly and in the silence the nightingale's song sounded sweeter than ever, but no voice greeted his listening ears until the morning dawned and the rays of light were peeping in upon him, then three or four rough-looking men, clothed in vestures of the king's guardsmen, lifted him out of the trap and carried him before Amulius, who was struck with his noble form, and asked him who were his parents. In simple language Remus began his tale. First he told of how Laurentia had found his brother and himself by the river Tiber, then about his foster parents, and of his subsequent life. The king's face darkened as the story went on, for in his mind he knew that this same lad was one of the infants of his niece, Rhea Sylvia, and whom twenty years ago he had ordered to be thrown into the Tiber, that he might better secure his usurped throne. Already his black heart was plotting evil against the youth, but just as he was about to utter some sentence, the doors of the palace were burst open and a furious mob rushed in. Resistance was vain, and only by supplications was the king's life spared.

From the palace to the country seat of Numitor, the rightful king, the mob then went, and informing him that Amulius was exiled and that the people proclaimed him king, they bore him to the palace, where, amidst their joyous shouts, he ascended the throne. For years the people enjoyed a mild and peaceful government; no clouds darkened the old man's reign. At his death, Romulus and Remus were discovered to be his grandsons, for he was the father of Rhea Sylvia; therefore, they had a right to the throne of Alba Longa; but both being attached to the hill upon which they were reared, wished to build a city upon it. A dis-

cussion arose which should be the king of the new city, and the people said that which ever the gods favored most should build the city and be its king.

So early one morning, when all nature was awaking from her long sleep and bursting out into new life, Romulus went up the Palatine hill, and Remus the Aventine, to watch for some sign. All day long they watched and saw nothing; then "came still evening on," and the moon from a fold of clouds glided into the heavens, lighting the world with mystic splendor; long, dark shadows moved slowly, while dancing to the music of the breeze; only a few faint stars glimmered far away, and peaceful slumber was upon all save the two watchers. When the early rays of light streaked the eastern sky the looked-for sign appeared. Remus first beheld six vultures, and directly afterwards Romulus saw twelve; so the truest sign of the gods' favor fell upon Romulus.

The day was cloudy and the trees were bowing their heads as they swayed to and fro in the wind. Around the Palatine hill, in slow procession, a number of people were solemnly walking, and in front of them was Romulus, guiding four oxen and ploughing the trench inside which the walls of Rome were to be built.

Weeks went by and about a thousand houses dotted the landscape. Long, narrow streets wound here and there, meeting in the centre of the city, there forming four broad roads, which led to the four gates.

It was the first year of his reign; surrounded by his guards, Romulus sat in kingly splendor. Near the door the plebeians stood, and just outside the clients. Every one was silent until, with deep tones, the king spoke: "Countrymen and subjects, we have met here to-day to decide how to procure wives for our people. You know that the neighboring tribes have refused to give their daughters and sisters to us, for they say our city is filled with robbers and men who have led reckless lives; they do not know that, though fierce and strong, we are gentle and tender with womankind. Therefore, as the Sabines will not willingly

give us their maidens, we will by force take them. I will have it proclaimed that on a certain day a great feast shall be held, outside the city gates, in honor of Neptune. When the priest shall end his prayer, seize each one a virgin. But remember whoso treats his maiden with aught but kindness shall be severely punished."

When the day for the feast dawned it was clear and bright. From every direction the people flocked to see the splendid shows. The young came laughing and the older ones smiled to see their mirth, while little children skipped from flower to flower, chasing bright butterflies and humming sweet bird-like songs. Upon a raised platform, above them all, stood the king. His long purple robe, embroidered with gold, fell to his feet, and his shield gleamed in the sunlight. His face still had upon it the same smile which had rested there in babyhood, but his dark eyes sparkled more brightly and watched with keener interest the people around.

Not far from the king a beautiful maiden sat ; her dark orbs were like stars shining through the misty air, and her low, clear laugh sounded like the ripples of a crystal stream. Romulus' attention was soon fixed on her.

Now before the altar the priest in his robes stood, offering a white heifer in sacrifice and praying to the god Neptune. At last, looking toward the sea, with uplifted hands, he cried and said, "O Father! hear our prayer. God of the sea and son of Saturn, we ask of thee help. Give strength unto our limbs and courage to our hearts." Just at this moment an eagle flew by with a dove in his talons. The Romans, beholding the good omen, rushed to seize their prey, and immediately all became confusion. The Sabine men fled and the Roman youths bore in their arms virgins, even the king had thus won a queen. So triumphantly the Romans secured their wives and took them to their homes.

A year went by, during which time many battles had been fought between the Romans and the Sabines. Now rumors of another battle were floating in the air and all was ready.

From the gates of the city the Romans, clad in bright armor, were marching, and on the opposite hills the Sabine men, numbers upon numbers, were pouring from the thick woods and over the meadows, shouting "revenge, revenge," till the angry winds caught up the words and hurled them in the face of their foes. The mid-day sun shone pitilessly on the parched earth. The warriors paid no heed, but followed dauntlessly their kings; closer and closer they drew, until face to face, fathers to sons-in-law, brothers to brothers, they stood. With one consent their weapons were lifted to strike the first blow—then, like the breath of a mournful breeze, a sound of wailing issued from the city, and through the gates came the women, the wives of the Romans and the daughters of their foes. They cried "Forbear," and passing in between the ranks, said, "We are content. O give us peace!" and the winds again caught the words and murmured "peace, peace," while the soldiers' hearts echoed "peace." The sweet breath of love blew the heavy clouds of battle far away.

From this time a compact was formed between the two nations which joined them in one, and Romulus proved a just and upright king.

In the fourteenth year of his reign he held a council in the field of Mars. As evening drew near, the air became close and heavy, and the sky was covered with dark clouds, which hung over the earth like the veil of night. Low rumblings of thunder sounded in the distance, and bright flashes of lightning darted through the air. Soon the wind and the rain came up, and the people, terrified, fled, not knowing whither they went, leaving the king alone. Lower and lower the clouds descended, and darker and darker they grew. The king, unawed, gazed into their depths. Like a pall they fell around him, then suddenly, as by magic power, they brightened, until, like a chariot of fire, followed by streaks of light, they darted upwards, bearing the king in their midst. Before them the heavens opened and music celestial received Romulus into the regions where light perpetual reigns and among the gods immortal.



SCENES FROM MY WINDOW.

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I am sitting by the west window of my home among the mountains this quiet summer evening, and the scene before me is bathed in the rosy flush of sunset.

The surrounding mountains, which tower to kiss the glowing sky, are covered with green, and the houses upon them are wreathed in vines and trailing flowers.

Down in the fresh valley little white cottages hover among the overlapping trees, and a clear blue river wanders like a shining thread through the meadows. On its banks is a merry picnic party, who, having grown weary of games and dancing, are reclining upon the grass. One figure especially attracts my attention; it is a young girl with sad, dreamy eyes and a far-away look in their dark depths. Alas! she is an orphan and many miles from home and friends—a governess for the little girl near her; and now standing under the old elm by the water, this youthful teacher is doubtless thinking of her once happy home in the sunny South, when she had a loving mother and fond father to care for her.

I turn my eyes from this scene to a distant field, in which a flock of sheep are quietly grazing, while not far off a little bare-foot maiden sits waiting to drive them home. She has her broad-brimmed straw hat full of wild flowers, and with her brown dimpled hands is twining a wreath to take to mother. When it is finished, she gathers up her flowers and drives her sheep across the long green field, singing merrily all the way. Now she is lost in the distance and the last echo of her song dies upon the air.

Let me look in another direction and see what will meet my eye. Here is a tiny brown cot with moss-covered roof and decaying steps, but I know within all is bright and cheerful. An old lady with white hair is sitting in the door knitting, and now and then lays down her work, pushes back her spectacles, and folds

her hands, looking so peaceful and happy that I wonder if she is not thinking of Heaven and the angels.

Yonder, too, is an orchard, dotted thickly with fruit trees of different kinds. High up in the top of an apple tree, two or three heads are peeping through the branches, and large red and golden apples are showered down by the mischievous little boys perched on the limbs, while two white aprons are held up to catch some of the beautiful fruit.

In another direction is a small gray church with a cross over the door, and covered with ivy and roses. The church-yard is fresh with grass and flowers, and the crosses and slabs which mark "God's Acre" gleam pure and white among the green shrubs. One little grave has no stone to tell who sleeps beneath, but is bright with flowers, placed there by loving hands; perhaps a mother's or a sister's. How restful and quiet everything looks! And now the gate opens; the old and much loved pastor, followed by a group of neighbors, walks slowly down the path and enters the church, for evening prayers. Presently the soft notes of the organ and lines of the sweet old hymn, "Abide with Me," float gently through the evening air. The sun has hidden his glorious splendor behind the gray mountains, and the whippoorwills and bats begin to fly about. Twilight shadows deepen until the world is wrapped in darkness.

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"VESTIGIA NULLA RETRORSUM."

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A June morning still and bright, its warm sunshine flooding the quiet beauty of an English landscape. A broad and level stretch of country, reaching back to where a purple mist veils the distant hills. A country rich in orchards and fields of waving grain and striped with hedges of deepest green, with here and there a sunny meadow, the dew yet glistening on its daisies. In the distance a wooden arch crosses the sparkling waters of a

slowly gliding stream. Far up the road appears a moving cloud of dust, borne swiftly forward as by an approaching storm. Soon on the narrow bridge the furious beat of horses' hoofs is heard. A body of Royalist cavalry sweep into sight, thundering on before the hot pursuit of a band of Puritan soldiers. The fierce race ends on the field of Chalgrove, where the Royalists, overtaken, face their pursuers. A pause, a rapid glance between the hostile parties. Confronting the Puritans the cavaliers, in gay, picturesque dress, with waving plumes and flowing lovelocks, their dashing, fearless air mingled now with stern defiance; facing the Royalists, the sombre array of Puritan soldiers. In the foremost ranks of these, conspicuous in their green uniforms, a little band of men, whose look of determined bravery augurs a sharp struggle. Their green banner displays to the enemy the motto of their leader, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*"; to the Puritans, the watch-word which is the secret of their calm fearlessness. Now on the stillness break the sounds of war, the clash of steel, the deafening roar of musketry. In the hottest of the strife, a sudden confusion appears in the Puritan ranks. Hampden, their commander, is wounded. Filled with grief and consternation, his soldiers fight with flagging spirits, soon give way and the Royalists escape.

Out of the din and tumult wearily moves the drooping solitary figure of the wounded leader. Soon in a neighboring village, friendly walls shelter the exhausted sufferer. The end approaches; the shadows of death are gathering over features strong and calm in their great patience. Broken prayers reveal his anxious care for his afflicted country, and sad and tender thoughts of absent loved ones. Then without fear or regret, the noble spirit passing outward, from friends whose deep love and grief follow it with passionate, helpless, longing, crosses the bounds of the glorious life beyond.

"No backward steps." Nobly did the life of this man illustrate his guiding principle. In the troubled times before the long threatening storm of rebellion broke upon England, in all the horrors of civil war, Hampden, when possible, exercised his

great influence to effect a reconciliation between the Crown and Parliament. But with all his desire for peace he would never consent to the smallest compromise with injustice, whatever might be the reward of compliance or the consequences of refusal. When war was at last declared he devoted all his energies to the cause he had embraced, with the inflexible resolution of a soul conscious of a just and noble purpose, swayed by no motive of self-interest. Not from his standard alone gleamed the motto he had chosen; all his life bore out its strong and earnest purpose. "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*" shone in his penetrating eye, in the quiet strength of his gentle and courteous bearing, in every action of council or field. The army boasted no more fearless and determined leader until the day when his part in the struggle ceased, as he fell nobly fighting under the banner he had honored with steadfast truth, had marred by no backward steps of indecision or weak and selfish parleying with wrong.

"*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" Our hearts are thrilling with those words of high resolve. We long to emulate the fearless zeal for right, the strong determination of the hero who followed with such unwavering loyalty the banner whence they shine. We too would fain follow it in every just and noble cause. But as with kindling ardor we look upon the floating folds, a sudden breeze sweeping through them reveals the other side, and the writing, "God with us." Now looking upon our standard, comprehending all its meaning, our eager eyes grow more earnest, and we see that before we had known but one side of the picture, had thought only of the fearless deeds and unwavering resolve to which the motto would excite us, forgetful of the principle which is its only strength. "No backward steps," we may cry with full hope and courage while on our standard gleam the words, "God with us"; but that legend once lost, the motto would become a mournful warning of defeat and ruin.

"*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" A new, deep meaning in the words comes to us with almost startling power. We are outward bound, swept toward the infinite by the passing years with a force silent and resistless as the wind blowing over some vast

treeless plain. At first this onward moving is so smooth, so gentle, that we do not feel it ; then,

“ We doubt not of changes, we know not of spaces,  
The heavens seem as near as our own Mother's face is.”

We are happy like the flowers in to-day's warm sunshine, taking no more thought than they for the morrow. But as the golden portal of each day's sunrise opens to us, the outward view is wider than before. Soon our pulses bound with the quickening motion, the wind blows fresh and strong in our faces as we hasten on. The heavens are higher ; far above and before us burn the stars, like lamps, to light us onward and upward. Broad and fair extends the surrounding landscape, in the distance varied and enchanting scenes arise, “ appressed in celestial light ” of hope and longing. “ O Life, O Beyond, thou art strange ; thou art sweet !”

We hurry on unceasingly “ who daily farther from the East must travel,” over mountain and valley, rugged and weary road or smiling meadow. Now as the silent gate of each day's sunset closes behind us forever, the space between it and the next seems always narrower, more swiftly passed. The distant scenes are hidden, but the translucent mist before them is flushed with the brightness it veils. We lift our eyes as night comes on to the heavens bending above us, vast and silent, like a dome inscribed with mystic, burning characters of stars. Looking upon those glowing signs, we dream that they record the glory and the mystery of the infinite, which we may not read till Death, our Daniel, interprets for us that writing on the wall.

Of this onward moving all living things in nature “ do the same tale repeat.” Here in a cluster of roses is a bud just bursting into beauty beside a full blown flower. Half hidden under the open blossom gleams the ripening seed vessel of another, which, flushing into glossy redness, keeps in its glowing vase the germ of future roses. A frightened chirp comes from the soft springing grass at the foot of the rose tree. A half-fledged nestling has deserted the swaying cradle on the branch above.

Another, balancing himself on the edge of the nest, peeps doubtfully at the great world outside, while the parent birds urge on the progress of their young adventurers with cries of delighted encouragement. Now the last timid fledgeling, spreading his wings for one bold effort, lights, quivering with joy and fear, on a neighboring tree.

We, too, have set our faces toward our onward journey, going out hopefully, eagerly, to meet its toil and strife, its dangers, its unknown possibilities of achievement. But a sudden thought makes us pause for a parting glance over the safe and pleasant road along which we have come so far on our journey. Bathed in the sunlight of sweet and tender memories, the low green valley of our childhood lies behind us. Leading out from its gentle brightness are paths which wind over rising ground. Catching glimpses from this slight eminence of openings through the trees, our first vague desire awakened for the new and unknown scenes thus suggested. Here the way grew more difficult, as we first began to learn of duties to be done, of restraints which kept us in beaten paths, no longer straying where we would. All those roughnesses are forgotten now, our eyes lovingly lingering over each familiar scene, grow dim, as back upon our hearts comes, like a farewell sigh, the echo of our own words, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*" Still, our backward glances are not those of exiles toward a lost home, but of travellers over the first steps of a long journey.

While our steps are governed by honest, earnest purpose, the way leads ever to broader, higher planes of thought and action. If we travel, having no end in view, we may perchance reach some heights, some fair and pleasant scenes, but oftener will wander, bewildered and distressed, among rugged roads, from which no escape is visible, except it may be into greater terrors. It is useless to imagine ourselves on the way to some desired end because of vague intentions to reach that end; every onward, upward step must be gained by patient work and steady purpose. Often it may seem to us that we make but little, if any, progress; that we are leaving all undone the work laid out for us. But it

may be that at such times we go forward with swifter, surer steps than ever before. In the silence of absolute rest, the crystal, taking from the earth its own elements, shapes them in "nature's geometric signs." At last the fine and delicate perfection of its polished facets reveals the steady purpose of its growth. Here is an amethyst which has kept, in forming, its symmetry unmarred, its purity unalloyed. Freed at last from the darkness, note its unclouded beauty, as the sunbeam glancing through its burnished surface lights an ethereal flame in the varying purple which, like the very spirit of joy and triumph, trembles through the whole. But see the result of flagging purpose in the crystal lying near. At one end regular and polished sides indicate a fair beginning. Thence it has gone on aimlessly, building up a lustreless, uneven mass, one part overgrown, another flat and crumbling. Here and there, through the purple, brown, unsightly streaks show how the crystal has allowed dark veins of earth to cloud its purity.

The dangers of our journey must be conquered by steadfast courage, not by heroic impulses; its difficulties overcome by the strong will and endeavor. Would we set our feet on mountain tops, it can only be after patient, and oftentimes weary, climbing. But how majestic the view which bursts upon us, the summit once gained! We scarcely see the obstacles which made the ascent so difficult, and very low and insignificant appear the hills with which we were once content. Suddenly the shadow of the towering mountain behind us spreading downward, "till all the glens are drowned in azure gloom," veils our height. As we look upward sunlit peak on peak rises far through the clear, pure atmosphere. There are heights to which we may in time attain; summits above them, which we can never reach. So with the patient labor, the steady, earnest purpose which every upward step demands, we gain the added strength of humility by which we think but slightly of all that is behind, looking upward to the things to be attained.

Whatever good we fail to gather in our progress we may not go back to seek. Remaining possibilities may be grasped, and

the lost thus seemingly regained, but it is only seemingly. The golden opportunities which pass neglected can never be recalled. One lily bell lifts its fragrant chalice to receive the evening dews, another listlessly droops toward the ground. On the morrow, one guarding the dew-drop deep in its golden heart, keeps its fresh purity unchanged through the sultry hours; the other hangs faded on its stalk, withered before the noon. See this half ripened cluster, which, long hidden under overhanging foliage, has at last pushed itself out into the sunshine. Its growth was deprived of its essential light and heat. But stunted and imperfect as it is, its berries here and there are warming into deeper color. It may yet ripen into some use and beauty. Near this cluster hangs another, full, ripe, and perfect: as its rich purple deepens in the sunshine, at once we realize how impossible it is for its dwarfed and starved companion to recover what it has lost. So in our journey no step can be retraced, whether we pass in blind carelessness through bright possibilities or walk alert and vigorous, neglecting no good that may be in our way.

“*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*” The motto has a stirring sound, full of a strong and hopeful spirit. But listening closely, we may hear a note of warning in the words. Onward we must go unceasingly; upward we may. There are two roads in our journey, and though we see but a little way ahead through the enveloping mists of each, we can discern that one tends ever upward. Here and there, piercing the veil, we see the sunlit crests of lofty mountain heights, their grand outlines looming up vast and indistinct before us. It is ours to choose the upward path, ours to press forward along the way, often steep and rugged, which leads to we know not what summit of joy and triumph. But no necessity compels our choice; we are free to tread the other road, leading onward through the shadows to its unknown end. The scenes through which its travellers must pass are hidden, but we see that it leads steadily away from the path to which our highest and noblest aspirations would direct us, and we know that no backward steps are taken on either road. ‘*Vestigia nulla retrorsum.*’ Ever may the warning guide us, the earnest, fearless teaching make all our way a journey “up the steep which leads to God.”



ONE OF EARTH'S VOICES.

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In the Greek mythology we are told, that when the great division of the universe was made by Zeus, the empire of the sea was given to Neptune. Seated in his coral caves, he ruled supreme. At a wave from his mighty trident, the spirits flew to rouse the waters of the sea. Huge billows raised their angry heads above the cliffs, and plunging forward, spread destruction far and wide. The ships which sailed unconscious of their danger are suddenly dashed to pieces on the rocks. The sea is strewn with spoils, and with the noise of the waves are mingled the sounds of woe, wrung from those who dreamed not of their fate till it o'ercame them. At this the storm grows fiercer; the angry sea laughs at the chaos it has created, and seems about to burst all bounds, and fill the earth with universal ruin. But look! Another motion from the sceptred king, and all is still. The winds roll back, and muttering fierce threats, withdraw to caves below the sea, there to wait another order from their reckless king.

In the conception of Neptune, the Greeks personified the water of the universe.

Homer speaks of storms as raised by the anger of this deity; and in the fierce waves, and white, wind-scattered surf, which wrecked the frail raft of the brave Ulysses, he sees the sea-god, driving his fiery steeds, with flowing manes; while when the storm subsides and billows cease to roll, he sees the mighty Neptune lulled by the music of the waves to gentler passions.

Thus, to the ancients, the sea was a god, possessing powers, passions and feelings, a being whom they devoutly worshipped.

Go to the shores of the ocean and watch its mighty billows rise and fall; dashing the white spray hither and thither with a force almost incredible. See its noble works. Think of it reigning supreme over the face of the earth, hewing the hard rocks into shape, chiselling the mountains, smoothing the valleys; unlimited monarch of all, yet at the first sound of His voice,

“Who made the sea, and all that therein is,” with meek submission withdrawing to one place, that the dry land might appear. Then with loving tenderness it builds a blue wall about the earth, and sends forth its ministering spirits, the clouds, the streams and the brooklets, to refresh and beautify it.

The waters peopled by the Greeks with creatures of fancy were those which now surround us. The same sea which bears our richly laden fleets carried the brave Argonauts to Colchis. The sea which heard the thunder of the war between the gods and Titans now listens to the peaceful murmur of the winds, as they rustle through the leafy trees on Pelion; and the same blue waves which hearkened to the counsels of the gods in the days of Homer still turn their faces to Mt. Olympus.

Are not the ever changing features of these mighty waters enough to inspire all beholders with awe and reverence? Is it strange that the ancients believed water to have a personality and life of its own? that the Greeks, who knew not the one true God, Whose footsteps are in the deep, Whose smile is in the rainbow, should, in seeking a knowledge of Him, invest different parts of His creation with His attributes? should worship expressions of His force and bow before the beauty of His creation?

At a later period the imagination of the Germans has peopled the waters with Mermaids, Undines and Nixes, of whose happy life in the clear lakes and fountains we love to dream.

It were easy to fancy Kühleborn seated on his mighty throne, surrounded by vassals and holding his iron sway over the inhabitants of the deep; and in the fresh stream, winding gracefully around a quiet, moss-covered grave, to recognize Undine, with her snowy arms, encircling the resting-place of her much loved knight.

Finding ourselves in an old forest, among the woodland waterfalls and streams, we might readily imagine the spirit of the fountain rising up to dispute our passage through the woods; or fancy the voices of water-sprites sounding in the ripple of the brooks; but would no other thought come to our minds? Do we see no more in the water of the universe than fancy has por-

trayed? Speaks it no more to us than it did to the Greeks? It inspired awe and fear in them; should it not call forth higher praise from us? To them it spoke only of the power of a god; to us, its every form, from the grand old sea which sculptured continent and island, to the smallest dew-drop that feeds the violet and sparkles in its bosom, bears a message of love from the God and Father of all. It speaks of the work to be done, of the trials by all to be borne, and by example teaches many sweet lessons. It is one of the innumerable blessings with which God has surrounded His children, and it is the only visible thing which, since the creation of the world, has undergone no change. The mountains have been laid low, and the hills have become as nothing, but what can change the sea?

It has been said that man is master of the world, but this is true only when we except the sea. How beautifully Byron has expressed this thought in his "Apostrophe to the Ocean":

"Man marks the earth with ruin, his control  
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plains,  
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
He sinks into thy depth with bubbling groan,  
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown."

While thus changeless in itself, there is nothing which has wrought so many changes on surrounding objects. It would be difficult to find a single spot where water has not left its mark. The highest mountains bear the impress of its touch; and when it withdrew from their lofty peaks, it left in the shells and corals many tokens of its visit.

It has, in its different forms, done more to promote the growth and commerce of nations than any other agent.

The old sea bears on its trackless bosom thousands of vessels, richly laden with the produce of every clime. In the form of steam, water propels the great engines made use of to further domestic manufactures and trade.

The vapour rising from the sea carries with it heat to the regions where its airy chariot would only bring cold.

In the dead of winter, when the birds have flown, and the buds and flowers are afraid to show their pretty heads, the snow descends, and with tender arms folds the earth in its embrace, wraps the roots of flower, tree and grain in its ermine shroud, and there keeps them warm and alive till spring, when, freeing them from its embrace, it leaves them for awhile, but soon after returns in the fresh spring showers to feed its little nurslings of the winter.

The rivers, too, are not mere highways for man's convenience. But for the Nile, Egypt would be as barren as the Great Desert of Sahara. The blue stream in its early course among the hills of Abyssinia gathers into the waters all the minerals which, being deposited by its yearly overflow, feed the luxuriant vegetation of its valley.

By affording convenient means of commerce and trade it increases the size and beauty of all cities which rear their walls above its banks; while, as it keeps the surrounding atmosphere moist and pleasant, it may be considered the fountain of health to the Egyptians. Well might they keep their harvest feast.

When the sun's rays shine upon the world, warming and invigorating all life, they heat the surface of the sea, enticing the water to leave its early home. For a long time it refuses, but at last kissed by the sun into vapour, it extends its hands, with simple trust, and goes bravely forth to new duties. It is borne high up, over hills and mountains, towards the polar regions, and at last, chilled and expanded, it descends on the mountains as snow.

Though it has gone through many trials, and many more await it, it never falters, but is true to its work; yes, and to itself, for look! each little crystal is perfect; not a flaw can be found in the least of the six-sided stars.

You crystal flakes, that fly so swiftly to the earth, covering and making beautiful the brown hills with your ermine robe, going to your appointed task so cheerfully, do you never complain

of having to leave your early home and the companions of your youth? "God sent us," whispers a snow-flake, as it nestles gently among its companions, on a sharp, bare peak of the hill. "It is true we longed to remain in our childhood's home, but so many sunbeams wooed us and told us of the work to be done for our Father, that at last our silly fears vanished, and we are come to work here for a time, then to return to our home in the sea."

Does the long imprisonment in the mountain avalanche never overcome your patience? Does it not pain you to think you are bound? Why do you sparkle and glisten in the sunlight as pleasantly as if you were free?

But the snow refuses to answer; only sparkles more brightly, and seems trying to dazzle our eyes for putting such thoughts into its head.

Imprisoned in the avalanche, it must remain till spring, when its hold on the mountain becoming loosened, it again changes its home. Now we think it must complain, for though avalanche was bad enough, the glacier into which it has passed is infinitely worse. It has not even the attraction of being smooth, but rises up here and there in rough, jagged and sharp pointed peaks, yet from each peak and point, little star crystals flash as brightly as the smoothest snow on the mountain above; aye, it is even happier than in the avalanche, for when the sun shines on the long icicles and sparkling spears, each reflects "God's promise," the rainbow.

Here the water must remain perhaps for ages. That is, the great heart of the glacier must wait, but from time to time it sends forth messengers of love in the little streams which flow from it, each taking the path traced and appointed at the creation of the world. They have been so patient through their long bondage, and now it is through obedient trust that they are freed. For it is the dark, or heat rays of the sun which bid the glacier forth; through them it gains its eternal home, and as it journeys like an angel it blesses the valley through which it winds.

Much of the glacier is detained in its journey by the burden which it is forced to bear. Great masses of debris sometimes

fasten themselves upon the ice and, by intercepting the heat, prevent it from melting; yet it bears the burden cheerfully and fulfills its duty in waiting.

But let us follow one of the little messenger streams which leaves the glaciers. Hurrying on towards the ocean, it never complains of the length of its journey, but, with a light heart and strong will, works on, overcoming each difficulty as it presents itself. Not one, but many of these little streams start off joyful and happy at being released. They chatter and dance and sparkle as if their very life depended on expressing their joy in every possible way. In this merry mood, if the rocks of the hill-side come in their path they skip over them and dance along as gaily as before, but in their quieter moments, when the rock presents itself, the little stream divides and passes quietly by, as if too busy with its thoughts to play. The mountain travellers often stop to drink their clear waters, and nightly they are visited by herds of timid deer. They never become tired or dull, always keeping up a merry chatter among themselves.

Perhaps, by and by one becomes separated from its companions and takes its course through the shady forest, where no traveller ever comes to slake his thirst, and where it has no little companions to gossip with. But though it is sometimes very lonely it makes the most of its situation, while it amuses itself by playing with the sunbeams and by running in and out among the bushes and vines growing along its banks. It freshens the mosses and ferns and feeds the large lilies which spread their broad leaves on its surface. It answers the songs of the little birds with a low, sweet voice, and whispers soft words to the willows.

Only once during the year does its little tongue cease to chatter. Then to all outward appearances it is cold and dead; but let us take a peep beneath the hard surface of ice which holds it like a shroud. Cold it may be, but dead nor idle it is not.

“The little brooklet has built a roof,  
 ’Neath which he can house him, winter-proof.  
 All night, by the white stars’ frosty gleams,  
 He has groined his arches and matched his beams;

Slender and clear are his crystal spars,  
 As the lashes of light that trim the stars :  
 He has sculptured every summer delight,  
 In his halls and chambers out of sight.  
 Sometimes his tinkling waters slipt  
 Down through a frost-leaved forest crypt.  
 Long sparkling aisles of steel-stemmed trees  
 Bending, to counterfeit a breeze.  
 Sometimes the roof no fret-work knew  
 But silvery mosses, that downward grew ;  
 Sometimes it was carved in sharp relief,  
 With quaint arabesque of infern leaf ;  
 Sometimes it was simply smooth and clear  
 For the gladness of heaven to shine through, and here  
 He had caught the nodding bulrush tops  
 And hung them thickly with diamond drops,  
 Which crystalled the beams of morn and sun,  
 And made a star of every one :  
 No mortal builder's rare device  
 Could match this winter palace of ice.  
 'Twas as if every image that, mirrored, lay  
 In his depths serene, through the summer day,  
 Each flitting shadow of earth and sky,  
 Lest the happy model should be lost,  
 Had been mimicked in fairy masonry  
 By the elfin builders of the frost."

But when the bright spring days come again the little brook's tongue is loosed from cold, and again begins its prattle.

As a reward for its patience, it finally meets a larger stream, a river, which, like itself, is hurrying on to the ocean ; perhaps one of those from which it parted in the mountain. Then, with a joyful whirl and a louder murmur of happiness, the two streams unite their waters and continue their travels as one.

Not only is water the most useful of all the agents of the earth, but it is the most beautiful. The pictures made by the ocean in its different phases have passed as magic scenes before our enchanted gaze. We have seen the smooth surface, stirred by no breeze, and reflecting all that passed on its glassy face. Again the angry winds have lashed the waters till they rose and fell in huge, white-capped billows. At night, we have seen their bril-

liant phosphorescent sparkle, and were obliged to assure ourselves that the starry hosts in the blue above had not changed their places,

“ For every wave with its dimpled face,  
That leaped upon the air,  
Had caught a star in its embrace  
And held it trembling there.”

Water is beautiful not only in the great sea, but in all its forms. Even the smallest brooklet possesses some charm, and we can see in it, as in the broadest stream, the clear sky and the drifting clouds above us.

Perhaps the most beautiful form in which water presents itself to our view is in the clouds. There it comes as a mediator between the fierce sun and the earth ; and the clouds, grouping their shadowy forms near the horizon, seem enveloping the world with a robe of exquisite beauty.

No two clouds which pass across the sky are alike, yet each is perfect in symmetry and grace, and their variety furnishes us with endless pleasure. Some seem to rise as dark watch-towers in the sky, while others float gracefully along, blown hither and thither by the wind, yet ever reflecting the light of the sun. Others are so far away as to appear like silver threads in the blue above. Some rest on the top of the mountain, and seem like ministering angels, caressing and comforting the bare old hill, pitying it in its loneliness and captivity, as it must ever remain chained fast to the earth. They hover lovingly about its crest, and when the sunbeams play across their face, touching them here and there, they seem like a halo of glory, beautifying and illuminating the rugged peaks. Near sunset, the higher clouds disappear or cluster together near the horizon, forming often beautiful pictures, as the sun, with its fading light, gilds their edges.

It seems sometimes as if the curtain were lifted from before our eyes and we were permitted to get a glimpse of another world. We see a city paved with gold, about which float innumerable bright forms, whose every motion seems prompted by love and



happiness ; it is all so beautiful we long to cross the land of the skies ; but as we gaze, see ! it fades from our sight. Now a broad river comes between us, full of shoals and rocks, and then both river and city fade away, as the sun sinks below the horizon.

Even then the clouds do not desert us, but, wafted by every breeze, they seem playing bopeep with the moon and the stars. Thus they amuse themselves till morn appears, and they begin again their works of love. As they pass lightly over our heads, we can almost hear them sing their morning hymn :

“ We bring fresh showers for the thirsty flowers,  
 For the seas and the streams ;  
 We bear light shades for the leaves when laid  
 In their noonday dreams ;  
 From our wings are shaken the dews that waken  
 The sweet buds, every one,  
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
 As she dances about the sun.”

Then a soft wind rises and wafts the little clouds so far away that the end of the song is lost in the murmur of the breeze.

Thus in its varied forms water fills its appointed place in the economy of nature, ever ministering to the comfort and happiness of man and to the glory of God.

It speaks to us in the sublimity of the ocean, in the grandeur of the glacier, in the beauty of the cloud, and in the lovely hues of the rainbow, which binds our earth to heaven. Its voice is one grand hymn, the glad refrain, which has been, is, and ever shall be sung throughout creation—

O ye seas and floods, bless ye the Lord ;  
 O all ye works of the Lord, bless ye the Lord ; praise  
 Him and magnify him forever.

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#### VALEDICTORIES.

And now, for those daughters of St. Mary's who to-day must leave the protecting walls of our “ Alma Mater,” I am to say good-bye.

And first, to you, our Rector and friend, do we tender our thanks for the kindness and fatherly care with which you have ever surrounded us. Your efforts to promote both our spiritual and temporal welfare have never ceased, and should the lives for which you have striven so earnestly fall short in any way, then must the fault be ours.

God grant that we may ever grow towards that true and gentle womanhood, whose ideal you have constantly placed before us.

Though to-day we must leave St. Mary's, we can never cease to be her daughters, and we ask that among your pleasant thoughts and in your prayers, the class of '81 may always find a place.

Dear Pastor, we bid you an affectionate farewell.

Then to our dear Lady Principal, whose tender care has so cheered our homesick and desponding hearts in those moments which come often to school-girls, to you, who indeed have mothered us, we give a loving good-bye. How can we ever thank you for those tender offices so gently rendered each of us; those whispered words of comfort, which cheered us in all our tasks, and sweetened the cup of our pleasures. Fondly will our hearts cling to you, and the sweet instructions given by your voice shall be treasured among the most sacred mementos of the past.

What you have been to us and to all who have been entrusted to your care, we can never tell you; ever will the loving wishes of your daughters follow you. May God bless our dear Mother, and through a long life surround her with the fruits of those blessings which she has so plentifully bestowed on others.

Next, to you, our kind teachers, we offer our sincere thanks for all your loving interest and for the useful lessons taught both by precept and example. For your patience when we have fallen short of the mark to which you have tried to raise us, and for your sweet words of encouragement. Lovingly, we bid you farewell.

And now last, a few words to our dear sister school-mates. For the rest of the short time which is given us together, we must not dwell on the sadness of parting, but on the pleasures of the

past. Let us recall all those pleasant scenes of the happy days gone by.

And especially do we address those of our fellow-students who are about to succeed the class of '81.

To-day we are to resign to you our class banner, and in resigning it, we charge you to guard the honor and purity of its fair folds. Take it, dear friends, and with whatever motto you may bear it, let ours, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," be to you a watchword. And may you in due time give the sacred trust to your successors with as full confidence as we now consign it to you.

To Pastor, Mother, Teachers and School-mates, we give a loving good-bye, a "God be wi' you."

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### ANCIENT AND MODERN ELOQUENCE.

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Eloquence, one of the richest gifts with which man is endowed, has ever been a theme of greatest interest.

In pursuing our studies we soon find a great difference between ancient and modern eloquence. Eager to learn more about modern eloquence as compared with the ancient, we begin the tedious work of tracing the causes of difference. Greece, the mother of eloquence and art, as well as the birth-place of Demosthenes, the prince of orators, must first claim our attention. The eloquence of the Greeks furnishes us one of the most interesting subjects connected with their history. Some think the mighty influence of the oratory which once shook democracies far superior to that of modern times, and say it is impossible for it to return. Many contend that the genius required to produce this eloquence was much greater with the ancients. Others deny this, asserting that moderns are mentally equal to Greeks or Romans, the circumstances under which eloquence is now called forth making it differ more in kind than degree; they maintain that the age makes the man, not man the age.

Let us look at some of the most prominent causes of difference. First, the theatres. These, at the time when Grecian eloquence had reached its zenith, were immense stone buildings, erected at the expense of the public and used for various purposes, for the drama, for the Olympic games, and often for the Grecian courts, while even the legislative bodies sometimes gathered within their walls to discuss political questions. Whenever the public assembly met, it drew people from all parts of the country, and excited the greatest interest from the lowest as well as the highest citizen. All these assemblies were of a popular character, and thus furnished the orator with a broad field for the display of eloquence. The theatres and public assemblies being free for all, large crowds attended on every occasion. Especially when an orator like Pericles, and later when Demosthenes was about to speak, men flocked to Athens from the most remote parts of Greece, and listened with as much attention as if witnessing some grand spectacle.

Modern theatres are much smaller, and not being free to the public, the poorer classes are denied the educating and refining influence which the ancients received from this source. The theatre of to-day affords only the wealthy few an opportunity for cultivating their taste. The legislative bodies never meet in modern theatres, hence there is no chance for the soul-stirring eloquence called forth by the questions of the day.

The actor is often eloquent, but he appeals mostly to the imagination and deals in the past. He never touches upon the topics of the day except to ridicule. The legislative assemblies, too, are of a different character. They are divided into two deliberative bodies, which in many cases must be less attractive, for men saunter about places of political speakings during debates of the most important character with a careless and indifferent air. Many hardly think the eloquence of the best orator sufficient compensation for the loss of a dinner. This indifference on the part of the people must weaken the orator, and he often becomes careless and indifferent too.

This was not the case in ancient times; the orator well knew

the earnest and critical character of his audience, and felt the awful responsibility resting upon him ; therefore, he laboriously prepared himself to appear before the powerful and wavering multitude, which was alternately slave or tyrant ; now, the passive instrument of a demagogue, then, the wheel of a powerful engine, recoiling back to crush the hand that first aspired to direct it.

To rouse the passions was the first object of an ancient orator ; this accomplished, he could sway the multitude at will. He well knew that decisions would be given under the impulse of the moment ; just as they thought, so would they act. He aimed at impassioned eloquence on all occasions, but especially in cases brought before the courts, then he always addressed himself to the judge and jurors, for to bring them into the same channel of thought as himself, was to gain the victory and an immediate pardon for the accused. One man with a thorough knowledge of human nature, a clear, distinct expression, and an untiring perseverance, often had more power than a king, surrounded by his thousands. Philip, in his conquest of Greece, feared Demosthenes more than all his foes, and well he might, for Demosthenes, by his eloquence, stirred the whole Greek nation against him, and for a while saved Greece from impending ruin.

In modern times we have no such quick decisions ; questions are debated for weeks, months, and even years, as in the case of Warren Hastings. The indictment was read before one generation and the verdict before another. The very long speeches of modern days have little more effect than to spin out the time and give parties an opportunity to compromise.

The Athenian assemblies were composed alike of the rich and poor, the vulgar and refined, which leads many to think them inferior in taste to the Roman Senate or British Parliament. This, however, was not the case ; for, although a mixed assembly, strange to say, their taste was perfect almost to a fault. Never did orators appear before so critical an audience as that of Athens. Demosthenes himself failed several times, by making a mistake which would not have been noticed by any but an Athenian

Assembly. He was once hooted off the stage for placing the accent on the wrong syllable.

But how came these ignorant Greeks with this refined taste for eloquence? many will ask. A glance back at the history of Greece will show. The troubles between Greece and her allied colonies, and wars with other countries from the earliest times, called forth much debating, and as the ancients had no way of conveying news, multitudes gathered from all parts of Greece to hear it from the best speaker. The orator, knowing the character of his audience, felt the necessity of careful preparation before delivery. These well-prepared orations so cultivated and refined the Greek taste that it has been compared to Italian taste for music; bad music to an Italian is not only unpleasant, but painful; so were bad language and indistinct pronunciation to the Greek. Demosthenes was extremely careful in the construction of his sentences and the pronunciation of his words. His speeches were condensed and without repetition, save to make some idea more forcible. He never lagged, but led his audience step by step along the strong, beautiful line of thought, holding them spell-bound until he saw that he had gained his point. No wonder, then, at the immense labor of Grecian orators before appearing in public. The nicely formed sentences, the beautiful language, the clear and pure tone, all indicate untiring labor, not the suggestion of a moment. Never did orators labor more patiently and perseveringly than Demosthenes and Cicero. Demosthenes, it is said, had built for himself a little vault under ground, and there, buried, by the light of a small lamp pursued his studies. Ten times he wrote and rewrote those eloquent orations which so stirred the Greek nation, and from his time to the present have fired the souls of ambitious youth to become useful and great. The delivery and gestures of Demosthenes, we are told, were at first very imperfect. His voice was effeminate and an impediment in his speech rendered it difficult for him to be understood. His voice was greatly strengthened by declaiming aloud on the sea-shore, his stammering overcome by practicing with pebbles in his mouth, and he cured himself of an awkward habit of

shrugging his shoulders by suspending a heavy sword from it, while, to perfect himself in gesture, he practiced before a mirror. The labors of Cicero were equally great, but he never had the physical defects to overcome with which Demosthenes had to contend.

The two greatest orators the world has ever known were the most untiring workers, thus setting an example to aspirants for fame in modern times, who, it is feared, imagine themselves modern Demosthenes' and Ciceros, regardless of the great labor required for even these old masters to produce such eloquence. The royal prize is only won by untiring energy. Those who would travel the rugged path to fame must remember,

“For sluggards how the laurel never grows,  
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.”

Another cause of difference between ancient and modern eloquence lies in the comparatively few laws of ancient times. Cicero tells us that he could make himself acquainted with the whole Roman code in three months and the laws of Greece in three days. In proportion as the laws are few in number, the judicial power, wherever it is vested, becomes more important, for in absence of laws the judge is left to decide the cases according to his own judgment. In such cases the orator may not only address himself to the understanding of the judge, but may appeal to his feelings. In modern times we find a law for almost every case, consequently the lawyer is forced to show the application of each law, and every attempt to rouse the passions is viewed with distrust.

Not only were the laws of ancient times few, compared with those of to-day, but they were often set aside or used only as tools in the hands of the orator. The Greeks cared little for the justice shown to individuals; the State was their sole interest, the popular vote their greatest law, and this vote condemned or acquitted, according to the feeling of the people. On one occasion six commanders were charged with having neglected the wounded after battle. Each should have had his separate trial, but,

regardless of justice due the individual, the Greeks only thought of the injury done the State, and voted all should be tried together. There is, in the case of Socrates, the same non-application of laws. He was brought before the court, charged with having reviled the gods, and, without the idea of justice, was condemned.

How very different in modern times. We are a law-making, law-loving and law-abiding people. An orator may make the finest appeals to the passions; he may have the genius and polish of a Cicero, or the talents of a Demosthenes; he may use the most ingenious logic to prove that his reasoning is based on justice; still, the clumsiest of debaters will demolish him at a blow if he can prove the law and constitution to be against him. The ancient orator had a wider field for the display of his eloquence; he looked on man as an instrument of many strings, upon which he alone can play who can skillfully touch all the cords. He studied the whole nature of man, his passions, his prejudices and emotions, always aiming to touch the cords which would chime in unison with the swell of his own bosom.

Fine logicians we often meet, and able arguments are not rare; but seldom does the orator appear who can throw around the judge the veil of enchantment, lead him into such a temper of mind as he chooses, fire him with resentment, soften him with tears. Many have produced arguments as powerful as those of Demosthenes or Cicero, but none were ever uttered with such magic power. The greatest men confessed its might and fell victims before its shrine. The cool head of Cæsar was once swayed by the eloquence of Cicero, and he pardoned a criminal contrary to his settled purpose.

Not only did the ancients strive to perfect themselves in eloquence, but they studied the smallest points of effect. The strictest attention was paid even to the dress. Quintilian in his day gave particular directions how the folds of his gown should be managed, the collar cut, even his rings must be worn to advantage; and Demosthenes always dressed himself with a view to effect.

Ancient orators practiced every act which could operate on the



feelings. The wives and crying children of the prisoners were often brought before the courts and passionate appeals made in their behalf. The accused sometimes appeared in tattered garments, as indicative of wretchedness and poverty. Cicero, when about to be impeached by Clodius, came forward, with the rest of his party, dressed in deep mourning. In a British Parliament or an American court no such means for rousing the sympathies are allowed; the lawyer is chained by the stern rigor of the law, and does not enter the realm of passion. No case on record, perhaps, so well illustrates the difference between ancient and modern oratory as that of Warren Hastings. It called forth a display of eloquence almost equal to that of Demosthenes and Cicero. Never, since the palmy days of Greece, has an orator so completely swayed his audience as did the noble Burke, when he rose in a crowded hall of the British Parliament, and, after describing the character and institutions of the natives of India, the society of the Eastern Empire and the circumstances to which the British Asiatic empire owed its origin, pictured the effects of the tyrannous administration of Hastings and his utter defiance of all laws of morality and of justice. Then raising his voice until the arches of the Irish oak resounded, "Therefore," said he, "hath it with confidence been ordered by the Commons of Great Britian, that I impeach Warren Hastings of crimes and misdemeanors. I impeach him in the name of the Commons House of Parliament, whost trust he hath betrayed; I impeach him in the name of England, whose ancient honor he hath sullied; I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose rights he has trodden under foot and whose country he has turned into a desert; last, in the name of human nature itself, in the name of both sexes, in the name of every rank, in the name of every age, I impeach the common enemy and oppressor of mankind." The house moved an adjournment, confessing it was impossible to give a decision after such a powerful speech. Had a verdict been given immediately, as would have been done in an Athenian court, or even as in a Roman Senate, Hastings would have been hanged, or sent to prison for life.

A third cause of difference lies in the agitating questions of the day. We will notice first those of Greece. The little states of Greece were united in a sort of confederacy against barbaric nations, especially Persia, but though joined by national ties, they were divided in opinion and became two separate bodies, Sparta leading the Aristocratic, and Athens the Democratic party. Between these two states the bitterest animosity existed; each strove for the supremacy and heavily taxed its allied colonies to maintain its greatness. The colonies, themselves, became great rivals and viewed each other with hatred and suspicion. This strife finally ended in a bitter contest between Athens and Sparta, which lasted twenty-seven years. In Rome we find similar causes—the injustice of the patricians, the cry and complaints of the oppressed plebeians, the virtues and vices of the age, the continual wars with other nations, and at last among themselves. These contests, in both Greece and Rome, presented the most thrilling themes, and called forth the most strenuous efforts of the orator, which led to the discussion of questions; and in this, our Republic is like those of ancient times, for our country, though comparatively new, is not wanting in those stirring scenes so favorable to oratory. Never, since the agitating days of Greece and Rome, has a broader field for eloquence presented itself than the Revolution. The farmer left his plough and became a stump speaker; the ambitious student his studies and poured forth such stirring words as to rouse both old and young. The patriotic school-master left his duties in the school-room and travelled from place to place, delivering speeches. The land was broadcast with orators. Not that they might gain fame, but longing for liberty and a country to call their own, they stood forth brave and undismayed, and pointed out the means of deliverance or led the way to a noble self-sacrifice.

America will not blush to own her orators before the proudest nation. England has her Pitt, Burke, Sheridan and Fox. America has her Patrick Henry, who, with Pitt's learning, would have surpassed all modern orators, and has equalled any since the days of Cicero. To-day he stands on the topmost round of

eloquence, surrounded by Randolph, Webster, Clay, Calhoun and others, who would have given their lives a sacrifice for their country, and who, more than once, have made the halls of Philadelphia and Washington ring with their eloquence.

Our late war has also furnished the orator with many interesting themes. At the present day our Presidential campaigns present a broad field to the speaker. Perhaps it is this which has called forth so much eloquence from some of the gifted sons of our Old North State, of whom she will ever be proud to boast.

A fourth cause of the difference between ancient and modern eloquence is the invention of the printing press. It has given to government, to society and to civilization a new aspect. No wonder, then, that it has had so powerful an influence over the character of eloquence. Books in ancient time were nothing more than rolls of parchment, written by hand, and necessarily so dear that very few could buy them. These happy few procured for themselves a monopoly of the knowledge of the day, which gave them undue power over the illiterate mass. This, we see, has ever been the case, where intellect reigns over ignorance. Voltaire compares the great men of ancient times to a few tall cypresses, and the ignorant mass to the thick undergrowth. The printing press has somewhat lowered the cypress and elevated the shrubbery. The great have come down the social ladder and the poor gone up. The eloquence of one man cannot now quiet the infuriated multitude into peace or carry the peaceful into war. The potent engine that controls the popular will is ever before the orator; the audience is familiar with the least important subject he can touch upon, and anticipates in the beginning his conclusion.

In the most urgent debates the orator feels that his arguments are old, that they have almost lost their force, that he is only telling again a tale already told. Surprise and astonishment have ever been powerful instruments in the hands of a speaker. The ancient orator, knowing this, appeared before the people with his gathered facts both to enlighten and amaze. He was to the ancients what the printing press is to moderns.

When Demosthenes addressed the Athenian Assembly he did not have to hear from the Aegean Island. When Cicero spoke to the Roman Senate he did not wait a reply from the distant province of Gaul. He knew that the verdict would come from those who were present, and who would act under the influence of his speech. In modern times it is quite different. The most distant province must be enlightened upon the least important subject concerning it, and the popular voice returned before any decisive steps can be taken. This is done through the medium of the printing press. Thus we see, before an orator can act on an American Congress he must, by means of the press, operate on American people. Congress is but the mirror that reflects the popular will. So we have seen the difference between ancient and modern eloquence, which is due mainly to the difference of circumstances, rather than intellect. The ancients had, perhaps, more force, more passionate appeals to the feelings and greater influence over the audience, while moderns have more logic, more learning, greater interest in the welfare of individuals, and more love for humanity.

The powerful eloquence which elevated the Greek mind still lives to call forth the noble qualities of man and fit him for that higher station which God appointed when He made him king over the earth. It ever lives, to rouse when his country calls, or quiet when the banner of peace is waving over the land.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY THE

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC.**

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The following standard magazines will be furnished with the MUSE for one year at the rates given below:—*Aldine*, price \$6, with MUSE \$6; *Americ Art Review*, price \$12, with MUSE \$12; *American Journal of Science and Art*, price \$6, with MUSE \$6; *Atlantic Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Blackwood's Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Magazine*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Weekly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Harper's Bazar*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *Demorest's Fashion*, price \$3, with MUSE \$3. *Scribner's Monthly*, price \$4, with MUSE \$4; *The Oxonian*, price \$1, with MUSE \$1.25. And any publication will be furnished with the MUSE at reduced rates.

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MISS NORWOOD and Miss Smedes sail for Germany on the 25th of June; Miss Blume on the 16th.

Mrs. IREDELL left for the North on the 10th of June, and, with Miss Czarnomska, expects to summer at Lake George.

WE WERE delighted to have with us at Commencement, not only the reverend Clergy of the city, always our honored and beloved guests, but, also, the Rev. Drs. Sutton and Huske and the Rev. Mr. John Huske.

MISS LE GAL has joined her nieces in South Carolina, and all the rest are scattered far and wide.

IT WAS not generally known by those who heard Bishop Lay's grand memorial sermon, at the opening of the late Convention, that the Episcopal robes worn by him on that occasion had belonged to the saintly Bishop, whose life and labors he so lovingly epitomized, and had been donated to him by Mrs. Atkinson.

THE GOLD THIMBLE, offered by Mrs. Meares early in the year, for the best model work done in the sewing-class, was won by Susie Hunter. The lovely dress made for her little sister will have a value beyond its intrinsic worth, for every neat and well laid stitch tells, not only of patient work, but also, of a desire to win the approbation of her teachers.

CARO PETTIGREW'S old friends will share our pride in the good news that comes to us, of the high stand she has taken at the Vanderbilt University. It will be remembered, that, at request of Mr. Scarborough, the State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. Smedes examined her as an applicant for a Peabody Scholarship in the Normal College at Nashville. It is very gratifying to hear of her as among those who stand at the head of their class.

ON SUNDAY evening Mr. Smedes announced the yearly offerings and earnings of the Missionary Society, as follows:

For the poor of Raleigh, \$28.00; St. John's Hospital, \$60.00; for St. Mary's Cot for sick children, in the same, \$55.00; for Diocesan Missions, \$20.00; Special, for St. Mary's in the Mountains, \$100.00; Aldert Smedes Scholarship, in China, \$40.00; Episcopal Assessment, \$30.00; Mite Chests, \$35.00—Total, \$378.00.

ONCE more we are called upon to tell the story of

#### COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The annual sermon before the school was delivered on Saturday evening, June 4, by the Rev. Mr. Rich. Having the stamp

of loving sincerity and earnestness, so characteristic of the reverend speaker, its wise counsels riveted the attention of his young hearers, while the charm of personal affection lent to his words an added interest, which made them sink deep into every heart. The sermon was a fitting prelude to the impressive services of the next day—Whit-Sunday.

Bright and glowing in her festal robes, the Chapel was very beautiful. Flooded with the full tide of Pentecostal praise, the grand familiar ritual swelled on and on in choral chant and hymn till our hearts seemed to soar for the while above the things of earth and catch the inspiration of the day. But a purple thought of coming parting twined ever among the white and gold of joy and praise, and a solemn hush of unwonted reverence betokened the deep feeling that pervaded the congregation. Silently, but sadly, at the thought, "it is the last time," we gathered around the table of our Lord, praising Him for the gift of the Holy Ghost the Comforter, for whose presence "it was expedient" that even He should leave his sorrowing disciples.

When evening came, and the sweet young voices sang so tenderly their parting hymn, "Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go," the delicious organ grew tremulous under the touch of its master, and hearts were there that fairly quivered with the pain of coming separation.

Monday, with its work-a-day claims, found us busy with examinations. A novel feature of these was the outcome of the prominence given during the past year to English Composition. As the girls were called on to read one of their productions before the assembled school, many of them declared it worse than the traditional horror of *writing* the hated things. But the enthusiasm which Miss Stubbert has infused into her classes has produced such good fruit as can hardly fail to encourage our literary aspirants and to bring about a reaction in favor of this detested branch of school work. So well have her pupils responded to her teaching, that instead of *one* claiming the promised "honor" at the end of the year, *six* papers appeared equally to deserve it. Two (besides the graduates') rose to the dignity of "essays," and

a "class honor" in addition was awarded to the best composition of each class—said honor consisting in the *privilege* of appearing on one of the programmes of the week, to be read before a larger audience.

#### THE SOIREE FRANCAISE

came off on Monday evening. A scene from the *Misanthrope*, a poem recited by one of the classes' junior, an original composition, by Miss Albertson, and a charming little play, "La Robe Perdue," afforded the pupils ample opportunity to show their friends some of the results of dear "Mademoiselle's" excellent teaching. In grammatical accuracy and colloquial fluency, we venture to say they were equal to any, and surpassed by no school work. A charming song, by Miss Fanny Sharp, and a bright chorus (but of course in French) were pretty additions to the play, and the liveliness with which the girls entered into the spirit of their various parts made it, simply as a pantomime, most acceptable to the lookers on. The "honor" compositions of Miss McVea and Miss Faulcon elicited the highest encomiums, and the songs of Misses Hawkins and Settle were a sweet earnest of what Miss Blume had yet in store for the lovers of melody.

#### THE KINDERGARTEN,

on Tuesday evening, delighted parents and teachers—and the crowded room told of others not so nearly interested—with many evidences of progress and improvement. The French exercises of the little ones should be particularly noticed, though their English readings and recitations were good enough to tell that French perfection had not been acquired at the expense of their native tongue; and the choruses and songs, calisthenic exercises and marches, etc., etc., that filled their long programme, testified to the wisdom of St. Mary's idea, that "all work and no play" would make her sunbeams dim and dull. The "color march" was a beautiful finale to these interesting exercises.

The white-robed throng passed out of sight, following "Obedience" and guided by "Wisdom"—their banners bearing aloft



each one's special "Virtue," every brow stamped with the name of the "precious stones" they "would set in the dear Lord's crown," and we all cried from our hearts, "God bless the dear children!"

## THE ANNUAL CONCERT,

on Wednesday, was beyond all praise. Certainly, *our* powers of criticism are at fault. The following programme shows that Mr. Sanborn and Miss Blume knew their pupils' capacities, and the delight of the immense audience which thronged every avenue to the hall, testifies that they had not been too highly estimated. Would that we had time and space to give each member of the beautiful programme its due word of praise. Miss Blume's own rich voice poured forth its sweetest notes, and the "finish" of her pupils manifested not only her careful training, but the advantages they had enjoyed of imitating her artistic style. The instrumental music was equally admirable. Mr. Sanborn must have felt more than gratified at such results of his faithful work. Miss Smedes' Concerto seemed to us so perfect that we wondered if her studies in Europe *could* add aught to her brilliancy of execution. The recitations, though few, on account of the unusual length of the performance, fully sustained the high reputation of the school in this respect. The "Fall of Pemberton Mills," by Miss Collins, especially called forth expressions of enthusiastic admiration.

At the close of the Concert, Mr. Sanborn awarded his certificates of distinction, for earnest effort and progress. These were exquisitely gotten up on cards of white and blue silk, gilded and fringed. Misses Wilkinson, Sutton, Young, Emily Smedes, Hardin and Settle, received distinctions for instrumental music, and Misses Pannill, Settle, Sharp, Jones, Hardin and Fentress received those for vocal progress.

To Miss Fanny Sharp was also given the prize for most marked improvement in singing, viz. : a superb book of Tennyson's songs, set to music by the most eminent modern composers.

The playing and singing of these young ladies certainly reflected great credit upon themselves as well as upon their teach-

ers. But we must not linger, for the exercises of Thursday, Graduates' Day, are yet to be rendered, and must not be passed over too lightly.

Commencement Day was beautifully bright, as though Nature, herself, would smile approval upon our festival.

The spacious hall was decked with her floral gifts; the blue and gold banner of the Class of '81, bearing their chosen legend, floated above the platform where the Bishop of the Diocese, the Principal of the School, and others of the Clergy, waited to receive the aspirants for scholastic honors.

At the appointed hour, the long procession filed in, and the exercises were opened by Miss MINNIE ALBERTSON, who, after a graceful salutation to her Bishop, Rector, teachers and friends, delivered one of the most scholarly essays it has ever been our privilege to listen to. As this, with other compositions of the day, will be found in the pages of the MUSE, we will leave our readers to judge of them on their own merits, and not from our partial commendation alone.

This was followed by Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women," recited by Miss SETTLE with the dignity and eloquence befitting the noble poem.

Of the Senior Class, these two young ladies were the only ones who had taken the full course necessary to the attainment of a diploma; two others, however, had obtained "honors," and their compositions were assigned places upon the programme for Graduates' Day.

We think their high positions were fully justified by the poetic gracefulness of Miss Lewis's "Prose Lay of Ancient Rome," and by the rare merit of Miss McCullough's "Loneliness of Genius."

A pleasing rarity was given to the occasion by two charming songs from Miss Pannill and Miss Blume. The whole was concluded by Miss Settle's noble essay—"One of Earth's Voices"—and her touching farewell to school and friends. With incomparable grace, she took the banner from its place beside her, and

handed it to Miss Lord (the chosen representative of the Class of '82), and charged them to adopt its high resolve.

Right proudly did they receive the precious charge, and, following their standard-bearer, the Class of '82 led the procession to the Chapel.

While singing the processional hymn of "Victory achieved," they passed up the aisle; then opening ranks, the graduates, teachers, Clergy and Bishop marched to their respective places. The roll of honor was read, the distinctions of the year announced (these will be published in the Catalogue), and the Bishop addressed the school, and especially those just going out from her care, with such fatherly earnestness and wisdom as only the Bishop can command.

At the request of the Rector, he then bestowed the diplomas upon the fair young couple, as St. Mary's highest honor justly earned, and calling them to kneel before him at the chancel rail, "he laid his hands upon them and blessed them."

Then followed some very fine organ music by some of Mr. Sanborn's pupils—Misses Wilkinson, Hardin and Pippin; then was sung the recessional hymn,

"On our way rejoicing, as we homeward go,"

and the Commencement of '81 was ended.

It would not become us to eulogize our work or its fruits, but gentlemen of high position and culture were present, who declared the exercises to surpass anything of the kind they ever witnessed, and we were ready to believe them.

The Reception on Thursday night was thoroughly enjoyed by the young folks, whose gay spirits seemed to accept this merry occasion as ample compensation for all their hard work.

The harpers played their sweetest music, and all was gay and bright till midnight chimed the good-night hour.

In bidding farewell to Mr. Sanborn and his musical staff, St. Mary's would place on record her profound appreciation of their valuable services. Aided and strengthened by the enthusiastic co-operation of his gifted vocalist, Miss Blume, and his accom-

plished assistants, Miss Smedes and Miss DeRosset, Mr. Sanborn's untiring zeal, unselfish devotion and able administration have elevated the Department of Music to its present high standard of excellence. And for this, the School owes a lasting debt of gratitude. But more: Four years of daily association have woven in our hearts a triple cord of affection for these dear friends, which, elastic as strong, will reach after them, even to the ends of the earth; making us to rejoice in their happiness, to sorrow if grief should befall them, and to feel an abiding interest in their welfare. Wishing them all true happiness and joy, we bid them a loving, sad good-bye. May good angels watch over them wherever they may be!

The Art Department, too, suffers a severe loss in the departure of its beloved Miss Norwood. Striving ever after higher rounds in her profession, she goes to Europe to study, in its world-renowned galleries, the works of the grand old masters. The walls of her studio in the exhibition of Commencement week bore ample testimony to her success as a teacher, but they did not tell how her patience and gentleness and fidelity have endeared her to her pupils and commanded the regard and esteem of all our household. Most cordially do we bid her godspeed, and wish for her the realization of her bright hopes of improvement and enjoyment in her travels.

As the autumn evenings are illumined by constellations no less brilliant than those which gemmed the heavens in the sweet spring-time, so will September find the places of these bright particular stars, who have shed such lustre upon St. Mary's, filled by others, it may be, equally as bright. Under their auspices we fondly hope our Alma Mater may long continue her honorable career of usefulness and prosperity. The class motto of '81, "*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*," we feel assured, is the prophecy of her future, as it has been the key-note of her past history. We, who have known and loved her from youth upward, can wish for her no prouder reward than promised to all good and faithful work. May hers indeed be crowned at the end with everlasting glory.

# ST. MARY'S MUSE:

## A Quarterly Magazine,

EDITED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER 1881.

No. 1.

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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. IV. RALEIGH, N. C., NOVEMBER, 1881.

No. 1.

## THE HEARKENING EAR.

“He heard me out of His holy temple, and my cry came even into His ears.” Psalm XVIII, 6.

Dionysius, the despot of Syracuse old,  
Quarried deep in the rock, 'neath his palace of gold,  
And digged there a dungeon, dank, noisome, and drear,  
And called the dark hollow his Harkening Ear.

The cunning of workmen so shaped the cell's stones,  
That they gathered and strengthened and echoed the groans,  
The low sighs, and complaints of his captives and thralls,  
And the tyrant now heard them, aloft in his halls.

I recall the old tale, when I lift up my cry,  
In the Lord's House of Prayer, to the Monarch on high;  
Can He hear us above, far beyond the sky's cope?  
Hear the low-murmured wail of the “pris'ners of hope”?

The place upon earth where His honor doth dwell,  
His temple below, is a whispering cell,  
So measured and modeled, oh! mystery dear!  
That it echoes our prayers, and is God's Hark'ning Ear.

The Lord is no tyrant, whose ear drinks the moans  
Of his victims as music or mirth-moving tones.  
The Lord doth not willingly chasten us here:  
God is Love, and His House is Love's Harkening Ear.

The publican's plea and the prodigal's plant,  
“Nunc Dimittis” from Simeon,—veteran saint,—  
The child's sweet hosanna,—love casting out fear,—  
Re-echo and ring in God's Harkening Ear.

Ye profane, will ye utter a frivolous word  
 In this whispering-gallery? Hush! 'Twill be heard  
 Far above, in the Palace, Eternity's Dome,  
 Where Heaven's High and Lofty One hallows His home.

How dreadful the place! When high service is sung,  
 Blessed Lord, in Thine House, oh! touch each dull tongue  
 With live coal from the Altar, that all may sing clear  
 Holy words from pure hearts in Thy Harkening Ear.

*"ALTA-LOMA"—THE HOME OF MY CHILDHOOD.*

"O, good painter, tell me true,  
 Has your mind the cunning to draw  
 Shapes of things that you never saw?  
 Aye! Well, here is an order for you."

A house of white stone, situated on the summit of a beautiful hill whose slopes are terraced by Nature's hands, and exquisitely carpeted with shaded grasses, while over them wave the English linden and quivering aspen.

At the base of the hill, immediately fronting the house, the "big gate" leads to the broad turn-pike road, which we daily traverse in reaching Winchester.

To the left flows a beautiful stream, winding its way through fertile fields. The banks are covered with soft moss and shaded by trees whose trailing branches almost sweep the water.

On either side of the broad portico is a small garden, where

"Beauty walks in bravest dress,  
 And, fed with April's mellow showers,  
 The earth laughs out with sweet May flowers,  
 That flush for very happiness."

Further back are "woods upon woods," and between them, fields of corn, where, from morn 'til dewy eve, old "Logan," harnessed to the plough, faithfully trudges up and down.



Picture all this in the heart of a lovely valley "girt round with rugged mountains," where,

"Watching each white cloudlet  
Float silently and slow,  
You think a piece of heaven  
Lies on our earth below."

Such was "Alta-Loma." Dear Alta-Loma! Was there ever a spot on earth so home-like? Each hour brought sounds of peace and plenty: at midday the low of the cattle, the ceaseless hum of bees, and the water laughing as it danced over the golden pebbles. But at evening all was still, save the song of katy-did, and far over the hill the faint call, "Co' boss! co' boss! co' boss! co'! co'! co'!"

With the dawn, the farm again awoke to life, and another busy day began. The first stir was among the many fowls in the barn-yard. All these, from the tiny muff to the flaunting pea-cock, were my special property, and four of them my constant care. First, Partridge, my little rooster, and the dearest to me. His name was given him because, when young, he could scarcely be distinguished from a partridge. Then came Bliney, his niece; so called from being blind in one eye. Then my dear little Dimple, Bliney's daughter. She required more attention than any of the others, being exceedingly delicate; for she was afflicted with something like asthma, and at times was unable to walk, from rheumatism. Lastly, little Peter, the prettiest in the yard. He belonged to the "Muff" family, and was not more than six inches in height. He would sit and crow by the hour, whenever I gave the command, "Crow, Peter." His little legs (if such they could be called) were just one inch long, and entirely covered with snow-white feathers. Had it not been for his red comb, he would have looked like a ball of snow.

There was a marked difference in the characters of my pets. Partridge would maintain his rights with any chicken, and fight bravely to the last, no matter what the cost. I have never seen a human being with more pride. Bliney was very cautious: if

she thought her foe too powerful, she would at once seek my protection ; but if not, she would resent the slightest injury. Dimple had her mother's spirit of resentment, but helplessness made fighting impracticable. Poor little Peter, however, felt his own inability, and carefully eluded the other roosters.

Notwithstanding all their funny little ways, each chicken's heart was tender and true. I had often wondered if the picture of the hen frantic on first seeing goslings plunge into the water was true. Accordingly, at my earliest opportunity, I gave Bliney a dozen goose eggs. What was my delight, when a few weeks later she walked from her nest with twelve beautiful little goslings! After several days, being anxious to try my experiment, I put them in a lot through which ran the stream. To my joy, they marched directly to the water. Some, supposing it a continuation of the land, fell in head foremost, others hopped in gracefully, while a few gazed wonderingly before risking themselves. Soon all were swimming about, enjoying it even more than I had anticipated. The poor mother stood by, scratching and clucking with all her might, using every means to draw her babies away from the terrible stream. Her distress was pitiful: I was not quite heartless enough to leave her in such anxiety, so I called, "Chick! chick! chicky!" and the little family were soon following me to the house for their daily meal.

The pigeon-houses held hundreds of cooing inmates. To these I had a special claim, having reared the first pair.

There was a large lot where the stables stood, and in which the cattle were fed. Near by it were the pig-pens. What a lesson of contentment these animals teach us! Their grunt always betokens perfect bliss, and they accommodate themselves to their circumstances with a constant murmur of satisfaction.

I have neglected to speak of the orchard, where every variety of fruit grew, and of the large fields of grain with

"Cattle near,  
Biting shorter the short green grass."

My favorite seat was a little bower, on the river bank, almost hidden by honeysuckle vines, which peeped through the lattice

"A tiptoe,  
And good-morrow bade."

Closing my eyes, I almost believe myself again at old "Alta-Loma," where

"Honeyed plots are drowsed with bees,  
And larks rain music by the shower,  
While singing, singing, hour by hour,  
Song, like a spirit, sits in the trees."

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### M I L T O N.

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In London, on the 9th day of December, 1608, was born one of the greatest of our poets—John Milton; "the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty."

From his youth he seemed to be conscious of superior abilities. While at school he was a very hard student, and he himself tells us that from his twelfth year, he rarely left his studies until midnight. Until he was fifteen, his education was conducted by his private tutor, Thomas Young. At that age he was admitted into St. Paul's School, and he completed his education at Christ's College, Cambridge. Milton's sublime hymn on the "Nativity," and several Latin poems, were written simply as college exercises. After leaving the university, he retired to the home of his parents at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he spent five years in hard study, and at the same time wrote "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," "Arcades," and "Lycidas." The Allegro is an ode upon cheerful tempered mirth, and the metre is exquisitely adapted to the subject. This and the Penseroso are exact counterparts; the latter is on melancholy, and the two are of the same length and written in a perfectly opposite style.

After the death of Milton's mother, in 1638, he determined to make the grand tour. Accordingly, he visited the principal cities of France and Italy, but while travelling in Greece, he heard of the rupture between Charles I. and the Parliament, and immediately returned to England. In one of his letters, he says: "I thought it base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home." Milton now determined to spend all his time on his grandest work, which he intended to be an epic poem. While busily employed in its preparation, the situation of affairs called forth his first pamphlet, entitled "Of Reformation." This was published in 1641, and was a violent attack upon the Episcopal Church. At Whitsuntide, in the year 1643, having just entered upon his thirty-fifth year, Milton married Mary Powell, the daughter of an Oxfordshire royalist. His Puritan household naturally seemed very gloomy to the young girl after the merriment of her father's house. Milton, therefore, permitted her to visit her home, on condition that she would return at Michaelmas. As she did not return at the appointed time, he wrote and asked the reason of her delay. But she paid no attention to his letters, and dismissed with contempt the messenger who was sent to urge her return. This little domestic trouble was the cause of the "Letters on Divorce," which appeared in the year 1644. His wife remained at her father's home for two years, when, hearing that her husband had determined to marry again, she repented and returned to his house. So entire was Milton's forgiveness, that, when the civil war drove her family into poverty and distress, he received them all into his home. In 1649 he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and while he held this office, Salmasius produced a powerful pamphlet in Latin, maintaining the divine right of kings. The royalists thought this argument unanswerable; but the Council appointed Milton to issue a reply, which he did, and so powerful a one that Salmasius, overcome with mortification, died not long after. For two or three years Milton had been suffering from the failure of his eyesight, and in 1653, as the result of his hard

study in the preparation of the "Defensio Populi Anglicani," he became totally blind. But this did not abridge his usefulness, for he still wrote the most important state papers, and also produced a history of Britain. From this time until Milton's death, he lived in retirement, busily employed in the composition of his greatest works, "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained." He took about seven years to compose the first of these, and the subject is certainly the grandest that has ever been treated of. The whole poem is a description of the fall of man. Celestial and infernal personages are introduced, while he does not hesitate to take us even into the presence of the Deity.

Milton was the first to adapt blank verse to epic poetry. Lamartine speaks of *Paradise Lost* as "the dream of a Puritan who has fallen asleep over the first pages of the Bible." Milton describes the fallen Archangel, the splendor of heaven, and the horrors of hell with a fertility of imagination that has never been surpassed. During Milton's declining years he composed the "Samson Agonistes." The wretchedness and struggles of its blind hero paint for us vividly the life of the author. Almost all of the English poets have written sonnets, and many of them with great success, but none have equaled Milton in the perfection of his Italian sonnets. They differ from others in that they have for their subjects religion and patriotism instead of love. Yet the finest of all is one on his own blindness.

Milton was great in prose as well as in poetry; for Chateaubriand tells us that "Prose conferred celebrity on him during his life; poetry, after his death; but the renown of the prose-writer is lost in the glory of the poet."

Milton was married three times. His first wife, Mary Powell, died leaving him three daughters. The second, Katharine Woodcock, died very soon after her marriage, but his last, Elizabeth Minshull, survived him many years. After his retirement from public life, his society was much sought, especially by foreigners, who having studied him in his writings, were anxious to be acquainted with him personally. But no one could know, or fully understand him. His was the life of a

recluse. Even when a boy, and at the university, his fellow-students soon discovered him to be reserved, and in every respect different from them. On account of this, and his almost effeminate beauty, he even won the nick-name "The Lady of Christ's College." Wordsworth says of him: "Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart."

On the 8th of November, 1674, Milton died. Two days after his death, he was buried in Cripplegate Church-yard. We talk of the blind poet with such reverence that we almost think him more than human. We more than admire him, but his nature forbids the familiar acquaintance that would warm our feeling into love.

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### OVER THE SEA.

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I slept, and behold, I stood under a palm-tree, in a valley encircled by towering mountains. The cool morning breeze was wafted gently from the west, and all nature bore the hush of early dawn.

Suddenly the whole region was shaken as by a mighty earthquake, and from the heavens descended an angel with wings of flaming fire. He approached me, and said: "Follow me, and I will show thee one of the great mysteries of the earth." With fear and trembling, for I was sore afraid, I followed. On the summit of the highest mountain he paused. Thence I beheld in the plain beneath, two great vineyards; one with a soil stony and rough, covered with rank weeds, scorched and withered by the fierce rays of the sun, which seemed to beat upon it relentlessly. The other abounding in luscious grapes, and rare, beautiful flowers. A sea, smooth as glass and glittering in the sunshine, lay before the two vineyards; while behind them rose a mass of mountains shrouded in perpetual gloom; and as the day wore on, their shadow crept nearer and nearer the sea.

“What means this scene, O angel?” I asked.

He said: “Over this sea dwells the Lord of the vineyards, who watcheth and protecteth His faithful people from all dangers. The mountains,” and the angel’s face saddened as he spoke, “are the eternal abode of those who in this life would not give heed unto the voice of their Lord. Turn and view these vineyards. Be wise, O man, and learn their lesson well.”

I looked, and saw that, in the beautiful garden no husbandman was needed, for the vines grew without cultivation; beauteous flowers sprang up on every side; little birds warbled their most joyous melodies; the sun shown gently through the leaves of the trees, and beneath their shade the inhabitants of the vineyard were gathering the lovely flowers, or playing soft, sweet strains on their flutes and lyres.

Among the cool vines was a little child with her companions. She was very gay, and the morning dew clung to her soft, golden hair. Leaving her comrades, she wandered on beside the cool, laughing brooks, twining for herself gay wreaths. Often, however, she would turn and gaze with a look of wonder and scorn at those working so toilsomely in the other vineyard. A woman advanced towards the children; a lyre was in her hands, and as she touched it, there flowed therefrom strains of the most exquisite melody. “My child,” she said, “how happy are we in this lovely place! We have no work nor care, but always pleasure. Look at those miserable deceived people in the other vineyard. How they toil all the day in the delusive hope of at last crossing that great sea yonder! It is said that pure joy and rest remaineth beyond, but in the darkness of the night I have heard mighty and terrible voices, as it were from far over the sea.

“Hark!”

The shadows of the mountains had fallen darkly over the nearer portion of the sea. The thunder crashed, and from the distance came a voice: “To whom I swear in my wrath that they shall not enter into my rest.” The child drew back with a frightened shudder, and said: “Oh, come with me further back into the gay vineyard, for I fear exceedingly the cruel sea and

the loud voices." They hastily turned, fled up the broad paths and mingled with the pleasure-seekers, who, alas! went not towards the sea, but towards the mountains.

As I gazed, the vision changed. It was noon, and the rays of the sun grew fiercer and fiercer. The leaves, flowers, and grape vines withered under the heat; the little birds fell dead beneath the trees; a great desolation reigned over the vineyard. But where is the little child, so happy a few hours before? Ah! yonder she is, but how changed! Her face is drawn with pain; her feet are pierced with thorns unseen while the flowers lived; her poor little hands are bleeding. Now and then she reaches upwards to gather the fruit, but, alas! she finds only bitter grapes. The same woman is by the child, but the lyre hangs listlessly by her side. Look! She touches it, and discords grate harshly on the ear.

Night comes on; the darkness grows more and more intense; black clouds hang over the heavens. The people crowd together in terror at the mountains towering above them. For an instant there is a hush. Then the wind arises, the earth shakes, the mountains rock for very sorrow. Above all the tumult comes the wail of despair, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Blacker and blacker falls the night; the wind moans and dies away. All is still, and the vineyard is a mass of ruins.

Filled with deep amazement, I looked at the other vineyard, and again it was day. The sun blazed and the toilers were worn and weary. Here were paths, rough and stony, hidden by mists or losing themselves in the shadows. Only a few were filled with flowers, but all at length reached the bright sea. A man with bleeding hands and parched lips was toiling at the weeds in his path. Near him a young girl trod, with faltering steps, the difficult road. Often her way led over stones and rocks, which scarred the tender hands and bruised her feet with their sharp points, and, as she stooped to pluck up a weed, the thorns pierced her flesh. Another tended a few flowers, and lovingly she raised their drooping heads and watered their parched roots. Sometimes a look of perfect peace spread over her face as she mur-



mured, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

Now were the effects of the morning's work plainly visible. The vines springing up all around, were loaded with sweet grapes, and the workers, as they toiled, were protected by the shade of the vines. Sometimes, even now, the road seemed hard and dreary; but often was given to the laborers such quiet as was almost a foretaste of that home, "Where the weary are at rest."

As the evening shadows drew near, a child entered the garden. The little stranger timidly approached a maiden and said: "Tell me, I pray you, why all these people waste their time and strength trying to pull up these ugly weeds?" A radiant smile overspread the girl's face, as she answered: "It is our Lord's vineyard, and He allows us to work here for Him. If we are faithful servants, He will at last take us to His Kingdom, Over the Sea. The twelve gates of His City are twelve pearls, every several gate of one pearl. There are all the holy saints, who having 'fought a good fight,' do now rest from their labors. The splendor of that city never passeth away, but becometh brighter and brighter." "I want to stay with you and go to His Kingdom," said the child, "but the road is rough and the thorns hurt me." "My little one, the path grows easier every day. None of us may journey together, but each separately. We are alone, and yet not alone, for our Lord will be with us always. And when, at last, we come to His Kingdom, there shall be no more toil or weariness, but peace and rest forevermore."

The Vision was ended.

*A LETTER FROM MOTHER HUBBARD ABOUT  
HER DOG.*

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B———, MAY———.

MY DEAR LITTLE FRIEND:—I have had an addition to my household, a dear little dog. I cannot describe my joy in having it, though it is some trouble, and does cost me some anxiety. Yet it is such a darling of a dog, as to be all I could have asked to complete my happiness. But I must begin at the beginning and tell you all about the dear creature.

I went to my wood-pile one morning to pick up some chips, and there, on the other side of the fence, was a crowd of dirty boys, who had fastened my old tin sauce-pan to a poor little dog's tail, had tied a string to his hind leg, and set a great, horrid dog after him. Of course, in the scramble, they had broken the poor thing's leg, and he was lying there, all bleeding. You know it goes to my mother-heart at once, to see anything suffer, so I just knocked those ragamuffins right and left; and that great big bulldog turned out to be a coward at last, for he ran as hard as he could when he saw me coming. Then I had my little dog all to myself. I picked him up in my arms and he moaned so pitifully that tho' I had thought before to put him in the wood shed, I determined to carry him nowhere but into my own kitchen. I made a little bed by the fire and put him on it, and then stirred up an Irish potato poultice, which you know is good for everything, and spread it on his broken leg. Still he kept looking at me so wistfully out of his beautiful yellow eyes, that I did not know what to do for him, until I thought perhaps he was hungry. So I got him a nice saucer of milk (I did not skim it either) and set it down before him. Still he looked at me in that same wistful way. Then it flashed upon my dull old perception that it was a bone he wanted. So I went to the cupboard, perfectly confident of finding one; for to my certain knowledge, I had put

it there the night before. I opened the cupboard door—when, behold! there was no bone; the shelf was perfectly empty. Child, imagine my sorrow—but I know you cannot, for it was too deep for any imagination. When I looked over my shoulder, and there was that dog looking at me, actually with tears in his eyes, I sat right down, put my apron up to my eyes and cried.

I determined that my little dog should not suffer from hunger, so I walked straight down to the butcher's and bought him a piece of tripe. As I entered the door I was thinking how much he would enjoy the nice bit, when there I saw, in my clean kitchen, *that dog smoking a pipe*, a thing I do abhor above all others. Well! I was exasperated. To think that after all I had done for him, the ungrateful wretch should dare to smoke a pipe in my house! But after I had cooled down a little, I remembered that the poor little fellow had never been taught anything; he did not know what smoking was, how many lives it had ruined, how many homes were made desolate just by that detestable tobacco; so, of course, it was not his fault. I let that time go, but I tell you there is not a day that passes without my instructing him about the evils of smoking, and what will be his end if he continues it. Thus far he has been so obedient to me that I love him more and more every day.

The next morning was really cold, and I was afraid my pet might suffer, so I put on my bonnet and went down to the tailor's to get him a coat—a nice, new, blue one. It took me some time to make my bargain, for that old tailor is noted for his unreasonableness. At last, having concluded it, I hastened home, fearing that my dog might have wanted something while I was gone. As I opened the gate I happened to glance up at the piazza, and, bless my soul! there was my dog seated on that old goat that used to eat up all my apple trees last spring. I was so surprised and frightened that I stood right up there in my front yard and screamed. Yes, I, a woman who makes a great point of propriety, screamed in my front yard. After I had recovered from my fright, we went into the house to try the coat on him. It was not as easy as you might think, for it is even harder to try a coat

on a dog than on a little boy, and I presume you know what that is. At last, after much screwing and twisting on his part and great fear on mine that I might hurt his sore leg, the coat was on. It fitted exactly, and he looked so nice that I couldn't help turning right round and going to the hatter's to buy him a hat.

I walked as fast as I could, for I knew I ought to be home getting dinner ready. When I got back again, there was my darling little dog feeding my old tabby-cat, whom I had forgotten at breakfast. Just to think of his thoughtfulness and care for others! Why, it pleased me so much I think I smiled all day.

To reward him for being so good, I went down to the hair-dresser's to get him a wig, that his hat might fit better. I picked out the very prettiest I could find and carried it home to him. And what do you think he was doing when I got there? Standing in the middle of the floor dancing a jig. I thought Irish potato poultice was good before, but now I am confirmed in my belief, and never intend to use anything else. You may know I was glad to see him so cheerful after his sickness, and could not help wishing that some other people might take him for an example, and not be always complaining just because they are a little ill.

I put him snugly to bed at night, and the next morning when I awoke, as he was still sleeping soundly, I thought I would have something nice for his breakfast. So I went around to the baker's and bought him a nice new loaf of bread. Now, child, get out your handkerchief, for I say as that man you read to me about, "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." I tell you this because I cry whenever I think about it, although it is all over. When I went to give my dog his bread—my little darling, my greatest treasure, was lying there stone dead. I thought I had had trouble before, but I never did feel heart-broken until then; for I had centered all my hopes in my dog. I couldn't eat any breakfast; I couldn't do anything but weep over my poor little dead pet.

Half the day was spent in this way, when it struck me that he must have a decent burial. I tied a black ribbon on my bonnet

and hastened down to the undertaker's. Having finished that sad business, I walked sadly home, thinking what desolation would be there hereafter. I opened the door. Was I dreaming? It could not be a reality. My little dog, whom I had left dead, was sitting up in bed, alive and well, and even laughing. I couldn't believe it was he until I went up and touched him; then I just cried for joy.

He hasn't been at all sick since, and I am sure it is because of the Irish potato that he came back to life. This is according to what the wise men call logic, for I heard a man lecture at the town hall the other night, and there was one sentence which I repeated all the way home, so I could remember it. It was this: "Life is a series of phenomena in organized beings, dependent on structure, chemical organization and external *stimuli*." Now, my dog certainly is an organized being, he has gone through a series of very curious phenomena, and I am pretty sure the Irish potato was the chief of the external *stimuli*.

I must stop now, as it is time for me to prepare my little pet's supper. I am expecting a visit from you soon, and you need not think it will be as dull as your former one, for you know my dog will amuse you.

Lovingly yours,

MOTHER HUBBARD.

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### THE DEATH OF AN ANGEL.

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There is sent to us as the angel of our last hour, which we so harshly call death, the fairest and tenderest of the heavenly host, that he may softly and lovingly raise the fainting heart of man in his warm hands, and pressing it from the icy breast, carry it up to the light of Paradise. His brother is the angel of our first hour, who bestows on man two kisses: one when he enters into life; the second that he may waken with smiles to the other life, though into this he came weeping.

There lay the battle fields, full of blood and tears; and as the Angel of the Last Hour tenderly bore the trembling souls from their bodies, his eyes overflowed with tears, and he said: "O, I will die as man dies, that I may experience his last pain, and know how to still his agony when I free him from life." The immeasurable circle of angels who live and love in the fields of ether, pressed close to their compassionate comrade, and promised that when death should approach him, they would surround him with their heavenly beams, and he would know that it was indeed death. And his brother, who opens our stiffened lips, as the morning ray the chilled flowers, touched his lips gently, and said: "When I kiss you again, my brother, you will have died upon earth, and risen again to us."

Tenderly and lovingly the angel sank down upon the battle field, where was now but one youthful warrior, whose shattered breast still feebly heaved. No one was near the hero but his bride, whose hot kisses he could no longer feel; and her moans of grief were as unheard by him as the distant battle-cry. Suddenly the angel hovered over them, and assuming to the eyes of the dying youth the form of his bride, he drew with a tender kiss the wounded soul from the torn body, and gave it to his brother. That brother gave it a second kiss in heaven, and then it smiled again. Like a beam of light, the Angel of the Last Hour entered the untenanted body, penetrated the stiffening frame, and sent out once more the warm stream of life from the pulseless heart. But how wonderfully did his incarnation affect him! His eyes of light were dimmed in this new and strange tangle of nerves. His thoughts, formerly so rapid, now wandered idly through the murky atmosphere of the brain. The soft, odorous wave of color, a purple and autumnal haze, which until now had hovered over and around him, suddenly vanished, and surrounding objects stood out in the hot air with a burning, painful glare. All his perceptions were dimmer, yet stormier and closer to his essence. They seemed to him mere instincts. Hunger tore him, thirst burned in him, and pain pierced his lacerated breast. Ah, his bleeding, shattered breast! His first breath

was his first sigh, and it was for the heaven he had left. "Is this the death of mortals?" thought he; but he saw not the promised token; saw not the angel; saw not the radiant sky; and he knew that it was only *life*.

Towards evening the earthly strength of the angel failed, and it seemed to him that a fiery ball danced around his head, for Sleep had sent her messengers. His thoughts moved, as it were, from an atmosphere of sunshine, into one of reeking flame. The shadows of past events eddied and spun, strange and colossal, through his brain. An unmanageable, ever-increasing flood of ideas dashed over him, for Dream sent her messengers. Closer and closer round him, Sleep folded her mantle; and, sunk in the grave of night, he lay alone like the mortals whom he pitied. But then thou didst come to him, heavenly Vision, with thy thousand mirrors, and showedst to him in every one a circle of angels, and the beaming heaven. And the earthly body, with all its pain, was forgotten. "Ah!" he thought, in ecstasy, "death came to me with sleep." But, yet again he waked with his weary breast covered with blood, and looked on the earth and the night, and thought: "It was not death, but only its image and shadow, although I saw the starry heavens and the angels."

The bride of the departed hero did not know that in the breast of her beloved dwelt an angel: she still loved the clay which her lover no longer tenanted, and held the hands of him who was in reality rapt from her. But the angel returned the love of the deceived heart with a human passion that was jealous of his own form. He wished to live as long as she, and to possess her love, until in heaven she should one day forgive the fond artifice by which she had been drawn to the heart of at once an angel and a lover. But death came first to her. Grief had bent too low the head of this frail flower, and it lay broken in the grave. She left the weeping angel, not as the sun, which, before the eyes of all nature, sinks into the ocean, dashing its flame-tinged waves to heaven; but rather like the calm moon, which draws a vapor, silvered by her rays, around her, and so sinks to rest. Death sent his gentle sister, Unconsciousness, before him.

She passed over the heart of the bride, and the warm figure became rigid; the roses in her cheeks withered; the white snow of that winter under which the spring of eternity grows green covered her forehead and hands. Then a tear burned its way from the angel's eye; and, as he thought of the loved one, his heart seemed to become one great tear, like the pearl in the shell of the mussel. But the bride, wakening to a last gleam of consciousness, drew him to her heart, and fixing her eyes upon him, said as she did so, "Now I am with thee, my brother." Then it seemed to the angel that his heavenly brother *must* have given him the token of death; but no beams of light surrounded him, only a great darkness; and he sighed and thought: "This is not death, but only the agony mortals feel for their lost ones. O, miserable man!" he cried, "how can you bear your wretchedness? How can you grow old when the circle of youthful forms around you is first broken and then entirely gone! when the graves of your friends are but stepping-stones to your own, and when a wretched old age is often ended on the cold battle field! How can your hearts endure it?"

The body of the departed hero bore the tender angel amid harsh humanity, its injustice, its conflict of crime and passion. Around his form was laid, by allied powers, that fiery girdle which binds together a part of the world with festering thongs drawn ever tighter by the Great. He saw the claws of blazoned, heraldic beasts fasten on their fluttering prey, and heard these feebly flap their weakened wings. He saw the whole earth enveloped in the black, slimy coils of the serpent Vice, which strikes its poisoned fangs deep into the breast of man, and there leaves its venom. Ah, how the hot sting of hatred must have pierced that tender heart which had lived for an eternity among sympathizing angels. The holy soul, filled with love, must have shrunk in terror at its own pain. "Ah," he said, "mortal death is agony." But this was not death, for no angel appeared to him. In but a few days he wearied of and longed to leave a life which we endure for half a century. The westering sun wooed his kindred spirits. His wounded breast wakened him



with pain. He went, with the evening breeze upon his pale cheeks, to the church-yard—the green back-ground of life—where was laid the clay of the gentle souls that he had formerly released. He stood in an agony of longing by the grave of his unspeakably dear one, and gazed at the sinking sun. He threw his racked body upon her sacred resting-place, and thought: “Thou too, O tortured breast, would have lain here and given no more pain, had I not kept thee still alive.” Then he pondered dreamily on man’s sad life, and the writhings of his own frame showed him with what agony man renders up his valor and his life; which last pang he had spared the noble soul, first tenant of his body. Deeply did the nobility of man move him; and he wept in his measureless love for those who, amid the demands of a stern necessity, amid lowering clouds and heavy mists that hang over their painful life-path, turn not away from the star of duty; but stretch out their loving arms through the darkness to every heart-broken one they meet, hoping all things, for the sun but sinks in the Old World to rise in the New. The angel’s deep emotion opened his wound, and blood, the tears of the soul, flowed from his heart over the beloved grave. The failing body sank in an ecstasy toward the cherished one. The tears of joy in his eyes made the sun seem floating in a rosy sea; far-off echoes, as if the earth were being drawn through sounding ether, rang through the moist splendor. Then a dark cloud, or twilight passed over the angel, and he was overcome with sleep. And now the starry heavens opened and enfolded him, and myriad angels flamed forth. “Art thou again here, deceptive vision?” he said. But the Angel of the First Hour glided through the light and gave him the token of the kiss, and said: “That was death, O eternal brother and heavenly friend.” And the young warrior and his bride softly echoed the words.

A ST. MARYAN'S VOYAGE ACROSS THE  
ATLANTIC.

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STEAMER "NECKAR," July 3, 1881.

MY DEAREST N.:—As we hope by the day after to-morrow to see land, I must begin to get my letter ready to send back from Southampton, where we touch, and land some passengers, before going on to Bremen. \* \* \* We sailed out of New York harbor on the afternoon of June 25th, in very good spirits. By keeping on deck all day, not going down to dinner or tea, I managed to keep from absolute sickness; but Miss N., who went down to her dinner, was obliged to beat a hasty retreat to the state-room, where she was rather under the weather for a while. We both passed a very comfortable night, however, not waking till pretty late the next morning, which, it was very hard to realize, was Sunday. We had no service, and were entertained at intervals during the day by music not at all religious in its character, nor yet very pleasant to the ear. Miss N. and I were thrown at once into the best and pleasantest society on board. \* \* \* Speaking of our pleasant companions at table, I am reminded that I never saw so many meals before: breakfast at eight, to which I never come, taking a piece of bread on deck with me; lunch at half past twelve, which I don't often eat either, as, whenever I go down, I am sure to find a dish of *fried eels* (imagine it!) right in front of my place; dinner at five, which lasts about two hours, with the different courses, and part of which I usually attend; and, finally, tea at half past eight o'clock, which I never take. Sunday and Monday would have passed very quietly away, smooth seas and fair weather, but that on the middle of Monday a frightful event (you can't call it an accident) took place. While many passengers were seated quietly on deck, in groups, some reading, some talking or otherwise amusing themselves, the cry rose, "Man overboard!" Every one, as the little boy next me says, "ran about like mad;" the

ship was stopped as soon as possible, life-preservers thrown out, a boat sent out, but—all in vain, no traces of the man were found. He had undoubtedly committed suicide. He was a steerage passenger, and was seen to throw some letters overboard, and then, too quickly for prevention, to jump into the sea. The most frightful part of all was the slight impression it seemed to make on us all. The boat was recalled after a while, the steamer speeded again on her course, and all returned to their occupations and amusements, apparently as carelessly and easily as before. I think, though, that they really did feel a gloom cast over them by the dreadful event. I am sure, I did. When we woke up on Wednesday morning, we found ourselves tossing about in a dense fog, on a pretty rough sea, and feeling, I can assure you, not at all comfortable. The fog-horn (the Siren, as they call her) has scarcely ceased to blow at intervals, day and night, since then, and the days have seemed very long and wretched. This morning, however, the fog has lifted a little, permitting us to see a short distance around and in front of us. This has not been at all cheering, as the captain had gone two hundred miles out of the way in order to avoid certain fog-banks, thus making us a day longer on the voyage.

*Monday, July 4th.* I continue my letter on the "glorious Fourth," and under a more favorable sky and better auspices than yesterday. Our hearts were very much cheered this morning by beholding once more the dear old sun trying to burst through the thick veils of fog that have hung so devotedly around us. The weather has really been very rough, the sea dashing away up, even over the deck sometimes, and high, strong wind blowing, so that almost everybody (gentlemen, too) was sick, and the few of us who, in spite of very uncomfortable feelings, managed to keep on deck in preference to the cabin below, had neither energy nor inclination for anything but to lie in our steamer chairs and gaze stupidly at one another or at the dismal fog. In bright weather, though, it is very different, and we have quite a good deal of fun. We play shuffle-board on deck, a game something like hop-sotch; only, instead of hopping

through the squares yourself, you send a round block through them by a sort of wooden shovel. (I am afraid that is far from clear, but it is the best I can do.) Then we chat together, or Mr. C. reads aloud to us from the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table, or Miss A. sings to us with her very lovely voice, or we walk around and amuse ourselves watching the sailors or the waves, looking out for porpoises, a good many of which we have seen, and whales, none of which I have been so fortunate as to see. To-day being the "glorious Fourth," I believe we are to have a grand dinner; though how it is to be a much larger affair than we have every day, I don't very easily see—that meal, which takes place at five o'clock, occupying about two hours, with ten courses, the greater number of which, being German concoctions that I don't understand, I pass by with calm and impassive eye.

*Tuesday, July 5th.* We sighted land for the first time this morning, and you can't imagine the happiness into which it threw everybody. We dressed very quickly and hurried on deck just in time to see, quite close at our side, the most beautiful headland on the English coast, the Lizard, rising abruptly and high out of the water, with the sun glancing brightly upon it, and crowds of white-winged gulls hovering round it. We will see land at intervals all day, touching in the afternoon at Southampton, and then steaming on again for Bremen, which we hope to reach by Thursday afternoon. You wouldn't realize on shore what a gay Fourth of July we had yesterday. Finding ourselves once more in bright, smooth seas, we were cheerful, indeed jolly, all day. When we came down to dinner at five o'clock, we found the table in festal array, the cakes set at intervals along it, decorated with sugar images of Liberty holding miniature flags of our nation. The bill of fare, always long and elaborate, was more magnificent than usual; and, just before the first course of dessert came on, we had two or three short speeches; one very amusing and humorous from Dr. M., of New York, who is the most delightful man I almost ever saw. After convulsing every one with laughter during his speech, saying that he had been asked to preside at this little celebration of our national festival, and

that he would do his best, try to act as a corkscrew to open the eloquence of others, he proposed to us the health of our commander, also that of *his* (the captain's) commander (pointing to the captain's wife), with the wish that the captain might be the king of sea-men, his wife a mermaid, his children sea-urchins, and all sea-urch (search) after the truth. Of course, it sounds rather tame when repeated, but, amid our festivity, it was very entertaining. The band also gave us some national airs (Star-spangled Banner, etc.), which were taken up and sung by the company. Going on deck, after the dessert of blazing plum-pudding, colored ices, and other pretty and good things, we found the awning up, the sides of the deck filled in with brightly colored flags, so as to form a very pretty and picturesque ball-room. A large number of Chinese lanterns were ready for illumination, the band prepared to strike up, and we were just about to begin an old Virginia reel, when, presto! down came the fog and rain again; our fine preparations must be taken down, and we must be obliged to "seek the seclusion which the cabin affords." In this case, however, it was a very pleasant retreat, for in the large dining-saloon, which was now cleared of the remains of our banquet, we entertained ourselves with music, card-playing, chatting, &c. \* \* \* \* I have just been up to look at the famous Eddystone light-house, or rather houses (for there are two of them, close together). From here they look as if they were very near the shore, but Dr. R. says they are far out at sea. \* \* We expect to reach Southampton this evening, whence this letter will be mailed to you.

## BLONDINE.

## CHAPTER I.

There was once a king whose name was Benin. People loved him because he was good; the wicked feared him because he was just. His wife, the Queen Doucette, was as good as he. They had a little princess who was called Blondine on account of her beautiful golden hair, and she was good and lovely like her royal father and mother. Sad to relate, the poor queen died only a few months after the birth of Blondine, and the king wept for her long and bitterly. Blondine was too little to understand that her mother was dead, so she went on laughing and playing, eating and sleeping peacefully. The king loved Blondine tenderly, and Blondine loved the king more than any one else in the world. The king gave her the prettiest playthings, the nicest candies, and the most delicious fruits. Blondine was very happy.

One day some one told the king that all his subjects wanted him to marry again, so that he might have a son who could be king after him. The king at first refused, but finally yielded to the entreaties and desires of his subjects, and said to his Minister Leger: "Dear friend, the people wish to have me marry again. I am still so sad on account of the death of my poor wife Doucette, that I do not want to think about looking for another one. Take upon yourself the task of finding a princess who will make my poor Blondine happy. I do not ask anything more. Go, dear Leger; when you have found a perfect woman, ask her hand for me in marriage, and bring her here.

Leger left immediately, went to the courts of all the kings, and saw many princesses who were ugly, deformed, or wicked; finally he arrived at the court of King Turbulent, who had a pretty, bright, and attractive daughter, who also appeared to be good. Leger found her so charming that he asked her hand in marriage for his King Benin, without finding out whether she

was really good. Turbulent, delighted to rid himself of his daughter, who was wicked, jealous and proud, and who, moreover, annoyed him with her continual travelling, hunting and gadding, gave her at once to Leger to take back with him to the kingdom of King Benin. Leger left, taking Princess Fourbette and four thousand mules laden with her robes and jewels.

They arrived at the court of King Benin, who had been informed, by a message, of their approach. The king came out to meet Princess Fourbette. He found her pretty, but far from having the good and gentle air of poor Doucette. When Fourbette saw Blondine she looked at her with eyes so full of spite, that poor Blondine, who was now three years old, began to cry.

"What is the matter?" demanded the king. "Why does my good and gentle Blondine cry like a naughty child?" "Papa, dear papa," cried Blondine, hiding in the king's arms, "do not give me to that princess, I am afraid—she looks so cross." The king, surprised, glanced at Fourbette, who could not change the expression of her face so quickly as to prevent his seeing the terrible look that had so frightened Blondine. He immediately resolved to take care that Blondine should live away from the queen, and remain, as before, solely in the care of the nurse and the maid who had brought her up, and who loved her tenderly. So the queen rarely saw Blondine, and when by chance she met her she could not wholly hide the hate that she felt for her.

At the end of a year the queen had a daughter, who was called Brunette on account of her coal-black hair. Brunette was pretty, but much less pretty than Blondine; she was, moreover, malicious like her mother; and she detested Blondine, upon whom she played all manner of tricks. She bit her, pinched her, pulled her hair, broke her playthings, and soiled her handsome dresses. Good little Blondine was never angry; she was always seeking excuses for Brunette. "Oh, papa," she would say to the king, "do not scold her, she is so little that she does not know that breaking my playthings gives me pain; she is playing when she bites me; she pulls my hair only in fun," etc. King Benin kissed his daughter Blondine, and said nothing; but he saw very

well that Brunette was doing all these things from naughtiness, and that Blondine excused her in the kindness of her heart. And he loved Blondine more and more, and Brunette less and less. The queen Fourbette, who was very clear sighted, saw all this very well; but she hated more and more the innocent Blondine, and if she had not feared the wrath of King Benin, she would have made her the most unhappy little girl in the world. The king had given orders that Blondine should never be alone with the queen; and, as it was known that he was as just as he was good, and that he punished disobedience severely, the queen herself did not dare to disobey.

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## CHAPTER II.

### BLONDINE LOST.

Blondine was now seven years old, and Brunette three. The king had given to Blondine a pretty little carriage drawn by two ostriches, and driven by a little page ten years old, who was a nephew of Blondine's nurse. The page, whose name was Gourmandinet, dearly loved Blondine, with whom he had always played, and who had done him a thousand kindnesses. But he had one dreadful fault; he was so greedy, and so fond of dainties, that he would do anything for a bag of sweetmeats. Blondine would often say to him, "I love you, Gourmandinet, but I do not like to see you so greedy. I entreat you, correct that ugly fault, which is despised by everybody."

Gourmandinet would kiss her hand and promise to correct it, but he continued to steal cakes from the kitchen, and sweetmeats from the pantry, and was often whipped for his disobedience and greediness. Queen Fourbette soon found out the charges that were brought against him, and she thought she could make use of the ugly fault of the little page in bringing about the disappearance of Blondine. This was her plan: The garden where Blondine rode in the carriage drawn by ostriches, with Gourmandinet as coachman, was separated by a wire fence from



a beautiful and vast forest, called the forest of lilacs, because it was filled with lilacs in bloom all the year round. No one went into this forest. People well knew that it was enchanted, and that if any one once entered, he could never go out again. Gourmandinet knew the dreadful character of the forest, and had been strictly forbidden ever to drive Blondine's carriage towards that side, for fear that she might, without knowing it, cross the border line.

A good many times the king had wished to build a wall the whole length of the line, or at least to strengthen the fence so that it would be impossible for any one to pass through, but as fast as the workmen could pile up stones or build a fence, an unknown power lifted them and caused them to disappear.

Queen Fourbette now gained the friendship of Gourmandinet, by giving him each day some new sweetmeat. When she had made him so greedy that he could not be satisfied by the bonbons, the jellies, and the cakes that she gave him without stint, she called him to her, and said: "It depends upon yourself, whether you have a box full of bonbons and nice things, or never taste another one." "Never taste another one! Oh, madam, I should die of grief. Speak, madam, what must I do to avoid such a misfortune?"

"You must," replied the queen, looking at him fixedly, "drive the princess close to the forest of lilacs." "I cannot, madam, the king has forbidden it."

"Oh! You cannot? Good-bye, then. I shall not give you any more dainties, and I shall forbid any one in the house giving you any."

"Oh! madam," said Gourmandinet, weeping, "do not be so cruel, give me some other order that I can obey?"

"I repeat that I wish you to drive Blondine close to the forest of lilacs, and encourage her to descend from the carriage and cross the border line and enter the forest."

"But, madam," responded Gourmandinet, turning pale, "if the princess enters that forest, she will never come out again; you know that it is enchanted; to take my princess there would be to take her to certain death."

"For the third and last time, will you drive Blondine there? Make your choice; either an immense box of bonbons, that I will renew every month, or else never any more sugar-plums or tarts."

"But how shall I escape the terrible punishment that the king will inflict upon me?"

"Don't trouble yourself about that; as soon as you have made Blondine enter the forest, come and find me. I will see that you get away safely with your bonbons, and I will take care of your future."

"O! madam, have some pity! do not compel me to cause the death of my dear mistress."

"You hesitate, you poor little wretch? what difference does it make to you what becomes of Blondine? Bye and bye you are to enter the service of Brunette, and I will see that you are then always supplied with bonbons."

"Gourmandinet thought a few minutes longer and decided, alas, to sacrifice his good little mistress for a few pounds of bonbons. All the rest of the day and all night he hesitated about committing so great a crime, but the certainty of never being able to satisfy his greedy appetite, if he refused to execute the command of the queen, and the hope that he might some day find Blondine again while speaking to some powerful fairy, put an end to his irresolution and decided him to obey the queen.

The next day Blondine called for her carriage and got in, after kissing the king and promising him that she would return in two hours. The garden was a large one. Gourmandinet drove the ostriches to the side opposite to the forest of lilacs.

When they were so far away that they could no longer be seen from the palace, he changed his course and proceeded towards the boundary line of the forest. He was sad and silent; his meditated crime weighed upon his heart and conscience.

"What is the matter, Gourmandinet?" asked Blondine, "you do not speak; are you sick?"

"No, princess, I am quite well."

"How pale you are! Tell me, what is the matter, my poor Gourmandinet. I promise that I will do everything in my power to make you happy."

This kindness of Blondine's softened the heart of Gourmandinet, and he again thought of saving her; but the recollection of the bonbons promised by Fourbette, dispelled this good thought. Before he could answer, the ostriches touched the border line of the forest.

"Oh! what beautiful lilacs!" cried Blondine. "What sweet fragrance! How I wish I had a big bouquet of them to give to papa! Get down, Gourmandinet, and gather some branches for me."

"I cannot get down, princess, the ostriches might run away while I am gone."

"Well, what if they do? I could myself drive them back to the palace."

"But the king would scold me for leaving you, princess. It would be better for you to go yourself and choose your flowers."

"That is true," said Blondine; "I should be very sorry to cause you a scolding, my poor Gourmandinet."

"And, saying these words, she sprang lightly from the carriage, stepped over the border and began to pick the lilacs."

Then Gourmandinet shuddered, and was troubled; remorse entered his heart; he wished to repair the evil by calling Blondine back; but although she was not more than ten feet from him, and he could see her perfectly, she did not hear his voice, and wandered deeper and deeper into the enchanted forest. For a long time he could see her picking lilacs, but at last she vanished from his sight.

Then he wept for his crime, cursed his greediness, and detested Queen Fourbette. Finally he bethought himself that the time was approaching when Blondine should return to the palace; he re-entered the stables by the back way, and hurried to the queen, who awaited him. Seeing him pale and his eyes red from the bitter tears of remorse, she conjectured that Blondine was lost.

"Is it done?" said she.

Gourmandinet bowed his head; he had not the strength to speak.

“Come,” said she, “here is your recompense.”

And she showed him a box full of bonbons of every description. She ordered a servant to lift the box and bind it on one of the mules that that had brought her jewels.

“I entrust this box to Gourmandinet to take to my father. Go, Gourmandinet, and return in a month for another.”

At the same time she placed a purse in his hand. Gourmandinet mounted the mule without a word. He started at a gallop. Soon the mule, who was vicious and wilful, impatient of the weight of the chest, began to kick and rear, and finally threw Gourmandinet and the box to the earth. Gourmandinet, who could not keep his seat either on a horse or mule, fell; his head struck the stones, and he died from the blow.

So he never gained the recompense that he had hoped for his crime, for he did not even taste the bonbons that the queen had given him. No one regretted him, for no one had loved him except poor Blondine, whom we will rejoin in the forest of lilacs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### REGULUS.

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Among Rome's many noble sons, the one whose character shone forth most gloriously, was Regulus. He was, indeed, a true Roman—noble, brave and full of patriotism.

When quite advanced in years, he was appointed leader of the Roman forces against the Carthaginians, in the first Punic war. The Romans had been very successful in Sicily; but now they felt that they could humble the power of Carthage much more in Africa; so, having found a Carthaginian boat stranded on their shores, they fitted out a fleet in imitation of it, and prepared to trust themselves to the winds and seas for the first time. The important command of this fleet was intrusted to Regulus and Manlius. Success attended them everywhere; for, although

the Carthaginians were the first sailors in the world, the Romans were the bravest and the best soldiers. It was not long, however, before Manlius was recalled to carry on the war in Sicily, and Regulus, with a small force, was directed to go into Africa. Soon this great general spread terror throughout the land; the whole country was devastated, and every one panic-stricken. At last, the Carthaginians, overcome by their dread of the Roman name, sent messengers to Regulus to sue for peace. And here the nobleness of his soul shone forth; for although he knew that his wife and children were suffering greatly on account of his absence, and all his personal affairs were going badly, yet he dictated such terms of peace as he knew the Carthaginians would refuse; because he felt that if he continued the war (the Carthaginians being now nearly exhausted) he should in time subject them to the Roman power. The Carthaginians, therefore, unable to procure peace at such a price, obtained help from the Lacedemonians, and a great battle was fought near Carthage. Every one knows the disastrous results of this battle; the Romans were not only defeated with great slaughter, but Regulus was taken prisoner. And now this noble man, who but a short time before had been conqueror in this very land, was left to languish in prison four years, hardly seeing the light of day, hearing sometimes of the success of his people, and sometimes of that of the enemy. How he yearned to see his own dear ones again! how he longed to be once again on Roman soil! At last the Carthaginians, worn out by the length of the war, determined to send messengers to Rome concerning the exchange of captives and the making of peace. To accomplish this they sent Regulus with some Carthaginian ambassadors to Rome; Regulus having first promised, that, if he was unable to obtain his request, he would return to Carthage. With what emotions did this old man leave the shores of Carthage, his prison! and how his heart bounded within him as he approached those of his own dear land, which he had expected never to see again! When he reached the gates of the city the noble old man paused, and sent for the Senate; lest, should he meet his friends and

relations, he should be turned from his purpose. Did not the hearts of all thrill as they again looked on the face of him who had done and suffered so much for them?

When Regulus made known his message, the Senate at first determined to comply with the request of the Carthaginians, for they would thus redeem their General. They then asked Regulus to give his opinion concerning what they should do. But he refused, saying he was no longer a Roman Senator, but a Carthaginian prisoner. On being pressed, he told them by no means to give up the war; for *he* was now an old man, and could no longer be of any service to them, whereas the Carthaginian captives were all youths, and could fight well. It was with great reluctance that the Romans allowed this noblest of their generals to go from them forever: but Regulus, fearful lest he should break his promise, hastened to leave home without even seeing his friends; to leave the home of his fathers and of all that was dear to him, for certain death in the enemy's country. Long did he stand looking at that shore until he could see it no longer; it had passed from his sight forever.

He returned to Carthage, and when the ambassador told what advice he had given, the Carthaginians were so filled with wrath that they exposed Regulus to the most exquisite torture, and then put an end to his life in a fearful manner.

Such was the death of one who devoted his whole heart and soul to the interests of his country, never allowing one wish of his own to interfere with his duty.

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### JACK FROST.

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Jack Frost is a giant, who lives on the summit of a high mountain in Iceland. His palace is built of ice and snow, and the rays of the sun make it look like a rainbow. Jack Frost sleeps all summer; but when the first cold night warns him that winter is near, he is awake and ready for work.

One clear night in November, Jack Frost awoke from his summer's sleep, and set forth on his travels. At first he could

find nothing to do but to nip the toes of a few belated travellers; but, after awhile, he had almost more work than he could accomplish. He came to a forest, and found the chestnut trees groaning beneath their weight of nuts; so he kissed the burrs, and at the first touch of his icy lips, they fell with the nuts to the ground. He next came to a garden, where a few poor flowers had survived their summer friends. Cruel Jack! He killed them without mercy. In a crowded city, where that dread pestilence, the yellow fever, had raged through all the long hot days, Jack Frost rested. His pure cold breath cleansed the air from all its impurities, and the inhabitants of the city called down many blessings on the kind old giant.

But it was almost day, and Jack Frost had more work to do. So he left the city, and proceeded on his way, spreading mantles of silvery white over the roofs of the houses, and giving to each blade of grass a shining silver armour. He breathed on the window panes, and graceful ferns and waving trees appeared, till it seemed as if the glass were the bright web on which the fairies wove their lace.

But the goddess Aurora was already touching, with her rosy fingers, the gates of day; and the tramp of the fiery steeds of Apollo was heard in the far east. Now, Jack Frost is a loyal subject of the Queen of Night, and will not stay to be kissed by her rival; so he sped away to his mountain home, to wait till the starry herald should again summon him to the Court of his Queen.

## VINETA.

I have read that long years ago where the waves of the North Sea wash the shore of Germany, was the ancient city of Vineta. According to the custom and necessity of the times it was walled in; battlement rose on battlement and tower on tower, till they seemed to touch the sky. So close to the water's edge was Vineta built, that the waves broke at the foot of its walls and the evening lullaby of the little ones mingled with the dash and surge of the billows.

Without, for miles, the sea was covered with the vessels of this busy city. The tall masts were as a great forest, and gaily among them floated the flags of every nation. Well might Vineta be called "Queen of the Northern Sea." And old Ocean seemed to love the city, protecting her from her foes at all times, bearing her commerce and increasing her greatness. On bright days the sunlit waves kissed her feet and whispered sweet words in her ear; to the wealthy citizens promises of greater prosperity; to the statesmen, of other shores where Vineta might yet hold sway; to the poet, bright visions of a perfect land, an Atlantis, he little dreaming that his beloved city should share the last sad fate of the "Buried Island;" and to all, as it encircled the city in its shining arms, the sea sang "I will ever guard and keep you." Yet through the song ran ever a strain of sadness. O, Northern Sea! did'st thou mean to warn the children of thy love?

As from the sea the city had learned her lessons of energy and life, so from its purple waves and crested billows it had dreamed of beauty until it embodied it in all its forms. Everywhere were graceful lines and rich coloring; even the trees were planted with regard to the effect of light and shade. Here rose an old gray palace shaded by oaks that had stood the storms of centuries, and there, in the shadow of the Guild Hall, nestled a little church surrounded by the quiet "City of the Dead."



Over all towered the grand Cathedral. Strangers came from afar to see the many wonders, and pilgrims to worship at the shrines.

But with success and power came pride and arrogance, until just retribution fell upon the city.

It was Easter morning; and as the glad rays of the rising sun touched with gold the dark waters, Vineta's bells rang out triumphant peals, while priests and choirs took up the strain till church and grand Cathedral rang with praise and thanksgiving. Suddenly the tones are hushed. Whence comes this roar of rushing waters and crash of falling walls? A mighty wind has risen, as by magic, and the waves, but now so calm, are rolling mountain high. The very foundations of the earth seem giving way—and the city sinks, lower and lower—the sea holds her, and will keep her forever.

No sound breaks the stillness of her streets save the songs of the mermaids as they braid their long locks in the king's chambers, and the enchanting strains from the golden harps of the sea-fairies, who dance in the palace halls. Yet sometimes the sea-god yields his sway, and, like a spirit haunting the upper world, Vineta appears to a few favored mortals.

The waves are again tinted by the rays of the sun, now slowly sinking. Lo! the billows are stilled and from them rise cross-crowned spires, towers, and battlements, till the whole city rests upon the water. The slate roofs gleam in the fading light, the sails and flags on the masts droop listlessly, calm and still Vineta rests on the waters a perfect vision of the long ago. Hark! from the bells liquid notes again float across the waters. 'Tis but a moment! the vision is gone with the setting sun!

And the lonely fisherman tells us that often, as day closes, he hears

“From the sea's deep, deep abysses,  
Evening bells chime soft and low,  
Of that olden city telling,  
Lost and sunken long ago.”

CHAUCER.

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"I consider Chaucer as a genial day in an English spring." Musical language, great power of description, tenderness of sentiment, wonderful sympathy, and an ardent love of nature, are the qualities by which we recognize this great poet.

Chaucer found the language of the people of Britain a mixture of the Celtic, Danish, Saxon, and Norman tongues. Norman and French was the language of the Court and polite society, while the rude, though strong and vigorous, Saxon speech was used only by the inferior classes. Books were written either in French or Latin. Chaucer determined to give the people a voice in literature, and out of the confusion, formed a language, rich, musical, strong, and vigorous, which, growing steadily, has, at last, attained the perfection of the present day.

He was born in London, in 1328. He was evidently of aristocratic family, since he was for some time in the service of the wife of the Duke of Clarence, and married one of the Queen's maids of honor. In 1359 he was taken prisoner by the French, but was ransomed, and returned to England in 1360. At different periods of his life he held many important offices. He visited Italy, where he became acquainted with Petrarch, whose writings did much towards changing the literary taste of Europe. He was elected representative of Kent in 1386, and, in the political and social confusion of that year lost all his offices, and fled from England. After a brief exile he returned, and, some say, was compelled to submit to the bitter humiliation of imprisonment. He lived in accordance with his varying circumstances, and we have reason to believe the latter years of his life were clouded with embarrassment. Chaucer received the protection and patronage of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, partly on account of his marriage with a sister of the Duke's wife, and partly because of the similarity of their political views. In his religious opinions, Chaucer agreed to some extent with Wycliffe.

He despised the corrupt men of the Church, and did not hesitate to expose them to ridicule; but it is difficult to determine how far he sympathized with the theological doctrines of the man who was considered an arch heretic.

The plots of Chaucer's books were not original. His works may be divided into two great classes; those of the Romance type, and those bearing the impress of the Italian Renaissance. Chaucer's fame as a poet rests chiefly upon the *Canterbury Tales*. We know not which to admire most; the brilliant description, the sparkling humor, the deep pathos, or the fidelity to nature. These stories are told by representatives of all classes of society; and more than anything else, give us an insight into the manners, thoughts, and feelings of the fourteenth century. In the "Cuckoo" and the "Nightingale" Chaucer shows his love for the songs of birds, and appreciation of the beauties of nature.

One imagines the great poet as a fine looking man, with a tall, commanding figure, noble head, a merry, twinkling eye, and a face expressive of

"A mind at peace with all below."

We imagine his portrait could scarce be commonplace, yet how different is the reality. The miniature left us by his contemporary, *Occeleve*, shows us a corpulent figure, and an ordinary face with a downward look and a grave, abstracted air.

Several have attempted to modernize his language, but only *Wordsworth* could enter into his feelings, and only he has attained any degree of success. It is principally through *Wordsworth's* translation that we are acquainted with the charming story "Little Hugh of Lincoln," full of tenderness, and of the simple faith and constancy of childhood; and with the pathetic story of *Griselda*, the finest picture of wifely patience and devotion in the language.

To fully enjoy Chaucer, he must be read in the language in which he wrote. He is indeed "Nature's own poet."

## EDITORIAL.

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With the beginning of the advent term of '81-'82 our school magazine passes into the hands of a new corps of editresses, viz., the class of '82; and, as we review the steady improvement in the little periodical from its beginning to the present day, we tremble lest, in our hands, it should fall short of the standard already attained. Still we are strong in numbers, and in the corps of contributors who have promised their willing aid; and we only ask that our readers will regard our efforts with the same indulgence that they have given to those of our elder sisters.

It has been thought best to change the character of the MUSE so far as to make its issue quarterly instead of monthly, and our little messenger will therefore be sent out at Thanksgiving and Midwinter, at Easter and Whitsuntide. Its size will be that of the "double-number" of last June. We do not wish to give our dear subscribers one page less of reading matter. Rather, we hope by extra diligence to increase their interest and win a heartier approval. But to write editorials and book notices we must keep apace with the news and literature of the day. We wish to have our work intrinsically good, and acceptable to more than the indulgent home-circle. All this will take time; and time, to school girls, is a precious commodity. Therefore, four times a year will we greet you, O friends, and wish you all the pleasures of the season.

The Pierian Club is no more. One by one its members have left these pleasant halls, some to occupy brilliant positions in society, others to be the sunshine and comfort of home. One has a school amid the lovely mountains of this State; two have returned to St. Mary's as honored teachers; and one has gone "across the sea to Germanie," there to perfect the musical talent that has so often been our delight. An article from her pen will be found in the present number, the first of a series of letters from "Our Own Special Correspondent."

But why with the *work* of the club do we not adopt its *name*? Alas! "*We are seven!*"

Every "old girl's" first remark on her return to school was "I hear we have so many improvements!" And indeed they are many! The first that strikes the eye is the new flooring. It is a pleasure to look at the smooth, white boards, though indeed there is not so much variety in them as in the old. There, the students of Physical Geography could study the nature of little hills and valleys. There, the idle astronomer might find inky constellations and galaxies unknown to the midnight sky. There, little pit-falls afforded fair excuse for undue noise in hall or parlor. But ah! the dancing! At that thought every regret flies away; and as our feet glide over the smooth surface, we feel indeed that our lines are cast in pleasant places.

Then there is the new Infirmary. Far away among the trees, where no breeze could blow over to us any "infection," should such there be, is the pretty little cottage devoted to the sick. So cosy and comfortable does it seem, that one of our girls (a naughty little Junior, of course) was heard to say, that she wished she could go there. But we Seniors hope that it may long remain unoccupied, and only serve, as it does now, for a rendezvous, on whose steps nuts and apples and gossip may be discussed.

The new flooring has proved beyond a question the degeneracy of the present age. When the old was removed it was found that, in spite of the wear and tear of forty years, it was still twice as thick as that now used; and, barring the snags and grooves of its upper surface, it was as good as ever. But grooves, though unpleasant in a parlor, may be tolerated in an outdoor walk, and walks were made; long walks and broad walks; to the Infirmary, to the kitchen, to the Chapel. And grooves and snags have disappeared, for boarding was plenty. With the flooring of such a house as St. Mary's, what could not be done? Coal-bins have been built, picturesque coal-bins whose sides resemble the fashionable blocked ribbon—who will explain why? But one thing remains a mystery. What has become of the old stairs?

We have a new furnace to heat the dining-room, the school-room, and the Senior recitation-room. It is very useful, to be sure, and the registers are quite an ornament. But when "Uncle Wash" used to bring in coal there was a pause in the recitations, time to rally our exhausted powers, or even to escape our "turn" altogether. And then there was the dear forbidden delight of toasting crackers for lunch. No more shall our teachers scent from afar their delicate odor; no more shall we have disorder marks for such delinquencies. Alas, the "pleasant days that are no more!"

We lack space to dwell particularly on our beautiful Chapel carpet and curtains, our three new pianos, the rearrangement, cataloguing, and numbering of the Library, and its new books. By the by, a little fairy has whispered that there are more books coming, as well as other new things we have heard of. Some of these last we had come to regard as myths; but one at least has become a reality, the new inkstands and covers that appeared last week.

Indeed, our dear old school has put on an entirely new dress to welcome her daughters. She smiles upon us with fresh white paint. She cares for our eyes with orthodox blue shades. We loved her before, and anything that had materially changed her well-known features could not have pleased us. But she only grows, like other mothers, prettier and more kindly with each succeeding year.

St. Mary's has opened this year with unusually large numbers. On Thursday, September 8th, the evening roll-call showed forty-eight names. By Monday the list numbered fifty-three, and each succeeding day added three or four, till the week closed with sixty-seven girls in the house. Before fair week, we numbered seventy-three. There have been in past years greater numbers than these, but never have they come so promptly, and so earnest to do their duty. Several girls have arrived since fair week, and five have places engaged; but the cry now rises upon each arrival, "Where *is* she to go?" Still, places are found, and our welcome is not exhausted. Come on, girls! The more, the merrier!

It seemed as if cool weather would never come. The air grew more and more sultry, and the dust thicker and thicker; study was almost an impossibility. But we did the impossible, and closed our first month's work triumphantly, with forty-four girls in the first grade and twenty-seven in the second. Then came our reward. O, the delights of fair week! On Thursday morning the big omnibus drove up to the door, and the riding party, under the care of our Lady-Principal, set out for the fair grounds. The rest walked across the fields with Mr. Smedes. It is an open question, which party suffered most. We swallowed dust by the mouthful; it filled our nostrils and ears and eyes; it spoiled our dresses. But not our tempers! We were as merry a set of school-girls as ever had a holiday. We squeezed through the crowded halls, admired the flowers, the apples, the fancy work, criticised things we knew nothing about, and finally pushed our way to seats in the Grand Stand. The first public entertainment was to be the drill of the "Bingham boys." We looked around with a superior air of knowing all about it. Had they not visited us two days before, and drilled for our particular benefit in the grove, and had they not cheered us until we were ashamed to respond only by waving, and cheered lustily in return? But we were surprised into most hearty admiration as these boys, our brothers and cousins and intimate friends, went through their manual, fired, skirmished, retired, marched, wheeled, and countermarched like veterans. We are sure, indeed we have been told, that the first regiments in the country can do no better. We are proud of our brothers.

We saw nothing of the races; we only learned later that some horse had won, which was exactly what we had expected. We were more interested in eatables, which, alas, we failed to find. We waited in the eating-room till patience was no longer a virtue, and then came home very hungry and rather cross. But dinner and rest restored us bodily and mentally, and at eight P. M. every girl was in the parlor to receive the guests of the evening. These were such of our parents and friends as had come to the city, with a very large proportion of "Binghamites." The band was in attendance; all the first floor was thrown open for prome-

nading and dancing, and we enjoyed every minute till the *witching-hour* arrived and farewells were said. It was unanimously pronounced the pleasantest "Reception" ever held at St. Mary's. On Friday we received "party-calls," or drove out with kind friends; but on Saturday we returned to our duties, and prepared lessons with all the more vigor for our two days' holiday.

We have all been sick. Teachers and scholars, Rector and Lady-Principal, all succumbed to the intense heat, and for a fortnight everything was a burden. But then "Sister Eliza," the gentle Deaconess from the Diocese of Long Island, who is visiting us this winter, saw her opportunity; and with her beef-tea and wine, and pills and nostrums, she so cared for and coddled us, that we are all well again, and—spoiled.

None of our girls will soon forget the joys of our frolicsome Halloween. No one had dreamed that we were to have any jollification. During the afternoon doleful maidens asked their teachers if they "thought Miss Czarnomska would let them have any fun," and were put off with evasive answers. One daring damsel, venturing to the sitting-room with a request that she might "have two eggs boiled, because, you know, to-night is Halloween," received a stern negative and retired disconsolate. Meanwhile, the apples and caudy had been ordered, games talked over and prepared, the tea-hour hastened, and a few day-scholars, near neighbors, invited. The first suspicion arose when Sister Eliza was discovered instructing a select few how to bite an apple swinging from a string. Next the study-hour bell was rung a half hour earlier than usual; then, confirmation sure! we were told to go upstairs and dress. By half past seven the fun had begun. The Seniors, with three powerful assistants in Miss Stone, Miss Stubbert and Miss McElroy, began a game of Dumb Crambo. In vain they acted, to our great delight, *ale* and *pale* and *gale* and *fail* and many other words. Our kind Professor having watched them for a few moments, suddenly appeared among the actors, and added greatly to their effect and the merriment of the audience. At last, in horrible discord, to the words Do, Re, Mi, the troupe sang the SCALE and were applauded for their final success.



Then we played "towel" and "spin the platter" and redeemed forfeits. Dear Mademoiselle, ever ready to promote enjoyment, came in comic costume and obliged "Every man to do his duty." We bobbed for apples and jumped for them, ate candy and danced a shaker-dance, had our fortunes told and "followed our leader" till, tired out, we went to bed, voting that we never *had*, had such a good time before.

The next day was a glorious one. The pouring rain of the last twenty-four hours had laid the dust and washed the leaves; and the frost of the night had dressed the trees in glowing colors. At an early hour all who could spare the time assembled in the Chapel to dress it with leaves and grasses, or in the sitting-room to arrange the flowers for the altar; for this was All Saints Day, the dearest of all the Minor Festivals of the Church. And touching it was to see how our little ones, the veriest babes of the Church, who had known neither sorrow nor care, yet entered into the spirit of the day. Theirs were the most willing feet, the most active fingers. Theirs were the loudest voices in the grand processional. As its exultant tones filled the air, it seemed as if every heart must beat responsive to such strains. Every sense was satisfied; the dreamy autumn air came through the open windows; the eye rested on the beauty of the flowers and the glory of the autumn leaves; the ear drank in the rich harmonies of the Choral Service; and the soul, upborne as on angel's wings, forgot earth and its sorrows and rejoiced, with those who have gone before, in their Lord, their Captain and their King, "singing Alleluia!"

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### CURRENT TOPICS.

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"During the week ending September 25th, 10,148 immigrants landed at New York."

One may well ask what is to be the result of such vast immigration, encouraged as it is by the people and government of America. The result must in a measure depend on the character

of the immigrants, and this, unhappily, is not high. Since the landing of Columbus, immigrants have poured into this country, more and more rapidly; until now, scarcely a ship arrives whose stern is not packed with men, women, and children, coming to seek their fortunes.

These people are generally of the lowest class and perfectly ignorant. They hear that America is very rich, and think that all they have to do, is to pick up the gold; that it is an earthly paradise, where all is rest and plenty. Therefore, they have no idea of working. Coming into New York, dazzled by its beauty and the evidences of wealth, they say, "truly our dreams are realized." In leaving their country they have thought all their manual toil at an end, and that here they should receive the highest positions in the land. But very soon their hopes are dashed to the ground, and they realize that they must work as before, or starve. But few work, compared to the large numbers who, disappointed in every hope, turn to all that is evil. It seems as if the very worst of every nation come to perpetrate their deeds of darkness here. For instance, in Ireland the lower classes are continually rebelling. England has conquered them time and again, but never effectually subdued them. After each struggle thousands, fleeing from the grasp of the law, come here and are continually stirring up strife. Among them are found leaders for the large strikes, which so sap the strength of a nation. From Germany, perhaps the best governed country in the world, men discontented with their own country, come to try ours, as it is the latest. They bring with them their discontent, and alas! the skepticism of their Fatherland. Their influence has done much toward the infidelity now so broadcast among us. Russia sends many of her restless millions to our shores. The policy of the Nihilist is to destroy everything and give nothing in return, and he is indefatigable in pursuing it. Having tried to accomplish his aim in Russia by the assassination of the Czar, and failed, he comes to America to see if he can be successful here. He pictures in gorgeous colors the glory of Russia when the Nihilist shall have become victorious, and tells us that our country

could call herself truly free, were there but one to destroy the government, now grinding the people. As time passes and these teachings are repeated, there is one who thinks he will do the deed, so he brutally shoots our Chief-Magistrate. I thank God, there was scarcely a man who did not rise against that crime.

Immigrants come not only from these three, but from every country in the world, bringing the sins of their land, to sow them broadcast. Mighty is the harvest we reap.

Immigrants are most certainly encouraged by America; all our ports are open to them, every inducement is offered. There are companies in large cities that send foreign emigrants to settle the vast tracts of land in the West; whilst all around us are thousands of poor Americans who would gladly go. No, these are left to die for want of fresh air and food, and the foreigner is sent to a beautiful land, where he makes himself a home.

An emigrant soon gains all the privileges of an American citizen, a full voice in our government. The government of any country cannot be understood in a day, by the most intelligent; how then can it be comprehended by any so ignorant as most immigrants, in two years? The politics of this country are particularly exciting and confusing, because of the strength of the different parties, and the eloquence of their leaders. Thus a stranger is quickly bewildered, and, voting before he has time to investigate, will probably vote for the wrong side. Worse than all, a stranger destitute of honor will easily sell his vote to the highest bidder. Thus, through ignorance and wickedness, our government has become corrupt; sadly different from the early days of the Republic, when each man held his country dearer to him than life.

A FEW WEEKS ago a terrible fire devastated New York on Fourth Avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. It commenced near the lower mouth of Park Avenue Tunnel, opposite the Park Avenue Hotel, and raging furiously, destroyed the whole of the Vanderbilt Street-car Depot and the greater part of John C. Morrell's immense warehouse, besides

injuring a great number of private residences. Thirty-five horses were burned in the stables, and the number of human lives lost cannot be ascertained. The warehouses contained \$3,000,000 worth of valuables, among which was a great number of fine paintings and pieces of sculpture, also a large collection of jewelry. One painting alone, owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, is said to have been worth \$55,000. The fire originated in the carelessness of one of the many laborers always employed about the depot, and the rapid spreading of the flames was due to the lack of water. The reservoirs were not near and were locked; before sufficient water could be obtained the flames were beyond control. Thus, through carelessness and mismanagement, were sacrificed a great amount of property, and some of the finest works of art ever brought to America.

THE THIRD annual meeting of "St. Mary's Alumnae Association" was held in St. Mary's Chapel, on Commencement Day, June 9th, 1881. The Association having been deprived of its President by the death of Mrs. W. R. Cox, the meeting was called to order by Miss F. I. Johnson, first Vice-President. According to the Constitution of the association ("that an election of officers be held annually"), the election of officers was held, resulting as follows: President, Mrs. C. DeR. Meares; Vice-Presidents, Misses F. I. Johnson and E. N. McRee; Treasurer, Miss E. G. Tew; Secretary, Miss K. McKimmon.

On motion, a committee was appointed to decide upon the best use to be made of the funds already in the treasury; their decision to be subject to Mr. Smedes' approval.

The members of the Association will be glad to learn that, in accordance with this decision, the privileges of the "scholarship" are now extended to a young lady who will do honor to St. Mary's.

(Signed)

K. MCKIMMON,

Secretary "St. M. A." Association.

Notice will be given by the Secretary, through the MUSE, of any special meeting that may be called by the President.

PERSONALS.

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MITTIE DOWD leads the school. Annie Philips is next. Hurrah for Tarboro!

WE HAVE had a flying call from one of the "Arkites." While waiting for the train, our "Snail" managed to find her way to St. Mary's, and to spend a pleasant hour with friends old and new. We hear that another of "Noah's animals" is likely to visit us soon.

SALLIE PIPPEN passed Fair week with us. We gladly welcomed her, though, by reason of our crowded state, we could not do all we wished for her comfort. But she laughingly took up the *role* of school-girl again, and conformed to all rules with most edifying regularity. We hope she may soon be induced to make another stay with us, and refresh us all with her hearty good-nature. We know that the small dwellers in the Nursery have especially missed her.

THREE OLD friends of St. Mary's, once her scholars, now her patrons, have been making a good long stay in Raleigh, gladdening their daughters' hearts, and strengthening our bands by their approval of our rules and methods. We feared at first that lessons would suffer from the frequent interchange of visits; but our good girls have shown themselves loyal daughters to both their Mothers, and proved that happiness only makes duty easier. We grow more and more sorry to bid these ladies good-bye, as one by one they leave us, and dread the coming of that "frost" that is to be the signal for the departure of the last to her distant home in Texas.

WE HAVE had calls from two United States Senators; one of whom did us yeoman's service at the Fair in trying to secure for us eatables and a carriage. To be sure his efforts were without success; but that was owing to the utter lack of the articles

sought, not to the indifference of the seeker. The thanks of twenty tired and hungry girls are hereby tendered to General Cox.

THE SICK girls, too, have thanks to give to an unconscious benefactor. A basket of magnificent California grapes arrived by express from Washington the other day. It was addressed to our Lady-Principal, who racked her brains to guess what friend might be passing through the Capital, for resident friend she had none. But the delicious flavor of the fruit was not at all lessened by the little mystery. It was not till every grape was eaten that we learned who had been the kind donor. We wish General Ransom every success in his Congressional career; and are sure that the Senator who combines such judgment in grapes with such kind thoughtfulness will not fail to attain it.

A FEW days since we received cards announcing the marriage of Douschka Pickens, an old pupil of "St. Mary's," to Dr. Dugas. The wedding took place at the family residence. Many distinguished guests were present, and the brilliant company seemed to recall the time when Governor Pickens assembled around him in his hospitable mansion the most brilliant wits of his day. The beautiful house was made, if possible, still more beautiful by the tasteful decorations and the abundance of the rarest and sweetest flowers.

Governor Pickens was minister to Russia, and Douschka was born at St. Petersburg. She was named for the Czar's mother, Francis Eugenia Olga Neva, Douschka being only a pet name; it is the Russian for "little darling." The Czar was her godfather, and sent her for a bridal present a magnificent necklace of diamonds. She has now left on her bridal tour, and for the present, is in New York.

AMONG THE first to greet old teachers and pupils and to welcome new-comers, was our Bishop. Although he was still suffering from the severe accident of the summer, St. Mary's halls were scarcely opened before his genial smile and cheery voice brightened them.

One should see the effect on our girls of the four words, "The Bishop is here." How homesick faces grow merry! and tired students push Upham and Botta far out of sight, turning gladly, from discussions of the ideal to the refreshing reality of "Our Bishop"!

A little bird whispers that before long, at the end of monthly examinations may be, we are to take a journey. In our mind's eye, it is true, but we venture to say that the scenes will be more vividly impressed on us than on many whose bodily eyes have seen them. We are too large a number to move *en masse* to Europe or Asia, but often has the Bishop's word-painting brought scenes from both to us. Scenes, pictures, do I say? Before long think ourselves really wandering in the old Norse-land, over the sunny plains of Italy, or among quaint German towns. Sometimes we get as far as the East and its ancient cities, sit in the shadow of temples whose columns bear the record of ages, drink of Fijeh's bright waters, and eat the apricots of Damascus.

Mahomet may not go to the mountain, but the mountain *is* brought to Mahomet.

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#### MINUTES OF THE EDITORIAL CLUB.

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On Friday, the 30th of September, the Senior Class met and organized a club to edit the MUSE.

The following were elected by unanimous vote to fill the various departments:

Kate L. Sutton, President; Kate M. Lord, Secretary; Sallie L. Daniel, Literary Record; Florence Slater, Chip Basket; Rebecca Collins, Editorials; Annie Sargent, Proof Corrector.

We decided to invite several persons to contribute to the MUSE. The first move of the club at this, its second meeting, was to invite Minnie Albertson and Jessie Williams to become members of the club. These both accepted.

It was thought advisable to transfer Florence Slater from the department of Chip Basket to that of News and to Jessie Williams was assigned the office vacated by Miss Slater.

Several contributions for the MUSE were handed in, read, and accepted.

October 21, 1881.—The club met at half past eight, and as no questions of importance were to be discussed, the materials for the coming MUSE having been sent to the printers, it was decided to spend the allotted time for the meeting in reading and discussing extracts from the leading periodicals of the day.

Among the papers which were read, the most interesting was one on Europe, Asia, and Africa. From this we derived new and interesting facts, especially upon the subject of Asia, and we hope to find the topic reviewed in the News Department. But should we be disappointed, our readers, who are interested in the said countries, can gather the desired information from *Scribner's* for October.

The club then adjourned, to meet again the following week.

October 28, 1881.—The club was called to order to-night with a few words of rebuke from our Lady-Principal, who did not approve of the new and peculiar method of studying Geography introduced at the previous meeting.

The minutes of the last meeting were then read and approved.

The Lady-Principal then provided each one with materials for more serious occupation, and all were soon in the agonies of composition.

After an hour's close attention to editorial duties, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of some fruit which was placed in our midst. We were then left to our own devices, and after enjoying the delicious fruit, and a hearty laugh over our literary efforts, a vote of thanks was tendered the donor of our feast, and with pleasant good-nights, the club adjourned.



## BOOK NOTICES.

KING OSCAR, of Sweden, who devotes his leisure to literary pursuits, has finished a new drama, called "The Kronberg Castle," which will be published shortly in Swedish and German.

"A PRINCE OF BREFFNY" is the title of Thomas P. May's new novel. The hero of this charming book was a famous Irish soldier of fortune and the first Spanish Governor of Louisiana. The book shows remarkable power of narrative and will amply repay perusal.

THE LAST novel by Catherine Drew, "Lutanists of St. Jacobi's," is an ingenious blending of biography and romance. Around the real incidents of the life of George Nennarck, a poet and musician of eminence who flourished in Germany at the close of the Thirty Year's War, is woven a story of love that is an idyl of grace and sweetness.

MR. A. F. OAKLEY'S little volume, entitled "Building a House," is of great practical importance; as it gives directions to enable those without experience to build a simple house replete with comforts and conveniences, and invested with an atmosphere of beauty.

The two volumes of Ella Rodman Church, "How to Furnish a House" and "The Home Garden," are companions to the ones just noticed. In the first the author shows how to furnish a house so that it shall be cheerful, home-like, and tasteful, without lavish expenditure. The other volume contains many useful hints on flower and kitchen gardens.

WE TAKE pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of several of our exchanges. The *Musical Record* comes regularly every week, bringing news from the Philharmonic and Cecilia Societies of Boston, with interesting information concerning the great

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RALLI, N. C.

singers and players of the season. The *Palladium* was warmly greeted on its arrival the other day. The *South Atlantic*, *Home and Abroad*, and the *School Herald* are on our table. The last is particularly interesting and useful. Many little leaflets, that we should be glad to notice, had we the space and time, come under our eye. Perhaps in some future number we may be able to do them justice.

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### ART NOTICES.

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OUR ART DEPARTMENT proper numbers twenty-four pupils, exclusive of the class in Pencil Drawing, which has been lately begun in the Preparatory Department. China painting being the greatest novelty, excites a good deal of interest; but the majority of the scholars are crayoning from models and still-life. Some good work is done in our Art-room, and we invite both visits and criticism.

AUTOGRAPH-ALBUMS at St. Mary's have become more popular than ever since our most obliging of Artists and Art-teachers has made exquisite little sketches in all presented for her autograph. The "cute" little men and women who bear her greetings are simply *delicious*.

The opinion has been expressed that the paintings on cups and saucers, &c., now being done in the Art-room, are "just too utterly utter."

## CHIP BASKET.

PSYCHE.

A Butterfly, from flower to flower  
 Has fluttered by ;  
 He seems to say : " I live my hour,  
 How glad am I !"  
 Ah yes, while suns shine on the flower,  
 Blue is the sky ;  
 But presently there comes the shower  
 And he must die.

Thou, too, bright heart, from flower to flower  
 Dos't flutter by ;  
 Thou, too, dost say : " I live my hour,  
 How glad am I !"  
 But presently the clouds will lower  
 And storm be nigh ;  
 Then rise thou, far above the shower,  
 Caught to the sky.

—SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

Some smart folks can't tell a rotten rail widout settin' on it.—  
 (*Scribner.*)

Ef you aint got nuffin' smaller'n a dime when de hat comes  
 'round in chu'ch drap it in ; you'll git de change some o'dese  
 days.—(*Scribner.*)

A little nutt brown made : A pea-nut in a roaster.—(*Detroit  
 Free Press.*)

The *Courier-Journal* says that a Russian word coming through  
 the telephone breaks all the furniture in the room. Shouldn't  
 our German class room be refitted with iron furniture ?

Do as the Romans do—if you would not be done by the  
 Romans.—(*Modern Argo.*)

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pals ; and their conduct out of school and in school is strictly supervised and  
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high.

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the appointments of the School are provided. The session is divided into  
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SENIOR CLASS OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

Vol. IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1882.

No. 2.

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VOL. IV.      RALEIGH, N. C., FEBRUARY, 1882.      No. 2.

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## PALMA CHRISTI.

“Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.”—*S. Matt.*, xxv, 40.

O Hand Divine, once pierced for us, and bleeding!

    May never eye of flesh behold Thee more?

Thee, sceptred now, and lifted interceding

    Within the veil, the mercy-seat before?

O Palm of Christ, once nail-torn, but now streaming

    With rays of glory from Thy ancient scar!

May mortal ken, trance-quickened, yet not dreaming;

    Film-free, and eagle-bold, see Thee afar?

Thy holy seers, Saint Paul, Saint John, Saint Stephen,

    With steadfast gaze peered through earth's prison bars,

And saw Thee, gleaming like the brow of even,

    Girt with Thy circlet fair, seven golden stars.

We may not thus descry Thy lustrous splendor,

    Effulgent, blazing in the middle sky;

Yet, Holy Hand! revealed in mercy tender,

    Thou showest Thyself to Faith in vision high.

Faith sees Thee in the palm, wan, wasted, shrunken,

    With which pale Penury implores relief;

In its gaunt hollow sees the nail-print sunken,

    The peerless print of Love that bore our grief.

That peerless print, with alms Faith hastes to cover,

    (She lives in love and hath no life besides),

And, as she hastes, Thy sheltering Palm above her

    Heals her own hurt, its hateful vestige hides.

Faith sees Thee, meekly in the Church's bason  
 Deigning to take earth's lucre from Thy flock,  
 Thy way on earth, Thy saving health to blazon,  
 Thou Holy Hand on high, our Strength and Rock!

O Hand Divine, once pierced for us, and bleeding!  
 Give us Faith's loving eye, to see Thee clear;  
 So may we, nail-torn Palm, Thy passion pleading,  
 In Thy safe shadow hide us from all fear.

J. E. C. S.

---

DOCTOR HOLLAND.

---

In the death of Josiah Gilbert Holland, the literary world has sustained a great loss. If we except Longfellow, perhaps no American author would be so missed. Certainly none has ever thrown himself more in contact with the people or made a wider sphere in which to gain their sympathy. His writings were so varied that he could reach many different minds. The sterling common sense of such works as "Timothy Titcombe" spoke to practical men as the beauty of his poems won to him the dreamy and poetical; while his lectures and the editorials of a widely circulated magazine made him liked and known by all. His name is a household word where other authors are unknown.

None have excelled him in his peculiar calling, journalism, though Bryant was his equal: and while Whittier may now have the pre-eminence as a poet, who can say to which the palm will be awarded when future generations shall pronounce their judgment.

Dr. Holland was essentially a journalist. His idea of his profession was very different from that prevalent when he first became an editor. We see how high was his standard and how great his work only by comparing the papers of to-day with those of forty years ago; for the change was in a measure wrought by him. Journals then were nothing more than politi-

cal records, while now it is a liberal education to be well read in the standard periodicals of the day. In all his editorial efforts, from the little paper called *The Bay State Courier*, to that magazine which has become one of the world's best, there is always the one aim—the improvement of the people. In their cause and for truth Holland was indeed a knight, noble and brave. He was a Chevalier Bayard in literature. And as the chevalier fought his country's battles, carrying the white banner of France even into the enemy's country, so Holland has fought unflinchingly and has borne a snow-white flag unsoiled by the world.

Holland was of Puritan descent, and his ancestors had lived the life of all New England farmers. The fates, however, seemed united against his father, Harrison Holland; for he was destined always to be a poor man, and had many times to change his home in search of work. Holland had, therefore, no opportunity to attend school. Perhaps the father never felt the trial of poverty so keenly as when he learned of the son's great desire and knew how unable he was to help its fulfilment. Finally, however, the family settled in Northampton, and the eager student attended the High School of that place. So assiduously did he apply himself that, being unaccustomed to a sedentary life, his health failed. Forced to earn his living, and determined not to lose what he had gained, he went to Vermont and taught school.

Having tasted the fountain of knowledge, he could not content himself with the life of a laborer; and as a collegiate course was impossible, he studied medicine, the only path open to him. He graduated with much honor at the Medical College of Berkshire, and soon after, in partnership with a class-mate, settled in the rising town of Springfield. But, to his sorrow, he soon found that older physicians had the practice. The slow waiting in the office was very trying to his active spirit, and turning his attention to what he liked most, journalism, he established *The Bay State Courier*. This attempt, after six months, failed.

In this, the darkest period of his life, Dr. Holland married Miss Elizabeth Chapin. His wife and his mother must have been very noble to have inspired him to write "Kathrina"; and to his wife he dedicated this, his best work. "I dedicate "Kathrina," the work of my hand, to Elizabeth, the wife of my heart."

Not long after his marriage he was called to Vicksburg, Miss., to superintend the public schools. Against the advice of his friends, he went, only to find there were no organized schools. He soon had them working on the New England system. His pupils were at first very unruly. Such a thing as shooting a school-master was not unknown. Many times he was in danger, and only his calm courage and strong will saved him.

At the end of a year he was recalled to Springfield, and this was the turning point in his life. He became the co-editor of the since famous *Springfield Republican*. And it was, in a measure, his talents and industry that raised it to the eminence it afterwards attained. To make the paper more attractive he commenced a serial history of Western Massachusetts. This required hard work, and though the success of the papers was complete, the author looked back upon the time with horror as upon a season of drudgery. His well-known letters written under the name of "Timothy Titcombe," first appeared in this paper, and by these he became generally known. The letters, though now so popular, were many times rejected by New York publishers, until at last the writer carried them to Charles Scribner, who accepted them with delight. This was the beginning of the friendship between Holland and Scribner.

After the appearance of "Timothy Titcombe" other works followed in rapid succession. This is his most popular book, though "Kathrina" and "Bitter-Sweet" are finer, and his novels contain some of his best writing. Not until by "Timothy Titcombe," he had gained the interest of the people, did Holland appear before the world as a lecturer. The people would not be content until they had heard the quaint writer speak, and he was called to all parts of the United States. When

he first came forward the woman question was being agitated. One need only read his introduction to "Kathrina" to know what stand he took.

After the appearance of his works, Dr. Holland found himself well known and—strange situation for him—a rich man. He had always longed to visit Europe, and now he went to those places he afterwards described glowingly in *Scribner*. Nor was the time all spent in sight-seeing and dreaming; he was preparing for his coming work, and it was while standing on a bridge at Geneva that he determined to accept the charge of the magazine with which his name will always be connected, and which, by his efforts, has become so influential. On his return he established *Scribner's Magazine*, and through this, until the day of his death, he worked faithfully for his countrymen. He has left a vacancy which will not soon be filled.

Nothing in Holland's character is more touching than his devotion to his father. This love is shown in one of his earliest works, "Daniel Gray." His love for his mother, too, was strong and tender. She was a timid woman and shrank from strangers. When she slept the sleep that knows no waking, he would allow no hands but those of her sons to bear her body to its last resting place.

Holland was the soul of generosity and hospitality. Having himself suffered in his youth, he was ever ready to aid those around him. No place in the broad land held a heartier welcome than did "Bonnie Castle," his beautiful home in the Thousand Islands.

The secret of Holland's success was his sound common sense and good judgment, which prevented him from attempting anything he was not capable of accomplishing. He knew the exact extent of his powers, and unlike many, used those that he had, not waiting till he might do something great. These words of his own, might well be his epitaph,

"He did the duty that he saw."

Holland's childhood and youth had great influence on his after life, and especially did they leave their impress upon his writings. The splendid lessons of "Timothy Titcombe" come home to each and all; because as we read we feel that the author has learned these lessons by bitter experience. When he gives good advice, we are inclined to act upon it, knowing he knows whereof he speaks.

In "Bitter-Sweet" he shows his appreciation of home-life in the vivid painting of the farm-house scenes. The deep questions discussed around the broad fire-place prove him a true child of New England. The novel "Arthur Bonnicastle," which is a picture of happy school-life, contains also an account of the removal of the household gods from Holland's former home to Northampton. His poem, "Kathrina," is a graceful tribute to woman, and she is his inspiration; he says,

"Not many friends my life has made,  
 Few have I loved; and few are they  
 Who in my hand their hearts have laid,  
 And they were women. I am gray  
 But never have I been betrayed."

"These words, this tribute for the sake  
 Of truth to God and womankind."

In this work are true poetic gems; as, the picture of the little lamb leading the child up the mountain side, and the death-bed of the beloved wife. All of Holland's writings are characterized by their purity of diction, and above all, by their earnest, truth-seeking spirit.

One of our leaders has fallen, but his example inspires, his precepts still guide us. Onward they point toward that land of which he spoke when he said, "If we all act the manly part we were sent here to act, and are true to God and to ourselves, we shall be gathered into a great kingdom."

A SKETCH.

---

In the lovely valley of the Connecticut, where, like a silver thread, that willow-fringed stream winds between Mounts Tom and Holyoke, stands a little brick church. It is built on the site of Kathrina's home, and is a fit monument of her pure and lovely life.

Again the scene rises before me as fresh and beautiful as when I first beheld it, that sweet June morning long ago. The bright sun, bursting through the tinted morning clouds, sends a shower of sunbeams upon the landscape. Here, like a band of youths, all in shining armor, they chase the golden mists up the mountain side, and there, they are a ring of laughing maidens, dancing o'er the clover-scented fields, pausing now to drink the dew from the daisy's cup, now to peep into the windows of the little church.

Here at the mountain's foot, where the sunbeams dance in a merry circle is, I fancy, the very spot where Paul, through pity, let loose the lamb. There, when playfully it escaped him, he swiftly followed its bounding feet. Up the mountain side they go. Far up I see the lamb, and the boy, with flushed cheeks, in hot pursuit. Over crags and rocks they fly, up the steeps, and over yawning chasms. Now they are lost to sight, but still I can hear the tinkling of the bell, yet fainter growing. Left alone at the mountain's foot, I look up and just begin to realize old Holyoke's majestic beauty. When confronted by Nature's grandest works the heart is awed, yet not overcome, for it holds aspirations which reach above the highest mountain's summit. We look up, not with despair, but with joy that before us lies a new world, rich in beauties not yet unfolded, grand with heights yet to be attained.

It is hard to tell at what time Holyoke is most beautiful—on a spring morning when newly dressed in robes of green and flushed with opening buds, when bathed with sparkling dew and crowned

with the silvery mists of May; or on an autumn day, when kissed by frost at night, the maples blush and hide their crimson faces in the golden haze of Indian summer; when,

“Had the earth  
 Been splashed with blood of grapes from every clime,  
 Tinted from topaz to dim carbuncle,  
 Or orient ruby, it would not have been  
 Drenched with such waste of color.”

But hark! Again I hear the tinkling of the bell. Come, let us follow in the footsteps of the boy and lamb. The flowers bud and blossom at our feet; violet, anemone, the purple hypanthia and blushing arbutus, with their varied perfumes, lure us from the path. Now, half hidden by tall ferns and hanging mosses, a crystal stream crosses the way. Steeper and steeper it grows the rocks stand perpendicular, and, with difficulty, we scale the shelving cliffs. Yet up we must go, until at last, we reach the summit. We are on the mountain top, surrounded by the beauties of earth and air and sky. Like a “jeweled cup” is the valley below, “brimming with beauty’s essence,” filled with heavenly elixir poured from the sun. Drink, drink deep, until the heart and soul, growing larger, may contain it all.

From the north the silver stream pours its “twinkling” tide, and winds its way across the meadows and through the plaided fields. There the ferryman, like a toy, pulls his doll-like passengers across the river; and yonder, miniature plowmen, with their tiny plows, turn up the sod. To the west, among beautiful meadows, sits “the Queen of Villages,” Northampton. Further to the south, Mount Tom stands out in bold relief. In the north, Sugar Loaf, stern and weatherbeaten rears his bald head defying wind and icy blasts, and at his feet lies the college city, Amherst. On the east, is Old Hadley, and still farther east, the single spire of South Hadley rises like a needle, above the distant downy groves.



Now I recognize the spot from which we started. There are the fairy elms and the little red church.

Scene after scene flits over my mind, first a snowy lamb, and last a maiden form so fine and pure that,

“The faintest flower the green earth bears,  
 Bright with dew and light of heaven,  
 Is, of the double life she wears,  
 The type, in grace and glory given  
 By soil and sun in equal shares.”

---

### THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

---

I am going to tell you this story, my dear little ones, to show you what happens to naughty children who are disobedient.

A little fly, with its mother and little brothers and sisters lived in the large school-room of St. Mary's. Every morning the whole family went in search of crumbs and sweet things, for they were sure of finding plenty in the school-room, dropped by the bad girls who broke the rules and ate there. My! how those little flies did enjoy the delightful cracker crumbs! Now, Mrs. Fly always warned her children not to go into corners or fly about the room. “For,” said that wise old lady, “the dreadful spiders are always watching greedily for us poor harmless creatures to pass by. Perhaps you might think their webs pretty and be tempted into them.”

One morning the mother had flown away, and as the weather was rainy, the little flies could not sit in the bright sunshine. The brothers and sisters of our Fly amused themselves by playing bopeep around the stove pipe. They asked little Fly to join them, but the offer was rejected in such a pet that they ran off, leaving him alone.

But was nothing the matter with him but the rainy day? Was it possible that he could get so angry just because there was no sunshine? Oh, no! something else was wrong. This little fly had been visiting a neighbor, where it had met many other flies and heard things which its mother had called naughty. "But," thought he, "if others do such things, why cannot I?" He often heard these flies speak of slipping from home to get sweet things and to see their neighbors, even when their mothers had told them not to leave the house. So now little Fly sits in the corner pondering why he cannot look for nice things to eat, as well as his friends. "They are quite as small, and still they are never caught by spiders. Why does mother object to my going a little way from home? I don't believe anything will happen to me if I do. I'm going." The little fellow sprang from the window-sill and flew around the room. Oh, me! thought he, this is not much better than staying at home. I'll look out of the door and see what is there.

At first he saw nothing but a long, dark hall, hung with a few pictures; then happening to glance through the opposite door, he spied something bright and shining, in which was the image of his own little self. "Oh, how strange!" thought he, "here is some one just like me, I'll go and see who it can be." So he flew through the door right to a mirror, for a mirror it was, and found that the vision he had seen was his own picture. After admiring and dancing before it awhile, little Fly concluded to look farther. He found another mirror and many beautiful pictures—and what is that in the corner?—something so bright and all of a shimmer. "Oh!" thinks little Fly, "I must see what that is, and then I'll go home so as to be there before mother." As he approached, the sun threw a bright ray over the web, dying it in all the colors of the rainbow. The fly, filled with admiration, drew nearer, and was greeted by a cheery voice, which said,

"Will you walk into my parlor?"

Little Fly turned and beheld in the door-way a bright eyed, dandy looking little fellow smiling and bowing. "Oh, how pretty his parlor must be!" thought little Fly, "but perhaps this strange creature is one of those spiders that I've heard mother speak of, I will not step in just now." So he thanked the spider, for such was the host of the gay little house, and saying he would call another day, flew away.

But how did a spider's web get into the parlor of St. Mary's? The secret of it was, that about this time the parlor maids were delicate creatures, not to say lazy and constantly changing besides. So it happened that none of them had spied out this corner.

Now, our cunning old spider had been watching for days, even months, to find a place where he might weave his web, for he looked with contempt upon those of his race whose homes were in the covered way and under the dark stairs. At last, when he found a corner which day after day was left undisturbed, he determined to make his web there. He set manfully to work and finished his pretty house just in time for little Fly to admire it.

It was growing dark and our little fly flew around the room, trying to find the door. Alas! it was closed. He was not much troubled, for he thought his mother would soon come in search of him. "I'll go by that pretty little parlor again," thought he, so away he flew. Just before he reached the door he heard a sweet voice singing

"Come hither, hither, pretty fly,  
With the pearl and silver wing."

Now, our fly was not altogether free from vanity, and he was much flattered to hear some one singing about his pretty wings. This, Mr. Spider well knew, and gaily kept on singing:

"Your robes are green and purple,  
There's a crest upon your head,  
Your eyes are like the diamond,  
But mine are dull as lead."

Little Fly had drawn nearer and nearer to the web, and when the song was finished he thought it would only be polite to thank the kind singer. So he sprang upon the door-step. But hardly had he touched it when he was grabbed and held fast. "Oh, my! it hurts! do let me go!" cried the poor thing. But the spider laughed gleefully and only wound him the more closely.

How little Fly hated the web he once had thought so beautiful!

He remained there all day without seeing any one but the spider, who stood smiling and bowing in his door-way. Once he did see his mother and cried loudly, but in vain, for quickly did she pass the house of that deceitful spider.

Little Fly longed to ask for forgiveness; but alas! it was too late, and he soon died miserably, in the spider's web.

So you see, my little dears, to what disobedient children may come.

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### A SUMMER NIGHT.

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A flood of radiance streamed from the home of the moon-elves, filling with light the cloudless blue of the evening. Through the soft glory of their native land floated forms of fairy loveliness. Far down the shining track of a long moonbeam a band of these bright beings glided earthward. For the moon-elves often come on gentle missions to this lower world. The print of their feet is seen in the sparkling, dimpled waves of moonlit streams; it is they who open the night flowers, and bring bright dreams to little children. The elves are lighted through dark places by the gleam of their wings, and when too long absent from their home they are warned by the waning of this fairy lustre, which brightens again when they begin their upward journey, glowing with renewed radiance until they reach their home, however long and difficult the way.

The fairy band that had started earthward with the moon-beam went on joyously together until they could see the dark forest below them, and the glimmer of the lake which murmured at the feet of its encircling pines. But now, as the moonlight suddenly grew fainter, they paused, and one of them, looking up, said, "See, the clouds are gathering about our home; let us return, or we shall lose our way in the darkness."

But their fairest sister, Lilis, around whose golden tresses her bright wings threw a halo of quivering light, pleaded to go on to the world which she had never seen.

"If you will not come with me, my sisters," she said at last, "remain here while I go alone. I will surely return in a little while." To this her companions agreed, and soon the eager fay's swift flight brought her just above the forest. As she stood, poised on the top of a tall, dark pine, a multitude of twinkling, winged lights surrounded her. They flew about her, letting her touch and caress them; but while she played among them, Lilis did not see the dark beings mounted upon the fire-flies, who watched her with baleful eyes, envious of her pure brightness. At her approach they hid under the fire-flies' dusky wings, unable to bear her light.

Now the fairy heard far off the voices of her companions calling to her. In haste she sprang upward to join them, but only in time to catch the last gleam of their wings as they vanished from her gaze, and a sudden darkness fell about her. Dazzled by the strange new lustre of the fire-flies, Lilis had not seen the darkening of the moonlight as slowly gathering clouds shut her out from companions and home.

Now a new trouble arose, for her enemies grew bolder in the darkness, and no longer seeking to be hidden, swarmed about the shrinking fairy as if to extinguish by their united fires the radiance of her wings. She fled from them in terror, fluttered down to the lake and sank, all weary and bewildered, within the petals of a water-lily which opened to receive her. The scene before her was full of wonder to the fairy, as recovering from her fright she timidly looked out from her fragrant retreat. On

the still lake faint gleams of silver fell through parting clouds. White water-lilies glimmered in light and shadow over the dark, smooth surface. Blending with the murmur of the waters came the sound of voices, low, soft, mysterious. Wild and sweet, from every part of the lake swelled the elfin music. Glancing through the water, forms of fairy grace swayed in fantastic dances. White arms and fair, wild faces with shadowy, streaming tresses, appeared and disappeared. For the lake was the home of the water-sprites, and to-night in all their broad domain they held high festival.

As Lilis gazed about her, forgetting her fears in wonder at her strange surroundings, a few drops of water fell on her hand and a musical laugh sounded near her. Looking down, she caught the bright eyes of a water-sprite who held out her white arms, entreating the stranger fay in soft persuasive tones, to join the people of the lake in their elfin revels. Before Lilis could answer, there appeared with the water-sprite a crowd of her kindred, flocking to see their radiant visitor as she sat in the lily bower, which gleamed like purest pearl in the light of her shining wings, while the golden heart of the flower shone like her bright hair. But Lilis thought of the happy home she had left, and turning sadly from the strangers, bent her fair head upon her hands in bitter grief. While the pitying water-sprites thronged about her with soft words of comfort, another voice was heard, so sweet and tender that Lilis raised her eyes in wonder. A gracious form was hovering near her, with airy wings of faintest blue outspread and quivering. Far down over her flowing, mist-like robes, floated her hair, soft and dusky as the shadows which played over the lake. Mysterious as the shadows, were the deep, still eyes; but the purity, the chastened glory of moonlight shone in the face which bent tenderly over the weeping fay. "What is your sorrow, little one?" she gently asked, "and why do I see a daughter of the moon-elves alone in the home of the water-sprites?"

Won by the tender voice, the fairy told her all her story. Then clasping her little hands, she said pleadingly: "O, Spirit

of Evening,—for other than that friend of fairies you cannot be,—surely you, from whom the darkness hides nothing, can show me the way to my home!”

“I could, indeed, dear child,” said the Spirit, “but the way would be full of dangers to you who have never ventured alone into the darkness. When the clouds have cleared so that you may safely take your upward flight, I will point out to you the way. Farewell, sweet Lilis; be patient till I come.” And with these words the Spirit, slowly rising, floated into the forest.

Now, as the soft voices of the water-sprites again entreated her to join them, the gentle fay left her retreat and went freely among her new friends. She joined in their sports, flitting over the water with swift, silvery feet, flinging glimmering wreaths of light over the dark locks of her companions, darting among the rushes and over the broad glistening leaves of the lilies, or glancing among the swaying pine branches above. And Lilis not only shared the sports of the water-sprites, but protected them in danger. When her dusky foes, the deadly enemies of these beings, came down upon the lake on their fire-fly steeds, they fled in dismay before the light streaming from her wings. It was she who taught the water-sprites that they were safe from their foes among the lilies, whose whiteness was hateful to the the dark band, and whose pure fragrance made an atmosphere which their poisonous breath could not taint.

Still the fairy pined in secret for her home, and often looked longingly to the clouded sky.

At last a strong bright ray of moonlight shone out through a sudden rift in the clouds. Forgetful of the Spirit's parting words, Lilis flew upward along the shining track, leaving far below her the lake and the water-sprites, who sorrowfully watched her flight.

But alas! the moonlight was only a passing gleam, the clouds gathered again, darker than before. Then came the low, deep roll of thunder, broad flashes of lightning lit the sky and the storm burst in all its fury upon the tender fay. Poor trembling Lilis, carried hither and thither by the wind, drenched with rain,

terrified by the thunder, how bitterly she repented of her rashness. To add to her distress, a flash of lightning revealed near her the dusky foes who had so often fled before her. With bitter taunts and eyes full of malice they pursued the trembling fay. But soon they started back, enraged to find that even now they could not come within the circle of light which still played around her, nor dim with their poisonous breath the lustre of her wings.

Before they could again approach, Lilis had fled far down in the forest. Here fresh terrors beset her, as she wandered helplessly in the gloom. Now she struggled through low and thorny paths, where the gleaming, baleful eyes of venomous serpents made her shudder with horror. Again she took her flight through the bending tree-tops, where pausing once to rest, a long shivering cry sounded near her. Starting up, she fled in terror from the large gray owl, who, from the branch above, solemnly watched her with his great round eyes. Once a flight of bats, with their short, shrill shriek, swept by her, driven by the wind. At last the fairy paused for rest beside a clump of tall bright flowers, revealed by the lightning. But at once she sank to the earth, overcome by the poisonous breath of the deceitful blossoms. As she lay there, faint and breathless, a soft hand was laid on her brow, and pressed with healing touch over her torn and smarting wings. Slowly raising her eyes, Lilis fixed them on the tender, pitying face of the Spirit of Evening. Remembering the warning of her friend, the fairy hid her little face, full of shame and grief. But the Spirit uttered no reproof. Gently she raised the drooping fay, soothed her with tender words, and bade her look up. The rain had ceased, the wind had sunk to a gentle murmur, and oh! joy to Lilis! bright and clear the moonlight fell through the breaking clouds. Joyfully the fairy spread her wings, but in a moment folded them and sank abashed at the feet of her friend.

“Ah, my Lilis, your lesson was not in vain,” said the Spirit, tenderly. “But now, look up, dear child, and see far in the cloudless blue the gleaming walls of your home. A long journey, but a safe one, is before you. Farewell, sweet fay.”



THE BELL.

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At evening, in the narrow streets of the great city, when the sun was sinking and golden clouds floated overhead between the tall chimneys, first one and then another used to hear a wonderful sound, like the chime of a church-bell. For a moment only was it heard, for there was such a rattling of wagons, and so many loud cries, that the chime became inaudible. "Hear the vesper-bell!" said the people, "the sun is sinking!"

Those who lived in the suburbs of the city, where the houses were more scattered, with gardens and little fields between, saw a more glorious evening sky and heard the bell more distinctly; to these the chime seemed to come from a cathedral deep in the still, odor-breathing forest, and the people turned towards the sound and their thoughts were like a prayer.

As time went on, one said to another, "Perhaps there is a church in the forest. The bell has a peculiarly clear ring; let us go in search of it." And the rich rode, and the poor walked, but the way seemed surprisingly long, and when they reached a clump of willows which grew at the edge of the wood, they lay down and looked up at the long twigs, and imagined themselves in the heart of the forest. A city confectioner came and put up his tent; and then another came, and he hung a bell over his tent, and this bell was covered with tar to preserve it from the rain, and it had no clapper. When the people returned, they said how romantic it had been, even more entertaining than a tea party!

Three persons affirmed that they had been through the forest to its utmost limit; that they had constantly heard the bell, but that it had sounded to them exactly as if the chime came from the city. One wrote a whole poem about it, and said that the bell sounded like the voice of a mother to a beloved child; no melody could be sweeter than its chime. The Emperor of the land also became interested in the search, and promised to him who should discover whence the sound came the title of "Bell-

ringer of the World!" and this was to be bestowed, even should it prove not to be a bell.

In order to obtain the promised office, many penetrated the forest, but only one returned more enlightened than he went. No one had gone far enough, not even he. Still, he *said* that the bell-like note came from a very large owl in a hollow tree. The owl was one of great wisdom, continually beating its head against the tree; but, whether the chime came from its head or from the hollow tree, he could not with certainty affirm. So he was raised to the office of "Bell-ringer of the World," and every year wrote a little play about the owl; and mankind was as wise as before.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was Confirmation-day. The Bishop had spoken earnestly, and the young candidates were much impressed. It was a marked day for them. From childhood they had suddenly come to maturity; possessing the souls of children, they were no longer such in understanding.

The sun shone gloriously as the train of the newly confirmed went through the city, while from the forest came a peculiarly clear sound from the unknown bell. Instantly they were seized with a desire to go in search of it—all but three. One wished to go home to try on her ball-dress; for it was on account of this very dress and ball that she had chosen just then to be confirmed, otherwise she would not have joined the number. Another was a poor boy who had borrowed his Confirmation-coat and shoes from the inn-keeper's son, and had to return them at the appointed time. The third said that he never went to strange places without his parents; that he had always been a good child, and meant to remain so, particularly now that he was confirmed; and that they need'nt laugh at him—but they did.

So these three would not go, but the rest set forth. The sun shone, and the birds sang, and the children sang too, and held each other's hands; for they were, as yet, free from care, and irresponsible before God.

But soon two of the smallest grew tired, and turned back to the city. Two little girls sat down and made garlands; so these

did not reach with the others the willows where the confectioner lived. Then they said, "See, here we are at the place, and there is no bell. It was only our imagination." Then, suddenly, from the depths of the wood rang the bell, so clear and sweet that four or five of the children determined to go farther into the wood. The undergrowth was so tangled and leafy that it was extremely difficult to force one's way through. Forest lilies and anemones grew up almost too high; glowing convolvuli and blackberry vines hung, in long festoons, from tree to tree, where the nightingale sang, and the sunbeams sparkled. O, it was beautiful! but it was not an adventure for girls; they would have torn their clothes. Around lay great masses of rock, overgrown with many-colored mosses; fresh spring-water gurgled forth, and sang a little tune, "glug," "glug."

"This can't very well be the bell," said one of the children, and lay down and listened. "I must examine it carefully." So he remained, and let the others go on.

They came to a house built of bark and twigs. A great wild-apple tree bent over it as if it would pour out its blessings upon the rose-colored roof. The long branches reached even the gable, and on this hung a little bell. Could this be the one whose sound they had all heard? Yes, all but one agreed that it was. He said that this bell was too small and delicate to have been heard at such a distance as they had heard it; and, besides, those were different tones which had so moved the hearts of men. He who spoke was a king's son, and the others said, "Such people always think themselves cleverer than every one else!"

So they let him go on alone. As he advanced he became more and more impressed by the loneliness of the forest; but he could still hear the little bell over which the others had rejoiced so much; and when the wind blew from the confectioner's tent, he could hear the people's voices, as they sang at their tea; yet the deep strokes of the bell sounded louder, and soon it was as if some one were playing on an organ quite near. The sound came from the left side, where the heart is.

Now, there was a rustling in the branches, and a little boy stood before the Prince, a boy in wooden shoes and with such a scanty jacket that you could see what long wrists he had. The two knew each other, for the boy was none other than the very candidate who could not come because he had to go home and return the coat and shoes to the inn-keeper's son. This he had done, and then had gone out alone in his wooden shoes and poor clothes, for the bell sounded so strong and deep, that he was obliged to go in search of it.

"Then we can go together," said the Prince. But the poor boy with the wooden shoes was ashamed. He looked at the short sleeves of his jacket, and said he was afraid it would be presumptuous in him to journey with the king's son; besides, he thought the bell should be sought on the right, where all was bright and glorious.

"Then we shall not get in each other's way," said the Prince, and nodded to the poor boy who plunged into the thickest, deepest part of the forest, where the thorns tore his poor clothes in pieces, and wounded his face and hands and feet.

The Prince, too, was pretty badly scratched, but the sun still shone on his path. It is he whom we will follow, for he was a fine youth. "I must and will find the bell," he said, "if I have to go to the end of the world!"

The ugly monkeys sat up in the trees and grinned at him with all their teeth. "We will cudgel him!" they said "we will thrash him! he is a king's son!" But unmolested, he went deeper and deeper into the forest, where the wonderful flowers grew. There were white star-lilies, with blood-red stamens; bells of heaven's own blue, which sparkled in the wind; and apple trees, whose fruit looked like great shining soap bubbles: O, how the trees must have glittered in the sun light! All around in the fresh green glades, where the stag and hind gambolled in the grass, grew stately oaks and beeches, and if the bark on any of the trees was broken, grass and tall weeds grew in the cleft. There were expanses of forest-land with quiet lakes, on whose bosom floated white swans with folded wings. The

Prince often stood still and listened, thinking that the sound of the bell came up to him from one of these deep lakes, but he noticed that he no sooner approached than the bell sounded still deeper in the forest.

Now the sun was sinking; the air shone red as fire; it became so still, so still in the forest! The Prince sank upon his knees, sang his evening Psalm, and said, "Never shall I find what I seek! the sun is sinking, and night, dark night, approaches. Perhaps I may yet see the sun before it disappears. I will climb those cliffs, they are as high as the tallest trees." He seized vines and rocks, and climbed up the slimy stones, where water snakes crawled, and frogs seemed to croak at him. He reached the summit before the sun, seen from these heights, had disappeared. O, what splendor! the sea, the great, glorious sea, which tossed its long waves against the shore, lay spread before him. The sun stood like a great, shining altar, where sea and sky met. All were melted into one glow of color. The forest sang, and the sea sang, and his heart sang with them. All nature was a great, consecrated Cathedral, of which trees and floating clouds were the pillars, flowers and grass the velvet carpet, and heaven itself the great dome.

Gradually, the red light grew paler, the sun vanished, but millions of stars came out, myriad lights appeared. The Prince stretched out his arms towards heaven, towards the sea and the forest; when, suddenly, from the path on the right, came the poor boy with the short sleeves and wooden shoes. He had reached this point in his search just in time. They ran to each other, and held each other's hands in the great Cathedral of Nature and of Poetry; and above them rang out the holy invisible bell; while blessed spirits hovered around them in rhythmical movement to an exultant Alleluia.

## FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

DRESDEN, GERMANY,  
BURGERWIESE STRASSE, 19-III,  
July 9, 1881. }

I only wish you could see Miss N. and I comfortably seated in our little room, she being busily occupied in getting ready her dress to wear to church to-morrow, and I looking up from my writing, to please my eye with the trees and flowers in the beautiful little square just in front of our lodging-house. But I don't want to tell my tale backwards; so I will return once more to "the sad sea waves" and the good old ship *Neckar*. If you have seen my other letters, you have an idea of the way in which we spent our time on shipboard, up to the time of our arrival at Southampton, Tuesday, the fifth of July. That was an exciting, a thrilling day, when we looked across a bright blue sea, breaking all over into the loveliest white crests, and caught the most wonderful glimpses of our own old English coast. Often, too, the waters all around us were covered with fishing-crafts, large and small, presenting a most picturesque appearance, with their sails of different colors, white, red, and yellow. All that day, I could not keep still, but was continually going from one side of the deck to the other, so as not to miss anything; and towards sunset, all eyes were intent upon the thrillingly beautiful scene around, as we entered the narrow channel between the Isle of Wight and the mainland. The sea was of the most vivid green; masses of dark blue clouds lay low on the horizon; and, between the ship and the sky, under a strong light which seemed thrown on them from above the clouds, rose the towering rocks which form this end of the Isle of Wight. Their light-gray color, almost white against the dark blue sky, blended beautifully with the hues of the sea and the heavens; and the whole scene, varied and lightened, as night came on, by the most magnificent flashes of lightning, made an impression on me that I can never forget. We did not get into Southampton till half past ten, and by that

time it was raining heavily, and the large number of passengers who landed had a very disagreeable time getting down into the small steamer which was to take them ashore. Then we learned the shocking news about President Garfield, and heard of the disaster of the steamer *Britannic*. This made, of course, a great revulsion in our high spirits, which were further saddened by our dear kind friend Dr. M.'s leaving us here. \* \* Before his departure he committed us to the care of Dr. K., who, with his family, was going on to Bremen. We dreaded much the passage through the North Sea, which, it was prophesied, would be rough; and we looked forward with anxiety to sea-sickness, or storms, or both. We mercifully escaped them, however, and on a bright and beautiful Thursday morning landed from a small steamer, not on the dock, but on a grassy German sward at Bremer-Havre. We waved an affectionate farewell to the good old *Neckar*, that had safely carried us through so many perils, and turned our faces inland once more.

After waiting about twenty minutes in a large and very comfortable station, we were put by Dr. K. into the train, furnished by the steampship company, to transport the passengers to Bremen. As soon as we were seated in our *coupe*, which was filled by Ida K., Arnold K. (a very fine little fellow about twelve), Dr. R., Dr. W., Miss N., and myself, the guard quietly locked the door and walked off; and I find that to be the custom here always. A two hours' ride across a very pretty and really picturesque country, refreshing to our sea-tired eyes, brought us into Bremen at two o'clock P. M. The noise and confusion at the station (all the vociferation in a foreign language, too) were really distressing; and I don't know what we should have done without Dr. K., who shoved us, Drs. R. and W., and all, into a cab, and took us to Hillmann's Hotel. After dinner at the table d'hote, for which we arrived just in time, and at which we were served to our ten courses (already grown familiar to us on the steamer), by very dignified and swallowtail-coated waiters, we all took a walk around Bremen, and found it a very quaint and interesting old city.

*Sunday afternoon, July 10.*—We have just now returned from attending service at Mr. Gilderdale's beautiful little church, and I sit down once more to my letter, which, I fear, I will never finish, if I don't curtail my account of matters and things. We went through the curious old buildings in Bremen, and were specially interested in the Rath-Haus, the old Council Hall, of which I hope, one of these days, to bring you a very pretty photograph. We returned to the hotel for tea, slept there very comfortably, for the first time under eider-down quilts, and were up quite early on Friday morning, ready to start again. Dr. K., who left an hour before we did, showed Dr. W. how to attend to our trunks and have them examined and checked through to Dresden, bade us good-bye, and we were left with our young friend, Dr. W., to play the part of "Greatheart" to us female pilgrims. He got us and our luggage safely on the right train at 7:40 A. M. We were locked into a comfortable second-class *coupe*, (everybody travels second-class in Germany), and we determined to look daggers at whoever passed that way in quest of seats, so that they would be impressed with the idea that we were a disagreeable and dangerous trio, and leave us the *coupe* to ourselves. Dr. W. doesn't speak German at all, neither does Miss N., and you ought to have seen how intently we studied the railway-map, pasted on the wall of the *coupe*, to see if we had understood the guard rightly as to the number of stations we had to pass before reaching Elzen, where we changed cars. We accomplished the change with success, but, alas! were obliged to get into a *coupe* with three other people, and, of course, couldn't have nearly so free-and-easy a time. We had some sandwiches for dinner, which Dr. W. bought at one of the stations; and we did not reach Leipzig, where we stopped for about fifteen minutes, till after 6 o'clock.

Miss N. had sent a telegram to *Frauilein* from Bremen, telling her that we would pass Leipzig at that time. So, as we neared the station, Miss N. and I endeavored to wipe some of the dust



from our tired and begrimed countenances, and, when the guard unlocked the door, stepped in the station to look out for some trace of *Fraülein*. As we walked by the train, I saw an elderly lady advancing towards us with an inquiring, expectant look, and, I suppose, she saw the same expression in our faces; and so we knew one another at once. It was Frau Blume. She said, as well as I could understand (she doesn't speak any English), that *Fraülein* had gone to Vienna, and that the exact time of her return was uncertain, and asked if I would stay in Leipzig then, and go home with her. I thanked her heartily (she was very kind and pleasant), and told her that I would go on to Dresden and stay there for a week or so, but that I would write to her from Dresden (which I did yesterday, in German, too—think of it! without any assistance,—so I am very glad I'll not be there at the reading of it) and tell her at what time I would come to Leipzig, to her house. She assented very pleasantly. But just as we were in the midst of our colloquy, up rushes Dr. W., with a face full of alarm, vexation and confusion, and cries out that the train has gone on without us, but that it stopped on the other side of the station, and that we could catch it there, if we could find the place. A person speaking English, in the *coupe* where we had been, had told him so much. I was so alarmed and confused that I could scarcely muster enough German to explain to *Fraülein's* uncle, who had come down to the station with Frau Blume, what was the matter and where we wanted to go. Well, we rushed frantically all around two or three squares (I all the time not being quite sure whether the old gentleman had understood me, and was taking us the right way), and arrived, breathless and panting, just in time to jump into the *coupe* before it was locked up. We laughed very heartily over the adventure afterwards, but at the time it was quite alarming. Frau Blume kissed us good-bye, and was altogether *very* kind.

We got into Dresden at half past eight, and drove to the Hotel de Saxe, which had been recommended to Miss N., where, as soon as possible after getting something to eat, we both went to bed, I being much fatigued, and Miss N. suffering from headache occa-

sioned by the dreadful jolting of the train and the closeness and dust of the *coupe*. \* \* \* \* \*

Miss N. has not yet recovered from her fatigue and headache, so we have been able to do little, except yesterday to secure these pleasant lodgings, and this morning to go at eleven o'clock to the English Church, where we heard the full English service and a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Gilderdale.

We have been attended on all our way by every blessing and mercy, and are glad to have had this opportunity of offering our humble and hearty thanksgiving in a service that differs very little from our own.

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## B L O N D I N E .

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### CHAPTER III.

#### THE FOREST OF LILACS.

When Blondine entered the forest she began to gather branches of lilacs, rejoicing to find them so abundant and fragrant; as fast as she gathered them, she perceived others still more beautiful beyond, and emptied her apron and her hat, to fill them again. For more than an hour Blondine was thus occupied; she was warm, she began to feel tired, the lilacs were heavy, and she thought it must be time to return to the palace. She turned and saw that she was surrounded with lilacs; she called Gourmandinet; no one answered. "It appears that I have gone farther than I thought," said Blondine, "I will go back, for I am a little tired, and Gourmandinet, I am sure, will hear and come to meet me." She walked on for a good while, but did not see the end of the forest. Frequently she called Gourmandinet. No one replied. At last she began to be frightened.

“What will become of me all alone in this forest? What will my poor papa think when I do not return? And poor Gourmandinet; how will he dare to go back to the palace without me? He will be scolded, beaten perhaps, and all through my fault, because I would get down and pick the lilacs! Unhappy child that I am! I shall die of hunger and thirst in this forest, if indeed the wolves do not eat me up to-night.”

And Blondine dropped on the ground at the foot of a large tree and began to weep bitterly. She wept for a long time; at last, weariness overcame her sorrow; she laid her head upon her bunch of lilacs, and went to sleep.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE FIRST AWAKENING OF BLONDINE. BEAU MINON.

Blondine slept all night; no ferocious beast came to disturb her slumber; the cold did not trouble her. It was pretty late when she awoke the next day; she rubbed her eyes, much surprised to see herself surrounded by trees, instead of finding herself in her own room and in her bed. She called her maid; a low mew answered her; astonished and almost frightened, she looked on the ground and saw at her feet a magnificent white cat, who looked at her mildly and mewed. “Oh! pretty puss, how beautiful you are,” cried Blondine, smoothing its beautiful snow-white fur, “I am delighted to see you, Beau Minon, for you will show me the way to your home. But I am very hungry, and I have not the strength to walk before I have eaten something.”

Scarcely had she finished speaking when Beau Minon mewed again, and pointed with his little paw to a package lying near her, covered with a fine white cloth. She opened it and found slices of bread and butter. Taking a bite of one of them, she found it delicious, and gave little pieces to Beau Minon, who crunched them with great pleasure. When she and Beau Minon had eaten enough, she bent over him, and caressed him, saying,

“thank you, Beau Minon, for the breakfast you have brought me. Now can you direct me to my father, who must be terribly distressed at my absence?” Beau Minon shook his head, uttering a plaintive mew. “Ah! you understand me, Beau Minon. Take pity on me, and lead me to some house, so that I shall not perish of hunger, and cold, and terror, in this dreadful forest.” Beau Minon looked up at her, and, making a little sign with his white head, as much as to say he understood, jumped up, ran a little way, and returned to see if Blondine was following him. “Here I am, Beau Minon,” said Blondine, “I am following you. But how can we pass through such a dense thicket? I cannot see the way.” His only reply was to dart into the bushes, which opened of themselves to let Blondine and Beau Minon pass. Blondine walked in this way for an hour. The farther she advanced the clearer the forest became, and the more beautiful; the grass and flowers grew in abundance; gayly colored birds were seen, singing, and squirrels climbing along the branches. Blondine, who did not doubt but that she was now to leave the forest, and see her father again, was enchanted with everything that she saw; she would willingly have stopped to pick the flowers, but Beau Minon always trotted in front, and mewed sadly, whenever the girl appeared about to stop.

At the end of an hour, Blondine saw a magnificent castle. Beau Minon led her to the golden porch. Blondine did not know how to enter; there was no bell; and the gate was closed. Beau Minon had disappeared. Blondine was alone.

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## CHAPTER V.

### BONNE-BICHE.

Beau Minon had entered by a little passage which seemed made expressly for him, and he probably summoned some one in the castle, for the door opened without Blondine's having called. She entered a vestibule of rare, white marble; all the doors

opened of themselves, like the first one, and Blondine passed through a suite of handsome apartments. Finally she saw, at the end of a handsome saloon of blue and gold, a white hind lying on a bed of fine and fragrant grass. Beau Minon was near her. The hind saw Blondine, arose, approached her, and said :

“Welcome, Blondine ; my son and I have awaited you for a long time.” And then, as Blondine appeared frightened : “Do not be troubled, you are with friends. I know the king, your father, and I love him as much as you do.”

“Oh ! madam,” said Blondine, “if you know my father, take me back to his palace ; my absence must make him very unhappy.”

“My dear Blondine,” replied Bonne-Biche, sighing, “it is not in my power to restore you to your father. You are under the control of the enchanter of the forest of lilacs. I am myself under his power, which is superior to mine ; but I can send to your father dreams which will reassure him in regard to your fate, and will let him know that you are with me.”

“What ! madam,” cried Blondine, in terror, “shall I never see my father again ? my poor father, whom I love so much !”

“Dear Blondine, do not think of the future. Goodness is always rewarded. You shall see your father, but not yet ; and while waiting, be good and docile. Beau Minon and I will do all in our power to make you happy.”

Blondine sighed and wept a few tears. Then she thought it would be a poor return for the kindness of Bonne-Biche to seem unhappy at the idea of staying with her, so she restrained her grief and forced herself to speak cheerfully.

Bonne Biche and Beau Minon took her to see the room destined for her use. It was carpeted with rose-colored silk, embroidered in gold ; the furniture was of white velvet, beautifully embroidered with bright-colored silks. Every kind of animal, birds, butterflies, and insects were represented. Near by was her boudoir, hung with sky-blue damask, embroidered with fine pearls. The furniture was covered with cloth of watered silver, fastened with large nails of turquoise. On the wall were

hung two magnificent portraits, representing a young and handsome woman and a charming young man. Their dress showed them to be of royal descent.

"Whose portraits are those, madam?" asked Blondine, of Bonne-Biche.

"I am forbidden to answer that question, dear Blondine. By-and-by you shall know. But it is time for dinner now. Come, Blondine, you must be hungry."

Blondine was indeed faint with hunger. She followed Bonne-Biche and entered a dining-room where was an oddly arranged table. There was a large cushion of white satin placed on the floor for Bonne-Biche; before her, on the table, was a bunch of choice grasses, fresh and juicy. Near by was a golden trough full of fresh clear water. In front of Bonne-Biche was a little ottoman for Beau Minon, and before it was a golden porringer, full of fried fishes and snipes' legs; and on one side a rock crystal bowl, full of fresh milk. Between Bonne-Biche and Beau Minon was the cover laid for Blondine. She had a little arm-chair of sculptured ivory, its cushions covered with niacarat velvet, and fastened with diamond nails. Before her was a plate of fretted gold, containing a delicious soup of chicken and larks. Her glass and decanter were of rock crystal; a light, tempting biscuit was put beside her spoon, which was of gold, as was also her fork. The table-cloth was of unequalled fineness. The dinner was served by wonderfully intelligent gazelles; they waited upon Blondine, Bonne-Biche and Beau Minon, carved for them, and divined all their wants. The dinner was excellent; the fowl were the finest; the game the rarest; the fish the most delicate; the pies and sweetmeats delicious.

Blondine was hungry; she ate some of each dish, and liked them all.

After dinner, Bonne-Biche and Beau Minon led Blondine into the garden; there she found juicy fruits and charming promenades. After a pleasant walk, Blondine re-entered the house with her new friends. She was tired. Bonne-Biche proposed that she should retire, and Blondine gladly assented.

She entered her sleeping apartment, where she found two gazelles waiting to serve her. They disrobed her with marvellous dexterity, placed her upon her bed and settled themselves to watch.

Blondine soon went to sleep, but not before thinking of her father, and weeping bitterly because of her separation from him.

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## CHAPTER VI.

### SECOND AWAKENING OF BLONDINE.

Blondine slept soundly. When at last she awoke, she did not seem to herself the same person as when she went to sleep. She seemed larger; her mind seemed to have developed. She felt like an educated young lady. She remembered a crowd of books that she believed she had read during her sleep; she remembered having written, drawn, sung, played on the piano and the harp. Still, her room was the same that Bonne-Biche had shown her, and where she had gone to bed the night before.

Excited and alarmed, she rose, ran to the glass and saw that she was tall, and, we must confess it, very charming, prettier a hundred times than when she went to sleep. Her beautiful golden hair fell to her feet; her pink and white complexion, pretty blue eyes, small, well-shaped nose, little ruby mouth, rosy cheeks, and slender and graceful form, made her the most winsome little person she had ever seen.

Surprised, and almost frightened, she dressed herself hastily and ran to Bonne-Biche, whom she found in the apartment where she had seen her the first time.

"Bonne-Biche! Bonne-Biche!" cried she, "do explain the change that I see and feel in myself. I lay down last night a child, I wake this morning a woman. Is it a dream, or have I really grown up in one night?"

"It is true, Blondine, that you are to-day fourteen years old; but your sleep lasted seven years. My son, Beau Minon, and I wished to spare you the weariness of the first studies. When

you came here you knew nothing, not even how to read. I put you to sleep for seven years, and during this time Beau Minon and I have taught you. I see in your eyes that you doubt your own capabilities. Come with me into the study, and assure yourself of all that you know."

Blondine followed Bonne-Biche into the study; she went to the piano, began to play, and found that she could do so very nicely; she tried her harp, and drew from it the most enchanting music; she sang wonderfully; she took pencils and brushes, and drew and painted with an ease that showed real talent; she tried to write and found herself as skillful in that as in other things; she ran her eyes over some books and remembered having read almost all of them. Surprised, delighted, she threw her arms around Bonne-Biche's neck, lovingly embraced Beau Minon, and said:

"Oh! my good, my dear, my true friends! how grateful I ought to be to you for having thus cared for my infancy, developed my mind and my heart; for I feel that all within me is improved, and that it is to you that I owe it all."

Bonne-Biche returned her caresses, Beau Minon licked her hands lightly. When the first moments of happiness had passed, Blondine dropped her eyes and said, timidly:

"Do not think me ungrateful, my good and excellent friends, if I ask you to add a new kindness to those I have received from you. Tell me of my father. Does he still weep for me? Has he been happy since he lost me?"

"Your wish is too natural not to be gratified. Look in this mirror, Blondine, and you will see all that has happened since your departure, and how your father is now."

Blondine raised her eyes and saw in the mirror her father's apartment. The king was walking up and down in much agitation. He seemed to be waiting for some one. Queen Fourbette entered, and told him that Blondine, in spite of the entreaties of Gourmandinet, had driven the ostriches herself; that they had run away, hurried towards the forest of lilacs, and overturned the carriage; that Blondine had been thrown over the



grating into the forest; that Gourmandinet had lost his reason from fright and grief, and she had sent him home to his parents. The king was in despair at these tidings; he hastened to the forest of lilacs, and force was required to prevent him from rushing in to look for his dear Blondine. He was brought back to the palace, where he gave himself up to deep despondency, calling ceaselessly for his little one, his Blondine. At last he went to sleep, and saw in a dream Blondine in the palace of Bonne-Biche and Beau Minon. Bonne-Biche assured him that Blondine should one day be restored to him, and that her childhood should be calm and happy.

The mirror then clouded over, everything disappeared. Soon it became clear again, and Blondine again saw her father. He had grown old; his hair was white, and he was very sad; he held in his hand a little picture of Blondine, which he often kissed, weeping. He was alone. Blondine saw neither the queen nor Brunette.

Poor Blondine wept bitterly.

“Why,” said she, “is my father alone? Where is my sister, Brunette, and the queen?”

“The queen showed so little sorrow at your death (for you were believed to be dead, dear Blondine,) that the king, in horror, sent her away to her father, King Turbulent. He shut her up in a tower, where she soon died of rage and *ennui*. As to your sister, Brunette, she became so wicked, so insufferable, that the king was obliged, last year, to give her in marriage to Prince Violent, who took upon himself to reform her wicked and envious disposition. He treated her harshly, and she saw that wicked behavior would not bring her happiness. So, gradually she begins to grow a little better. You shall see her some day, and, by your example, complete the transformation.”

Blondine thanked Bonne-Biche for these details. She would have liked to ask, “When shall I see my father and my sister?” but she was afraid that it would look as though she was in a hurry to leave her benefactress, and would seem ungrateful; so she waited for another opportunity.

Blondine's days passed without weariness, because she was so busy all the time; but once in a while she felt sad. She could not talk with any one except Bonne-Biche, who was not with her except during lessons and at meals. Beau Minon could not answer, and made himself understood only by signs. The gazelles waited upon Blondine gladly and intelligently, but not one of them could speak. When Blondine took her walks she was always accompanied by Beau Minon, who showed her the prettiest paths and the most beautiful flowers. Bonne-Biche had made Blondine promise that she would never go outside the enclosure of the park, and that she would never enter the forest. Many times Blondine asked her the cause of this prohibition. Bonne-Biche always answered, sighing:

"Ah! Blondine, do not ask to penetrate into the forest; it is a forest full of evil. May you never enter it!"

Sometimes Blondine would go up into a summer-house, which was on a height on the border of the forest; she saw magnificent trees, beautiful flowers, millions of birds who sang and fluttered about as if calling her. "Why," said she to herself, "does not Bonne-Biche wish me to walk in this beautiful forest? What danger can I meet with here, under her protection?" Whenever she thought in this wise, Beau Minon, who seemed to understand what was passing in her mind, would mew, take hold of her dress, and force her to leave the summer-house. Blondine would smile, follow Beau Minon and continue her walk in the solitary park.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### AN ALLEGORY.

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One evening in June, I was sitting in a large arm chair on the broad piazza which surrounded our house. The moon shone softly through the jasmine vines, while the sweet fragrance of the flower was wafted to me on the breeze. Lulled by the sound of the distant locusts, and the murmur of voices which came through the low French window, I fell asleep.

Suddenly I saw coming up the walk leading from the front gate, a curious looking little man. He had a very pleasant face, and his bright black eyes sparkled merrily. He came up to me, and with a quaint bow, said: "I am a messenger of the King of Never, and I have come to invite you to a feast, given to celebrate the wedding of the king's son, Unready."

"Who is the King of Never?" I said.

"It is strange that you have not heard of my Prince," replied the little man, "he and his castle are famous throughout the world. The castle is reached by the road of 'By-and-By,' which is also renowned. Many people visit the king in his beautiful palace. Some of his visitors are young; others just reaching years of womanhood or manhood, and some are very old. The rich and poor are received alike at his hospitable table, and it makes no difference whether one goes in rags or velvet, he is welcomed with equal cordiality. The king is always charmed to have people visit him, but it is not often that he deigns to send them an invitation; indeed," added the little man, with a merry chuckle, "there is no need, so many go of their own accord."

"I will immediately go and get ready to attend the marriage," I said.

The little man looked so bright and entertaining, that I was in a great hurry to get back to him, for fear he would vanish as suddenly as he had appeared; so I hastily made my preparations, and rejoined him on the piazza. He was still standing where I had left him, on the steps, twisting a piece of jasmine between his fingers, and looking much amused at all he saw.

Just as we were starting, I heard my mother calling me to help her transplant some flowers. I felt that I ought to go, but I could not resist the merry eyes of the little man, which seemed to be begging me to come with him; and besides, I hoped to be much amused by the stories that he would tell me on the way. To-morrow would do for the flowers; and it was not every day that one received an invitation from the King of Never. So I answered that "I would come and help 'By-and-By.'" And

lo! no sooner had I uttered these words than everything was changed, as by magic. The house and garden disappeared, and I seemed to be on a lovely road.

"This," said my companion, "is the road of 'By-and-By' which leads to the House of Never."

The way was more beautiful than any I had ever seen; well shaded by trees, and bordered by flowers. I paused to gaze on the blossoms of the beautiful trees, and pulled one of the pink peach blossoms. The petals were perfect, but, to my surprise, the fruit cradle was empty. The apple trees too, showed no signs of harvest.

"The trees of the road of 'By-and-By' never bear fruit," said my guide. "In the spring the flowers bloom, and sometimes tiny fruit forms, but it always drops before coming to maturity."

Then I saw that the maple trees, which looked so flourishing, sent out no little winged messengers to plant themselves in other places and, springing up, grow into beautiful trees. The oaks, also, had no acorns upon them; the empty cups were there, but the substance was gone. There was nothing from which new oaks could grow, so that when these trees died there would be more to take their places.

"Listen," said my guide, "do you not hear something?"

From the fruitless branches of the maples came the whisper "By-and-By," and the sound was echoed by the oaks. "By-and-By," sang the maples, "we will sow our seed."

"To-morrow," said the oaks, "will be time enough for acorns."

High in the sky was an early lark, who had been up and singing gaily since daylight. He laughed mockingly at the invitation from the lazy birds of the road of 'By-and-By,' to come and join them.

"No, thank you, dear friends," he seemed to say, "no doubt your road is very pleasant, but I cannot put off my duties until 'By-and-By,' I must hurry home to feed my nest-full of young."

He flew off with a gay carol, while the little birds around me lazily chirped "By-and-By," and fell asleep.

Pretty children were playing merry games beneath the trees, and their bright, happy voices were pleasant to hear. Their school-books lay unheeded upon the ground, while they gaily pursued bright-winged butterflies, or watched the wayward movements of the humming-bird. The sound of the bell calling them to school was unheeded; they only paused a moment in the chase, and then disappeared behind the tall trees. No doubt they thought that 'By-and-By,' when the lovely butterfly was safely imprisoned in their tiny pinafore, would be time enough to return to the school-room, and dry books.

We walked on, and at every step the road became more beautiful. Lovely flowers were growing at its side, and at short distances from each other were rustic arbors, over which wild-rose vines twined, until reaching the top they drooped over from the very weight of the blossoms. In these arbors were many people; some working at unfinished tasks, and others with hands calmly folded, while time passed slowly on. In one I saw a young girl; her bright brown hair fell in soft curls upon her fair forehead, the white dimpled hands were folded carelessly in her lap, while her dark eyes gazed towards the distant clouds. Her thoughts were entirely of the dim future; she was pondering over what would be "By-and-By," not trying to improve the present. At her right was a spinning-wheel, which once had turned merrily, but now was still; and the delicately shaded silk lay uncared for and forgotten at her feet.

A tall, dark haired man was seeking in vain the answer for which he had waited so long. Even the flowers seemed to join in the wooing, as, swayed to and fro by the wind, they kissed her blushing cheek.

I would have liked to remain longer, but my guide hastened me on. We next passed an arbor shaded with deep red roses, in which two young men were seated. They were a striking contrast; the younger, tall, handsome, with genius shining in his eyes; his companion, exactly his opposite. Decanters of spark-

ling wine had pushed aside the young author's manuscript, and a harsh laugh came from lips which could speak in most musical rhythm.

"It is sad," said even the herald of the House of Never, "to see such genius so degraded."

Soon we heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and turning saw, advancing rapidly, eight warriors splendidly mounted on fiery steeds. Their armor shone brightly in the sunlight, and light laughter rang on the air. Suddenly the sound of a distant trumpet was heard. They halted and held a consultation. Should they lose the chance of a victory which would, perhaps, enroll their names among the heroes of the world? Should they obey the call of duty? or turn a deaf ear and continue their reckless pleasure? One knight, whose fair Saxon face was flushed with excitement, said:

"Let us wait until to-morrow, when there will be another battle. Come, continue the hunt, and let not the pleasures of to-day be marred by any thought of duty. 'By-and-By,' when we are weary of the chase, we can return to the battle."

So they rode swiftly on, singing

"Beyond the gates of to-day,  
Lies the beautiful realm of to-morrow,  
A land of laughter gay,  
That knows no toil or sorrow."

Next we saw an old man with long snowy hair. His blue eyes were dim and pale; he held in his trembling hand a quill, but he was not writing, and the thickly written pages upon his knee were brown with age. He raised his head, and looked at us an instant as we passed, then continued to contemplate the grass beneath his feet.

"I have been employed as a guide by the King of Never for twenty years," said my companion, "and every time I pass that old man, he is sitting in the same position, always holding his pen and thinking, but never writing a word. Tradition says that he was one of the most brilliant men in the world. He

commenced to write his book when quite young, but he was much fonder of pleasure than work, and would put off his book upon the slightest pretext. Now I am afraid it will never be finished."

At last we came to a beautiful river, where a ferry-boat waited to conduct us to the other side. The willows on the bank whispered "By-and-By" to the silvery waves, and the words came in hollow echoes through the rocky caverns. How strange, I thought, that the murmurings which had pleased me, so short a time ago, should now weary me. Even the river, dancing merrily in the sunshine, was tiresome; there was no life about it, only the empty show of the surface. The little boat shot swiftly through the blue water. The ferryman told us stories of the people whom he had rowed across the river; and all had been so full of hopes.

As we neared the other shore, I noticed that the waves grew dark and ceased to sport in the sunlight; even the flowers were dim and faded, while the trees almost moaned "Never." The boat stopped before a large iron gate. My companion knocked, and a servant bade us enter. I found myself in an immense park. Only a few leaves clung to the tall trees, and they were sere and brown; even the grass was withered and dry. Low, mournful sighs filled the air. The park was full of people, but there was not one joyous face.

I recognized many of those whom I had seen happy and gay on the road of "By-and-By." The fair young girl was sitting under a withered tree; her eyes, still fixed upon vacancy, were dim, and her pretty face was pale and hopeless. The palace of the King of Never was of gray stone, and looked very much like a prison. Despairing faces were gazing with longing eyes from the windows upon the beautiful road of "By-and-By" which they had left so lately, and which now seemed "so near and yet so far." At the foot of the steps I saw eight warriors, their horses panting and bleeding. The weary riders were begging an interview with the King of Never, in order to implore him to allow them to return. Could these be the happy, hopeful knights whom we had

seen on the road of "By-and-By?" Yes; I recognized the face of the handsome young Saxon who had been so intent upon pleasure.

"Where is the bride?" I asked my companion; "I was invited to a wedding, and surely these doleful people cannot be the marriage guests." The little man laughed until he cried.

"So you really expected to see a grand wedding, did you?" he said as soon as he could speak. "Well, you are only one among the thousands whom the King of Never has fooled. Poor, silly child, did you really expect *anything* to happen at the House of Never?"

"And so I have walked all this distance for nothing?" I asked, shaking with fury. I felt like slapping the little old man, and I think I should have done so, but just then I heard a shout of laughter, and woke.

It was some time before I could realize that I had not stirred from the big arm chair, and that I had not really been to the House of Never.

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### MY OPPOSITE NEIGHBOR.

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When I was quite a little girl, I lived in London with my father, who was book-keeper for a small establishment in that city. I have only an indistinct recollection of what passed in those days, for I was but a mite of four-and-a-half years when my father's health gave way, and the physicians advised him to go into the country. To do this, he was obliged to give up his position; and, after paying all the debts which he had incurred during his illness, he found there was but little left. So we went far away to live, and my father became tenant of a small cottage which, with the castle near by, belonged to Lord S.

A few months before the time of which I am going to speak, Lord S. had come to live in the castle, bringing with him his young and beautiful daughter. I was then only a child of



ten, but I well remember how the walls of the castle echoed with her merry laughter, and that of her lively guests. I often saw this lovely young lady walking in the garden, sometimes alone and sometimes with a friend. The first time she spoke to me I was very much frightened, but there was no reason for being so, since one sweeter or gentler in manners never lived. She was walking alone in the grounds, and I was standing at my father's gate, my eyes fixed upon her in an admiring gaze. She called me to her, asked my name, and told me that I might sometimes come and play in the grounds. I thanked her, and it was not long before I went, and had the pleasure of speaking with her. Afterwards she never saw me without giving me a pleasant smile and word, sometimes even talking to me; and with only that little intercourse I learned to love her very dearly. I did not long go to the gardens to play, for the castle became full of handsome gentlemen and pretty ladies. I heard that the lord was soon to give a grand ball in honor of his daughter's birthday; so this was the reason of the coming of so many people.

Before the castle became inhabited the old housekeeper had allowed me to play about it, and to roam through the spacious halls. Once only was I admitted into the rooms, where everything was grand, but the gloom was almost death-like. Most of the shutters were closed; yet, now and then, enough light struggled in for me to discern the frescoes gleaming from the ceiling. As I passed through the rooms so vast, so still, I shuddered, and a chilly feeling crept over me.

Not thus do I now recall the stately mansion. The night of the ball it was lighted up like a fairy palace. From the gables and the ivy-clad tower, clouds of tinted light kindled the atmosphere to a soft, golden haze. The tall old trees seemed bending beneath the weight of stars, so thickly were they hung with lights whose rays made bright even the depths of the foliage. The ivy leaves about the windows seemed bathed in starlight, and the woodbine to be on fire. More beautiful still was the conservatory, filled with blossoming plants and illuminated by lamps that swung from the crystal dome. Soft mosses and vines

crept over the wall. It was like entering fairy-land to go into that star-lit wilderness of flowers. But enough; I must return to my lady. She had kindly given me permission to come and see her in her ball dress. So I put on my best plaid frock, brushed my hair very neatly, and went to the castle. I slipped in at the back entrance and ascended a flight of stairs. How different was the light and warmth from the darkness which had once haunted the place! A door swung open to my touch, and I found myself in my lady's boudoir. There I saw a lovely figure reflected from the mirror before which her ladyship was standing. She turned as I entered, and oh, how radiant, how lovely she was! Her every movement was full of grace and animation. I shall never forget her bright smile; to me it even surpassed the brilliancy of the gems in her dark tresses. She said: "So you have found me, little one, and are you pleased?" I could only answer by a look, which, I am sure, expressed far more than words. She talked all the while gaily and sweetly, and I soon regained my composure. At length the maid, having put the finishing touch, reminded her lady that the guests would be waiting. So, with a smile, she left the boudoir. I bade the maid good-night and stole down the steps. In passing through the lower hall my ear caught the sound of music. It was very tempting, and I crept around the castle until I came to one of the windows of the dancing-hall. The scene was splendid beyond anything I had ever imagined. Just as I drew near the window there was a lull in the dancing, and I beheld the charming hostess standing beneath the blaze of a chandelier, her eyes sparkling with joy as she made a laughing reply to the gentleman at her side. I remained in my hiding-place but a few moments, and then ran home, kissed my father and went to my room. I think I was at my window half the night, gazing towards the castle and imagining how everything looked in the gay ball-room.

It was over at last. The dancing-hall and conservatory slept quietly in the moonlight, everything was dim and shadowy, and at last I threw myself on my bed and closed my eyes. I doubt

if any of the gay ladies at the castle, who had danced all night, were as tired as their interested little neighbor.

The guests left the castle a few days after the ball, taking with them the fair young mistress. I saw her but once before she went. She was walking in the grounds as I had first seen her, but this time not alone. The same gentleman who was with her in the ball-room accompanied her, and they were talking low and earnestly. As soon as she spied me, she called me and told me of her departure, and bade me good-bye. I think she saw the tears in my eyes, for she said she would often think of me, and that I must not forget her. There was little danger of that, and even now I wonder if I shall ever see again my ideal of beauty and goodness. Before she returned, I went with my father to live in a town many miles distant. I have heard that she married a young lord and that they live in her former home, the old castle. Though I am now an old woman, still, fresh and dear to my heart is my childhood's "opposite neighbor."

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### RECORDS.

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Records were made to aid memory; for without them she could not be able to perform her immense work. Even with all the assistance she now has through books, monuments, and nature's many records, her task is heavy. This world would be in a sad condition if every inventor and scientist had not had handed down to him the records of his predecessors. What would be the result if this generation were obliged to begin where our fathers did? Where would be the wonders of the nineteenth century, and all the comforts which time and civilization have brought us? We should be even as the rude pre-historic races.

Among the ancients, we find that the greatest people were the most patriotic, and their love of country was instilled by an unwritten history of the past. The old legends were repeated

again and again in their every-day life, and when they marched into battle with those songs upon their lips and those records in their hearts, they were clad in impenetrable armor. It is a nation's past that urges her sons to make the future more glorious; it is her record of valiant deeds that inspire them to greater daring.

Before writing was invented, men commemorated their heroic achievements by songs and stories which they transmitted to their children and their children's children. The Egyptians were the first to perpetuate their records in what we call hieroglyphics. Mythology shows us how easily an imaginative and superstitious people may depart from a true statement of facts, or mingle with it the creations of fancy. Yet these songs and stories answered the purpose better than a prosaic, though more correct history would have done. The fanciful legends rooted themselves in the imagination and held all that was needed to rouse and inspire. Where is the heart that will not respond with pride and joy to the praises of its native land? Even modern minds turn eagerly to these old legends, and we forget, in the fanciful story, that we are studying the history of a people. Yet almost unnoticed in the web of fiction, there is the golden thread of truth; and if these are not records of actual events, they are revelations of the minds of the people.

Since the invention of writing and printing we keep our records with comparative ease. As the world grows older and its history longer, the number of books increases, and now every one may come and drink of the fountain of knowledge. From north to south, from east to west, no country is unattainable. With Muller, we may explore all the natural kingdoms of the earth, and with Tyndall, scale the highest mountains. The sea no more hides its treasures, and the mysteries of the starry heavens are revealed. The past can no longer bury its dead, for its records bring all into the living present. Now we wander with Ulysses, and now we attend Eneas in his perilous adventures. At the table of Mæcenas we listen to the conversation of Horace and Virgil, or looking down into the Greek amphitheatre, we lose ourselves in the

drama of Æschylus. On the vine-clad hills of Greece, under her azure skies, we hear again those beautiful stories from the lips of Homer, Pindar and Euripides, and with songs mount the cloud-capped Olympus to the awful throne of Jove.

But nature has fuller records than the histories of nations. All her forms are full of meaning, from the delicate curve of the rose's petal to the rugged outline of the jutting precipice. The glorious sunshine flashes forth and gives color to the landscape; here a delicate tint, there a bright touch, and all softened by a shadow. It is a faultless picture. But look deeper. Nature was not meant only to please the eye. She lays before us a mighty volume, whose every page is filled with wonders. From it the child begins to learn, and the sage despairs of reading all its mysteries. We may see a page in the opening bud. In it is the record of sunshine and of rain. It tells us how, in the early morning, it drank the refreshing dew and stole its lovely color from the first sunbeam. Looking deep into its heart, we see predictions more wonderful than the leaf-written prophecies of the Cumæan Sibyl. A new life is foretold. In the little seed each form and feature of the future tree is as surely held as when, after the rain and sun and nourishing earth have done their work, it waves its leaves in the summer air.

Besides giving us her book to read, our loving mother sings to us songs and stories of wonderful beauty. As the priestess of Dodona interpreted the words of Jupiter in the rustling of the leaves, so, if our hearts be opened to nature's language, we may hear the voice of our God. Through the leafy oaks and lofty pines the winds softly sing of His loving kindness in sending the clouds laden with refreshment for the thirsty earth. The icy winter blasts whistle and shout tales of snow-enshrouded lands, of icebergs and mighty glaciers, from whose feet leap the sparkling waters that enrich the earth and gladden the hearts of men. These are nature's records; and yet, more durable ones than these. She has taken care that none of her works shall be forgotten. On tablets of stone she has written the story of æons

that have passed away, a story of wind and rain, extremes of cold and heat, and great internal commotions of the earth. She gives us likenesses of the strange creatures that have inhabited the earth. Neither vegetable nor animal life is forgotten. She has impressed on the solid rock her most delicate fern; from its simple outline on the hard stone we may picture the tall frond standing among its sister ferns amid mosses of luxuriant growth. Down in the deep blue sea we find a record in lines of crimson and rose, and the rush of waters through these coral groves converts the written story into a song.

By records the world is bound together, and the great human family is drawn into closer brotherhood. The uttermost parts of the earth are our possessions, and all time is brought into the present. Through these records, not only is man united to man, but nature's heart and man's beat in unison, and in one mighty throb echo the infinite love of their great Creator.

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### *THE STORY OF A WORK-BASKET.*

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The basket was made of cane which had once grown upon the bank of a creek, among a profusion of gay and delicate wild flowers and graceful grasses. The cane was thick and tall, and the air was filled with sweet odors. Winter came and the flowers lay in the ground asleep, but the cane was bright and green, although the cold wind whistled through it. One day some Indians went to the creek and cut down the finest cane, to make blow-guns and baskets. An old Indian woman gave a nice work-basket to a lady who had been kind to her.

The basket at first disliked to carry things, and would spill them out whenever it had a chance. But it soon grew accustomed to this new way of living, and became attached to the articles that it contained, so when any of the things were misplaced it

always felt grieved, and was glad when they were found again. Then, too, it used to have pleasant times listening to the stories that each had to tell. All the things loved to talk to the basket; and particularly the new comers liked to hear the charming tales which the old things had to relate. Every night, when the whole household was asleep and the work-basket was in its usual place on the wardrobe shelf, they would play in their quiet way so as to disturb no one.

Once upon an icy cold night, when the basket and its friends—the whole contents—were dancing to a dreary tune which the wind sang around the house, a brisk little mouse ran down into the basket and greatly enlivened the merriment. For five or six nights in succession it came, being always welcomed, for he was a very bright mouse, and both said and did some quite funny things. Now he had an object in view, which he soon proceeded to carry out. He gnawed bits of cloth and took them away to make his nest. The pincushion was found with a large hole in it, and the work-basket was much distressed, thinking some lazy moth had done the mischief. The very next night the mouse was detected gnawing on the emery-bag. The other things were furious at this insult. They all attacked him in right good earnest; finally the seissors seized the thimble, and with it gave the mouse such a sound rap on the head, that Squire Nibble scampered away in a different frame of mind and body than when he had entered the basket.

One evening, as the lady was sitting by the fire with her basket of stockings to darn, the baby came and wished to play with some buttons that were in it. He thrust his tiny hands into the basket, but in doing so upset it, scattering the contents on the floor, while the basket itself fell in the midst of the burning coals. The mother rescued it with the tongs, before it had undergone any injury.

One warm summer night, when our basket and friends were too tired to have their usual games, who should presume to visit them, all uninvited, but a little green grasshopper. He was a vain, impudent creature, and with no small self admiration.

He was specially proud of his singing, which was nothing but a shrill cry. This he began to display, and he not only began, but continued, and never would have ended until daybreak if his hearers had not put an end to his life. The next day he was found impaled to the sides of the basket, on many pins and needles.

Six years passed and nothing happened worthy of mention. At the end of that time the lady gave the basket to her daughter, an industrious little girl, who liked very much to sew for her dolls. For two or three months she kept it in the best kind of order. Then it became too troublesome to keep it neat, and she put all sorts of things in it. Now it was full of wraps for a doll-quilt, now filled with rough-dried clothes; numerous pebbles and acorns found their way into it. One day she took it to the woods to gather ferns and mosses; another day, when she gave her dolls a party out of doors, she lost it and did not find it till a week afterwards, when it was almost ruined from exposure to the sun and dews. She then put it away in the garret, packed with old letters.

The little girl soon discovered that she could not get along without her work-basket; so she brought it down again, and once more kept it neat. She did not care for dolls now, but loved to sew for herself and her mother. In a few weeks the family left the country to spend the winter with some consins in the city. Most of the journey was by water, on the river. The little girl took her basket to sew out on the deck of the steam-boat. The wind blew it overboard. A skiff happening to pass just then, the basket was caught and restored to its owner. She did not care for it now, as it was so old and worn out. So she gave it to a negro girl, who was glad to get it. The basket was used for about a year longer, and then was thrown away.



A TEN DAYS' QUEEN.

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The last rays of the setting sun made an old castle on the banks of the Thames look like an enchanted palace. The gorgeous colors, changing in hue each moment, were reflected in the mullioned windows. Even the dark leaves of the ivy were bright, and the trees seemed one mass of ever-shifting light and shade. But Lady Jane Grey heeded none of the loveliness of the summer evening. Her eyes were fixed intently on the river, as if she were wondering whether her life would flow as smoothly, with scarcely a ripple to break its calm surface. She was awakened from this reverie by her father, who, with unusual tenderness, led her to the house, where the Duke of Northumberland awaited her.

As soon as she entered the room the Ministers of State, who had come with all speed from London, fell upon their knees and greeted her as Queen of England. Bewildered, she looked with beseeching eyes toward her father, begging him to tell her what this thing could mean. In answer, he handed her the will of her late cousin, Edward the Sixth, in which were set aside the claims of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, and Lady Jane Grey was chosen, in their stead, successor to the throne. As she read, she fainted. On recovering, she plead, with tears and prayers, that the kingdom might be given to any one, so that she might not be Queen of England, for she was utterly incapable of governing. But these men, who had been in the minority during the reign of Protestant Edward, knew well that if Lady Jane did not accept the crown it must go to the Princess Mary, the rightful heir; and she, being a most bigoted Roman Catholic, would not only have a new Ministry, composed of men of her religion, but might take the lives of the former Ministers because of their faith. They knew, also, that by raising Lady Jane to the throne they themselves would virtually become the power of the realm.

So, by telling her that it was her duty to take the crown and uphold her faith, and by causing her father to persuade her, they overcame her scruples. Sadly she accepted the honor which to her could be only a burden.

Early next morning, as Lady Jane looked toward the river, she saw only the mist covering her barge. Was it not a veil of tears for one so young and fair, now going forth to sorrow and to death? And Lady Jane thought she saw herself upon the barge, as silent as Elaine, and, like her, borne to her burial.

No heartfelt greeting met her when she landed at London. The people were filled with awe at the sight of a Queen who seemed rather a statue than a living being. Followed by her people, she was led by the Duke of Northumberland to the Tower, there to await her coronation.

Mary, who had been informed of her brother's death, had gone into Norfolk, and, by the aid of powerful nobles, had raised troops to support her cause. Soon after she was proclaimed Queen of England at Norwich; for the people thought that the right to reign was hers, and they hated the Duke of Northumberland.

The Council, roused by these events, wished to send Lady Jane's father, the Duke of Suffolk, against the force; but Lady Jane implored that he might remain with her. Her love for her father was far greater than her desire for a kingdom. So the Duke of Northumberland, much against his will, was obliged to take the command.

The army set forth with no confident hopes of victory, for treachery suspects treachery; hence they greatly mistrusted the Council. And their suspicions were well founded; for no sooner had they left than the Council began to debate Mary's right to the throne, and it decided that, all things considered, the Protestant religion had nothing to fear from her. Thereupon the Princess Mary was proclaimed Queen at the Cross by St. Paul's, and there was great rejoicing throughout the kingdom.

For ten days Lady Jane Grey had remained at the Tower, receiving the homage of a Queen. Although of royal blood,

such a life was not pleasing to her, and she pined for her home, where she might enjoy, as before, the society of her loved ones. Therefore, when she learned that Mary was made Queen in her stead, she laid aside the crown with delight, saying that she had accepted it only in obedience to her father. But she was not destined to take up the broken thread of her old life and live in happy obscurity. For at the earliest opportunity Mary called a council which declared guilty of treason, Lady Jane, her father, and her husband.

This act of Mary's was certainly cruel; but when we take into consideration her character and the circumstances of her life, it is not strange. Her childhood had been passed at the court of Henry the Eighth, where the basest deceit and most open flattery reigned. She saw her mother wronged and Anne Boleyn made Queen, her mother's religion attacked on every side, and what she had been taught to regard as heresy established as the Church of England. Her girlhood had been passed with her mother, and both were continually subjected to insult. Her mind had been narrowed and her life embittered. Lady Jane Grey was of that hated Anglican Church, now grown powerful; and Mary was as constant to her church as to her mother. What wonder is it that she was so severe with Lady Jane Grey?

Lady Jane was put in prison to await her death. Through the bars of her window she saw her beloved husband led to the scaffold; his bleeding body brought back. In her agony she cried, "O, God! have compassion on me, before my heart breaks!" And the God whom she had never forsaken gave her comfort in her sore need.

Lady Jane was sentenced to be beheaded on the twelfth of February. When Feckenham, the Queen's Chaplain, heard of this he flew to her and represented "that indeed the time was fearfully short for preparation of any kind; and how could she expect Lady Jane to die a Catholic, if she was hurried thus to the block without time for conviction." Mary immediately delayed the execution for several days.

Lady Jane smiled mournfully on her zealous friend when he brought her the news of this delay. She told him he had mistaken her. She wished not for delay of her sentence, but for quiet from disputation. Then she added, "I am prepared to receive patiently my death in any manner it may please the Queen to appoint; true, my flesh shudders, as is natural to frail humanity, but my spirit will spring rejoicing into the eternal light, where I hope the mercy of God will receive it."

On the appointed day Lady Jane Grey, sustained by strength given her from above, walked calmly to the scaffold. She tied the kerchief about her eyes, then, feeling for the block, said: "Where is it? what shall I do?" When it was shown to her she folded her hands in prayer, and said: "Lord, into Thy hands I commend my spirit."

As she finished these words a cloud passed across the sky. Was it not the wings of the angel who had come to bear to Heaven a soul so pure and innocent?

## EDITORIAL.

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• DECEMBER 1ST.—Four more new girls, and St. Mary's was full a month ago. Still our amiable mother stretches out her loving arms to receive another. "Always room for one more."

The long looked for Thanksgiving Day has come and gone, and although thoughts of its festivities have given way to longings for the jollities of Christmas, still it is pleasant to think of the splendid dinner and the fun we had in the evening. After waiting for hours,—so it seemed to our impatient curiosity,—we were admitted to the parlor. First we were entertained by a series of curious, and amusing scenes in shadow pantomime. The "Heathen Chinee," peculiarly sensitive as to his queue, the "Country Doctor," extracting a tooth from his agonized patient, the "Amateur Portrait Painter," and "Old St. Dunstan," suddenly bereft of his long nose,—brought forth peal after peal of laughter.

Charades came next in our programme, and so amusing were the impromptu scenes that we almost forgot to guess what they represented. Then we had games and tricks until the ten o'clock bell rang.

DECEMBER 15TH.—The sitting-room of our Lady-Principal has for the last month been wrapped in mystery. We gather from a few daring adventurers, who saw the heads of two seamstresses rising from behind mountains of gray flannel, and from the reports of two or three of the girls who have been summoned there to strange interviews, that our calisthenic class will soon appear in a new gray uniform, resplendent with scarlet braid.

JANUARY 1ST.—The question is now, "How did you spend your holidays?" We have quite exhausted our adverbs of pleasant degree, and it seems that not one nor all together can half express what we would say. True, our family was sadly

scattered—no—not sadly; for everything is glad at Christmas time, and we who remained at St. Mary's were the happier for thinking of the others in their joyous meeting with the "dear home folks."

As soon as we had bidden our last departing school-mate good-by, we returned to our final preparations for Christmas. There were gifts to be finished, purchases to be made, and presents to be smuggled from one room to another; then all hands were called to aid in the decorations. Our halls were festooned with cedar and holly, our Chapel was made beautiful and fragrant, and indeed there was hardly a spot at St. Mary's from which some bright Christmas token did not peep.

The first vespers of Christmas were sung at eight o'clock on Saturday night. Long before light on Christmas day one might have heard whispering voices and mysterious rustling sounds. Under promise of perfect quiet, we were allowed to examine the queer shaped parcels piled upon our beds, and then we laid our sleepy heads again on our pillows, and enjoyed a good long holiday sleep. At breakfast we found more gifts, and heaps of beautiful cards, while our Lady-Principal and a favored teacher kept up a merry rivalry as to the number of the latter. The following days of Christmas passed with almost incredible swiftness, so deeply were we interested in some one of our many new books, or engrossed in the games and amusements of the season. Before we could realize it, New Year's eve was upon us. On this, the last night of the year, our Lady-Principal surprised the school with a feast in honor of the birthday of Jennie and Alice Ravenel. After drinking the health of "Our Twins" in eggnog, and doing justice to the spread before us, we returned to the parlor and amused ourselves with games and dancing until the clock reminded us of the New Year's speedy arrival.

A snow storm ushered in the New Year, but

"Neither wind, nor storm, nor snow,  
Could quench our firesides hearty glow."

Then came our last holiday, Monday, and all were intent upon enjoying it to the utmost. The last pages of some pleasant story were to be hurried through, for all novels must be carried back to the library on Tuesday morning; and what, if on that day we should have to leave our hero in some great danger, or turn from some dark mystery yet unsolved. At intervals during the day we were roused from our very interesting occupation by the shrill horn, and we rushed to the door to welcome back our old friends whom we knew before we made the acquaintance of John Halifax, Guy Maundering, or Amy Edmoustone.

At 12 o'clock the "Greeks and Trojans" met on the circle in dread array, to fight the old fight over again. Before the snowy darts and the shouts of the scarlet-arrayed Trojans the Greeks fled, *not* into their hollow ships. But both sides claim the victory. The vanquished carried with them Hector's "blazing" armor, and claim to have retreated only to attend the burial of Patroclus. Perhaps we may have a more decisive battle the next time it snows.

We concluded our holiday amusements with a phantom ball. Here gathered the ghosts of every nation, from the turbaned Turk to the Old Mother Goose of our childhood's days, all in weird measure "to trip the light fantastic toe."

JANUARY 7TH.—On the festival of the Epiphany we had full choral service. The music was even better than on Christmas day, for many of our absent voices had returned.

At 3 o'clock all books were laid aside for the week. In the morning we had received an invitation to celebrate "Twelfth-Night" by the coronation and marriage of the "King of Folly" and the "Queen of Misrule." At the appointed hour we gathered in the parlor. At 8 o'clock a procession, led by a Jester in cap and bells and a band of trumpeters, marched into the parlor and formed a double line. Then came the king of the evening, clad in ermine, with two very strange-looking Pages holding up his sweeping mantle. Marching down the aisle, he was conducted to his throne. There, after a short address from the

Jester, and amidst loud blasts from the trumpeters, he was crowned. One of His Majesty's subjects then stepped forward and recited Tennyson's lovely little poem, "The Beggar Maid," the King in the meantime selecting a Queen from among the many sweet faces before him.

"In robe and crown the King stepped down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
'It is no wonder,' said the Lords,  
'She is more beautiful than day.'"

The King placed the crown upon the head of his kneeling bride, and then led her to her seat upon the throne. Two by two, the herald presented their subjects, then the company were led by the King and Queen and attendants to the dining-room, where awaited them a feast in honor of the day. The most interesting feature of the feast was the finding of the rings baked in the royal cakes; and the Jester proclaimed that the two of His Majesty's subjects who should draw the rings should be the best of friends for the rest of the year. We offer our congratulations to the lucky pair, and hope the Jester's prophesy may be fulfilled.

After the supper we all returned to the parlor and spent the rest of the evening in merry games and dances, commanded by His Majesty. Long live the "King of Folly" and the "Queen of Misrule!"

The question is asked, "How many clubs are there in school?" There are five literary clubs, two societies for mental improvement, and lunch clubs innumerable. Besides, there is our Missionary Society, which meets every Friday night. The Teachers' Literary Club meets every evening at twenty minutes past five. For the past month "The Fall of the Roman Empire" has been the *piece de resistance*. The class in general literature which has just finished reading Bryant's version of Homer's Iliad, meets at eight o'clock on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. During all the Fall we have listened to the "Winged words" of the gods, and seen the warrior heroes falling with their "Armor clash-



ing round them." Now we turn to new fields. With Plato, we have waited on the death of Soerates and seen the vision of Er. We have listened to Prometheus' defiant words, and now are waiting his possible release. On Wednesday night the Seott Club meets. Its members are now reading Kenilworth, and so interested are they, that they cannot wait from week to week, but beset their president at all hours on Saturday to call a meeting. The English Literature Club also meets on Wednesday nights. They have just finished reading Pope's "Rape of the Lock," and next will begin Dryden. Last, but not least, the editors of the MUSE meet every Friday evening in the sitting-room to muse on the news, and eolleet old news for the new MUSE.

While winter's heralds are stripping the trees and making the fields desolate, there is one little spot at St. Mary's where it is always spring. We have just had a peep into the Professor's greenhouse. Here are callas, verbenas, roses and geraniums by the dozen. Two large oleanders, rescued from the frost-nipped garden, will soon be in bloom. Besides these, there are whole rows of foliage plants which are to border our flower-beds next spring. Of all his pets, the Professor prizes most a box full of baby salvias, the seeds of which were sent him from his own garden.

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*PROGRAMME.*

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|--------------------------------------|---|---|------------------------------|
| 1. SERENADE—Schubert, arr. by Liszt, | - | - | <i>Miss Mittie Dowd.</i>     |
| 2. GAVOTTE—Gluck, arr. by St. John,  | - | - | <i>Miss Annie Philips.</i>   |
| 3. TAMBOURIN—Raff,                   | - | - | <i>Miss G. DeRosset.</i>     |
| 4. SONG—Storm and Sunshine, D. Buck, | - |   | <i>Miss Louise Boyd.</i>     |
| 5. ANDANTE—Lysberg,                  | - | - | <i>Miss Kate Lord.</i>       |
| 6. LATIN RECITATION—Stabat Mater,    | - | - | <i>Miss Emily Smedes.</i>    |
| 7. SANTA LUCIA—Rosellen,             | - | - | <i>Miss Florence Slater.</i> |
| 8. SHADOW-LAND—D. Buck,              | - | - | <i>Miss Rebecca Collins.</i> |

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|--|-----------------------|
| 9. ENGLISH RECITATION—Under the Sea, - - -   | Miss Alice Hagood.    |
| 10. SONATA, C MINOR—Beethoven, - - -         | Miss Kate Sutton.     |
| 11. FRENCH RECITATION—Le Meunier Sans Souci, | Preparatory A.        |
| 12. SONG—The Requital, Blumenthal, - - -     | Miss Fannie Sharp.    |
| 13. GAVOTTE—Bach, arr. by W. Mason, - - -    | Miss Sallie Young.    |
| 14. SARABANDE—Raff, - - - -                  | Miss Lillian Roberts. |
| 15. DUO—Evening, - - - -                     | { Miss Nannie Stone.  |
|  | { Dr. Kürsteiner.     |

We print above the programme of the Director's second Soiree, given on Saturday evening, December third. We would encourage the musical pupils by saying that their performances were most creditable, and entirely in keeping with the dignity of St. Mary's. The music was all of a high order, and the different *morceaux*, although well known to be bristling with technical difficulties, were gracefully sung and admirably executed.

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### CURRENT TOPICS.

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"The Mikado of Japan has proclaimed his intention of establishing a constitutional government with a representative assembly in 1890."

Japan until 1852, had never opened her ports to any nation, nor even allowed a foreign idea to enter the island. Then, through American diplomacy, her ports were opened, and within the last few years she has not only received, but sought, enlightenment from other lands. Two years ago her commissioners were sent to inspect our schools, and in various ways intercourse has been opened between the island which borders the East and the countries of the West. The form of government the Mikado proposes to adopt is modeled not after the government of Japan's near neighbors, China and Hindoostan, but after those of the western world; for if the course of empire westward takes its way, it is only to send strong thoughts and helpful words backward to its older home.

Within the last few years the Mikado has won the power to make a change in the government. The realm was formerly governed by a council of five of the oldest nobles, chosen by the Tycoon; this council was assisted by a minor one of eight members. But in 1869, the Mikado overthrew the power of the Tycoon and the feudal nobles, and established his own.

Mutsu Hito, the present Mikado, shows great wisdom in promising to give to his people at a fixed date a liberal government, and thus preparing them for the change. Suddenly to give them a share in the government would intoxicate them, and the consequences might be as dire as the troubles that followed in Russia when Alexander II. freed the serfs and introduced reforms for which the people were not yet prepared.

The Japanese are among the thriftiest and most industrious people in the world. They have innumerable factories, and some of these do such work as can be found nowhere else. The rich soil is cultivated to its utmost; the people are compelled to till the land, for there is a law that confiscates all ground left idle for a year. Japan is rich in many minerals also, especially gold and silver, and now that the despotic government is giving way to a liberal one, this country so blessed in every respect may soon surpass all the kingdoms of the East.

THE NEWS from the Barbary States promises no speedy end to the war between Tunis and France. It seems strange that France should wage so expensive a war to avenge attacks which were probably those of marauding bands and not of the Bey's subjects. Already has it spread, and many tribes are in revolt. Neither the submission, nor even the friendship, of the Bey can now lead to peace; the fight must be waged with the wild tribes, and it seems likely to be both long and harassing.

It is not many years since the treasury of France was drained by a disastrous war. Heavy as was the blow, France has so recovered that to-day her credit is second to that of England alone. Germany, who received her millions, is far poorer.

Ever since the defeat of 1870, France has been augmenting her military force. She has now a full treasury, and a strong army, and it is thought she is only awaiting her opportunity to attack Germany. Her time has not yet come. Is she in the meanwhile drilling her troops in Tunis? Perhaps—and yet, more powerful reasons are necessary to account for the fact that the new ministry, whose record is yet to make, is vigorously pushing the contest. Whatever her objective point may be, she seems likely to gain it; for the insurgents of Tunis, their leader, Ben Amar, being killed, have retreated from Kairwan to the coast, and several tribes have already surrendered.

The Sublime Porte has interests in Africa and receives annually a large tribute from Tunis. If the latter should come under the power of France, Turkey will lose not only her tribute, but a great part of her influence in the Mediterranean. To weaken Turkey, is to strengthen Russia and to rouse England; the one still casts longing eyes towards Constantinople, and the other has a road to India to protect.

Tunis is not a land to be despised by any country; it is settled by a nomadic race, and civilization is at a low ebb, but the land is rich in many products, such as olives, tobacco and indigo; there are extensive fisheries on the coast, and its ports, situated on the Mediterranean, give unsurpassed facilities for a wide commerce. The tribute is very large, and there is a considerable commerce with interior Africa. Should the projected railroad across the Desert of Sahara be built, this trade may almost equal that of India.

And who can say that the now despised land may not become as rich and flourishing as in the famous days of Hannibal?

IN FRANCE the Ferry Ministry has resigned and that of Gambetta, which was unanimously elected, has succeeded it. There are twelve members in the new Cabinet, all of the advanced Republican party. Among these are two members of the previous ministry; Cochery, who has won a reputation for efficiency in the Department of Posts and Telegraphs; and Cazot, Minister of

Justice. The other members of the Cabinet are Gambetta, Waldeck, Rousseau, Rouvier, Deves, Renault, Allain-Targe, Bert, Proust, Raynal and Gouyeard. Among these, Bert is a strong opponent of the clerical party. Many of the ministers are lawyers, and most of them have yet to make their political reputation.

AFTER twenty years of absence, our Southern Prima Donna has returned to her native country, having gained laurels in all of the European cities which she has visited.

When Christine Nilsson, Mme. Gerster, Jenny Lind and other noted singers came to this country, they were greeted rapturously, but the enthusiasm which Mme. Adelina Patti has aroused far surpasses that awakened by any foreign singer.

We of the South feel an especial pride in Patti, the daughter of the Crescent City.

She has bound herself for the winter to an engagement with Mr. H. E. Abbey, who had intended asking ten or fifteen dollars for a seat, but finding that this was impracticable, cut the price down to five dollars. In England, Patti has been receiving a guinea a seat, and that is all that can be expected of the American public.

At the concerts each lady in the audience is provided with a handsome bouquet. Of course it is expected that she will throw it to Patti; it remains to be proved whether or not Patti will receive all.

Patti has shown a lack of judgment in singing at concerts instead of in the grand operas, suited to her. Perhaps she wishes to raise the ballad in public estimation, and surely her concerts are fully appreciated, for her houses are crowded. All she needs to make an exceedingly great furor is skilful management.

We could sing her praises over and over again, but the best description of her is contained in three little words—she is Patti.

WITHIN the last few months another of our great composers has passed away. Franz Liszt was born in Raiding, near

Oedenberg, October 22d, 1811. At a very early age he showed a wonderful musical talent, and a Hungarian noble sent him to study at Vienna, under Karl Czerny and Salieri. Here he remained about eighteen months and then appeared in concerts in the principal cities of Germany, where he gained not only fame, but fortune. In 1827, on the death of his father, he gave himself up to gloomy meditations and religious rhapsodies; and when to this sorrow was added another, he almost entirely relinquished his art, and did not again resume it until he was roused by hearing the famous violinist, Paganina. After this he worked hard eight years, that he might become the Paganina of the piano; and on the whole he succeeded. At the end of these eight years the success of Thalberg led Liszt to again play in concerts, and from this time his course was a brilliant one. In 1847 he became leader of the music at the Court of Weimar, and through his efforts Weimar took high rank among the musical cities of Germany. In 1865, in the Vatican, he took the vows of a monk. But he did not relinquish his profession; for ten years after, we find him Director of the Hungarian Academy.

He was an earnest patron of genius. Several of the best German composers owe much to his direct efforts for them, and especially is this true of Wagner.

Liszt was famous both as a performer and as a composer. Perhaps his efforts were rather startling than charming. His execution was wonderful. In him we have lost one of the best interpreters of Bach, Handel and Beethoven. No other modern musician is so eloquent as was Liszt when, forgetting himself, he seemed to hold communion with these mighty spirits of the past.

PERSONALS.

---

SALLIE YOUNG, of Junior A, led the school during October and November. With the fourth month Mittie Dowd came again to the front. The race seems now to be between Tarboro, of Senior B, and Hillsboro, of Senior A. Success to *both* competitors!

OUR DEAR Mrs. Meares is happily established in her new mountain home. Though seeking rest and quiet, her ever-ready hands have found work to do, and with untiring energy she busies herself in deeds of Christian charity.

THE CLOSE of the Christmas holidays was saddened by the death of our near neighbor and beloved friend, Miss Mildred Cameron. It is not for us to tell the patient life and calm passing away of this most gentle lady. The memory of her sweet face and words and ever-ready sympathy is a hallowed one with us who have passed from childhood to womanhood within the circle of her influence. God's peace did rest upon her; may it comfort all whom she held dear.

WE HAVE had a visit from the oldest daughter of St. Mary's, Mrs. Col. Ruffin, who must have been a wee mite when she first set foot within these walls. Imagination would paint this lady as a great-grand-mamma with snowy hair, in cap and spectacles. Reality brings us the charming matron, no older than our mothers. May we all be as fresh and blooming forty years from now.

THE DAY after Christmas we had to part with our dear friend and fellow-student, Maude Nelson, who has returned to her home in Alabama. "Tillie" has left many friends at St. Mary's, and the memory of good scholarship, unfailling sweet temper, and perfect ladyhood.

ALUMNÆ, would you see our Margaret, our pearl, whose highest bliss consists in "mapen tuger"? Look for the sweetest baby-face upon this season's cards, and there you have her.

AGAIN we owe a debt of thanks to our kind friend, General Ransom. This time, he has sent from Washington a handsome addition to our library in the shape of a "Report of the United States Commission to the Exposition of 1879," in five volumes. Our art students are specially interested in their contents.

ANOTHER of St. Mary's daughters has taken upon herself the responsibility of a husband. Miss Emmie Benbery (Class of '78) was united in matrimony to Dr. Hubert Haywood, November 16th, 1881. The ceremony took place at Christ Church, and was witnessed by hosts of friends. The happy couple went North on their bridal tour, and at the exceedingly charming reception, given on their return, reported a delightful trip and brilliant weather. We could scarcely realize the latter part of their statement, having been weather bound during their absence; but, no doubt at such a time they saw all, even mud, *conleur de rose*.

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#### MINUTES OF THE EDITORIAL CLUB.

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December 1, 1881.—There was a full attendance at this meeting, and important subjects were to have been discussed; but things do not always happen as they should, and Seniors sometimes wander from their good intentions.

So it fell out that we did not accomplish much. The first part of the evening we spent in congratulating ourselves upon the appearance of the first number of the MUSE. Before the close of the evening we heard two pieces of sad intelligence: one that our President has decided to wait until next year to receive her diploma; the other that Maud Nelson is soon to leave us for her home in Alabama.



Our class is reduced now to five, two having deferred their graduation for a year. But the club will really lose only one member, our gentle Maud.

*December 8, 1881.*—To-night we held a long discussion upon some of George Eliot's characters, especially upon Gwendolen, in *Daniel Deronda*. We could not agree upon her merits or demerits, but why should we in an argument? Finally, when we were becoming very much excited on the subject, Miss Czarnomska appeared and put an end to the discussion by reading to us from the work in question passages illustrating both sides of the argument, and showing that we were both right and wrong. Most of us were fully convinced that *Daniel Deronda* was a wise and clever book, and Gwendolen a natural, if not a superior character; but *the* two great arguers of the class still retain their original and contrary opinions.

*December 16, 1881.*—We could not be expected to put our thoughts upon serious subjects to-night. The holidays are near, and we are soon to go to our respective homes. Our President was lenient and did not compel us to engage in any composition work. Before we parted, she made each promise to relate, at the next meeting, her adventures during vacation.

With wishes for a very merry Christmas to all, and good-byes to Maud, who is to leave next week, the club adjourned to the parlor, there to practice the carols for Christmas Day.

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### BOOK NOTICES.

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A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART.—Among the numerous papers upon our table we find "The Sailor's Sweetheart," by the author of "The Wreck of the Grosvenor." The book opens with the sad parting of William Lee, the hero, and Nellie, his sweetheart. The captain of the vessel to which he is ordered, after having

been at sea for about a month, goes crazy and hangs himself. The first mate then takes command of the vessel, which, after many storms, is wrecked. The only persons saved are the hero, his sweetheart, whom he had discovered among the passengers soon after leaving England, and three of the seamen; all of whom finally meet on board of a water-logged vessel. The remainder of the story is chiefly an account of the numerous dangers which they encounter, until at last, three, William Lee, Nellie, and one of the seamen, reach the port to which they were bound. The style is clear, and on the whole, very good. But the number of nautical expressions which the story contains almost amounts to slang; and however they may be prized by an older mind, they certainly become wearisome to a school-girl. For instance, after saying that the vessel was making ready to sail, Mr. Russell proceeds to give us the necessary orders:

“Now, then, my lads, aft here, and sheet home this mizzen-top sail!”

“Ay, ay, sir!”

“Then, hoist away!”

“Main-top there! jump aloft and loose the top-gallants’l,” &c.

This, to the generality of readers who are unacquainted with vessels, would only be tiresome, and after reading it they would have no more intelligent idea of how the ship was gotten under way than had it been left unsaid.

The book, however, gives us a good picture of the life of a sailor and the dangers and perils which constantly surround him. The descriptions are most life-like and interesting; they paint vividly the splendid sunsets on the sea and the terrible storms which suddenly arise in the tropical regions. As a whole, the work is spirited. The masterly manner in which the author treats the story, proves him to be a true novelist. Though the tale is wonderfully exciting and seems to be almost impossible, yet nowhere does it become quite so, and every part is well sustained. But comparing it with the “Wreck of the Grosvenor,” we confess we are disappointed. The heroine of the latter is a finer character than Nellie. As brave in danger, she is always

more unselfish. She clings to her father and serves him faithfully; while Nellie, by a deliberate plan, as is shown in her conduct on the eve of her sweetheart's departure, selfishly deserts the old uncle who loves her dearly.

We look eagerly for the next work from the pen of Mr. Russell, hoping that it will combine the many excellent points of both the "Wreck of the Grosvenor" and the "Sailor's Sweetheart."

THOSE AMONG us who have read "Uarda" are looking forward with great pleasure to the perusal of George Eber's latest novel. The scene is laid in the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century.

MISS HOWARD, the successful author of "One Summer," has published another novel, "Aunt Serena."

WE EXPECT never to find another cup of bad coffee. Francis Thurber has written an interesting and instructive book on the delicious berry. It is called "Coffee from Plantation to Cup." To this are added famous recipes for good coffee, including that "Thurber recipe," which is said to produce a drink fit for the gods.

AMONG THE periodicals on our desk are the December and January numbers of *Harper's Monthly*. In the December number the article which first attracts our attention is, "How America was Discovered." The paper, "Among our Footprints," delights not only the students of natural history, who linger lovingly over the descriptions, but also the artists, who take great pleasure in the exquisite illustrations. "The Grave of William Penn," "Autumn Sketches in the Pennsylvania Highlands," and several other articles of equal interest, add to the attractiveness of the December number.

The January number opens with a very interesting article, "King Coal's Highway." This is followed by a paper on "Ancient and Modern Venetian Glass of Murano." The lat-

ter is written by J. J. Jarves, one of the donors to the Metropolitan Museum. The article is interesting, not only for its clear, condensed history of Venetian glass in olden days and of the present revival of art in that famous city, but for its generous words about museums, and the practical suggestions for their foundation. The illustrations are very fine, and, added to the clear descriptions, take one in fancy to the beautiful building, where, through the writer's generosity, the originals may be found. The fourth paper on "Journalistic London" appears in this number, and Hardy's "Laodicean" is finished.

WE HAVE had another visit from the *Palladium*, published at St. Mary's School, Knoxville, Illinois. We notice many things worthy of perusal, some of them very amusing.

THE NOVEMBER number of the *North Carolina Educational Journal* has an interesting account of the North Carolina graded schools.

THE READING-ROOM extends hearty thanks to Dr. Kürsteiner for his gift of *The Daily Illustrated Graphic*. The gravest among us laughed at the illustrations, and the present appellation for our "intimate friend" is "crank."

THE LIBRARY glories in a new edition of Scott's Novels. The remnants of the five other editions, which have, at different times, done good service, are given a lower place among the books, for their dimmed pages are not so attractive as these brightly bound volumes, bearing their graceful wreath of thistles and wheat. On the cover, stamped in gold, is the portrait of Sir Walter, his jovial face framed in golden flowers. Beneath, in large black letters, is written "Waverly Novels," and near by is an artistic monogram of E. J. Hale & Son. The print is refreshing to our eyes, almost put out with "Paley."

The illustrations! Scott's descriptions, vivid as they are, are made more so by their aid. In Kenilworth the frontis-piece attracts our attention. On a quaint old sofa, with back grounds

of tapestry and rich hangings, sits Amy; her long train of velvet lies in graceful folds, and around her white swan-like neck fits the necklace of orient pearls. By her side is the Earl of Leicester, in court suit. Around his knee is fastened a richly embroidered band with the Diamond George for a buckle; this is the noble badge of the Garter which kings delight to wear. Among the brilliant orders on his breast is a heavily wrought collar, and attached to it a jewel shaped like a sheep. Amy is lifting the pendant with her lily fingers, and lets it rest lovingly in her palm, while her rosy lips part in bewitching sweetness, and we can almost hear her musical voice as she says: "My Lord, my own Liege, will you tell me what this emblem signifies, and what brave deed has placed it on your breast?" And in his answer Leicester explains the Order of the Golden Fleece.

The picture of Whitehorse Vale is gloomy, but picturesque. The desert plain is broken only by the dreary rocks, and the cave of Wayland Smith is so dark and terrible that one wonders how Tressilian dared speak so boldly to its inhabitant. The sky is grey and lurid; no living creature can be seen except a few birds, and Tressilian's horse, as it stands at the door of the cave. Near by is Wayland Smith, with tools in hand, prepared to shoe the horse. The smith's face is well besmeared with soot and charcoal, and the ferocity of his countenance is increased by his neglected hair and beard; his feet are bare, a wild animal's skin covers his shoulders, and his "*tout ensemble*" accords well with his surroundings.

We must glance at our old friend Ivanhoe, and as the pages are turned, I only peep at this picture and that, for I am looking specially for one. Ah! at last it is found. In a large hall is an elevated platform, hung around with banners and other signs of the Knights Templar. In a large chair sits the Grand Master in majestic robes of white, bearing in his right hand the mystic staff. Near him, at the table, are two scribes, their black gowns and caps contrasting with the unsheathed swords of the stern, armed men who stand around. At the steps of the platform, in front of the Grand Master, is Rebecca, with clasped hands and

uplifted face, whose expression speaks her innocence. By a window is Bois Guilbert, and even his downcast look betrays the love he bears Rebecca. How one's heart overflows at the sight of the innocent girl tried for witchcraft.

All those who have spent pleasant hours following Di Vernon in her escapades, would delight in the way she is pictured at a meet. Her spirited horse is surrounded by hounds, and she is chatting to several lords in pea-jackets and hunting-boots; all are ready for the exciting chase.

The frontis-piece of Guy Mannering makes one laugh heartily. It is a charming representation of "Mr. Pleydell's Saturday Night at Home."

As volume after volume is looked through, we long to linger over the loved pages and attempt to describe to others the books and pictures which are affording so much pleasure to the daughters of St. Mary's.

ONE DAY I wandered into the library to amuse myself for an hour or two; how, I had not decided. As my eyes ran over the cases, my attention was attracted by a set of books bound in red and gold, and entitled "Universal Knowledge."

"Ah! wonderful books," I thought, "possessors of so much learning, teach an ignorant mind!" and taking from its place a volume, I turned to the first page and found quite a lengthy account of the letter A. As I glanced down the page, wonder filled me that so much could be written about what at first sight seemed so little a thing. But as I read of its uses in the different languages, its derivation, and especially its uses in our mother tongue, I realized that there was a deal to say about the busy little captain of the Alphabet. Then followed a clear explanation of A, as used in music; and after that, I learned that surveyors of ships, in England, employed this letter to tell the quality, safety and age of a vessel preparing to sail.

As I was poring over the book, I heard the horn of a hunter, and the ring of horses' hoofs on the frosty ground. I hastened to the window to catch only a glimpse of the horses and hounds

returning from a hunt. I resumed my seat and occupation, but as I turned the pages, my thoughts still reverted to the hunters; and I longed to be riding in the brisk air, to hear the wild bay of the hounds, and to feel all the glorious excitement of the chase. But alas! I could not. Ah, well! thought I, if I can't go I can see what there is about fox-hunting in this "Universal Knowledge," which seems to contain everything. I remember reading of a meet in the "New Forest," the wood which, from the days of William Rufus, has been famed for its game. At this meet the ladies and gentlemen, in hunting costume, mounted on horses such as none but England can boast, were gathered on the heath, encircled by miles of noble trees. The air was brisk and frosty, and as they dashed off for the hunt, the silvery horn, the excited dogs, and the prancing steeds, added to the inspiring scene. But all this is only the outside show. O, Universal Knowledge, to thee I turn to gain a deeper insight into the famed pursuit.

The notice of the hunt and the place for the meet is always posted up the day before in some public place. A pack of hounds consists of from twenty to sixty couples, and is managed by the master of the day. Ladies and gentlemen both attend the "meet," and when preliminaries have been arranged, the party separates, and all that are going to hunt ride off in advance. A low whine from one of the hounds, generally an old one, announces that they are on the track, and then the excitement begins. The ambition of every one is to be in at the "death," when the brush and paws of the fox are presented as trophies.

This account recalled to my mind another of England's famous amusements—Tennis; and this suggested Lawn Tennis, which has supplanted croquet in merry England and bids fair to do so here. The smooth lawn and jaunty costume must be a pretty sight, and prettier than all, the gay toss of the ball and graceful curve of the raquet. But as I read how scientifically it is pursued, and with what difficulty proficiency is obtained, my vision was dispelled, and I no longer dared hope to play it myself. There is nothing left, I thought, but to learn something about the rules

of the game, as perhaps I shall never know them from experience. So I read all the directions for tossing the ball over the net and the rules for "being out," and for scoring. Just as I was becoming very much interested in this account, I heard some little girls talking outside of the door. "Mamma gave me the prettiest fork," said one, "it had little flowers on it, and 'Etta' written beautifully; it is mighty pretty." Immediately games and England fled from my mind, and forks of all descriptions danced through my brain. So I turned to the page entitled "Forks," and soon was deeply absorbed. Very strange seemed their first introduction into England. It was during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who preserved all she possessed as curiosities. In the inventory of her household furniture there is: "Item, a forke of corall slightly garnished with golde. Item, a forke garnished with two lyttle rubyes, two lyttle perles pendant, and a lyttle corall." But still more strange it seemed, when "One divine preached against the use of forks as being an insult to Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers." Forks were first used in Italy, and from thence were brought into England by travellers.

I was just thinking what point to look up next, when a bell rang, which recalled to my mind an unperformed duty. So, with loving adieus for my new friends, and a promise to visit them again, I ran away.

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#### ART NOTES.

---

IN THE Art Room the China painters have been pursuing their pretty work with increasing success. Vases, tea-sets, plates, dainty cups for "after dinner" coffee, have been decorated in various styles. A set of plates is decorated with peacock feathers. Another set has on each piece a different design: here is a



group of curious Japanese figures, and there, on sea-green, are graceful ferns; one beautiful plate has a cluster of nasturtiums, another a border of wild roses; while a third shows delicate sprays of pine. Then there are tea-sets painted in various designs; the flower pieces are among the prettiest. A cup and saucer display wild roses on a pale blue ground; another, graceful clusters of white violets on delicate lilac; still another is wreathed with shining holly thrown upon pale gray. Vases of various shapes and sizes are decorated with landscapes, with flights of birds, and with ferns, grasses, and flowers. A vase of neutral color bears a mass of gorgeous nasturtiums; one of darkest green is covered with daisies.

The safe return of the pieces sent North for firing, was greeted with enthusiasm. At the inspiring cry, "The China's come!" an eager group gathered round the closely packed barrel, and a chorus of delighted oh's and ah's arose as the fragile treasures came to light. Only two pieces had been broken, and the others were prettier than ever, their delicate colors set off by the gilt edge that had been added.

OUR "DECORATORS" were very busy during the two or three weeks before Christmas. Under their skilful fingers numberless dainty devices blossomed out on silk and satin, wood and China. "Sachets" were undoubtedly the rage, and no wonder, for nothing could be prettier than the dainty little trifles, "sweet as damask roses."

WE GLADLY avail ourselves of this opportunity to acknowledge the kindness of friends who have showered good wishes upon us in the shape of Christmas and New Year's cards. From all parts of the country, and even "from far across the sea," these bright visitors have come to us; we prize them all the more for their abundance, since every card is a kindly thought from a friend.

What a curious variety of thoughts, merry, fantastic, solemn and beautiful, are thrown together in the heap of cards before us. It is a Christmas sermon, worthy of the Abbot of Misrule.

Here are Christmas bells, swinging in an ivy-mantled tower, whence a solemn owl looks out with great round eyes. Next comes a merry troop of elves, their little red coats blown roughly about as they cling valiently to the wind-swept boughs they are decking with winter's gems. Then we acknowledge the smiling congratulations of a genial row of Polar bears, that wear the gay and festive expression they always affect—on Christmas cards. Here comes a green and yellow individual, bearing on one arm a huge and heavy hamper, and on the other, the goodly weight of the Bird of Plenty; and here is a pensive youth, kneeling on a basket of grapes as he fills with wine the vessels before him, while all around are hanging vines and piles of fruit. Pleasantly suggestive of Christmas good cheer are these last, and beautiful of course; are they not prize cards? Here are flowers of every season, amid which the time-honored holly and mistletoe bravely hold their own. Among the last are some of the prettiest cards, and here and there from the wealth of blossoms steals the fragrance of a delicate thought: from a dark, twisted branch, forming a cross, springs a single cluster of fair white flowers; "The winter thorn blossoms at Christmas."

Now we take up the last of our collection. It is a series of cards, each presenting a different page in the wonderful story of the Christ-Child. In the first the Virgin kneels to receive the high message of the Angel bearing a branch of lilies in his hand; and the next are angels, "Whitening through the dim," to the wondering shepherds; then comes the Scene in the Manger, the Visit of the Wise Men, and the Presentation in the Temple. These cards, apart from their beauty of design, have the charm of soft coloring and richly illuminated borders.

## CHIP-BASKET.

The following advice was recently given to our art pupils:  
 "Be artists; but do not become artful. Learn not artifice; and  
 above all, do not become artificial."

Visitor to young teacher—"Well, Miss W., how do you enjoy  
 the pedagogical chair?"

Young teacher, rising hurriedly—"Oh! I beg your pardon,  
 sir. I did not mean to be so selfish. Pray, take this rocker."

[*Copyrighted.*]

"Man wants but little here below,"

Which means "a little more," you know.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

Freshman—"Waiter, what time is it, please?" Waiter—"Je  
 ne sais pas Monsieur." "Oh, is it as late as that? I promised  
 to be home before ten."—*Columbia Spectator.*

## THE SEA.

She was rich and of high degree,  
 A poor and unknown artist he.  
 "Paint me," she said, "a view of the sea."

So he painted the sea as it looked that day  
 That Aphrodite arose from its spray;  
 And it broke as she gazed on its face the while,  
 Into its countless dimpled smile.

"What a poky, stupid picture!" said she,  
 "I don't believe he *can* paint the sea!"

Then he painted a raging, tossing sea,  
 Storming with fierce and sudden shock,  
 Wild cries and writhing tongues of foam,  
 A towering, mighty fastness-rock;

In its sides, above those leaping crests  
The thronging sea-birds built their nests.  
"What a disagreeable daub," said she,  
"Why, it isn't anything like the sea."

Then he painted a stretch of hot, brown sand,  
And a big hotel on either hand,  
And a handsome pavilion for the band.  
Not a sign of the water could be seen,  
Except one faint little streak of green.  
"What a perfectly exquisite picture," said she;  
"It's the very image of the sea."

—*Scribner.*

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EDITED BY THE

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## A TRIP TO LURAY.

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All of last summer I was in the northern part of Virginia, in Clarke county. We were right in the country, the mountains rising on our right, and fields of corn and wheat spreading far out upon the left. Our house was on a hill, and had a green lawn in front, shaded by large oaks. Hammocks swung between the trees in shady nooks, where at any time you could find one of the girls reading.

Large parties were often made up to go to the wonderful cave of Luray, which was only forty miles away, and we all determined to join the first that we could. My father arrived the night before one of these excursions, and we persuaded him to take us. Think of him with five girls under his charge! We started from our house the next morning at eight o'clock, and had a charming ride of a mile to the station. The road was capital, even when it led through the woods, and now and then we crossed rustic bridges over sparkling streams. At the station we had to wait a perfect age—what excursion train ever was on time? While we were waiting at this uninteresting place some other people arrived to take the train, and they would persist in standing almost on the track for fear of not getting seats in the cars. The train came at last, and we all tumbled in. Not a seat was to be had. At the next station the conductor unlocked another car, and our feet found rest. Our party was here joined by some young men, and they, unfortunate people, had no seats the whole way.

We were going right into the mountains, following the swift Shenandoah, which is not wide, but very picturesque, rushing

and sparkling over the rocks. Across the water we saw broad fields, peaceful in the sunshine of an August day. Every bit of land is cultivated, while little cottages dot even the hill-sides. Now the road lies close to the Shenandoah, and now creeps up the mountain and suddenly crosses a high tressel, whence the river looks like a tiny silver thread.

At 12 o'clock we came to Luray; for you must know there is a little town of that name. We jumped off the train into dust a foot thick. Omnibuses, buckboards, wagons, and vehicles of every description were at the station to take the people to the cave. Of course we could not get a buckboard—the nicest things there are—as they were all engaged; so we strove to content ourselves with an awful omnibus. As my father was large, and one of the other gentlemen equally so, they were honored with the remnant of the driver's seat, he being larger than either of them. The omnibus did not have seats on the sides, with a passage in the middle, but it had three seats placed from side to side and with positively no passage between them. The front seat being full to overflowing, the second was crammed with two girls and one boy. Think of that poor boy who was "afraid of crowding the young ladies." On the third seat two more girls and I were jammed. In the little space behind this last seat (for the omnibus was curved at the back) were the young men who had stood during the forty miles by rail, and were still carrying out their *role*. The place was so small that they could not sit down, and as the roof was slanting they could not stand up; consequently, they were at an angle of forty-five degrees. So many of us were in the vehicle that the springs were flat upon the axles. The road was rough, sandy and dusty. We had a mile of this road to go through. In short, the comfort of that ride can be better imagined than described. When we had ploughed through the mile we arrived at the place to get out—that is, if we could. We did manage this at last, however.

Of course we looked for the cave; but the only thing to be seen was a little house perched on the top of a small hill. That house is a mystery to me yet; for when I was up stairs I was

down stairs, and *vice versa*. It was built on the side of a hill, so that the upper piazza led you to the ground ; then we descended the steps, and from the lower piazza we could go out upon the ground. We all went into the house, and into a room packed with people, everybody trying to get to the little door that led to the little steps that led to the cave. At last we found ourselves at the head of these steps, pushed on by the crowd behind us. There were the never-failing excursionists in linen dusters, and there was one large, jolly-looking man with a big turkey bone in one hand and crackers in the other. He was determined not to give up that turkey bone ; for we met him afterwards in the cave, and he was still cherishing it.

We now had our first view of the cave, its corridors, sharp turns and bulging rocks, lighted here and there by the soft candles shining through the mist that pervades the whole cave. We at last reached the bottom of the steps, where we passed under an enormous rock hanging so low as nearly to touch the ground. This rock was right in the passage ; so it had to be passed in order to enter the cave. When we found ourselves on the other side, it was so muddy under foot that we had to put on our overshoes ; but we did not need any wraps, although we had been told that the cave was very cold. So the many shawls that we had brought were only a burden to one of the young men.

In what a strange scene we found ourselves ! Stalagmites starting up from below and stalactites hanging down from above, of every color, shape, and size. Some were beautifully white and shining, others dark brown like chocolate. We could see the people wandering on and on in the dimness of the cave. As we followed, in making a little turn to the left, we came to the Flower Garden. It struck me as rather a sorry representation. This is what it was : stalagmites springing up perfectly stiff and straight, so unlike the countless stalks and stems of natural bushes. And think of a rose, or a lily, represented by a bunch of dark, lustreless stone on the end of a stalagmite.

Not far from here, high up on the dark wall of rock, is a string of fish so perfect that you imagine yourself in a real fish market. There at the end of the string is the large shad, then a blue fish with all the marks and colors belonging to him; way up at the other end is the tiny minnow; shape and color are perfect, and every little scale is shining.

Then we passed by an awful looking place called "Pluto's Cavern," very dark and very deep; I believe the bottom has never been sounded. Suddenly, as we peeped into a lovely nook in the side of the rocky wall, the "Frozen Fountain" flashed upon us. As we came nearer we saw stone shining, not the ice of a real fountain; for it was perfectly white and opaque. On we went through muddy passages and large openings in the rocks, passing what seem the ruins of some ancient temple. Surely these are the pure Corinthian Columns, perfect in their slender grace and white as alabaster. On and on we went, through the shadows, almost running into the "Blanket." This stalagmite is just the color of a well-worn blanket, and looks as if some one had taken it by one corner and hung it up on the wall. Even the folds are there as if lately pressed by some sleeper; maybe it is the blanket of the Giant of Luray.

In a corridor, the top of which we could not see, were tremendous stalactites, coming down and meeting stalagmites, thus forming enormous columns reaching upward to unknown height. This is the "Giant's Hall," and it is worthy of the name. One fancied that had Jack the Giant Killer gone to this subterranean hall, he need only have peeped behind one of these mammoth pillars to find giants with one, two or three heads, according to his fancy.

We left the giants to their gloom and their grandeur, and joined the crowd at the foot of some steps. At the top of these steps we saw the "Bird's Nest," only a little hole in the rock holding two small white stones. This we thought a failure.

We were wandering along through the vast halls, the shining columns on all sides, when, turning to our left, we saw the "Organ" with its pipes of brownish stalactites. Some thought

this was a perfect representation; but we came to the conclusion that it took a very broad stretch of the imagination to see an organ, for the pipes were not regular, and one had to strike the only pipe that would sound at all very hard to hear the one hollow tone. Not finding this very interesting, we were going further, when right before us we saw the cutest little group of figures. First, there was a monk in cowl and robe. He was about a foot high and of cream colored rock, and his robes were of the same. As if talking to him was a nun, her veil falling on either side of her face, and her dress hanging in straight folds. Then, walking off in the distance, were two more nuns. They were all on an elevation of the rocks in the shadow of a large rock, and in the half light that fell on them, looked like real beings.

At last we wended our way back to the mouth of the cave, up the narrow stairs, and out into the fresh, cool air; and all of us were more gay and jolly than excursionists, after a hard day's work, are apt to be.

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### LIFE ON A COTTON FARM.

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My interest in cotton farming having been roused by a glowing account that I read in a Southern "Journal of Industry," I took an opportunity in the winter of '78 to visit one in South Carolina, near the Pee Dee River. This section of country is especially suited to cotton, as some peculiarity of the river acts, to a large extent, as a fertilizer. On those portions of the farm lying nearest the river, the finest cotton was produced without any other fertilizer. The only trouble was that the freshets of September often completely destroyed the crops.

A person accustomed to gaiety would scarcely enjoy life on a cotton-farm. At first the novelty would be agreeable; but as soon as this wore off, one who had not an interest in the farm would find the monotony very tiresome.

January is given to clearing up new land and burning the dead cotton-stalks. This kind of work often proves dangerous; for if the hands are not particular, the sparks blown by the wind light the neighboring woods. I sometimes thought that the boys intentionally set fire to the woods, for they really seemed to enjoy fighting the flames, and never showed signs of being tired when the excitement was over. After the clearing is over they split rails with which to mend old broken fences and build new ones.

About the first of March the ploughing begins, and to me this work was most interesting. The ploughs glided smoothly through the earth, turning up all the roots left by the last year's crop; these were then easily gathered and burned.

This work is soon finished, and then, as far as the eye can reach, you see nothing but a continued stretch of brown land furrowed in straight rows. Next comes the work of fertilizing. Most of the fertilizers are obtained from the pine woods, and the experienced farmer uses as much of these native fertilizers as possible; for too much guano mixed with the soil parches the plant when the hot suns of July and August come. One can scarcely distinguish the men from the women as the field hands come from their quarters early in the morning, each wearing a great "crocus" apron. These aprons they use for carrying the manure, which they scatter with their hands. The fertilizing finished, the ground is again ploughed to mix the soils, and then all is ready for planting.

Cotton is sown by means of planters, which are so arranged as to drop the seeds regularly and to cover them at the same time. It is wonderful to see how quickly these seeds come up. Two or three days after the planting little green stems bearing a seed peep just above the ground. Soon the seed bursts open and shows two green leaves. The plant remains at this stage longer than at any other; for the stem must have time to harden. As soon as the plants are mature enough the hands thin them out, and bring the field to "a stand." I was somewhat surprised at the quickness with which the laborers accomplished this work.



Many seeds drop at the same time, and as each plant requires much nutriment, it is necessary to thin the plants out until at least one foot apart. The hands had to be very careful with this work; but in some way they managed with wonderful dexterity, never failing to leave just one plant, and that the best-looking of the bunch.

The warm April showers further the growth of grass as well as of cotton, and often before the hands can finish hoeing out the cotton, the grass is up. This has to be hoed out until so weakened as to be killed by the hot summer suns. When the cotton is about two feet high it begins to bloom, and now it is "laid by" (let alone) until fall. The blooms of this plant form one of its most interesting features; the first day they are cream white, next morning a delicate pink, and the third day deep red. The fields look particularly pretty early in the morning while the dew is yet fresh upon them. A little stretch of the imagination might make a cotton field seem one large bouquet, having for its foliage the woods which lie in the background. The bloom, falling off, leaves a tiny green bud, and this gradually forms into bolls. Very rarely do these come to perfection until the first of September. As they open, they split into pods, showing the beautiful white substance within.

By the first of October the fields are fully ripe, and all hands begin to pick cotton. At the dawn of day we see them hurrying to the fields, their cotton sacks at their sides and baskets on their heads. The snow-white fields show the Africans to good advantage, and we think sometimes that their hands must soil the cotton; but, strange to say, they are cleaner with their work than are the white pickers. It was my delight to watch them as they came in from the fields at twilight, singing beautiful old songs. They looked the happiest of people.

As soon as enough cotton was gathered, it was ginned. On the farm this process was carried on by steam, so it took little time. The great pile of seed deposited just outside the gin-house showed with what rapidity the work was done. Soon the

children were having a fine time jumping from the second floor of the house to roll down the mountain of seeds. The lint cotton was now ready to be pressed in a screw, an arrangement for packing the cotton, whence it was turned out ready to be marked for the market. This was soon done, and with the first bales of the season I returned to my home.

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### KENILWORTH.

---

Our Rhetoric-class has had so much hard work to do, that our teacher wished us to have some pleasure; so she said that each girl might invite a friend and come to her every Wednesday evening, when she would read us one of Scott's novels. This is the way our Scott-Club was formed.

The first novel read was Kenilworth. This was selected because it is considered by many to be one of Scott's best, and because it was so fascinating that while we were noticing Scott's *diction, figures and sentences*, we were so interested in the story as to look forward to our readings with pleasure. We had not read very far before we were informed that we were expected to write a composition on Kenilworth when the book was finished. Our teacher said she did not care how we took the subject. The only point was a good composition which should be in some way about Kenilworth. This idea kept us from giving our whole hearts to the subject, as we otherwise would have done; for every now and then the thought would come over us that when we reached the end, and knew what had become of Amy, we should also reach our composition.

When we went to these readings we almost always took some work to keep our hands busy, while in imagination we saw the vivid pictures that Scott alone can portray. Often our work has fallen unheeded into our laps while we waited breathlessly to see what was coming next. Perhaps just then the bell would

ring. Imagine, if you can, how our faces lengthened and our spirits fell at this unwelcome sound. We knew that the book was closed then, and we had heard the last word from Kenilworth for another week. We sometimes tried to imagine between the readings what was coming next; but that was of no use, as our imaginations always led us astray. All of Scott's characters are so life-like and his scenes so vivid, that for the time his readers felt as if among them. It seemed to us that we were on some high pinnacle looking down on all that occurred in Kenilworth.

"Our friends" in this book are nearly all taken from real life, and their adventures are founded upon historical events. This is one of the many things which make Kenilworth interesting.

Has any traveller ever been to England and not had a Giles Gosling among his hosts? I cannot imagine a character like Flibbertigibbett, but "Truth is stranger than fiction." We do know that there was a giant at Kenilworth Castle at the time of Queen Elizabeth's visit to that place; so there really may have been a Dickie Sludge too. Wayland Smith was an odd character also; but everything he did might have been done if the person who performed the deeds had had as his master a man (but was he a man, or worse?) like Alasco.

Scott has shown Elizabeth's love of money in her eager reception of the silver cup filled with gold coins, which was handed to her when she was at Warwick. He has also shown her self-control and sagacity in many acts; her sagacity in the choice of her ministers, who were men like Burleigh, men on whom she could rely and by whose advice she could be guided. He has shown her self-control in many ways; but perhaps best in the famous scene at Kenilworth Castle, when Leicester confessing Amy to be his wife, Elizabeth is carried away with passion as she learns she has been deceived, and by Leicester. Her anger is terrible; but only a few words of caution from Burleigh and she commands herself.

We were all very much in love with Amy. She had a beautiful character, and was so trusting that she could not believe evil

of Leicester. Varney did all he could to prove to her that his dark plan was Leicester's wish; indeed, he seldom told her anything that Leicester had not wished. It was Varney who persuaded him to his crooked course; and Amy, knowing Leicester's better nature when with her, would not believe that he could be so changed, even by Varney.

We all admired Tressilian, and could not help feeling sorry for him, as he never seemed to do anything at the right time, and was always committing some act which would, in the end, destroy all hope of accomplishing what he wished.

Sir Walter Raleigh was very nice, but we would have liked him to be a little more truthful. When we think of the time in which he lived, and how lightly truth was held, we excuse him a little; especially when we remember that he had strength and generosity of character, and never used duplicity to serve his own ends, but those of his country and his Queen. Anyhow, we were fond of him, and thought that had he lived when truth was regarded as it should be, he would have been perfect.

Not all of Scott's characters in this book are sad; for who could help laughing at Sir Nicholas Blount and his yellow rosettes?

I do not think that there is any one who would object to a friend like Janet. Her father, Anthony Foster, could not have been wholly bad; had he been so, he could not have loved Janet as he did, and would not have had so much faith in her prayers.

The "Old Dominie," with his long Latin phrases, was a very queer character. Tressilian had the full benefit of the Dominie's learning when he asked where he could get his horse shod.

There were two characters in Kenilworth about whom we girls could not agree, and these were Leicester and Varney. Some of the girls grew furious if anything was said against Leicester, and the rest could not express their opinion of a man who, hiding his baseness beneath the cloak of his servant, was led whither that servant would. We thought that Leicester would have been as bad as Varney if he had been as strong. Then he was so unutterably mean, trying to quiet his conscience for any evil

deeds by blaming others and not himself. Although Varney was bad, he was strong, and always owned to himself his meanness; nor did he try to excuse himself by blaming others.

After Amy's death we were all very sad, and thought that the end had surely come, and that nothing bright could happen; but "nothing comes but the unexpected," and Janet and Wayland Smith were married and lived happily at Cumnor Place. We were all glad of this, and began Guy Mannering with much more pleasure, having learned that Scott reserved something happy for the end.

---

#### LEICESTER AND VARNEY.

---

The lives of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Richard Varney, his Master of Horse, form the foundation of Scott's novel, "Kenilworth."

The characters of Varney and Leicester, as depicted by Scott, are as like and yet as unlike as only human character knows how to be. Their stations though closely connected differed widely; Leicester was one of England's noble earls, bred in luxury and refinement, having in short, every advantage of the time, of which he chose to avail himself; Varney, on the other hand, though of good birth, was so far beneath Leicester that he was highly honored to be his Master of Horse. From the little that we know of Varney's youth it seems that he may not have been surrounded by any of those pure and ennobling influences which make great and good men. Both Varney and Leicester were deeply involved in the double policies which characterize the sixteenth century. Leicester by nature was very weak, while Varney had an iron will and an ambition which nothing could daunt. As soon as Varney came in contact with Leicester the power of his superior will asserted itself by the ascendancy which he gained, and he used this advantage to urge on Leicester's struggle for court favor.

For a while Varney's power over Leicester seemed partly balanced by Leicester's love for Amy; but his fear of Varney and his longing for power, must have been from the first the greater with the Earl, or he had not kept Amy mewed up in Cumnor Hall when she prayed him to acknowledge her. When Leicester married Amy he was Elizabeth's favorite. Varney saw at once that Elizabeth's regard had in it something more than friendship, and he resolved that, come what would, his master should profit by it to the utmost. With this object in view, Varney so worked upon Leicester's weakness and vanity that he involved both himself and his master in that course which utterly ruined him, and, for a time, Leicester.

But had Leicester, who should have been so far superior to Varney, any excuse for allowing the latter to make him act dishonorably? Indeed, so far did Leicester forget his duty and honor that we find him, not only allowing Varney to commit bad deeds, but to make himself a cloak for his, Leicester's, guilt and deceit. Take, for instance, the time when Elizabeth asked Leicester about the part which his Master of Horse had taken in leading Amy Robsart from her home: he allowed Varney to take all the blame, and standing by, he heard Varney tell falsehood after falsehood to hide his, Leicester's, guilt. Also, when Amy did not appear at Kenilworth and Elizabeth demanded the cause, Leicester not only let Varney state that Mrs. Varney was indisposed, but supported his testimony to that effect. From whatever point we examine Leicester's character it seems dark; and whatever good traits were mingled with his many evil ones were so feeble as to go but little way towards redeeming him. Nor had Leicester sufficient strength to compel the admiration which one is forced to yield to power. The only feeling which he can excite is one of pity and contempt. In Varney we find gifts which command admiration; and though these gifts were turned to bad purposes, he had in him what Leicester had not—the makings of a man.

Varney's great sin was ambition, and for it he so sacrificed all goodness that he seems never to have had any. His one object

was that Leicester should marry Elizabeth, and make not only himself, but Varney, great and honored. He resolved to gain his object by any course, however base it might be. With this end in view he practised on Leicester's weakness. But what was the Lord of Leicester better, keeping Amy, whom he pretended to love, shut up in Cumnor Hall, deceiving his Queen, and guilty of every manner of falsehood and deceit?

Varney's last act, the murder of the pure and beautiful Amy, surpassed in its blackness every other; but as he had gradually led himself to that point where only one obstacle stood between him and his long sought prize, it was much more like human nature to overcome the obstacle than to retrace the difficult steps already taken.

While condemning Varney's dark and double policies, we cannot help admiring the dexterity with which he formed his plans, and his courage and skill in executing them.

Varney loved Leicester as much as he was capable of loving any one. And such as his affection was, he proved true to it even to the end; for when he found that all his plans had failed, he did not expose Leicester. Varney's great fault, ambition, characterizes many of our noblest men. Why, then, may not Varney have been noble? Because the ambition of those whom we call noble has had a noble aim and has been honest, while Varney's ambition was utterly dishonest, selfish and despicable. Yet, although he was so selfish and base, the very strength and courage which he used in his vile deeds gives us reason to suppose that, had he not from his very childhood been placed in a position fraught with temptations, he might have become a wise and good man. But we can imagine Leicester nothing but the contemptible man that he was. Had his life been entirely free from temptation he might have gotten on very well, but his weak mind must ever have made him liable to go with the tide.

*THE STORY OF A KITTEN.*

---

It was one cold, dreary winter night that a tiny kitten came into the world. Away under the cellar of a dark and dirty house the old cat and her kitten stayed for the night. Nobody knew of them, nobody troubled them, until in the morning came down two little girls who were looking for eggs, and spied the tiny ball of fur lying in the chimney corner. "Oh! the horrid little thing," said one of them, "its eyes are shut and I can't see them one bit." Then they went off and left the little one in peace.

Several weeks went by and no one else knew of Kitty, who had a very poor time. One morning a thin, dirty, and forlorn little thing walked into the house, and into a room where the family were sitting. "Knock that brute out," said the father; whereupon his son kicked her out of the door, squalling.

From that time forth Kitty found no peace nor comfort, except when she went to the kitchen and sat by the stove. Now and then Cook gave her a saucer of milk.

Things went on from bad to worse, and on an unlucky day one of the children knocked against Kitty and became so enraged that she took her out and threw her into the chicken-trough. When the child was out of sight, Kitty climbed up the side of the trough and pushed away the boards which the child had put there.

She could stand it no longer. Over the fence she got, and found herself alone in a large city. It was growing late and toward night. After wandering along and crying for some time, Kitty reached a pleasant street. A little girl on a porch near by said she heard something cry as if it were a kitten. In a minute the kind child had Kitty in the parlor. "Oh! how wet and miserable and thin! Where could this kitten have come from?" said she.



Some milk was gotten, and Kitty was wiped dry and put down beside the fire. How nice and warm she felt, and how she loved the sweet child. She could only show her gratitude by purring and winking. Never before had she received any kindness, any petting.

Three times a day Kitty was taken and fed by her mistress in the dining-room. They were so devoted to each other that, when one day the child was taken sick, her pet would not leave her, but stayed on the bed by her side.

The little girl died, and was buried. No one saw Kitty for several days. One evening some one went to the grave and saw the loving little pussy lying upon it, quite dead.

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### THE PRAIRIES OF TEXAS.

---

A desire for freedom is born in the soul, a repugnance to all walls and bonds, a longing for wider fields and purer air. And there are times when my spirit would gladly fly to the grassy plains of my Texas home, where no forests rise to break the aerial currents; where the sight, unstopped by mountain walls, may fly with thought through the clear atmosphere toward boundless infinity. Around us, below our feet, as far as sight can reach, the prairie's wide expanse; above, no twig nor leaflet to shut off even a ray of the great smile of heaven, whose

Glorious light  
Encompasses and pervades us.

'Tis here it seems we may most easily be freed from self; for it is here that nature shows us such vastness as to make us forget our petty world and breathes into us the power of greater comprehension.

A waving sea of grass, bounded only by the blue sky, dimpled by the passing breezes, warmed by a flood of light; images of the white summer clouds falling in blue shadows

on the waves; a bright phosphorescence here and there gleaming from the dark green in spots of gaily colored flowers; further in the distance the grassy tuit melting into a grayish purple, and that in turn into the blueness of the sky. This is but a sketch; no artist could paint the picture justly, for where is the canvas to hold it all? where is the brush to imitate that upon which nature has lavished her purest, most glorious coloring? Here are flowers of the greatest variety and color. Before the pale strawberry bloom hangs its head in blushing fruit, the prairies are spangled with stars of every tuit, the grass, pink and dandelion, push up their heads among the tender grasses; later, the delicate oxalis, verbena, and sweet-william are in bloom, and soon the pink, yellow, and white mimosas peep from among their tender leaves, and the pride of the Texas prairie, the standing cypress, waves like a fiery scepter its blazing rod of scarlet stars. When the browned prairies are swept by wintry winds, the compass-plant lifts its rough, weather-beaten hand, and, unheeding rain and wind, directs the traveller through storm and sunshine always to the north. There are many more plants and flowers; but they are so many that even names for them all have not yet been found.

Voices are heard on these lonely plains, the hum of the bee, the pipe of the prairie-chicken, the note of the quail, and the whirring of a partridge in its low flight. In the fall the prairies put on a russet dress, but brightened with so many touches of brilliant color that they seem no older than in the spring-time of their youth. And they are at this time visited by merry hunting-parties; some, with swift-footed hounds, chase the mule-eared rabbit, while others drive the partridges into nets, and others still, prefer the larger, nobler game, the deer.

But our prairies are not made for sports only; the busy hand of man turns this beautiful hunting-ground into a pasture for sheep and cattle. In the western part of Texas these prairies are divided into ranches which furnish pasture for innumerable herds. This is a most lucrative business, and is bringing great wealth into the State. Here also are farms of the richest land

begging to be tilled; here are no rocky hills to level and no forests to uproot. And progress is steadily taking its course through our lovely plains, converting their wild beauty into fields of grain and cotton. Now, in place of the white-covered emigrant-wagon, slowly appearing on the western horizon, the great steam-king comes with a rush, pouring down upon us a tide of population. And still they come, and will continue to come, to a country of such vast and unemployed resources, bringing intelligence and energy to develop the natural wealth of our prairie State. Thus the Lone Star rises higher and brighter each year.

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*FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.*

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DRESDEN, GERMANY,  
 . BURGERWIESE STRASSE, 19-III, }  
 July 14, 1881. }

To my unspeakable relief and joy, on inquiring this morning at the post-office, I found letters bringing my first news from home, as the whole of the world on your side of the Atlantic begins now to seem to me. \* \* \* Miss N. and I haven't quite recovered from the fatigue of our long journey by sea and land. We have, nevertheless, managed to see a good deal in the five days which have passed since our arrival in Dresden. There is a very fine collection of modern paintings now on exhibition here (like the Loan Collection at the Metropolitan Museum in New York), which we visited in company with Fraülein F. and her niece. We have also been to the great and famous Picture Gallery, the extent and magnificence of which overwhelmed us with wonder and admiration. Dresden is indeed beautiful. You see so many squares filled with trees and flowers that you can't realize that you are in the midst of a large city. The Bürgerwiese Platz, in front of our house, runs on till it merges in the

lovely park called the "Grosse Garten." This German word reminds me to stop here a moment and tell you that, to my great surprise and pleasure, I have been quite successful in speaking German, making myself understood in shops, restanrants, etc., understanding most of what is said to me, and even writing a German letter to Fran B. But to return to the Grosse Garten. In this very beautiful and highly cultivated park, we had yesterday evening a pleasant walk with Fraülein K. and a young English girl who boards with her. The walks and grass are in the neatest order, and the flowers are the most beautiful I ever saw. We left the house at half-past seven o'clock, and from the high steps of the Rietschel Museum (a handsome building in the park, devoted to a collection of the works of the famous Dresden sculptor, Rietschel), watched a lovely sunset over the beautiful landscape of the park, and the towers and spires of Dresden. It doesn't grow dark here now until nearly ten o'clock, and we sat on a bench, under the trees, and listened, a little way off, to the fine music of an open-air concert, rendered by a full military orchestra. To us it was a free entertainment; for, as we were too tired to stay through the whole concert, we did not go within the "Magic Circle" (where fifty pfennige, or twelve and a half cents was the price of admission), but sat under the trees a short distance outside. All over the city, but particularly on the banks of the pretty river Elbe, are scattered the most delightful evening resorts, called by the odious name of Bier-garten. You enter for the small sum mentioned just now, either go into the building, which is all doors and windows, or sit under the trees (the whole place being beautifully illuminated), order whatever refreshment you want, coffee, chocolate, anything, and listen to the beautiful music of a fine orchestra. We have been once to one of these gardens, and we are going again this evening.

*Monday, July 18.*—At seven o'clock Saturday morning, Miss N., Dr. W., and I, in one of the small steamboats that ply up and down the river, made an excursion about fifteen miles down the Elbe, to the quaint and interesting old town of Meissen, where we saw its Cathedral, the Schloss, or Castle of the King, which

is now being magnificently restored, and, best of all, the famous manufactory of Dresden china. After a very pleasant day, we reached Dresden again at nine o'clock, when, however, it was still quite light.

Miss N. and I often go to the Picture Gallery; and, among all its famous treasures, we most enjoy Raphael's Sistine Madonna. It seems to me that I could look at it always, and derive greater pleasure from it every moment. In the curtained apartment enshrining it, a circle of silent worshippers is always to be found. Another favorite picture of mine is the "St. Cecilia at the Organ," in which the face and expression are most beautiful.

On Tuesday, accompanied by Dr. W., we visited the wonderful Green Vaults, under the King's Castle, containing all the regalia of the Saxon Kingdom, and a great number of art-treasures.

On Thursday Dr. W. went with us to a Symphony Concert at the Belvidere, on the beautiful terrace on the river, which used to belong to the Palace of Count Brühl, and so is called the Brühl'schen Terrasse. The music was truly delightful, including, besides much more that was charming, a most beautiful symphony of Mozart's.

*July 27.*—After dinner to-day Miss N. and I took an hour's drive in a droschky, for the moderate fare of sixteen cents apiece, to the old Roman Catholic burying-ground, where we saw the grave and monument of Carl Maria von Weber, not at all handsome or well kept (there is a beautiful statue of him, however, in front of the Hof-Theater), and also the last resting-place of Schlegel.

A word as to the Dresden climate. We have had three or four very hot days since I have been here, but the evenings and nights have been cool; and now days and nights are both fairly cold and like our autumn weather.

*Berlin, August 6.*—Bidding a regretful good-bye to dear old Dresden, and taking the train at 6 P. M. yesterday in company with Mr. and Mrs. S., who had arrived at Dresden from Vienna the day before, Miss N. and I found ourselves in the German capital after a three hours' ride. Till we rent an etage and

establish ourselves at house-keeping in a small way with the S.'s, we have taken up our quarters at Margraf's Hotel de l'Europe, a plain but very comfortable house. Dear old Dresden, with its narrow streets, dark (but very nice) old shops, and houses looking hundreds of years old, is dwarfed into insignificance by this wide, grand, massive Berlin; but I look back with affectionate recollection to our own little Bürgerwiese with its trees and flowers, and Miss N. and I should feel utterly lost in this vast city, if it were not for the S.'s.

August 10.—I must tell you something about an interesting collection of wax figures which we saw Monday (I know you would have liked it), life-like representations of all the great German and French statesmen of the present century, and of many poets and other famous writers, living and dead. There was also in the museum a room filled with ancient instruments of torture, of execution, &c. There was, besides, a great variety of pretty scenes and figures in wax, and oh! I don't know how many other things, old coats of mail, the ordinary plain suit that Frederick the Great used to wear, his flute, the cradle of Napoleon's son, the little King of Rome, *and so forth*. Walking around, as if to admire all these curiosities, was an enormous Russian, seven and a half feet high, and so large that I really trembled, when he passed me, for fear he should fall and crush me; while by his side, with the absurdly old and settled face these dwarfs always have, walked a Liliputian woman, reaching not far above the giant's knee. Tell dear H., I saw here the most beautiful "Snow-belle" she can imagine, borne by the dwarfs in her crystal coffin over the mountains, and wished with all my heart that my dear little girl could view the fairy scene with me.

August 18.—On Monday, after taking my music lesson at the Conservatory, I went, with Herr Kullak's permission, into the Kinder-Spielen, and heard some of the younger pupils play. I was never in my life more astonished. One of the children, not more than twelve years old, I am sure, played beautifully Beethoven and Mendelssohn; and all played wonderfully well, with such style and execution as I never saw in America. Herr

Kullak seems to deserve his world-wide fame as a teacher; he is just as careful and painstaking as it is possible to be. I am having a hard time now getting my hands in order, after my long want of practice and lessons; but I hope under his teaching soon to improve. Saturday evening we went to the Royal Opera House to hear Gounod's Opera of Romeo and Juliet. To-day (Sunday) the weather has been bright, clear, and beautiful, and I enjoyed the walk to and from the English church (at least a mile) very much. Since we rented a pew, we no longer have to wait, with the throng in the vestibule, to be shown a seat after the Second Lesson. \* \* \* \* \*

I hope English women dress better at home than they do abroad, for from such taste (I mean want of it) as they display in their costumes "excuse me," if you please.

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## THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MAYOR A.	ALEC—LAURA'S HUSBAND.
MRS. A.	MATILDA—LAURA'S FRIEND.
LAURA—THEIR DAUGHTER.	

### ACT I.

A richly furnished room. A sofa on the right hand and one on the left, both in the foreground. In the middle a table surrounded by arm-chairs. In the background a door leading into an ante-room. A small table, piled with newspapers, stands before one of the sofas.

#### SCENE FIRST.

The Mayor on one sofa, reading the paper. Alec on the other with a newspaper upon his knees. Mrs. A. by the table, knitting. Enter Laura; later, Matilda.

LAURA.—Good morning, Mamma. (Kisses her).

MRS. A.—Good morning, my love. Have you slept well?

LAU.—O, certainly. Good morning, Papa. (Kisses him).

MAYOR.—Good morning, my dear child, good morning! Are you in a good humor?

LAU.—O, certainly! (Passes Alec). Good morning, Alec. (Sits down near the table, opposite her mother).

ALEC.—Good morning.

MRS. A.—I am very sorry, my dear, that I cannot go to the C's ball to-night, but the long ride there in such cold March weather,—

MAY.—(Reading). Mamma is not well; she coughed last night.

LAU.—Again!

MAY.—Twice. (Mrs. A. coughs. Mayor looks up). You hear? Mamma must not go out under any circumstances.

LAU.—Then I will not go.

MAY.—That will be best, the weather is so raw. (To Mrs. A). But, dear, you have no shawl around you! Where is your shawl?

LAU.—Alec, get Mamma's shawl, it is hanging in the next room. (Exit Alec).

MRS. A.—We are not having real spring weather yet. I wonder why there is no fire!

LAU.—(To Alec, who has just put the shawl around her mother's shoulders). Alec, ring the bell, and have a fire made. (He rings).

MRS. A.—If none of us go to the ball, we must send word to the C's. Alec, you will see about that?

ALEC.—Certainly;—but will it do to stay away from this ball?

LAU.—You heard that Mamma coughed last night?

ALEC.—Yes, I heard. But the ball is given by the only friend I have in the place, solely in our honor. Can we stay at home?

LAU.—We should have no pleasure in going, if Mamma were not with us.

ALEC.—We must often do things which are no pleasure to us.



LAU.—When it is our duty—yes. But our first duty concerns Mamma, who cannot possibly stay at home alone when she is sick.

ALEC.—I have not yet perceived that Mamma is sick.

MAY.—(Reading). She coughed twice last night. And a moment ago she coughed for the third time.

MRS. A.—Alec means that I am not ill, and he is right.

MAY.—(Reading). A cough may become very dangerous. (Coughs). The chest, the lungs—(coughs again). I do not think I am quite well.

LAU.—Dear Papa, you are too thinly dressed.

MRS. A.—You are dressed as if it were summer, and spring is barely here.

MAY.—The fire will soon be burning. (Coughs again). No, I certainly am not well.

LAU.—Alec, you might read us something from the papers while breakfast is getting ready.

ALEC.—With pleasure. But I should like first to know if we really are not going to the ball.

LAU.—You can go, and excuse us.

MRS. A.—That will not do. You must remember that you are a bridal pair.

ALEC.—But that is just the reason I think that Laura cannot stay at home. In the first place, she must remember that she is my wife, and therefore the ball concerns us both. Neither of us should be away; and as a ball is generally for young people—

MRS. A.—And not for the elders—

LAU.—Thank you. But Mamma has begun to dance again since I have been grown. I have never been to a ball which Mamma has not opened.

MRS. A.—But Alec means that I am not obliged to go.

MAY.—(Reading). Mamma dances very gracefully.

ALEC.—As I, who have often had the honor of opening the ball with her, should certainly know. But now there are some fifty people invited, and our friends have gone to much trouble and expense merely on our account; it would be inexcusable in us to disappoint them.

MAY.—(Reading). We can give them a ball in return.

MRS. A.—Especially since we already owe one.

LAU.—Yes, it will be better so; we have more room, too.  
(Pause).

ALEC.—(Over Laura's chair). And your new ball dress, my first present; will not that induce you? Blue gauze and silver stars. Will these stars shine this evening for the first time?

LAU.—(Smiling). No; stars cannot shine on a ball from which Mamma is absent.

ALEC.—Well, I'll send a regret. (Going).

MAY.—(Reading). Perhaps I had better write a few lines.  
(Alec stops).

MRS. A.—Yes, you can do it best.

(Enter Matilda, followed by a servant, who opens the folding-doors.)

MAT.—Breakfast is ready.

MAY.—(Offering his arm to his wife). Keep your shawl on, my dear, it is cold in the next room. (*Exeunt*).

ALEC.—(Offering Laura his arm, and following them). Can I speak to you a moment, before we go in? (Remains standing at the door).

LAU.—We have to go to breakfast now.

ALEC.—(To Matilda, who is behind them). O, after you!  
(Exit Matilda and the servant).

SCENE SECOND.

Alec, Laura; later, Matilda.

ALEC.—You are not to be persuaded? Do go with me to the ball.

LAU.—I thought that was what you wanted!

ALEC.—Do it for my sake!

LAU.—You have just heard that Mamma and Papa do not wish it.

ALEC.—But I wish it.

LAU.—When Mamma and Papa do not?

ALEC.—So you first act as their daughter, and then as my wife?

LAU.—(Laughing). Yes, certainly; that is quite natural.

ALEC.—No, it is not natural, for only two days ago you promised to leave father and mother and follow me.

LAU.—(Laughing). To a ball? No; I did not promise that.

ALEC.—Wherever I wished.

LAU.—But you are not in earnest, dear Alec. It is not possible!

ALEC.—But it is possible, if you wish it.

LAU.—Yes, but I do not wish it.

ALEC.—On that day you also heard that the husband is lord of the wife; if I wish it you *must* leave them. You have given me your hand upon that, perverse little thing!

LAU.—On the contrary, I married you just so that I might always remain with Mamma and Papa.

ALEC.—Was it so? And you will not stay with me?

LAU.—Yes; but I cannot leave them.

ALEC.—Never?

LAU.—Never? (Hesitates a moment). Yes, when I must, some day.

ALEC.—And when must you?

LAU.—When? When Papa and Mamma are—are—no more. But why should we think of it?

ALEC.—Do not cry, my darling!

LAU.—No—but why did you ask me?

ALEC.—O, Laura, you do not love me!

LAU.—Why do you talk so? You only do it to vex me.

ALEC.—You do not know yet what love is.

LAU.—I do not know? That is not pretty of you.

ALEC.—Then tell me, my darling, just tell me.

LAU.—(Kissing him). There! Now you must not talk any more about it; for you know that I shall cry, and have red eyes, and then Papa and Mamma will want to know why, and if I cannot tell them, you see it will be unpleasant.

ALEC.—Better cry a little now than a great deal hereafter.

LAU.—What have I done, that I should cry at all?

ALEC.—You have given me your hand, but not your heart; your consent, but not your will; yourself, without even knowing why! What should be the greatest and purest joy of my life will be a sorrow to me, and I foresee for us both a gloomy future.

LAU.—Heavens! And this is all my fault?

ALEC.—No; it is my own fault. I have deceived myself with a flattering hope. I thought it would be easy to awaken your love by mine. But I cannot make you understand it. I use all means in vain. Then I must have the courage to take extreme measures.

LAU.—Extreme measures?

ALEC.—O, Laura! I love you so inexpressibly!

LAU.—If that were true you would not grieve me so. I would never act so.

ALEC.—Then grant this one wish of mine, and I will take it as a pledge of the future: Go with me to the ball.

LAU.—But that I cannot do.

ALEC.—O, then, I can put it off no longer.

LAU.—O, you frighten me! You look so cross!

ALEC.—No, no! But this cannot go on any longer; I cannot stand it.

LAU.—Am I, then, so wicked? No one ever called me so before!

ALEC.—Do not cry, my lovely angel! It is not your fault that, whether laughing or crying, you are so wonderfully beautiful. In whatever humor you are, you are always as charming as the fragrance of flowers; and therefore I must have you with me wherever I may be, to jest when I am thoughtful, and laugh when I growl. There, there! no red eyes. There comes Mamma—no, it is Matilda.

MATILDA.—The coffee is getting cold.

ALEC.—We are coming directly—that is, Laura is coming. I would like to speak a few words with you.

MATILDA.—To me?

ALEC.—If you will permit me.

MATILDA.—Certainly.

LAU.—But you are coming immediately ?

ALEC.—Directly, my dear.

LAU.—And you are not vexed with me any more ?

ALEC.—(Following her). I have never been that—never shall be.

LAU.—I am so glad ! (Slips out).

## SCENE THIRD.

Alec and Matilda.

MAT.—What do you wish with me ?

ALEC.—Can you not guess ?

MAT.—No.

ALEC.—You do not trust me any more. (Takes her hand).

Once—

MAT.—(Withdrawing her hand, and turning away). Yes ; once—

ALEC.—And why not now ? (Follows her). What has changed ?

MAT.—You, yourself. You have a wife now !

ALEC.—No, that is just what I have not.

MAT.—How ?

ALEC.—You, who are so observing, must certainly have noticed that.

MAT.—I thought everything was just as you wished.

ALEC.—You give me such strange answers. Have I offended you ?

MAT.—What makes you ask me ?

ALEC.—Because for some time you have avoided me. Only remember how good you used to be to me. It is you that I must thank for everything. Through you alone could I approach her ; I had to make an appointment with you in order to speak to her ; had to offer one arm to you, so that I could offer her the other ; and talk with you in order to win her attention. The sweet child thought she was doing you a service.

MAT.—And yet it was I who served her.

ALEC.—Yes, without knowing it; that was the comic part of it.

MAT.—You are right; that *was* the comic part of it.

ALEC.—But the rumor soon spread that we were secretly betrothed, and Laura was serving us as a blind. So, for your sake, I had to put an end to the matter.

MAT.—Yes, you surprised a good many people.

ALEC.—Even yourself, I think, not to speak of Laura and her parents. But the worst is that I've even surprised my own happiness.

MAT.—What do you mean?

ALEC.—I knew very well that Laura was only a child, yet I thought that her heart would soon mature when love approached. But love is far from her. My rose-bud will not bloom, and I know not how to make her. But you know, you who have known her every wish, you who have understood so well how to sacrifice your own pleasure to another's. Is it not a little your fault that this most important event of her life does not find her quite prepared? Therefore it is your duty to support her in her first movement towards me, to turn her love towards me.

MAT.—I! (Pause).

ALEC.—You will not?

MAT.—No.

ALEC.—But why not?—you love her?

MAT.—That I do! but such a thing—

ALEC.—Is in your power. For you are wiser than the rest of us; you know more about the heart than we. When we sometimes talk of love matters, and you pronounce your opinion, then involuntarily I think of the refrains of old ballads, which sum up in two lines the gist of the whole song.

MAT.—Yes, this is not the first time that I have heard you flatter.

ALEC.—I, flatter? Just this, that I now ask of you, proves, more than anything else, how great my—

MAT.—Enough, enough! I will not do it.

ALEC.—Why not? You should at least be frank.

MAT.—Because—O, because—(Exit).

ALEC.—Now, what has made her so disobliging?

## SCENE FOURTH.

ALEC.—What can be the matter with her? Can she have quarreled with Laura? Can anything have happened in the house? That steady head does not bother itself over trifles. \* \* \* Well, be it what it may, I have other things to think of. If the one cannot understand me, the other will not, and the old people neither can nor will, so I must act on my own responsibility, and the sooner the better. Later it might appear in the eyes of the world a regular family quarrel. I'll do it now, before we get domesticated here. If I do not put a stop to the present state of affairs, it will be the ruin of us all. To try to endure unnatural things is to make oneself a cripple. Here the fine web of etiquette binds me hand and foot. I have to walk on tiptoe; I must creep in and out among their flowers and furniture with precaution, and it is the same with their little customs. I could tear down this whole house more easily than change a single habit. I cannot stir here! It is getting unbearable. I wonder if this sofa could move a little nearer the wall, and this chair stand further from it! would it be against the laws of nature? Or is it a decree, that this table shall stand in this spot for all eternity? Can it be moved? (Moves it). Why, surely it can move! And the sofa, too—why is it so far forward? (Pushes it back). And why are these chairs always in the way? This one shall stand here, and that over there? (Arranges them). For once I'll have room for my legs. I really think I've forgotten how to walk; I have not heard my own footsteps for a whole year, or the sound of my voice; here they are always whispering and coughing. Have I any voice, I wonder? (Sings):

Quickly will I break the band,  
Open wide the dungeon gate;  
Grasp the sword firm in my hand,  
And away to the *comba-at*.

(Enter hurriedly Mayor A., Mrs. A., Laura and Matilda).

LAU.—Why, Alec!

MAT.—What, quite alone?

MRS. A.—Are you at the ball?

MAY.—And providing both dancing and music?

ALEC.—I am amusing myself.

MAY.—With our furniture?

ALEC.—I was trying if they could be moved.

MRS. A.—If they could be moved?

LAU.—But why are you screaming so?

ALEC.—I only wished to hear whether I still had a voice.

LAU.—If you still had a voice?

MRS. A.—There's a large grove behind the house where you can practise.

MAY.—And a water-fall,—if you wish to become a Demosthenes.

LAU.—But, Alec, are you crazy?

ALEC.—No—but I think I soon shall be.

MRS. A.—Has anything unpleasant happened?

ALEC.—Yes, something very unpleasant.

MRS. A.—What is it? Perhaps the mail has brought you bad news?

ALEC.—No, that's not it,—but I am unhappy.

MRS. A.—Two days after your marriage!

MAY.—A very curious way of showing it!

ALEC.—Oh, I am often this way—

MRS. A.—But what is it for? You are not nearly so happy as we expected. Tell us, my dear boy, what is your trouble? We are your parents now!

ALEC.—I have wanted to do it for a long time; but my courage always failed me.

MRS. A.—Why, are we not good to you?

ALEC.—You are too good.

MAY.—What do you mean by that?

ALEC.—That everything here is too good for me,—that I have not proved my strength here, my desire for action, for work and struggle. I cannot satisfy my ambition.



MAY.—No? what do you want more?

ALEC.—I want to work for myself, to have only myself to thank for my position in society. I wish to be somebody!

MAY.—What! Whims! (Goes to the door).

MRS. A.—But we must rid him of them; he is now our daughter's husband. What do you wish to be, my dear? A government official?

ALEC.—No. But my uncle, who has about the largest law-practise here, has for some time wanted to take me into partnership.

MRS. A.—But you cannot carry on your business here, Alec?

MAY.—(From the door). Whims! Whims! Come to breakfast.

MRS. A.—Am I not right? You could not carry on your business here.

ALEC.—No, but I can move to the city.

MRS. A.—Move to the city! (Pause. Mayor A. comes back).

MAY.—That's perfectly impossible.

MRS. A.—But there's something behind this. Something worries you. (Whispers). Are you in debt?

ALEC.—Thank you, my dear parents,—I am not in debt.

MRS. A.—What is it, then, Alec? You have been very strange for some time. What is the matter with you, dearest?

MAY.—Whims, all whims! and its all dyspepsia. Don't you remember when I ate lobsters the other day? Come and drink a glass of sherry, and you'll forget all about these things.

ALEC.—No. My mind must have work, my ambition air,—I am bored to death.

MRS. A.—Two days after the marriage!

MAY.—Then for goodness' sake do something. What stands in your way? Do you wish to manage one of my estates? Do you wish to make improvements, do you wish—yes, you shall do all that you wish. I like to see that you have plans, and there is plenty of money at your service, only don't make a fuss.

ALEC.—But then I would have to thank you for everything, and feel myself dependent.

MAY.—And you would rather be under obligations to your uncle?

ALEC.—He gives me nothing. I must pay for everything.

MAY.—Ah! With what?

ALEC.—With my work—and, well, perhaps you would lend me something.

MAY.—Not a penny.

ALEC.—But why not?

MAY.—I will tell you; because my son-in-law is my son-in-law, and not a speculating advocate, who hangs out his shingle as a bait to the mob.

ALEC.—Then you consider an advocate's position dishonorable?

MAY.—No. But you have been received into one of the oldest and richest families in the country, into a family whose past you are bound to hold in honor, in which, from time immemorial, the son has succeeded the father in his estates. But not one has been an office-seeker or a fortune-hunter. The official positions which I have occupied have all been offered to me; but never have I solicited one. And you, with your knowledge and talents, need not go about begging; but remain here quietly, and you will be offered more than you can wish.

MRS. A.—But, my dear, do not get so excited, you will make yourself sick. Let us get these things in order. Alec, be sensible. Papa cannot bear any agitation. Laura, get papa a glass of water. Come, dear, let us go back into the dining-room.

MAY.—Thank you, my appetite is gone.

MRS. A.—There, you see!—Alec, Alec!

LAU.—Fie, Alec!

MRS. A.—Sit down, my dear, sit down. Goodness, how red your face is!

MAY.—It is so warm here!

MRS. A.—It is the stove, Matilda, put the fire out.

MAY.—Put—put the chair back in its place—and the table. There, I feel better.

MRS. A.—Things will get crooked when a stranger comes into the family!

MAY.—But such a thing! I have never been contradicted in my life until to-day.

MRS. A.—Well,—it will never happen again. He will soon learn who you are, and what he has to thank you for.

MAY.—And the first time—by my son-in-law!

MRS. A.—He will repent it as long as you live, and after your death, he will never have any rest. Let us hope that our loving intercourse will help him. Alec has seemed bewitched lately.

LAU.—Yes, has he not?

MRS. A.—Gracious! Laura, what is the matter?

LAU.—Nothing.

MRS. A.—Laura, are you hiding something from us?

MAY.—Has it come to this?

LAU.—I assure you, my dear parents, it is nothing, only——.

BOTH.—Only——?

LAU.—No, no, it is nothing; but you frighten me so!

BOTH.—She is crying!

MAT.—(Going to her). She is crying!

MAY.—Young man! why is my daughter crying?

LAU.—But, Papa, Papa, look at me, I am not crying at all now!

MRS. A. AND MAT.—Yes, Laura is crying!

ALEC.—Yes, and she will cry until some change takes place here! (Pause; they all look at him). Well, since so much has been said, I may as well say the rest; our marriage is not happy; for the greatest condition is not fulfilled.

MRS. A.—Just Heaven! what is he saying?

MAY.—Be quiet; let me speak. What do you mean, sir?

ALEC.—Laura does not love me——.

LAU.—Yes, that is what he says.

ALEC.—She does not know what love is, and in her parents' house she will never learn it.

MAY, AND MRS. A.—Why not?

ALEC.—Because Laura only loves her parents; she looks upon me as an elder brother, whose business it is to love them.

MRS. A.—And is this so hard for you?

ALEC.—No, no, I am thankful and devoted to you; I am proud of being your son; but I am that only through her, and she does not look upon me as her husband. I can go and come, just as I like; she will stay here. Every desire, every wish, even every caress is first divided by Laura into three parts, and I get my third last of all, or not at all.

MRS. A.—You are jealous!—and of us!

MAY.—He is jealous!

LAU.—Yes, that he is, Mamma!

MAY.—Ridiculous idea. Alec, don't let any stranger hear you.

ALEC.—It is not a ridiculous idea, it is the gist of the whole situation; and this worries me so that I vex Laura, pain you, bore myself, and grow cross and wicked into the bargain.

MAY.—But this is madness!

ALEC.—Yes, and you are the cause.

BOTH.—We?

MAY.—Be a little——.

ALEC.—You allow her to treat me as the biggest plaything she has. You cannot resolve to give me more than the trivial portion of love which she would give to her doll.

MAY.—Express yourself a little more courteously; do not forget that some respect is due to us.

ALEC.—Your pardon, my dear parents. I mean a child cannot perform the duties of a wife, and as long as Laura stays with you she will remain a child.

MRS. A.—But, Alec, did we not tell you that she was only a child?

MRS. A.—Did we not warn you, beseech you to wait a few years?

MRS. A.—Because we did not think she loved you yet?

MAY.—But you replied that you loved her child-like character.

MRS. A.—Just the simplicity and innocency of childhood. In

her presence you were purer, often felt yourself as in a temple; and we, her parents, understood this; for we had experienced it ourselves.

MAY.—Therefore, we trusted you, my son.

MRS. A.—Do you remember that morning, when she was asleep, and you said that her life was a dream, to disturb which would be a sin?

MAY.—When you said, that, if you but thought of her you involuntarily stepped more lightly, as it were, not to disturb her?

MRS. A.—Your whole life had become like a dewy morning. You were so happy, so joyous!

ALEC.—It is true, that her childishness made me better, her pure innocence made me gentler; it is true, I felt as if a fresh morning-breeze were invigorating me.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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## B L O N D I N E .

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### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE PARROT.

Nearly six months had elapsed since Blondine had awakened from her seven years' sleep. Time seemed very long to her; the remembrance of her father haunted and saddened her. Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon seemed to guess her thoughts. The latter would mew pitifully and Bonne-Biche would sigh deeply. Blondine rarely spoke of what so often occupied her mind, for she feared to offend Bonne-Biche who had said three or four times, in answer to her questions:

“You will see your father again, Blondine, when you are fifteen years old, if you continue to be good; but, trust me, and do not think of the future; above all, do not seek to leave us.”

One morning when, sad and solitary, Blondine was reflecting upon her singular and monotonous existence, she was roused from her revery by three gentle taps at her window. Raising her head, she saw a parrot of the most brilliant green, with throat and breast of orange color. Surprised at the appearance of a new and unknown being, she rose to open the window and invite the Parrot in. What was her astonishment when the bird said to her, with a sharp little voice :

“Good-day, Blondine; I know that you get tired out sometimes for the want of some one to talk to, so I have come to amuse you. But, for mercy’s sake, do not say that you have seen me, for Bonne-Biche would wring my neck.”

“And why do you think that, beautiful Parrot? Bonne-Biche does no harm to any one; she only hates wicked people.”

“Blondine, if you do not promise to hide my visit from Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon, I must fly away, never to come back again.”

“Since you wish it, beautiful Parrot, I promise. Let’s talk a little; it has been such a long time since I have had any one to talk to. You seem gay and lively; I’m sure you’ll amuse me.”

So Blondine listened with delight to the tales of the Parrot, and to his compliments upon her beauty, talents, and wit. At the end of an hour, the parrot flew away, promising to return the next day. Thus he continued to visit her, flattering and amusing her. One morning he knocked at the window, saying :

“Blondine, Blondine, let me in; I have come with news of your father; but be sure you make no noise, if you do not wish to see my head torn off.”

Blondine opened her window, and said to the Parrot :

“Is it really true, my beautiful Parrot, that you can give me news of my father? what is he doing? how is he?”

“Your father is well, Blondine, but he mourns over your absence; and I have promised him to do all in my power to free you from your prison. Yet I cannot do it without your aid.”

“My prison!” said Blondine. “You must then be ignorant of all the kindnesses of Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon, the care which they have taken for my education, their affection for me. They will be delighted to find a means of delivering me to my father. Come with me, I beg you, handsome Parrot, I will present you to Bonne-Biche.”

“Ah! Blondine,” replied the Parrot in his sharp little voice, “you do not know Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon, they hate me because I have succeeded sometimes in taking their victims away from them. Never will you again see your father, Blondine, never will you leave this forest, if you do not yourself secure the talisman which keeps you here.”

“What talisman?” said Blondine, “I know of none; and what object could Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon have in keeping me prisoner?”

“That of making their solitude less wearisome, Blondine, and as to the talisman, it is simply a Rose; gathered by you, it will deliver you from your exile, and carry you back to your father’s arms.”

“But there’s not a single rose in the garden, and how could I pluck one?”

“I will tell you that another time, Blondine; I can say no more to-day, for Bonne-Biche is coming; but, if you would know the virtue of the Rose, ask Bonne-Biche for one, and see what she will tell you. To-morrow, Blondine, to-morrow.” And the Parrot flew away, well pleased at having sown in Blondine’s heart the first seeds of ingratitude and disobedience. Scarcely had the Parrot gone when Bonne-Biche came in; she seemed worried.

“With whom were you talking, Blondine?” she, asked throwing a distrustful glance toward the open easement.

“With no one, ma’am,” Blondine replied.

“I am certain I heard talking.”

“I must have been talking to myself.” Bonne-Biche did not reply; she was sad; a few tears even gathered in her eyes. Blondine, too, was preoccupied; the Parrot’s words made her see

in a new light the obligations she owed to Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon. Instead of telling herself that a hind which speaks, which has the power to render beasts intelligent, and to cause a child to sleep for seven years; that a hind which has devoted these seven years to the tiresome education of an ignorant little girl; that a hind which is treated like a queen,—cannot be an ordinary hind: instead of feeling gratitude for all that Bonne-Biche had done for her, Blondine foolishly believed this Parrot, this unknown visitor, whose interest in her welfare was rather suspicious; she believed him, because he had flattered her. She no longer looked with the same gratitude at the sweet and happy life Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon had made for her. She resolved to follow the advice of the Parrot.

“Why is it Bonne-Biche,” she asked her during the day, “that among all your flowers, I do not see the most beautiful, most charming of all, the Rose?” Bonne-Biche shuddered, her face clouded, and she said:

“Blondine, Blondine, do not ask me for that treacherous flower which pricks those that touch it. Never speak to me of the Rose, Blondine, you don't know what threatens you in that flower.”

Bonne-Biche's face looked so severe that Blondine dared not persist. The day passed sadly; Blondine was constrained; Bonne-Biche displeased; and Beau-Minon sorrowful. The next day, Blondine ran to her window. Scarcely had she opened it, when the Parrot entered.

“Well, Blondine, you saw the uneasiness of Bonne-Biche when you asked about the Rose? I promised to show you how to get one of these charming flowers. This is the way: you will go out of the park, and into the forest; I will accompany you to a garden where there is the most beautiful Rose you ever saw.”

“But how can I leave the park? Beau-Minon always goes with me on my walks.”

“Try to send him back,” said the Parrot, “and if he persists, well! go in spite of him.”

“If the Rose is very far, they will notice my absence.”



“An hour’s walk at the most. Bonne-Biche took care to place you so far from the Rose, that you might not escape from her.”

“But why does she keep me captive? Powerful as she is, couldn’t she procure for herself other pleasures than the education of a child?”

“You will understand that later, Blondine, when you return to your father. Be resolute; get rid of Beau-Minon after breakfast, and go into the forest, where I will await you.”

Blondine promised and closed the window, lest Bonne-Biche should surprise her. After breakfast Blondine went into the garden as usual. Beau-Minon followed her, notwithstanding several rebuffs, with piteous mews. Arrived at the path which led from the park, Blondine again tried to send Beau-Minon back.

“I wish to be alone; go away, Beau-Minon,” she said. Beau-Minon acted as though he did not understand. Blondine forgot herself so far as to kick him. At this, Beau-Minon uttered a mournful cry, and fled. Blondine shuddered at hearing this cry; she stopped, and was on the point of recalling Beau-Minon, of giving up the Rose, and of telling all to Bonne-Biche. But false shame restrained her; she walked towards the gate, opened it, not without trembling, and found herself in the forest. The Parrot was not long in rejoining her.

“Courage, Blondine! but an hour and you will have the Rose, and will return to your father.”

These words restored to Blondine the resolution she was beginning to lose; she followed the path pointed out by the Parrot, as he flew from branch to branch in front of her. The forest which she had thought so beautiful from the park of Bonne-Biche, became more and more difficult; thorns and stones blocked the way; she no longer heard the birds; the flowers had disappeared; Blondine felt herself overcome by an overpowering weariness; the Parrot pressed her to make haste.

“Be quick, Blondine, time is passing; if Bonne-Biche notices your absence, and pursues you, she will take off my head, and you will never see your father again.”

Blondine, tired, breathless, with bruised arms, her shoes in tatters, was about to declare she could go no further, when the Parrot exclaimed :

“ Here we are, Blondine. In this enclosure you will find the Rose.”

And Blondine saw, on one side of the path, a little inclosure whose gate to her was opened by the Parrot. The earth was there bare and rocky, but in the middle stood a magnificent Rose tree, which bore a Rose more beautiful than all the roses in the world.

“ Take it, Blondine, you have well earned it,” said the Parrot.

Blondine seized the branch, and in spite of the thorns which pierced her fingers, she plucked the Rose. Scarcely did she have it in her hand, when she heard a burst of laughter ; the Rose escaped from her, crying :

“ Thanks, Blondine, for having delivered me from the prison where I was kept by Bonne-Biche, I am thy evil spirit, and thou belongest to me now.”

“ Ha, ha, ha !” laughed the Parrot in his turn. “ Thank you, Blondine, I can now resume my form as enchanter ; I have had less trouble in deceiving you than I expected. By flattering your vanity, I have easily made you ungrateful and wicked. You have caused the ruin of your friends, whose mortal enemy I am. Adieu, Blondine.”

Saying these words, the Parrot and the Rose disappeared, leaving Blondine alone in the midst of a thick forest.

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#### WHAT THE STAR SAW.

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As the city clock struck nine, I laid aside my book and, drawing back the white curtains, looked out on the beautiful night. The ground was white with newly-fallen snow, the moon was bright, and the clear heavens were spangled with stars. One,

which I always called "my star," shone more brightly than any of the others, and as I watched it, it told me this story:

"Long ago, in a house in Rome, there lived a poor sculptor, Anselm. Often I peeped into his little room, and he looked for me and was glad to see me. Sometimes he told me of his home far across the ocean. He had come to Rome full of hope and ambition. His mother and sisters were very proud of him, and thought no one ever had more genius. 'And I must not disappoint them,' he would say; 'I must yet make my mother prouder of her only son.'

"But month after month passed by, and though some admired his work, none cared to help him. He had not a friend in the great city, and the people of the house were so boisterous that he shrank from mingling with them.

"One night (it had been long since I had seen him) he whispered softly to me, his star, that, as he was watching for me at his window, weariness overcame him and he slept. Then there came to him a vision of the Angel of Light; the face glowed with love and flooded the room with its glory. When he awoke, the image still floated before him, and day by day he thought of it and loved it as he had never loved anything in his life.

"'I will chisel it,' he said, 'for my Easter offering, that all may see and love my Angel.' Every moment now he spent upon his beloved work; and as the beautiful face grew under his touch, he loved it more and more.

"It was nearly Easter, and the work was almost finished. I saw Anselm every night, and each time the dark eyes were more lustrous and the drooping figure thinner. Still he worked on, never tiring, longing only that he might finish the image of his beloved by Easter. He told me that many great men had seen his Angel, and that at Easter it would be placed in the Cathedral, that all might know its loveliness.

"On Easter eve I looked down the narrow street, which seemed darker and narrower than ever, and I peeped into the little window. At first I could see nothing; but soon, in the middle of the room, I saw a coffin, and on it was one word,

*Anselm.* Now indeed he saw his Angel. And then I looked towards the Cathedral. One of the great windows was open, and from within floated the first vespers of Easter. There, by an altar, stood Anselm's Angel, its finger pointing upward and its face bathed in light. At the first notes of the organ the halo grew brighter, and as the chanted words 'I shall not die, but live,' floated upon the still night, the Angel's smile shone clear and sweet through the golden light. All the people gathered around the image as the last strain died away. Artists and noble lords admired its loveliness, and ladies thought pityingly of the young sculptor, and wondered at the bright halo. But the simple peasants crossed themselves as they passed and whispered 'It is his spirit come to look again upon the Angel.'

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"LITTLE BOY BLUE."

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"O, little Boy Blue,  
Come blow your horn,  
The sheep in the meadow!  
The cows in the corn!"

—MOTHER GOOSE.

Once upon a time there was a man whose name was Mr. Blue. I don't know how he got his name: I guess a long time ago, when everybody was choosing his name, Mr. Blue's ancestor saw so many people taking "Green," "Brown," "Black," or "White," that *he* thought he would take "Blue." Mr. Blue was a very ambitious man; he did not want his little son to have only one or two names, as other children had; so he gave him a long rigmarole of names, so long that no one could remember it, and everybody called him nothing but "Boy Blue." Boy Blue was about seven years old at the time my story commences. He was a very pretty little fellow, with curly yellow hair, and big blue eyes; but he had one dreadful fault, and that

was laziness. Not that one would suppose it to see him running about his father's farm, riding the horses or playing with the dogs. But just let his mother try to put some knowledge into his curly head, or old nurse to wake him up in the morning: then there never was, and I hope there never will be, so lazy, so sleepy-headed, a little boy.

One day Mr. Blue came into breakfast looking exceedingly blue; his shepherd was sick, and there was no one to watch the sheep and cows.

"'Tis a very simple thing to do," said he; "one has only to see that they don't get into the corn, on one side of the pasture, or the meadow, where the clover is just coming up, on the other."

"Father," said Boy Blue, "why can't I watch the sheep? I can take my horn and blow it whenever they go near the bars."

"I don't see why you could not," said his father. "One of the farm boys could drive them to and from the pasture, and no harm could possibly come to you while there."

So Boy Blue marched off after the farm-boy, as proud a little fellow as ever you saw, his horn in one hand, and the little kettle of dinner, his mother had given him, in the other.

The pasture was a very pleasant place. The first crop of hay had been cut, and was in big stacks, scattered over the field; while the young, tender, second crop was just long enough to make a feast for the sheep and cows. On one side the yellow corn was swaying in the breeze; and on the other, the clover blossoms poked their pink and white heads up from among the green leaves to enjoy the bright June sunshine. Boy Blue walked around the field for a while, blowing his horn every now and then to see the whole flock of sheep lift up their heads to listen, and the cows come slowly toward him.

But they showed no disposition to go near the bars; so he sat down in the shade of a large hay-stack and amused himself by making a nest in the hay.

"I guess it's dinner time," he said to himself pretty soon, "the sun is high, and yes—there are men going up to the house for

dinner." So he took up his dinner and ate it and went down to the little brook, at the bottom of the meadow, for a drink of cool, spring water.

When he came back he threw himself down on the straw, pulled his hat over his eyes, and lay listening to the tinkling of the cow and the sheep bells until he grew very drowsy. He peeped up under his hat once or twice, but the sheep and cows were either quietly grazing or lying down in the shade. "I don't guess they'll come to any harm," he muttered, and the next minute was off to the Land of Nod, on the back of a large ram, who every now and then would turn his head and say, "No harm—no harm."

The little brook, at the bottom of the meadow, sang quietly on to itself; the grasshoppers chirped; the bees hummed; the birds twitted sleepily; the bells tinkled softly; and everything combined to make the little boy's slumber deeper.

Now, Mrs. Blue's motherly heart had never been quite easy about her little boy out alone in the big pasture. All day she had worried about him, and in the afternoon it suddenly struck her that he would like a piece of the cherry-pie they had had for dinner. Happy thought! she would send him some by the house-girl, and give her a hint to stay around a while and look after him. So she put a large slice into a basket, called the girl, and told her to take it to Master Blue, and see if he was all right. Away went Ann, for that was the girl's name, through the corn field singing; but when she got to about the middle she stopped——. What was that thing, with horns, coming toward her? It was,—no, it couldn't be,—yes, it was, and there was another, and another! Three cows were already feasting on the young, juicy ears of corn!

Ann did not know what to do, no Boy Blue was to be seen; in fact, no one at all except one of the farm-boys coming across the pastures.

"O, little Boy Blue," she called,—

"Come blow your horn,  
The sheep in the meadow!  
The cows in the corn!"

But there was no answer, only the echo came mockingly back. The farm-boy was near enough now for her to see the broad grin on his face.

"Have you seen the little boy who looks after the sheep?" she asked.

At that his grin grew broader, but his only answer was to point with his thumb over his shoulder, and say,—

"Under the hay-stack,  
Fast asleep."

And there he was, sure enough, with his hat over his eyes, his dinner-pail on one side, and the neglected horn on the other.

"O, little Boy Blue," called Ann, "wake up, the cows and the sheep have broken down the bars!"

But the little boy only yawned, rubbed his eyes, and murmured, "No harm,—no harm."

"Yes, but there is some harm," said she, "the sheep and the cows have broken down the bars."

At that, Boy Blue sat up, and when he saw the mischief that was done, the tears came into his eyes.

"I guess I'd better blow my horn," he said.

"I guess you'd better come home, and see what your father says to his great shepherd!" said Ann, a little roughly. "There's John, come to drive the cows home; so you come on."

She took Boy Blue by the hand, and led him towards the house. His father met him at the door.

"Why, where are the cows and sheep?" he asked. Boy Blue hung his head, but just then his mother appeared in the hall. There was his refuge, and leaving Ann to tell the sad story to his father, he sprang to his mother and, hiding his face on her shoulder, poured his confession into her sympathizing ear.

She felt very much inclined to ask Mr. Blue what else he could expect from sending such a baby to mind his sheep; but being a sensible woman, she only said,—

"O, Boy Blue, Boy Blue! How could you go to sleep?"

But father was ready to forgive, and together, they comforted the little fellow, who was soon sitting at the supper-table, all the merrier for his afternoon nap.

I do not know whether little Boy Blue ever became an accomplished shepherd or not; but this I do know, that the next time he kept the sheep he was not found at the close of day,—

“Under the hay-stack,  
Fast asleep!”

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### VIOLETS.

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One bright morning, some years ago, I was walking with my aunt in her garden, when we saw some violets, purple and white. I picked one of each, and said: “Auntie, why are some white and others purple?” She answered, “Because our Heavenly Father made them so.” Then she said she would tell me a story about violets which she had once heard; and this is what she told me:—

“One beautiful summer, in a large garden grew a bed of lovely violets; they were snow-white, with only a tinge of purple deep down in their little breasts. These violets would peep through the green grass and smile sweetly upon the fair world.

“After a while the summer passed away and a change came over all the flowers. The bright sun hid his face behind the clouds, a bleak wind sighed through the trees, and the leaves whispered together and trembled. The chill wind blew upon the gentle flowers, and most of them drooped and died. The meek violets felt the change, even in their sheltered nook, and were the first to droop beneath the dark clouds and the cold wind. They looked wistfully up, hoping that a stray sunbeam would smile for them, but in vain.

“Alas! one morning some of their tiny sisters were dead. The others called and called, but in vain; they did not move,



they could not greet the morning with their sweet fragrance any more; and when the others saw this they bowed their tiny heads and wept. 'Let us take off our white dresses,' said they, 'and put on robes of mourning for our little sisters, who will never more awake.' So they prayed to the Angel of Flowers to take from them their white dresses and give them instead purple ones, that the world might know how they mourned for their dead sisters.

"The kind Angel heard them and granted their request. But while they changed their garments another Angel spoke to them, and said: 'Listen to me, sweet violets, I have a secret for you which will give you comfort. Your little friends are not dead, but sleeping, and so must you all sleep. But when the smiling spring has come, the sun will again beam forth warm and genial, and, seeking for you, will awaken you, when, sweet and fresh, you will gladden the earth anew with your beauty and fragrance. Do not mourn, but keep your pure white robes and weep no more.'

"The Angel left them as he said these words, and the violets, who had listened in silence and wonder, began to speak to one another. 'I cannot believe this strange story,' said one, looking sadly at the dead blossoms. 'Nor I,' 'Nor I,' chimed in many other little voices, as the violets rocked to and fro in tearful grief. But one threw off her purple mantle, saying: 'I believe the good Angel.' Many little heads that were drooping sorrowfully were lifted at these words, and many believed as their trusting sister, and throwing away their dark dresses of mourning, again stood robed in white. But all were not so ready to believe, and only bowed their heads lower on their now purple breasts. Just then a blast of wind, keen and blighting, came sweeping by, and when night wrapped them with her soft, dark cover, every little violet had fallen into the still, deep sleep of which the Angel had spoken; some in the robe of purple, and others in the pure, white robe of trusting faith.

"Thus they slept, and when, at last, the spring came with its loving smile, the violets awoke, each in the dress in which she had fallen asleep, never again to be changed."

*WINE-MAKING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.*

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Wine-making is carried on to some extent in this country, but has not yet reached the perfection attained in France and other European countries.

In the first place, there is a difference in the presses. In France the first pressing is done by men, who stamp upon the grapes; and from this first pressing come the finest wines. The second-rate wines are made from a second pressing, done by machinery. With us all the pressing is done by machinery.

In this country the California wines are the most celebrated. The Scuppernong and Thomas Grapes are more abundantly cultivated in the South than any other varieties. They are better adapted to wine-making than the bunch grapes, as they do not bloom until the frosts are over, and the fruit is not liable to be spoiled or eaten by the birds. The farmer can, therefore, rely upon his Scuppernong crop as being an abundant one, though it does fall short occasionally.

It is not until the month of September that the grapes become sufficiently mature for wine-making; then the experienced eye of the vintner tells him that the greater part are ripe. Some ripen early, and fall upon the ground, where they waste. Though the grapes do not ripen sufficiently for wine-making until the latter part of September, they are ripe enough for eating in August. The children are ever on the lookout for the first that turn brown, even though they are but half the size of the later fruit. The little ones will spend hours climbing over the old arbor in search of the tiny brown grapes to carry to "Mamma."

The woody part of the vine grows to a great size, and so interlaced are the branches that they often form a comfortable seat, large enough to accommodate two or three persons; then again they twist themselves into a large arm-chair, over which the vine hangs like a canopy.

The grapes are nicest early in the day, while still covered with the dew of the cool September morning, and nothing can be more ornamental to a breakfast-table than a dish of the Scuppernongs resting in their rich leaves.

The Thomas grape is totally unlike the Scuppernong, being of a black color. They make more show upon the vines, and grow in very large clusters, nor are they so easily shaken off the vine. The wine from this grape is of a rich red, whilst the Scuppernong is white, or straw-colored.

In the gathering of the grapes many hands are needed, and as the negroes seem to prefer picking cotton, the requisite number is hard to obtain. Ladies and children frequently assist in the pleasant occupation of sorting the grapes. The children are delighted to get away from their books into the fresh air, and are secretly glad when there are no hands to be gotten. The weather is charming; not until noon is the sun too hot. Then the fair laborers adjourn to the house to rest for an hour, and refresh themselves with something more substantial than a grape diet. It is almost impossible to keep from eating all the time one is at the vines, for each vine looks more tempting than the last, and you feel as if you must try one grape at any rate.

Before the grapes are gathered, a large sheet, about twenty feet square, is spread under the vine. This sheet is made of coarse, heavy cloth, and is fastened by ropes at the four corners to the posts of the arbor upon which the vine spreads its luxuriant branches. The work is begun by one of the men, who gives the vine a vigorous shake with a forked stick. The result is a plentiful shower of the rich, brown grapes. They fall in every direction, many outside of the cloth. These the little ones are soon busily employed in picking up. When the sheet is full the grapes are sorted, the unripe ones being put aside for jelly, and the imperfect ones thrown out.

The work is not stopped until sunset. Then all is quiet; not a sound is to be heard save the low of the cows as they lazily stop to nip the grass on their way home. Even the children are too

tired to chatter, but eagerly scramble into the already heavily-laden wagon. They feel pretty sleepy and don't care so much about grapes as they did in the morning, but by the morrow they will be ready to go over the same thing. In France, the vintage season is always one of the merriest. The vineyard is filled with the peasants in their bright costumes, and made gay by their merry laugh. In Italy the vines grow in beautiful festoons from tree to tree. But our vintage is equally pleasant, and our vineyards present a very pretty appearance, the vines growing in neat rows, and resting upon trellises, instead of trees.

From the vineyard, the grapes are carried to the wine-press in barrels. There they are poured into the mill, and ground. The teeth in the cylinder are so arranged that the seeds are not mashed. The juice runs out, and is caught in vessels. The pulps, after being pressed to remove any juice that may remain, are put into barrels, and allowed to rest until they have turned to vinegar.

As the juice runs from the mill the specific gravity is ascertained by filling a little phial which contains a certain number of grains, about one thousand, at a temperature of sixty-three and a half degrees Fahrenheit. When the weight is above one thousand grains it represents grape sugar, and if less, the finest cane sugar is added to raise the saccharine per centage to that point. The juice, or *must*, as it is commonly called, is then fermented in large casks, containing over one hundred and fifty gallons. The casks are filled to within three or four inches of the top. A bent tube is inserted in the bung of each cask to allow the escape of carbonic acid gas, and at the same time to prevent contact with the air, the oxygen of which would hasten the fermentation too much. This method also prevents loss of alcohol by evaporation as in open fermentation. The new wine is drawn off into other casks in the December or January following: These casks are filled to the top. It is best for the wine to be fermented in cellars where the temperature is unchanged. The result is that a fine wine is produced. It is ready for use in two years, but it improves with age.

The wine-maker does not find it difficult to get rid of his wine at the end of that period; and frequently he has a demand for so large an amount that he sells the wine before it is two years old. Even if he finds no sale for it, a great deal is consumed in his own family, where in the form of Sangaree it makes a very popular summer drink.

Each year there are improvements in the presses; and the vintners prophesy that the wines of this country will, in time, equal those of Europe.

## IN MEMORIAM.

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Died, on the morning of Saturday, March 18th, 1882, at the residence of her niece, Mrs. John Pressly, in Due West, S. C., JOSEPHINE LEGAL, for thirteen years teacher of French in St. Mary's School.

It is no easy task to write of the well-loved friend who has been called away in the midst of her labors. Her name is a household word, and every day brings some new reminder of her energetic performance of duty, her practical wisdom, her wide-reaching sympathy, her kindly voice and ways.

Miss LeGal began to teach at the early age of nineteen, and continued to do so for thirty-five years, only ceasing her labors six weeks before her death. It was our fortunate lot to reap the benefit of so many years' experience. Her pupils, one and all, will concur in our testimony to her thorough and successful method. Always ready to incorporate with her own well-considered system anything that could excite interest and claim attention, she was one of the most progressive teachers we have ever known. A woman of culture and varied gifts, she brought everything to bear on the duty of the hour, and did with her might what her hand found to do.

Her girlhood was marked by great vicissitudes of fortune; her early womanhood, by great sorrows; in later years she was the sole survivor of a large family, and her only ties of blood were to a younger generation. Yet she never lost her cheerfulness, and was in all our merriment the first and readiest. A devoted member of her own Church, no trace of bigotry marred her perfect charity. Her piety was not of words, but works, and her life displayed its truth. In the confidence of a certain hope she has fallen asleep, and has entered into the "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

## EDITORIAL.

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JANUARY 28TH.—St. Mary's girls have a good friend, a real, true, thoughtful friend, who comes to them in their darkest hours, and with a smile and a good word drives all their clouds away. It sometimes happens that more than a smile and a good word is needed, and that an army is required to storm a certain castle that holds our Holidays. But the Bishop has a great big heart where he keeps innumerable soldiers, the best marksmen in the world—clear and lucid reasons, and strongest battering-rams of kind persuasion, and he did not mind bringing out the whole force to help us the other day. And it so happened, as it always must, that before such a determined array, even the old castle, Duty, could not hold out, although garrisoned by veterans who had held it through many a storm. The besieging army concentrating its strength, at last made a breach in the wall, and out skipped the Lovliest of all the Holidays. Right past old Duty's stern defenders, eluding every grasp, even that of the most redoubtable, stern, and stony captain; on she came over the ditch of Objections, though deep and wide and guarded by the most invincible of all the soldiers, her light feet scarcely touching the bridge, her face all smiles and laughter, one arm bearing rest and dreams, and the other waving triumphantly an invitation to the Bishop's. It is said, the guard which keeps that old castle, Duty, has a hard time; for at every possible chance a Holiday will slip out; Fair days, Thanksgiving, Washington's Birthday, Christmas, and Easter, a whole dozen of them, you see. Poor things, just think of them, pining away for lack of exercise! And alas! some of them have never gotten a walk in our grove. Poor Washington's Birthday tried hard, but all in vain.

Our dear Thursday and the Bishop had their way this time; and, though hard to believe, it is really true that the grave and defeated guards were persuaded to leave their old weather-beaten citadel to share with us the fairies' gifts.

And now for the way we used them. A lecture in the morning by Rev. Dr. Mayo, of Boston, on "Woman's Work" was much enjoyed. The remainder of the day was passed in recreation and rest. Each tired sister put away all thoughts of mathematics and physics and soothed her fevered mind with romance and poetry, dreams of home and preparations for the evening's pleasure.

At the hour appointed, and at the bugle's call, we hastily took our places in the omnibuses, and leaving St. Mary's in the distance, our merry party were soon "out in the world." The Bishop met us at his door, and with a hearty greeting ushered us into fairy-land.

Amid strains of music we passed from room to room, lingering here to gaze upon a beautiful statue, there to lose ourselves before some lovely copy of the grand Old Masters. Here seemed to be gathered together the beauties of every clime of earth and sea, of art and nature. Now a curious little Roman doll claimed the attention, now the miniature ruins of an old temple; here a table of rich mosaic, and there an Indian rug. Before half the beauties of this new realm had been revealed we were summoned to the cozy dining-room, where, at the hands of our charming hostesses, we partook of such dainties as delight the hearts of school-girls.

Next we were entertained by beautiful music, both vocal and instrumental. And so time flew on, and long before we wished to go, we were bidding our kind host and hostesses good-night, with many grateful thanks for the happy evening.

MARCH 10TH.—The new term opened with a fresh supply of new girls. "The more, the merrier," say we, and so long as we can find places, we will give any new sister a hearty welcome. But the first days of a term are not the pleasantest, for hours are to be changed, new classes formed, and all our plans for study rearranged. It is true a new broom sweeps very clean, but we all know that it is a very unmanageable article, and that after the first stiffness is worn off it does its work much better. Cer-



tainly it takes patience to bend these first obstreperous days. When this had been done, all entered with zest into the new studies, and with equal energy *rick-racked* through recreation and reading hours. And now the stream of our school-life flows very smoothly in its new channel, and as the days grow longer it runs through greener, sunnier pastures, flowing rapidly on toward the flowery fields of summer.

AMONG the important events that have occurred in our little world since the last issue of this magazine, we place foremost, as both instructive and entertaining, a number of lectures. The first delivered in our own parlor, around the cheery winter hearth, by the Bishop; the next, as already stated, by Rev. Dr. Mayo on the morning of our holiday. The lecture on Music, by our Professor, we hope will soon be succeeded by another which he has promised us. Then came a course of lectures delivered at Tucker Hall, by Mr. Marshall, upon the "Far West," which were much enjoyed and appreciated. We have organized a corps of special reporters, who have written full accounts of these lectures; but, owing to the press of matter on hand for this number, those last mentioned will have to be laid aside until the Whitsuntide issue. Kate Sutton, Sophia Thurmond, Mittie Dowd, and Annie Phillips compose the corps, to whom the thanks of the MUSE are due for their careful labor.

SINCE our last account, the reading clubs have been going on as before. The English Literature Club are still listening to Thackeray's criticisms on the modern poets, while the Scott Club are enjoying "The Lady of the Lake." The Seniors are somewhere about the seventh circle of Dante's "Inferno," whither they have faithfully followed our old friend Virgil. Those who are interested in the doings of the Mutual Improvement Society will be relieved to hear that the Roman Empire has at last fallen from its tottering height, and that the "Vita Nuova" (not of that old ruin, however) was enjoyed much more. A journey through the fields and desolate wastes of the Purgatorio was next chosen, and afterwards we turned to the dramas of Robert Browning.

THERE is a new and interesting feature of our Saturday night entertainments in the way of Latin recitations. A Latin dialogue, well rendered by two of our little folk, has brought down the house.

APRIL 12.—Inspired by the fragrant, sunny air, and by the voices of my school-mates in strains like these:

“The Spring time is cu—u—u—u uhm,  
The fresh, blooming Spring,”

I would write an ode to the gentle season; but Pegasus, alas! is afar off, grazing, perhaps, on some green pastures or taking a constitutional among the treacherous April clouds. Every now and then I fancy I hear the whirring of his wings above the wistaria-covered arbor in front of my window; but, looking out, I see it is nothing more romantic than an humble-bee, stealing honey from the purple flowers. As I look through the vines I realize that spring is really here, “Sweet Spring, full of sweet days and roses;” for I see the man high up on the step-ladder tying up the rose-bushes and trimming them under the direction of our Lady-Principal. Under the same supervision the flower-gardens have been transformed, and are now divided into orderly beds. Seeds are being planted, and promise, according to the care taken of them, a beauteous array about Commencement-time. And all around the grove I see no longer moving, with solemn step and slow, very mysterious-looking figures, composed mostly of shawls and cloaks and hoods “and things.” Now St. Mary’s girls walk out briskly to gather violets, clad in light spring calicoes. The frolicking Junior is lured from the school-room registers. In solemn grace wanders the “Sweet girl graduate in her golden hair.” A light straw hat, bedecked with flowers, crowns her classic brow, as in profound reverie she paces the soft, new grass, taking notes upon the opening buds, the singing birds and the blue vault of heaven, to put in her graduating essay. Among Nature’s varied voices, that of the student of Elocution may be heard, loud and clear, or low and pathetic, as she proclaims to the trees “Here’s the English at our heels!” or “Thoughts do often lie too deep for tears.”

Yes, Spring has arrived at St. Mary's, and we feel her presence everywhere. We give her a hearty welcome, and assure her that after she leaves, we cannot linger long.

ON SATURDAY the edict went forth that none of the girls were to go into the dining-room before breakfast, Easter morning. We thought nothing of it; so when we entered the dining-room for breakfast, all unsuspecting, what was our surprise and delight to find at each plate Easter greetings. There were beautiful cards from our kind Rector, and the most fascinating of Easter eggs from our Lady-Principal. Fancy eighty eggs, each hand-painted with a different design. Here was a pansy, there a tiny landscape, and here one with daisies, and another with golden rod.

IF THE clouds had allowed the sun to make his appearance at the usual time Easter morning, his beams would have met many an answering smile in every part of the grove; for before the birds had left their nests, or the bees had sought our wistaria bower, St. Mary's birds and bees were up and away to gather flowers. Under skillful fingers the Chapel soon bloomed in fairest colors. The font, entwined with yellow jasmine and bright woodbine, was a picture; from the vestry and organ-screens hung festoons of spiræa and wistaria, and the chancel-windows rose from a bed of blush-roses, dripping with dew. On the altar, between two vases of white flowers, above a bank of wistaria, a group of snowy callas turned their faces upward. Masses of geraniums concealed the base of the lecturn, threw the chancel-rail into relief, and covered the organ dais; while the wild jasmine gleamed everywhere through the greenery. The music was glorious; every voice and every heart were uplifted, and every face glowed with happiness. Our kind and patient Professor, ever ready to reward successful effort with praise, expressed himself as perfectly satisfied with the singing. We give below the order of the services. The sweet voices of our soloists were never more entrancing; and tenors, sopranos and altos nobly supported them. We of the Editorial chair were a tenor, and we found the position as pleasing as novel.

The Offertory on Easter Day amounted to \$109.16. The objects designated were Sewanee, the Mexican League, Nashotah, the Chapel carpet, and the Aldert Smedes Scholarship in China.

On Easter Monday we danced "from morn till dewy eve," since the weather prevented the excursions we had planned. The whole house rang with fun and laughter.

Tuesday was spent in sight-seeing; and first, our party turned its face towards the Insane Asylum. After the little storm of the evening before, the weather had grown cooler, and we had a brisk walk across the fields and up the hill upon which the asylum stands. In the large front hall we were met and welcomed by Dr. Grissom, the Superintendent. First, we were shown through the kitchen and store-rooms, thence out into the grounds, and to the tower from which fresh air is forced up into the upper wards. We next visited the East wing; and, in the fifth ward, we found the women sitting quietly in their rooms or in the cosy little parlor, betraying their derangement only by their strange conversation and by their expression of face. The West wing we found to be quite as interesting, and, on the whole, not as sad as the wards of the women.

After all had been seen we returned to the sitting-room, where we were refreshed with cake and wine. Then we said good-bye, with many thanks to Dr. Grissom for his hospitable entertainment. Out in the fresh air once more, we came back with hearts thankful for a home where our minds may be trained to health and strength. After dinner Dr. Kürsteiner took us to the Penitentiary, which we found not less interesting than the Asylum, and not nearly so sad.

The impression made on first entering those high walls is that we have come into a busy little village. Here the blacksmith is hammering away with all his strength, here are the shoemakers, and there the carpenters; the erection of the new building is also under the hands of these busy men. A little lake has formed in the quarry whence stone has been taken for the new building. A small Junior suggested that the poor convicts might go out skating in the winter, and might row by moonlight in the summer.

PROGRAMME OF MUSIC  
FOR  
HOLY WEEK AND EASTER DAY.

EASTER.

MORNING SERVICE—CHORAL,

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 100,	- - - - -	G. J. Elvey.
"CHRIST OUR PASSOVER,"	- - - - -	Barnby.
"TE DEUM,"	- - - - -	Berthold Tours.
"JUBILATE,"	- - - - -	Arr. from Schubert by D. Buck.

*Solos and Duet sung by Misses Stone and Boyd.*

HYMN 98—"Christ the Lord is risen,"	- - - - -	D. Buck.
		<i>Solo sung by Miss Sharp.</i>

KYRIE ELEISON,	- - - - -	Gilbert.
HYMN 103—"The Strife is o'er,"	- - - - -	Mendelssohn.

HOLY COMMUNION.

TER SANCTUS,	- - - - -	Cumidge.
HYMN 207,	- - - - -	J. S. B. Hodges.

*Gloria in Excelsis.*

EVENING SERVICE—CHORAL,

HALF PAST FIVE O'CLOCK.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN 493,	- - - - -	Ewing.
"CANTATE DOMINO,"	- - - - -	Dupins.
"BENEDIC ANIMA,"	- - - - -	Barnby.
HYMN 497—"Jerusalem, high tower thy glorious walls,"	- - - - -	D. Buck.
RECESSIONAL—"Shadows falling,"	- - - - -	Rheinberger.

ANTHEM FOR GOOD-FRIDAY—"Now about the sixth hour,"	- - - - -	D. Buck.
		<i>Solos sung by Miss Boyd.</i>

ANTHEM FOR EASTER-EVE—"O Saving Victim,"	- - - - -	B. Tours.
		<i>Solo sung by Miss Jones.</i>

CURRENT TOPICS.

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"There are about 2,500,000 Jews in Russia, and of these 500,000 have been driven from their homes, and their losses in property are placed among the hundreds of millions of dollars."

This is a scrap from a modern newspaper, though with shame we say it; for one would think it was taken from some old chronicle of the middle ages. Who could think that such an event could take place in the nineteenth century? We blame Edward I. for his policy toward the Jews, and he lived six centuries ago. What must we say now of a nation who maltreats a defenceless people? and of its ruler, who sits quietly by and dares not put down the wrong, fearing the persecutors, the peasants? Truly a sovereign ruler!

England and America see, with indignation, Russia's treatment of the Jews; but neither of them interferes, because each thinks the interference of any foreign power would do more harm than good. Large grants of land in the United States and Canada have been offered to these persecuted people, and many of them have gladly come over. It is thought that this immigration will be good; for the Russian Jews are an industrious, thrifty people.

SOME MODERN WONDERS.—The Ancients gloried in their Lighthouse of Pharos, their Diana at Ephesus, their Colossus at Rhodes; but the Modern World has as much to glory in as they,—aye, and more. There are works in this nineteenth century which the ancients would have thought utterly impossible, unless the gods should walk the earth again. As we write we easily count seven wonders: the tunnels of Mont Cenis, St. Gothard, the Hoosic Mountains, the English Channel, the Hudson River, and the Canals of Panama and Suez.

Tunnelling has been a great feature of engineering in the last half century, as may be seen from the fact that five grand tunnels have been projected. Three of them are finished, the others

are in process of completion. Hannibal's glory has been eclipsed, not by any modern army climbing the Alps more bravely, not by any climbing at all, but by the actual piercing of these mountains in two places, St. Gothard and Mont Cenis.

The Mont Cenis Tunnel might well have been given as one of Heracles' labors; for to cut eight miles through schist, quartz, and compact limestone, is a truly mighty work. The engineers were Sommeiller, Grattoni and Grandis; only one of whom, Grattoni, lived to see the completion of the enterprise. One end of the tunnel is near the village Fourneaux, in France; the other at Bardonneche, in Italy. Thus there is a direct line of road from Calais, on the English Channel, to Brindisi, on the Mediterranean, stretching over a distance of thirteen hundred and ninety miles. The drilling of the rocks was done by machine drills, worked by compressed air. Three thousand workmen were employed; one thousand five hundred at each end.

The Old World has not gotten ahead of the New; for in the lovely valley of the Hoosic Mountains we find another tunnel, making the trade of Boston more convenient to the West. This tunnel is not anything very new; for it was thought of as early as 1825, as the easiest route between the East and the West. The work was begun in 1852, and ended in 1874; but there were some short intervals in which it was suspended. Nine millions of dollars were required to complete it. It is peculiar, because both ends are at the same distance above the sea-level; and as it was necessary to have some means of carrying off the water, a summit was made at the middle, gradually sloping to each end. This tunnel was engineered by the Shanly brothers, two Irishmen, well fitted for their work.

But what is more wonderful even than piercing the mountains, is digging a tunnel under bodies of water; as, under the Hudson River, and under the English Channel. Neither of these tunnels is finished yet. That of the English Channel will not be finished for ten years.

The Isthmuses of Suez and Panama have always been in the way of commerce, as we see from searching into old records. There was a canal cut through the Isthmus of Suez as early as 600 B. C., by Pharaoh Necho, or it may have been even earlier than that, when the great Sesostris was on the throne of Egypt. This old canal was afterwards closed up by sand. Napoleon thought of building a canal through the Isthmus, but his engineers reported the waters of the Red Sea to be thirty feet below the Mediterranean, so the plan was dropped. In 1847, France, England and Austria sent a commission to investigate the Isthmus. This commission gave an unfavorable account, so nothing was done. In 1854, a Frenchman, M. de Lesseps, visited Suez and thought the plan of a canal through the Isthmus very feasible. In 1856 he obtained from the Pasha of Egypt the exclusive right of building a canal from Suez to Tyneh. Soon after that the work was begun, and the canal was opened in 1869. The English, at first, did not put much capital into it; indeed, they did not like the plan at all, for they thought it would probably injure their commerce with India. It has since proved to be very beneficial to them by shortening the route to India.

The idea of a Panama canal is not so old; that is, so far as we know; for what the Incas may have done towards making one we have no means of ascertaining. There exists in the archives of Venezuela a project for a Panama canal, bearing the date of 1580. But the obstacles were thought to be insurmountable; and the idea that a canal would be very disadvantageous to Spanish commerce seems to have seized Philip II., as a proclamation was issued that any one alluding to the project of a canal, by word or writing, should be put to death. Naturally, the plan was never carried out. It has been left to modern minds to see the real necessity of such a canal, and to invent a suitable plan for it. The work is going on now, though there seems to be considerable trouble with the laborers.

The Panama and Suez canals are of untold value in the eyes



of the commercial world. We have seen how the Suez canal has furthered commerce with India; for the journey can now be made without doubling the Cape of Good Hope.

AN ATTEMPT has been made on Queen Victoria's life by a man named MacLean. This man has been proved to be insane. In fact, he has been an inmate of several asylums. MacLean holds that he did not shoot at the Queen with an intent to kill, but that he fired at her carriage-wheels only to frighten her, and produce an excitement among the people. The Queen has suffered in no way from the attack.

A BILL has been presented to the Senate for the admission of Dakota into the Union as a State. A census will be taken in July. It is thought that there are about 140,000 inhabitants.

WORTH has been supreme in the art of dress-making for only thirty years. At the beginning of that time he was an apprentice in the house of Gagelin, who was then the most fashionable dress-maker. On the refusal of his employer to raise his wages, Worth set up an establishment of his own in Paris. He was patronized by the Princess Metternich, and then he immediately became the fashion. To him have come for advice on the subject of dress, queens, princesses and actresses. He is a large, stout man, rather old and languid-looking; still he is the only one in his whole establishment who can arrange the graceful curves and cascades of lace for which his dresses are so famous. From Worth came the coronation dress of Queen Mercedes, and the wedding dress of Queen Christine. He has in his employ one thousand apprentices.

IN THE United States there are nearly one million more men than women. The population, according to the last census, is, men, 25,518,820; and women, 24,636,963. In nine cities only, the men hold the majority; in every other city the women are much more numerous. The nine cities are, Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, San Francisco, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Kansas City,

Columbus, and St. Paul. These cities afford so many openings for men in trades and commerce, that crowds of them have flocked there. In the nine cities the overplus of men is greatest in San Francisco.

IT IS very evident that the people of America are determined to utilize to the full the cotton-plant. Doors and window-frames of paper seemed strange enough; but houses of soft, white cotton are stranger. Treated with certain chemicals, cotton can be made perfectly fire-proof, as hard as stone, and entirely air and water-proof.

A LADY who for four years has been studying at Cambridge, England, says that the English standard of education for women is higher than the American. Six women took the B. A. degree last July, and the London University admits women to all its privileges. There is only one Eastern college in America that will give a degree to a woman.

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#### NOTICE TO ALUMNÆ.

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The attention of the members of the Alumnae Association is respectfully drawn to the consideration of their dues. The scholarship *must* be sustained, all the first payments have been exhausted, and of the one hundred and twenty members scarcely thirty have paid their second installment. A third payment is due in June, and we hope all negligent members will send in their dues, without which the important work we have undertaken will assuredly fail.

KATE MCKIMMON,  
*Secretary.*

E. G. TEW,  
*Treasurer.*

*REPORTS OF LECTURES, ETC.*

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THE BISHOP'S LECTURE.

One Friday evening the news "the Bishop is coming!" flew from mouth to mouth with astonishing rapidity, and delight was pictured on every face, as we divided into groups, while the "old girls" told of the imaginary journeys they had taken, last year, with the beloved Bishop. In vain we tried to study; at each sound of the bell every head was raised, and smiles were exchanged. Several times we were disappointed, and compelled to turn again to our books. At length, we heard his voice in the hall and, at once, all books, pencils, and papers were put aside. Then followed the happy greetings, while with both vocal and instrumental music the Bishop was welcomed to St. Mary's.

After supper we gathered around the bright, open fire; and then our kind guest led us hither and thither, over beautiful Switzerland and Italy.

We began our journey at Vevey on Lake Geneva, one of the loveliest of the Swiss lakes, so far-famed for their bright beauty. It is a softening feature in the wild mountain scenery; but sometimes the clear sky, and the soft calmness of the blue waters give place to storm and darkness, while

"From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,  
Leaps the live thunder;  
\* \* \* and the glee  
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain mirth."

From Vevey we proceeded along the lake shore; by quaint little Swiss villages, nestled in the hills, and through beautiful Clarens and Montreux to Chillon in the very shadow of the Dent-du-Midi. Chillon! with what interest does the name inspire us. Here the deep dungeon, extending far beneath the lake, admits not a ray of light to behold the dark deeds committed within its damp walls. The castle itself has more the air of a prison than

of an abode of a princess. The apartment where a gentle princess was wont to sit, is cold and bare, in keeping with all around. How we pity her! poor lady, condemned to pass her life within these rough, bare walls, devoid of all the beauties and comforts of home. Yet, when we turn to the window, and look out upon the lake, our pity changes to envy, and we esteem her blessed indeed, who could gaze at will, upon such loveliness. We passed on through the valley of the Rhone, where we found ourselves enclosed on either side by a long range of steep and rugged mountains. The snow-clad peaks looked frowningly down upon the happy, smiling valley, through which flowed the green waters of the sparkling Rhone.

By a gradual ascent we reached Brigue, and here the blossoming flowers and soft, warm atmosphere of the valley were changed for snow and the bracing mountain air. The next day we intended to cross the Simplon pass and reach the Italian side of the Alps; but we found the snow much too deep to permit any travelling. On the following day, however, we took our seats in the "diligence" and began to cross the Simplon. Up, up, we went, till every trace of vegetation had disappeared and all was barren desolation. Then began the descent. With much difficulty, through the deep snow, we wound our way slowly down the mountain side. After awhile the air began to grow warmer, shrubs appeared here and there, then a few flowers, till the full beauty of the glorious Italian scenery burst upon us. The quiet softness of the Lago Maggiore, with its crown of blossoming oleanders, the songs of the birds, the delightful air, the peculiar clearness of the blue sky, were such as belong only to Italy.

Next we visited the city of Genoa. Many of its narrow streets are lined with palaces so lofty that one must look straight above his head to see the bright sky. Here we saw Genoese ladies upon the street in full dress; and, instead of hats, they wore black lace veils tied becomingly upon their heads. The city of Genoa lies in the centre of an amphitheatre of hills which protect it from the cold winds of the north. At its feet

is the bright bay, filled with shipping, and just outside is the Campo Santo, the city of the dead, keeping silent watch over the city of the living. Genoa is rich in fine palaces and beautiful churches. The Cathedral is a magnificent edifice of black and white marble, with lofty columns and rich adornments. The large galleries are filled with works of art; statuary and pictures so beautiful that we could look at them for hours and never tire.

From Genoa we took ship to Leghorn. Here we saw nothing of particular interest except the beautiful drive upon the sea-shore. This attraction compensates for the want of all others, and makes Leghorn a place of interest and beauty. As far as the eye could reach, extended the smooth, clear waters of the Mediterranean, more blue than even the Italian sky. This was the sea upon which the powerful fleets of the Roman and Carthaginians met and fought their terrible battles; this, the sea which washed the shores of Corsica, the home of the brave Napoleon; this, the sea which, in its anger, tossed St. Paul's ship hither and thither, but at last landed the crew safe upon the island of Melita.

As we were in no hurry, we stopped several times at places of interest before reaching Rome, the object and end of our journey. At Pisa we saw the famous Leaning Tower, which for ages has seemed ever upon the point of falling, yet still remains firm. Though convinced of its perfect security, the more timid preferred to look at it from a distance; but the others ascended, observing how the stones, large and heavy at the foundation, became less and less massive as the top was approached. Of course we visited the Baptistery; and as we entered the wonderful building our voices were involuntarily hushed, and we looked at each other, almost fearing to speak. At length some one spoke very, *very* softly, and immediately it seemed as if numbers of voices took up the tone and repeated it again and again, loudly and distinctly. So, unkind words that we would fain forget, are echoed by the walls of memory, till the poor heart is weary of

the sound. So, too, a kind word of sympathy and love may, in after years, be so clearly repeated as to bring comfort to more than one aching heart.

As we walked about, we saw various marks which proved that part of the city was once far beneath the sea; at some time fishermen's boats and large ships sailed over the spot upon which we then stood. Far up in the city, in tall posts, were the hooks to which, in former times, boats had been fastened.

We next went to Florence, once the capital of Italy. Florence, the scene of great contest between the Guelfs and Ghibelines; the home of the powerful Medicis, of the mighty Dante; that great city, the first to emerge from the darkness of the Middle Ages, and to encourage art and learning. What a climate! what pictures! what palaces! Invalids, enticed by the soft, warm air, often resort to Florence. But it is a treacherous place; for on turning a corner of one of the narrow streets, the cold wind, which comes whistling down the mountain, makes one shiver and draw his wrap close about him. As we wandered through the Pitti Palace, the Uffizzi, and other galleries, pausing now and then before some work of art, our hearts swelled within us, and we thought "How wonderful is genius, and how happy the man who possesses it!"

From Florence we went directly to Rome. We entered the city at night, and very beautiful were the passing glimpses of palaces and churches. If so beautiful when fallen, what must she not have been when she stood, the Queen of Cities, the Mistress of the World?

Rome presents a beautiful appearance upon a summer evening. As we go along the brilliantly lighted streets, our ears are greeted with strains of exquisite music, and we pass neat little stalls artistically arranged with fruit and the cooling beverage, lemonade.

There are many beautiful churches at Rome. One has been found built upon another, this upon a third, and there is trace of a fourth beneath them all. But St. Peter's is, by far, the largest and most magnificent. Everything is in so excellent

proportion that our first impression of its size was one of disappointment. We soon, however, received some idea of its great dimensions, when we found that what seemed an ordinary pen, in the hand of St. John, was at least six feet in length, and the ball on the lantern, which appeared to be about three feet in diameter, could easily contain eight men at once. It is wonderful to see the whole church lit up in one moment, as if by magic. The change from deep darkness to the burst of brilliancy is so sudden as to give one an idea of supernatural power. Upon the roof of the church we were astonished to find little villages; men and women quietly at work, children at play; cats, dogs, and other domestic animals seemingly quite at home. These are the homes of those who are employed to keep the church in repair. The building is so large that work is constantly going on within it, and twenty-five thousand dollars are spent annually to preserve it in good order.

While at Rome we visited the Pope's Palace, and among its many wonders saw that great work of art, the Apollo Belvidere. At the Vatican we were lost in admiration of the

"Father's love and mortal's agony  
With an immortal's patience blending,"

seen in the face of Laocoon, as he struggles in the grasp of the hissing serpents.

The American church at Rome is the only one in the city consecrated to St. Paul.

The Bishop paused, and as we looked about us, we found ourselves, not at Rome, but still sitting round the fire in the comfortable parlor of our own St. Mary's. Ere long the Bishop bade us good-night; and soon we were fast asleep, going over, in our dreams, the beautiful sights we had seen.

#### DR. MAYO'S LECTURE.

We were very pleasantly entertained on Thursday, January 26th, by a lecture from Dr. Mayo, the reporter of the *New England Educational Journal*, who gave us many new ideas on education in general and in especial on that of girls.

He told us that, in his travels through the United States, he had often noticed how superior were the educational advantages given to the gentler sex; that everywhere fathers send their girls off to school, while they keep their boys at home to work. The reason of this he judged to be the newness of America. A young country, with great resources, she needs all the time and strength of her sons to develop these resources, and the cultivation of letters must, in great measure, be left to her daughters. To illustrate this need, and show the special necessity for the education of women in America, Dr. Mayo compared life in this country to a building five stories high, and continued as follows:

We will now take a look into each story. The First Story is the Kitchen, and here we find the women busily at work. Good living is necessary to good temper, and to be able to make dainty dishes from commonplace materials is certainly an accomplishment. One day, on my journey South, I had eaten nothing all day long, when towards evening the train stopped at a station. There I saw an old darkey with a nice-looking broiled chicken; so I called the negress, paid my fifty cents and got my chicken. I hoped for a nice lunch, but alas! that chicken did not come up to my expectations; tough and ill cooked, it made me cross for the rest of the day. As a contrast to this, I will tell you of a lecture given by a lady in Philadelphia, the subject being "What can be done with One Chicken." She appeared upon the stage neatly and tastefully dressed. By her side was a little cooking-stove and an uncooked chicken. During the course of the lecture she prepared a complete dinner from that one chicken. First, from the head and feet, she made a nice soup; then, with a little cabbage and some other things, a chicken salad; lastly, after grating some bread, she made the rest of the chicken into croquettes. With a little cream and jelly for dessert, she had a delicious dinner spread before her. It was the accomplished lady who spread that table. The difference between the two—that is, the negress and the lady—was brains. The old darkey set her chicken on the fire and



paid no more attention to it; while our lady, with open eyes and well-trained mind, was all the while stirring in brains.

On the Second Story in this Building of Life is the Home. Now, as has been said, the men are busy building up this new country, America, to make it a glorious land; they have little time to make home pleasant, or even to know much about it; they are working in the counting-houses, in the market places, everywhere in the thick of business. They leave home to be taken care of by the Wife. The impression which home makes upon a child remains with him through life. If he has been reared in a home where he has been subject to good influences and trained to right principles, we may expect him to be an upright man; if not, he is an extraordinary phenomenon of nature. But if the opposite has been true, if home has not been home, but a mere semblance, then we may expect that man to be a disgrace to society. To the beautiful home, which the father is ever striving to make more beautiful, the accomplished lady must give the shape. Only one whose mind has been enlarged by education can do this.

The School-room occupies the Third Floor. Here we find many women, and every day more are needed. The requirements of a teacher are not what they were fifty years ago. Then, any woman who could read, write and cipher, was considered competent to teach. Now, year by year, the requisites for a teacher are becoming higher. Teachers need to be most carefully educated; for the minds intrusted to their charge are pliable, and will take shape from them.

From the School-room we enter Society, which fills the Fourth Story. Here, even more than in other places, education and refinement are needed. Women make society, and it rests with them whether society shall raise or lower our country.

In the Fifth and Last Story is the Church. It may seem strange to speak of the Church as directed by the women; but, nevertheless, it is so in a measure. The men pay the clergymen and give to charities, but it is often through the influence of their wives. Vanderbilt endowed the splendid college at Nashville,

but it was through the efforts of two women. It is to the women of a congregation that the clergyman goes for sympathy in his plans, and it is often by them that they are carried out.

Thus, in the Kitchen, the Home, the School, Society and the Church, the influence of Woman is paramount; and the subject of Education for Girls is one of the greatest of the century.

THE FOLLOWING communication, on the cooking-stoves of St. Mary's, may very well be inserted here. It is only just to state that it had been handed in before the visit of our good friend, Dr. Mayo:

Not the least among the household furniture of St. Mary's, are the cooking-stoves. We have made it our business to visit them, in order to report upon them.

We went first to the kitchen; for, of course, we find there the largest and most important. This is the new range. It is built in what was a wide, open fire-place, and is divided into three compartments, the fire being in the middle, and an oven on each side. Each oven is furnished with a damper, and the manner of regulating the heat is really beautiful. Indeed, we have come to the conclusion that the "Paris Range" is an object of beauty. Mr. Kames, in his "Treatise on the Beautiful," tells us,

"That relative beauty consists in utility," (1)

"That we think an object beautiful according to the results which it produces," (2)

\* \* \* Our range will be a joy forever.

We leave it to the Class in Logic to give the missing link in our chain of reasoning.

There are all the numerous appendages of a stove. First in size is the tin boiler, in which four hams can be cooked at once; whereby the appetites of St. Mary's girls can be estimated. Then come the kettles all in a row, making a truly formidable array; pots and pans innumerable, and the many other vessels which belong to a well-fitted kitchen. But the griddles must not be forgotten: keenly would our girls feel the loss of Jim's

nice buckwheat cakes, though their entree is often fashionably late. By the side of the range is a large, brick oven, where is baked all the bread. All!—think of it!—all the bread for eighty hungry girls, not to speak of many hungry teachers. The tea-pots and coffee-pots,—I wish you could see them, you would think the age of giants had returned, such colossi are they. There are so many things of interest in the kitchen that we could have spent all our leisure time there; but knowing that there were other cooking-stoves to see, we were obliged to tear ourselves away.

As one enters the back door a beacon-light greets her eyes; this is the old brick furnace, and rare times we have cooking by its bright fire. The box-room is near; need I say more?

The new furnace between the Senior recitation-room and the dining-room comes next. It is true to its name, "The Star,"—surely a fixed one; for never did sun give out heat more savagely. I appeal to the French tables for confirmation of my statement.

In the east covered-way stands the big black boiler, the terror of every new girl. The Professor dares to cook his dishes by the breath of the fearful monster, and the young teachers are bold enough to fix lunch dainties by its terrible glow. A beautifully painted vase was seen baking here the other day. Now the fame of Mrs. Parloe's wonderful classes has reached us, and much we would like a peep at their mysteries; but we venture to assert that even Boston has not yet brought high art and culinary art into so close connection as have we, here at St. Mary's.

"No eatables on the second floor," has been the stern decree; so we do not find any stoves there. But on the third floor there are two, both of them wonderful inventions. There is a tea-kettle that sings away merrily and gives many a fragrant cup of tea to the poor girls afflicted with headache, or doomed to the tender mercies of the dentist. It is boiled by an alcohol lamp, which has three wicks; so, if one did not like tea better than science,

she would have a capital opportunity to study capillary attraction. Alas! we would rather sit gossiping over a cup of tea than speculate upon a wonderful force.

Last, but not least, is the stove in the sick-room. This, unlike the others, is heated by kerosene, and it has a broad wick. It is its office to cook the beef-tea which strengthens the delicate girls. To be sure, they don't seem very fond of it; but it does them good "for a' that."

On the fourth floor, alas! we find no cooking-stoves; there again they are forbidden treasures.

We have ended our journey, and who can say that we, at St. Mary's, are likely to go hungry?

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### MINUTES OF THE EDITORIAL CLUB.

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BY REQUEST OF THE SECRETARY.

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JANUARY 13TH, 1882.—The Club met for the first time after the Christmas Holidays. Cards and the delights of the past were still in discussion, while some of our more progressive members dipped into the future, in the way of *Vick's Floral Guide*. But soon both past and future were forgotten, as we were led in sympathy through the joys and sorrows of life and love in the old story of Cupid and Psyche, beautifully told in "The Earthly Paradise" by William Morris.

FEBRUARY 3D.—To-night we were all sent after our needle-work; and crochet, rick-rack and other fancy work took the place of pen and paper. "The Doings of the Tile Club Ashore," was the first article chosen to be read, and was but too soon finished. Then from the same magazine a very "touching" article, headed "Superlatives," was read. Be it sufficient to say

we heard and understood, and we agree that Mr. Emerson knows well the most too utterly consummate school-girl of the period.

FEBRUARY 10TH.—At this meeting we first welcomed to our Club two new and very valuable members, Miss Jennie and Miss Nannie Hughes. On the table there lay many books and periodicals, among them "The Earthly Paradise," "Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines," and "Gœthe." At last "Gœthe" was chosen, and we read "Gœtz von Berlichingen." The retiring-bell rang all too early, as it always does when our Lady-Principal reads to us, and we adjourned to dream of the Iron-handed One.

FEBRUARY 17TH.—The Club met, and was called to order. The resignation of the President was put before the Club. As the President had postponed her graduation until next year, she thought it fitting to resign her place to a graduating member of the class of '82. It was finally decided that we should have a re-election of officers. The result of the election is as follows: Kate M. Lord, President; Sallie L. Daniel, Secretary; Jessie B. Williams, Editorials; Lizzie D. Battle, Book Notices,—Jennie Hughes, Assistant; Kate Sutton, Current Topics,—Nannie Hughes, Assistant. The graduating Seniors were excused from editorial work for the Easter MUSE, as Essays and other Commencement duties are looming darkly ahead.

FEBRUARY 24TH.—The first thing was to clear off the table, which was groaning under its weight of knowledge. The members of the MUSE Club could, of course, sympathize. A bottle of mucilage, wrappers, pens, and ink were called into play. When it was time to adjourn, two hundred and fifty MUSES were ready for the morning mail.

MARCH 10TH was the date of our next meeting, as on the Friday before, Society business interfered. We spent the evening finishing "Gœtz von Berlichingen. All further business meetings were postponed till after Easter.

LITERARY NOTICES.

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WE RECEIVED, not long since, from the Bureau of Education at Washington, an interesting pamphlet on Education in France. The system of schools in that country has been much improved during the past few years. At its head is the Minister of Public Instruction, whose department consists of three divisions: first, that of Primary Education; second, that of Secondary Education; and third, that of Superior Education; each of these being under the supervision of a special director. The old system has been remodeled under these directors, and the number of persons having a common-school education has lately been rapidly increasing. Everything possible has been done to improve the education of the poorer classes. Mutual aid societies have been established among the teachers in nearly all the schools, and latterly school savings-banks have been introduced in many of them and with great success. The plan of these banks is this: The principal of the school appoints one day in every week on which he will receive any deposits the scholars may wish to make; when the deposits of one person amount to over one franc, he is given a bank-book—arrangements for receiving the money having been made with the nearest bank by the principal. The plan of the savings-banks is an excellent one for teaching the youth economy, especially among the poorer classes, where this virtue is much needed, and where it is apt to be wanting. It would be well if it were introduced into America, the place of all others where economy is most lacking. •

Superior Education is conducted on a most excellent system, which, from the time of Charlemagne, has been continually improved, until it has reached its present state. Moreover, in 1808, there was formed a special college for the education of teachers to carry out this system; and no one is permitted to teach in the Superior Department unless thus prepared.

Many things go to prove that the number of illiterate persons has greatly diminished in the last few years. Among

others are the facts that the criminals—who are apt to be the most ignorant of a nation—entirely without education, are comparatively few, and that the percentage of persons able to sign their marriage contracts has greatly increased. The schools in the French colonies also show a great improvement. They are, like the schools in France itself, placed under the supervision of an Inspector; and the savings-banks introduced into some of them have, so far, flourished.

IT IS REPORTED that none of the recent works of Professor Ebers have come up to his "Uarda," and that they have rather dimmed than brightened his fame.

THE READERS OF "HELEN'S BABIES" will be delighted to hear that another work, "Mrs. Mayburn's Twins," worthy of John Habberton, will be out in a few days. It is already in the hands of the publishers, and we have been assured that it is as full of fun and frolic as the author's previous works, but with a strong undercurrent of pathos running through the whole.

"PALMS AND TEMPLES," an account of a recent journey up the Nile by Julian Biddulph Arnold, the son of the author of "The Light of Asia," is now in press. We hope that this young man's success may equal his father's.

THE GREEK PLAY AT HARVARD.—Some months ago there came out in *Scribner* an interesting account of the representation of the "Œdipus Tyrannus" at Harvard, which event has aroused a great interest in the Greek drama. Assisted by this account, and Franklin's translation of the play, we propose to treat briefly of the play itself, the costumes of the actors, its author, and finally of the effects which its presentation has had upon the public mind. Perhaps before doing this, our readers will not object to having their memories refreshed by a short account of the legend on which this play is founded.

Laius, King of Thebes, upon the birth of his only child, Œdipus, learns, from the oracle of Apollo, that he shall perish by the hand of this son, who shall shortly afterwards marry his

father's widow. The boy is consequently exposed to wild beasts on the mountains, but is saved and brought up by the King of Corinth. Arrived at manhood, he unintentionally accomplishes the oracle and rules happily until Thebes is visited by a horrible plague. The gods declare that the plague will not cease until the murderer is banished from the country. Œdipus, not once thinking that he is the man, begins a minute search, and learns the horrible crimes of which he has been guilty. Jocasta, the Queen, hangs herself, and Œdipus, finding her thus, in a fit of despair, puts out his eyes. He then resigns his kingdom to his uncle, Creon, and wanders about the world helpless, blind, and avoided by all save his daughter, Antigone.

Such is the legend upon which Sophocles founded his greatest tragedy, "Œdipus Tyrannus," deemed by most critics the finest Greek tragedy, and equal to any in the world.

Great as are the works of this "Prince of Ancient Dramatic Poets," in this alone does his transcendent genius seem to have combined all his wonderful gifts.

The Greeks had little or no scenic apparatus, but they managed their characters so as to make this want little felt, and Sophocles made even the every-day dress of the Greeks heighten the effect of his tragedy. His characters appear to us real, living, breathing persons. We feel toward them as to friends, and when Œdipus, in his agony of horror, grief, and shame at the discovery of his crimes, resigns his kingdom and becomes an exile, our feelings almost overcome us; for the moment we feel as if we, too, were banished.

In June last, this magnificent tragedy was presented in the original Greek, and in appropriate costumes, at Harvard University. The aim was to reproduce, as far as possible, the ancient Greek drama. The dress adopted was that of the fourth century B. C., a compound of the Attic and Doric patterns, the Doric predominating. Its principal feature was a rectangular piece of cloth, twice as long as broad, the breadth corresponding with the wearer's height. The most minute details of costume, even to the sandals, were carefully studied and executed; nothing was omitted, however unimportant it might at first appear.



As far as consistent with modern taste, no scenic apparatus was allowed, nor was there any artificial music to distract the attention; full play was given to the feelings and to the imagination. As a spectacle the presentation was highly successful; not in the popular acceptation of the word *spectacle*—a mass of tinsel and show—but in the artistic sense. The combinations of color were exquisite. Red was worn only by the royal family; the less important members using it but in slight trimmings. Thus the focus of color was concentrated on the King, the principal character. The suppliants were dressed in soft, white materials, which showed to the best advantage the rich robes of the King and his attendants. The chorus of sixteen singers was arrayed in the usual quiet dress for aged Thebans, whom they were supposed to be. On reaching their position a little below the level of the stage, they formed a pleasant foreground of soft colors that served to heighten the effect of the costumes of the actors. The contrast of the colors was as agreeable as their harmony. Thus, in the scene where Teiresias denounces Œdipus, the soft, white folds of the seer's chiton and himation presented a striking but pleasant contrast to the rich and heavy robes of Œdipus.

The Harvard Professors showed great wisdom in the choice of their play. Sophocles excelled in penetration into the passions of men, and nothing which his characters do is incredible. He knew, too, exactly how far he might excite the passions of his audience, and he was always careful never to go beyond its endurance. He is noted for harmony. His verse is smoother than that of any of his contemporaries, and "Œdipus Tyrannus" is, of all his plays, the most harmonious. This play, too, is more acceptable to us than almost any other, in that it excites curiosity as to the conclusion. Now this is something very unusual in a Greek tragedy; but it is necessary for the success of any drama now, because it is, perhaps, the requirement of the modern drama to which we have become most habituated.

The Greek dress helps greatly to indicate and exhibit the passions of the wearers. When the prophet Teiresias denounced

Œdipus for all the crimes which he had committed, the folds of his himation grew sharper and more angular; and when at the height of his agony, the rigidity of his limbs was plainly shown by a corresponding stiffness in the folds of his robe; at the last, when Œdipus retired in all his horror, breaking the smooth folds of his himation with one gesture and throwing the end of it over his face, he was the very personification of despair.

The great simplicity of the play itself, and the preservation of this in the Harvard representation added to its charm.

Many will perhaps inquire, what has been the result of this labor? First, it has shown the use of a practical knowledge of national costumes; up to this time, little or no attention has been paid to it. Secondly, it has shown clearly the contrast between the modern and the ancient stage, and that stage properties are entirely subordinate to the treatment of character. Thirdly, it has aroused interest in that literature which is one of the strongest, richest, and most significant in the world. Only within a few centuries have we had any acquaintance with the Greek literature in its pure state; but during all time its influence has been more extensive than that of any other, whether ancient or modern.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, America's greatest poet, is dead; the voice that for so long has poured forth sweet melodies, is silent; and great grief is over all our land. We have only to look into his poems to find the life of our loved singer. Sitting with him around the fireside, we learn his touching love for home, and almost hear the gentle voice saying to his dear ones:

"Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!  
 Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,  
 That teaches me, when seeming most alone,  
 Friends are around us, though no word be spoken."

Turning again the pages, we see the strong man in these words:

"Live I, so live I,  
 To my Lord heartily,  
 To my Prince faithfully,  
 To my Neighbor honestly.  
 Die I, so die I."

But the noble life is ended ; he has at last attained

“To those turrets where the eye  
Sees the world as one vast plain,  
And one boundless reach of sky.”

Yet, though our poet is at rest, his songs are left us, and we may still feel that,

“Weary hearts by thee are lifted,  
Struggling souls by thee are strengthened,  
Clouds of fear asunder rifted ;  
Truth, from falsehood cleansed and sifted,  
Lives, like days in summer, lengthened.”

LES AUTEURS CONTEMPORAINS.—Few nations have a richer literature than the French. They have explored all the fields of thought, and their writers have added much to the wisdom and happiness of mankind. Moliere, Fenelon, Rousseau, Voltaire, have long worn the chaplets of immortelles.

But I intend now to speak only of that charming little book by Madame L. Alliot-Boymier, entitled “Les Auteurs Contemporains.” Though it was introduced into the Senior Class only this year, it has already won its way to our hearts. We have but one objection to it, and that is that the few extracts from each author seem to us too meagre. They remind one of the story told of the American paying his first visit to France. He seated himself at the table, where were spread many dishes containing meats, etc. Despatching the tempting morsels, he exclaimed “I like your samples, now bring me a dinner!” Still these few extracts are very advantageous to us, as they make us wish for more.

It is wonderful how much greater is the pleasure we gain from works in the original, than from any translation. The translation may convey the idea, but not the spirit of the original. They may be compared to a rose without fragrance.

We need mention only a few of the authors to show how varied and universal is the range of our little volume. First, we notice an interesting extract from *Les Indes Noires*, by Jules

Verne. In this we see plainly that the author is an ardent lover of nature. Those who have read this work remember the beautiful description of the moonlight night, and the impressions of the young girl who, for the first time, gazed upon the beauties of nature. Next, there is Madame Dudevant, with her strong pen; again, Thiers, Taine, Guizot, philosophers and historians; Gambetta, the orator and statesman; Fenillet, Lamartine, Victor Hugo, Dumas, and many others. I doubt whether any nation in this century can display so large and so brilliant a galaxy of writers.

Our little book helps us to know the French writers living at this present time. We are all familiar with the works of Racine. We have sympathized with Iphigenie, and trembled before Athalie. Corneille and Moliere are also known and read by almost every one; still there are but few well acquainted with the French writers of to-day; and it is the main object of our author, not only to make her book attractive, but, at the same time, instructive; teaching us, in a pleasant way, the literature of our own time.

But there is no rose without its thorn. *Helas, ces gallicismes!* The French language is exceedingly beautiful, soft and musical, and we all agree that if they would only discard those idioms, the French would have a language rivalling the English!

With all drawbacks, however, we enjoy few hours more than those spent with "Les Auteurs Contemporains."

WE HAVE a beautiful new edition of Dickens, bound in olive and gold, and filled with fine illustrations. As we take down volume after volume, and glance through their well-remembered pages, we see many pictures which attract our attention. It chances that in "David Copperfield" the first one that meets our eyes is "The Death of David's Child Wife." There she lies, her golden hair almost covering the pillow, and her sweet face turned towards David, whose head is bowed upon his hands. As we see the quiet peacefulness of her face, we seem almost to hear the sweet, low voice saying: "It is much better as it is."

Too much saddened to look further, we take up "Our Mutual Friend," and here the first thing we see is the "Bird of Prey." There is a dark, flowing river, bearing upon its bosom a boat in which are two persons: the one, a man well advanced in life; the other, a young girl. The man is unkempt and dirty, his hair a tangled mass, and, with his long, crooked nose, and eyes gazing eagerly down into the water, he looks more like some bird of ill omen than a human creature. His sleeves are rolled up, and one hand is stretched forward into the water to grasp a shapeless mass. At the other end of the boat sits the girl with averted face, a look of mingled horror and terror in her eyes. In the background we see, afar off, the spires of the city.

Here is Oliver fleeing down the street, his face full of terror and alarm, while after him comes the hooting crowd, crying, "Stop, thief!" Farther on is another scene as if in contrast to this. There is a pleasant parlor, with only three occupants. One of them is our old acquaintance, Oliver; but the difference between the frightened boy and the quiet, gentlemanly little fellow seated by the window, is so great that we could hardly have told him did we not know the story. At the piano, on the opposite side of the room, is a young girl singing, and near her, in a large arm-chair, is seated Mrs. Maylie.

Who comes next? Nicholas and the embarrassed Miss Squeers. Here, too, are Nicholas and Gride. It is the same face, only filled with righteous indignation instead of embarrassment.

Again the scene is changed, and this time we wander with Scrooge and the Ghost of Christmas Present to Bob Cratchit's house and see the merry family; above all, the Goose and Tiny Tim. Look! Scrooge is dancing in spite of himself from room to room, only stopping to ask what day it is and to order the big prize turkey for Bob.

These are a few only of the many illustrations in our new edition of Dickens, which, together with many other new books, serve at the same time to delight and improve our minds.

SURELY OUR friends are not only kind, but steadfast. Again our thanks are due to Senator Ransom for a valuable work on Ethnology, which came to us just before Easter. We wish we had time to notice in detail its interesting contents and beautiful plates. It now lies in state in the sitting-room, but it shall soon occupy a place in the library, to the admiration of all beholders.

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### ART NOTES.

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We have lately received a delightful book which reviews the history of church-building in the Middle Ages, as represented by the Cathedral of Venice, Siena and Florence. But the author does not confine himself to the subject of architecture. With the history of each cathedral, which he regards as the expression of the life and character of its city, he brings vividly before us the days when Venice was fondly called by her people "Little Christendom," when Siena was in her prime, and Florence was yet worthy of Dante's loving pride.

In a general introduction, Mr. Norton portrays the chaotic state of society after the fall of the Roman Empire. Then we have the rise of new nations and languages from the ruins of the old, the dawn of new thoughts and feelings, and of the arts in which these found expression.

Of this revival of the arts, that of architecture was the earliest and noblest manifestation, preëminently in the building of churches.

The church in the Middle Ages, as the one institution which remained unshaken by the changes of those stormy times, exercised unbounded influence on all classes, and her promises and threats stirred men to acts of almost incredible penance and devotion. This wide-spread religious feeling found its chief expression in the enthusiasm for church-building, which, toward the close of the tenth century, prevailed over all Europe. "It

was," said an old writer, "as if the earth, rousing itself and casting away its old robes, clothed itself in the white garment of churches."

Writing of the essentially similar style of the churches of this period, the author draws a parallel between the history of architecture and of language, in the Middle Ages. The new languages of Europe, which had resulted from a combination of Gothic and Latin elements, had received the name Romanesque; an appellation which designated the union of the same elements in architecture. The result of this combination in both was not a corruption of the classic forms, but a new creation, adapted to the needs of the times and illustrative of its spirit. Notwithstanding the general similarity in style of the mediæval churches, there was great variety in detail, the Roman or the Gothic element predominating according to the locality.

In the cathedrals of Italy, where the memories of Rome's mighty past were clearest, the Roman spirit naturally manifested itself more strongly than elsewhere.

Of so much interest is the history of each of the great cathedrals which Mr. Norton discusses, that it is difficult to decide which most to dwell upon. The people of those far-off times live before us in this book, and as we watch with the interest of contemporaries, their work, their competitions, successes and defeats, we are filled with admiration for the faith and zeal of which the great cathedrals are the splendid monuments.

With the account of the Sienese Cathedral, Our Lady of the Assumption, Mr. Norton has interwoven the most interesting and significant phases in the history of Siena, beginning with her palmy days, and noting her gradual decline during the century in which the Duomo grew toward completion. For the mediæval cathedrals were the work, not of years alone, but of centuries. Generations of builders and artists left on the stately walls the record of their skill and devotion, passed away and were forgotten before the work was finished. As the cathedral was the expression of the prosperity, no less than the faith, of a community, so the enthusiasm with which the work on the

Duomo was carried forward, waxed and waned with the wealth and power of the builders. To-day the Sienese cathedral stands with its stately walls destitute of the marble facing by which they should have been adorned, a monument of the fallen hopes and ruined fortunes of a once brave and prosperous people.

In his account of Florence and her cathedral, St. Mary of the Flower, Mr. Norton paints the life of the beautiful city in her happiest days. Great events and world-famous names mingle in the history of the centuries during which this magnificent fabric grew toward completion. Here we have the story of wars and conflagrations, of the plague, of Dante's exile. The prosperity of the city lay, not with the nobility, but with her artisans and merchants. A most interesting account is given of the various trades or arts into which the industries of the city were divided; twelve chief trades and nine lesser ones. The government of the city was in the hands of a Podesta, or chief executive officer, and of magistrates chosen from among the members of the twelve chief arts, from which the nobility were excluded. The building of the Duomo was the work of the people of Florence, but was especially the care of the "Art of Calimala," or foreign cloth-merchants.

The account of the means by which money was raised for the work on this Duomo, and of the great artists who were engaged in its construction and decoration, is of much interest.

It makes one long to see beautiful Florence and its crowning glory, to look on Brunelleschi's mighty dome, and on Giotto's Campanile, "the Lily of Florence blossoming in stone."

Of the three histories given in Mr. Norton's book, the most fascinating is that of San Marco of Venice. The narrative embraces the story, unique as it is glorious, of the City of the Lagoons.

Of commercial facilities far exceeding those of any other Italian city, Venice early advanced beyond her neighbors in wealth, culture, and refinement. The character of her people was peculiar; energetic and brave, they were also full of sentiment and poetic imagination. Naturally, they had great store



of legends, relics and miracles. One tradition maintained that Venice had been destined, before she rose from the sea, to receive and guard the body of St. Mark, and to flourish under his protection. Another relates how the relics of the saint were taken from their resting place at Alexandria, brought to Venice, and placed with great reverence in the Chapel of the Doges, till a fitting shrine should be prepared for them.

The first Church of San Marco, after standing for more than a century, was burned during a popular tumult, in which the Doge was slain at the sacred portal. The first care of his successor was to rebuild the church in a style of greater magnificence than before. In this Church the differing forms of Roman, Gothic and Byzantine architecture were so harmoniously blended as to produce an effect which could be called only Venetian. As the Athenians possessed an inborn sense of symmetry in form, so was the perception of harmony in color inherent in the Venetians. This genius is seen in the marvellous beauty of the mosaics which encrust the walls of the church, making such an exhibition of coloring in architecture as is seen nowhere else in Europe. Here was displayed not only the skill of the Venetian artists, but also the zeal of the traders and men-at-arms, who brought from distant lands, from ancient cities and ruined temples, materials for the decoration of their church. Blocks of colored stone, marble shafts and columns, fragments of sculpture, were brought as offerings, and the builders showed a genuine artistic feeling in blending the most incongruous materials into a harmonious and beautiful whole.

The mosaics of San Marco served not alone for adorning the church, but also for religious instruction. The Scriptures were here displayed in imperishable form before the eyes of those who could not read the written word. 'The church was like a "vast illuminated missal, its pages filled with sacred designs painted on gold."

We cannot better close our review than with a quotation which will give an idea of Mr. Norton's style. "Here the people met to determine great affairs of state; here each newly elected Doge

was presented before the people, that they might confirm by their approval, the choice of the Council. There is a tradition, that in this church the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa and Pope Alexander the Third, after twenty years' strife, were publicly reconciled, at the earnest intercession of the Doge. It was in this crusade that the four horses of gilded bronze, which had been carried from Rome to Constantinople, were seized by the Venetians in the overthrow of the latter city and carried to Venice, where they still adorn the front of the cathedral."

Mr. Norton's style is clear and forcible, bringing the scenes which he describes, so vividly before us that we scarcely regret the lack of illustrations. Altogether, "Church Building in the Middle Ages" is a most fascinating book, and well worth the attention of lovers of art and of history.

A RARE old painting, "The Raising of Lazarus," is for sale at the art galleries of G. A. Leavitt & Co., Broadway, N. Y. It is claimed to be a genuine Titian, the coloring and grouping of the figures strongly suggesting the great Master, especially in his religious subjects, such as the "Miracle of St. Mark," and "Calvary."

A LITTLE book entitled "Fairy Legends of the South of Ireland," published forty years ago, is in the possession of Dr. Lyons of New York. The illustrations are executed with fairy-like grace and skill.

IT IS SAID of Mr. Henry Farrer, that in his water-colors "he has not yet learned how to please the eye greatly, but he understands thoroughly how not to displease it." Discreet touches of color brighten the quiet tints of "In Casco Bay," "On the Sound," "New York Bay," and "Moonlight." Mr. Charles Mante, in his "Impressionist" landscapes, shows unusual love of color. An architectural picture, "Doorway in Rathenburg," stands at the head of his contributions. Next comes a beech-tree, in which the yellowing leaves are well done. On the whole, the pictures of this exhibition of the water-color society are of unusually high average.

IN THE ART-ROOM, one of the students is copying the large painting of the "Storm," which hangs over the parlor fireplace; another is making a "Study of Brie-a-brac."

The numerous crayon students are variously engaged; some in making drawings from casts and other objects, others in copying landscapes, heads, flowers, and fruit. A crayon of callas is a novelty.

The interest in ceramic art continues unabated. Although the list of china-painters has been diminished by the departure of two or three, and the temporary defection of one in favor of oil-painting, the places of these have been filled by beginners. The safe return of a second barrel of china from firing, has been welcomed by the art-students. These pieces show great improvement in design and execution. Daisies are still a popular decoration, appearing on some of the prettiest pieces. On a tea-set of pale blue, white daisies are painted, and a beautifully finished plate shows a cluster of "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers." A cup and saucer is decorated with mosses and ferns, and a lovely plate displays a group of feathery fronds, with sprays of the delicate Hartford fern in the background. Another plate has a wreath of blue periwinkle on cream-color, and on one or two are landscapes in monochrome.

A pair of large vases, neutral-tinted and decorated, one with a flight of birds, the other with butterflies, stand on the parlor mantel-piece, which post of honor they have held since Easter morning.

## CHIP-BASKET.

“Dry as a chip,” is the favorite motto of our MUSE editors.

The word “*Incantation*” was defined the other day as “the song of Solomon.”

It is estimated that enough rick-rack has been made in school during the past month to reach around the equator, and leave quite a long piece besides to float off into space.

Let no one maintain that the present generation is deficient in reverence. Mark the following definition given a short time ago by a member of the spelling class: “A-b-l-e, to be capable of; A-b-c-l, the *gentleman* Cain killed.”

“With what kind of oil is salad dressed?” was a question recently asked by a youthful aspirant after knowledge. Great was her astonishment on being told that sweet-oil was the condiment frequently used. “Why, I thought they used castor-oil, and that it got its name because it was put into castors.”

Hearing that “Paradise Lost” was written in *blank* verse, a puzzled damsel asks, “Why, what is there to read, if it’s all blank?”

A member of the Geography Class gave the Alhambra as the finest specimen of *grotesque* architecture in Europe.

A patriotic daughter of South Carolina triumphantly announces in her composition that though her native State has “no mountains filled with gold, nor forests streaming with tar,” she yet brings forth all things needful for life, “for she produces men and women, and things to feed them with.” Hide your diminished heads, O, dwellers of the “Old North State!” Of what use are your gold and tar, since ye produce neither men and women, nor things to feed them with!”

## ST. MARY'S DOGGEREL.

On Friday eve, when shadows fall,  
If at St. Mary's you should call,  
You would be apt to see a sight,  
Which, though it would not cause you fright,  
Might make you wonder whence and where  
Goes every maiden with a chair  
And little box; but if you did  
The courage have to raise the lid,  
You'd find therein a bunch of braid,  
And rolls of "rick-rack" neatly made.  
In making this, am I not right?  
St. Mary's girls do all delight.  
They wend their way, with laughter gay,  
Into the school-room, there to stay  
A little while, discuss and see  
The work done in Society.  
Then they adjourn, the eve to pass  
In some assigned reading class.  
The Specialists and Seniors wise  
Are lost in "Earthly Paradise;"  
The Subs the laureate's praises sing  
About the "Idyls of the King."  
The festive Juniors yet have not  
Advanced beyond the marks of Scott;  
And even the Preps, our little tyros,  
Are gaily reading "Kingsley's Heroes."

## OUR CALENDARS.

In the senior dormitory,  
Over every snowy cot,  
Hangs a little memorandum,  
Marked by many a sombre spot.

Very neat, not gaudy-looking,  
 Black and white their colors are,  
 Tied to each is a little pencil ;  
 'Tis its marks their beauty mar.

These are truthful little records,  
 Counting up the days to come ;  
 Maidens, mark off each day gaily,  
 For it brings you nearer Home !

OUR DISAPPOINTMENT.

Our girls went down dressed in their best,  
 To hear wise talks upon the West.  
 They were most wise, as you must know,  
 If our good Rector let us go.  
 We left the school in great delight,  
 Our hearts were free, our spirits bright.  
 The walks down, when the nights were clear,  
 Were brisk and gay with mirth and cheer.  
 But one night, when the rain did fall,  
 The girls were crowded, one and all,  
 Into the 'busses large and small,  
 The chances were, as off they dashed,  
 That more than clothes were being "smashed."  
 Now, like all girls, each tried her best  
 To talk much louder than the rest.  
 A sudden hush fell over all,  
 When we arrived at Tucker Hall.  
 We saw great sights in the National Park,  
 We saw "Big Trees" with picturesque bark,  
 Yosemite Falls and wondrous things  
 Like Canons, Geysers, Boiling Springs.  
 But think how all our feathers fell,  
 When scarcely were we seated well,  
 Than orders to "put out the light"

Made our dear girls 'most cry outright;  
For, after all our anxious care  
To guard our nicely-crimped front hair,  
To sit there in the mellow shade,  
Which radiance from the lanterns made,  
Was far from pleasing to the girls  
Who would display their fluffy curls.  
Now shadows *sometimes* please us best,  
But not when we are finely dressed.

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# ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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VOL. IV.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1882.

No. 4.

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## *KING ARTHUR.*

---

Every land has its myths. The North-land is full of wonderful tales of Thor the Thunderer and of the White God, Balder. The Indian mythology abounds in weird fantastic stories. The fair land of Greece re-echoes with the war songs and brave deeds of heroes, with many wonderful legends of Mount Olympus and its mighty ruler. But in the cycle of myths that one of Brittany and Wales is more soul-stirring than any other. Nor does this seem strange when we look at the character of King Arthur. It is best portrayed in the oath administered to his knights:

“My knights are sworn to vows  
Of utter hardihood, utter gentleness,  
And loving, utter faithfulness in love,  
And uttermost obedience to the King.”

Well did he keep the holy vow; in hardihood in dangers and in death, in gentleness even to his foes, in faithfulness to her he loved, and in obedience to the King of Kings. The honors of the tournaments he left to his knights, but in battles against the heathen the very fire of God seemed to fill him. His pity and gentleness are ever noticeable. Picture him as he stood by the river which flowed through “many towered Camelot” and saw floating down its stream the “Lily Maid.” With gentle hand he unclasped the letter over which the cold fingers had tightly closed, and pityingly read it to his Court, while ever in the reading dames and lords wept. He was ever granting boons and

showing mercy, yet was his reign as just as gentle. We have in his own words the principle by which he ruled,

“We sit King to help the wronged  
Thro' all our realm.”

Petitioner after petitioner knelt in the royal presence, crying “a boon, Sir King.” To many, as to the poor widow whom Uther had wronged, he would answer,

“No boon is here,  
But justice, so thy say be proven true.”

The perfect truthfulness of the King spared not even his best beloved friend. When he learned that LauneLOT had feigned sickness that he might go disguised to a joust, and thereby gain purer glory, he said

“Far lovelier in our Launcelot had it been,  
In lieu of idle dallying with the truth,  
To have trusted me.”

So perfect a truth was his that it reached even the youngest of his followers. As Gareth stood disguised as a tiller of the soil, at the entrance of the glorious old city, Arthur's wars and deeds, carved in strange devices upon the gate, so brought to mind the holy King, that his deception grew hateful. The pavement at his feet cried out “The King's mercy reacheth ever to the just and true, but woe is he who comes unworthily to ask a boon.” Then Gareth said of his device for winning knighthood,

“For this half shadow of a lie  
The truthful King will doom me when I speak.”

Even when the death mist had dimmed the clear light of the King's eyes, his scorn for a lie turned Sir Bedivere from this unknighly sin.

As the Great Achilles had his chosen friends—the aged Phœnix, the mighty Ajax, Nestor, wise in words, and the gentle Patroelus, so Arthur was aided by the knights who gathered around his table—Sir Galahad, the knight of the white armor, Sir Percival the pure, Sir LauneLOT, the best beloved of the King, and many

others of honor and renown. Sir Percival marred none of his many victories by selfishness or love of praise, and Sir Launcelot so wore his knighthood that even a stranger said

"By thy state  
And presence I might guess thee chief of those  
After the King, who eat in Arthur's hall."

He who really approached nearest Arthur was the fair knight Sir Galahad, whose

"Strength was as the strength of ten,  
Because his heart was pure."

In his life we see a fulfilment of Arthur's prophecy, as he dubbed him knight,

"God make thee good as thou art beautiful."

No wonder does it seem that within his sword-belt the nun should weave a crimson Grail and say:

"Go thou forth, for thou shalt see what I have seen,  
And break through all, 'til one shall crown thee king,  
Far in a Spiritual City."

The nobility of Arthur and his knights is seen in the motives which prompted their quests. No love of self-praise led Geraint to avenge the wrongs of old Earl Ynoil, or Gareth to undertake the quest against the Sons of Night and Day; and it was a longing for spiritual life, a seeking after the highest, which pointed the knights to the search for the Holy Grail.

In this myth, as given to us in the noble poetry of England's Laureate, we find the loftiest lives and that joy which follows noble deeds and high endeavors. Instead of the rejoicing of Ulysses' triumphal banquet, we have the holy gladness which came to all the faithful of the court. The lives of Enid and Geraint were crowned with happiness. She was called by a grateful people "Enid the Good;" to him was given the title of "Great Prince" and "Man of Men." It seems as if that

Guinevere's life-song must be "Too Late"; but led by the memory of the blameless King, she lived three years an abbess, until she passed

"To where beyond these voices there is peace."

To Sir Galahad was given entrance to the Celestial City in the light of the Holy Vessel. And to Sir Percival, as he saw him pass like a star through the pearly gates, came that vision for which he had sought and prayed—the vision of the Holy Grail—sent only to that knight who had made the noblest conquest, that of self.

As Arthur surpassed his knights in the nobility and purity of his life, so the joy which came to him was the highest and best; to him was given the precious gift of perfect peace. His words, as he sailed to

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,"

speak the humble confidence born of faithful service to the Great King. The order of the Table Round was broken, the knights were scattered, yet no fear for the honor and glory of the land cast its shadow on his heart. To the lone follower who stood upon the mere, he calmly said:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Then looking back on his battle for the Cross and victories won over self, he gazed fearlessly into the future, saying:

"I have lived my life, and that which I have done  
May He within Himself make pure."

Achilles, having conquered the Trojan band in glorious battle, fell, and darkness gathered o'er his eyes. Arthur, having fought the good fight, passed through the mist of the Great Sea and

"Vanished into light."



*LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS.*

---

At first sight, it seems that there are not now-a-days such friendships as those of olden times; and we are led to ask if this is really the case. Has the world grown so much worse that men find it impossible to love their fellow-men? We think not. But the circumstances of to-day differ from those of the past, and it is folly to expect the same manifestations of friendship. Modern laws would not allow one man to offer his life for another, as did Bassanio for Antonio; nor do our rules of warfare permit a warrior to avenge his friend, as did Achilles. We naturally look to our public men for famous friendships, but we find that the subjects which interest them are not conducive to its gentle sentiments. Friendship is a plant of slow and tender growth, needing care, cultivation and patience. Shall we look for these at the bar, in the counting-room, or in the legislative halls?

But allowing that some circumstances for the display of friendship are now wanting, the world of letters is a field most fertile for its growth. Between no two men is this more perfectly illustrated than between the stately Addison and the rollicking Dick Steele, and the friendship of Johnson, Goldsmith and Boswell is well known. We easily picture these three at the Mitre, Johnson domineering most unmercifully over the other two.

No one can read Irving's picture of Abbotsford without enjoying the friendship which he so charmingly portrays as having existed between himself and Scott. Their friendly conversations during walks through the baronet's haunts are delightfully told. Later letters show that even the ocean could not divide their love. Another friendship of the nineteenth century is that of Emerson and Carlyle. In their own countries they could find but few sympathizers, but looking across the deep blue waters, each found a man after his own heart, and the sympathy which

arose between them continued through life. Especially was the Sage of Chelsea without many warm friends, for the depth of his philosophy surpassed the knowledge of common men, and often were they angered at his seeming lack of sympathy. But the "Sage of Concord" never provoked wrath, for with his philosophy was mingled an evident sympathy which could not but call forth some love from those for whom he wrote. England's Laureate has sung of a "fair companionship, as deep as life or thought." The power of loving which men of such minds as Tennyson and Hallam possessed, and out of which the beautiful notes of "In Memoriam" were struck must have been great. The fair world to Tennyson, when its brightest intellect had passed away, seemed dark and dreary. The merry Christmas-tide brought him no joy, for ever in his ear

"One set, slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes."

Yet, with time, the poet's grief has softened, mingling with hope of the future, and in thinking of his lost friend, he calmly says,

"Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
For days of happy commune dead;  
Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
Than some strong bond which is to be."

There is one friendship given us of which the ancients knew nothing, that between an author and the people. When we look back to the early days of Greece, and see the blind old poet singing his odes from door to door, no one knowing who he was, his very name lost as soon as he had passed away; or to the days of the old English bards, and see them strolling from castle to castle, listened to perhaps with delight, perhaps with indifference, always to be forgotten; and then when we see the enthusiasm with which our song-writers are greeted, we feel that we have received one great gift unknown to the past. Through their books authors make for themselves nooks at our firesides; they live among us, and with us, and to forget them becomes impos-

sible. Now we learn to love the man as soon as his words find their way to our heart. No sooner had the "Christmas Chimes" been rung in England than they were repeated here, and when Dickens followed his work, he found himself as warmly welcomed and as well known, as if he had always lived among us. Who does not know and love Mrs. Browning as if he had really seen and heard her? No one could speak to us more tenderly and beautifully than she has done in her songs. When, through any great trouble, we are so cast down that we inquire

" ——— wherefore we were born,  
For earnest or for jest ;"

when life seems incomprehensible, she tells us that

"God keeps His holy mysteries  
Just outside of man's dream!  
We cannot see them go or come ;  
\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

Yet, touching so, they draw above  
Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown,  
Our daily joy and pain advance  
To a divine significance."

In no country or age do we find a poet held in such general high esteem as was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He was essentially our own poet, and we mourn for him as with one voice. Wherever his poems have become known the cry of grief is raised for him, and all recognize

"How sweet a life was his; how sweet a death!  
Dying to leave a memory like the breath  
Of summers full of sunshine and of showers."

No longer does our sweet poet pour out his lays to comfort and gladden the hearts of men. Peacefully did he leave us, and sadly do we, in thought, follow him to his last resting place, and

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead."

But his words are ours forever, and daily do we more deeply learn from him that

“God sent His singers upon earth  
With songs of sadness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men,  
And bring them back to Heaven again.”

This is essentially the poet's work. Mrs. Browning calls them the only truth-tellers now left to God, meaning by poet not the rhyming tongue, but the clear-seeing eye.

The influence of the bards of old was strongly felt, even though with their works, they soon passed from memory. The Greeks had a Homer, in all his majesty; a gay Anacreon; a “violet-crowned, sweetly smiling Sappho”; but to the people these were as strangers. It is to the modern world that the blessing of knowing and loving the poet has been given, and this blessing is perhaps most fully realized in Longfellow. To have such a man as he for our friend comforts and gladdens every hour, and helps to lift us into a higher world, where we may gather noble thoughts with which to brighten our prosaic lives.

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### OUR AMERICAN DRAMA.

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Wherever the drama has attained great eminence it has been national. The plots of the Greek plays are, in every case, drawn from the myths and legends of the country. The Don Carlos and Roderiques of the Spanish stage may be dressed in the Greek costume and brandish Roman swords, but it is the Spaniard that speaks and acts. The English drama, of which ours is an outgrowth, differs from that of other lands in that its character is so varied. This is, perhaps, owing to the fact that the English, being the last to attain any great eminence, was fed from many sources. Happily for England, there was a mighty master to make use of all material and, taking away the dross, give us the gold.

Since history testifies that a drama, to be great, must be national, let us see if America has the beginning of such a drama; as yet she is too young to have more than a beginning.

The word national must be taken in a broad sense. A people from all parts of the world, while we become one as a nation, as individuals we retain many traits of the fatherland. Thus our character is varied and our drama should correspond.

We find upon our stage four kinds of drama: the Classic, Domestic, what may be called the American, and the Minstrels. The first, our inheritance from the mother country, is already a finished work. The plays of Goldsmith, Sheridan, and Shakespeare cannot be surpassed.

Our Domestic Drama has, perhaps, more influence on the people than has the Classic. On the whole, this is the popular drama of the period, not being so tragical as many of the classic plays, but a happy combination of grave and gay sentiments. Take, for instance, *Hazel Kirke*; did the heroine succeed in drowning herself, the people would go home discontented and gloomy. But she is restored to the arms of her faithful husband, and leaving them to a bright future, the audience turn away happy and satisfied. This play suggests to us the idea that these dramas are not as American as they might be. The dramatist too often lays the scene abroad. True, the dwellers of old castles seem more interesting than those of frame houses, or even chocolate-colored fronts, and there are memories of brave deeds and mysterious events that o'ershadow the old castle. Yet, is there nothing lovely in our homes? Do not men live, love and die in houses even as in castles? and is it not the portrayal of life, rather than surroundings, that we look for on the stage? Let the dramatist but picture life as it is and his name will be famous.

The third class we have called American, because in it are represented scenes that everywhere would be recognized as essentially of the New World. Thus far this drama has dealt with only a part of our country. "My Partner" represents the life

of the rough, uncouth miners in California. It appeals directly to those who have a dear friend or brother, gone West to seek his fortune. Insignificant and poor as is this beginning, there is reason to hope everything when we compare it with the Interludes and Moralities of England, or even later with such plays as *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

The fourth class has appeared within forty years. Happily, it cannot last long; for as the lower classes become educated, they will require something better.

It is to the first three classes that we look for our drama. The first seems sure, and culture is already so widely extended as to secure its continuance. The others have difficulties and dangers to meet.

The youth of America and its unromantic history are great hindrances. We have no old myths and legends which have been handed down through ages and entwined themselves in the hearts of the people, no romantic past. Our heroes, simple republicans of a practical age, are plain men, and their deeds are most matter of fact. No doubt the Black Prince, surrounded by his gallantly mounted knights, is an easier subject for song and story than Gen. Putnam, who, in his garb of colonial simplicity, can be distinguished from the meanest soldier only by his noble countenance.

An imminent danger arises from the abuse of the spectacle. Some learned men object to it altogether, on the plea that it distracts the mind from the drama itself, and that thus passages of the highest merit are lost. If only the exquisite language and the working out of the plot be considered, we may as well quietly study the play at home. But it is life that we look for on the stage, and the scenery is that which, to a great degree, gives the seeming reality. The danger seems rather to lie in making the plot entirely subservient to the spectacle. Such wonderful effects have been produced by scenery that some have thought that it alone, with enough action to keep up the interest, would produce the effect of the drama proper. This make-

believe drama is becoming very popular among working people, who, after the day's labor, want to be entertained without any thought on their part. Perhaps, as a people, our moderate imagination makes a great deal of scenery necessary. We have not the power of seeing with the mind's eye, but require everything to be clearly represented. This, however, is no reason for putting trash upon the stage, and hiding the deficiencies with tinsel. Rather should the spectacle be used with such a drama that those who are attracted by the brilliancy of the scene may find only those qualities displayed which tend to enoble the mind.

But one may ask where on the popular stage are we to find these dramas. There are none. Dramatists are seeking not fame, but riches. And, alas, comedy pays better than tragedy. Perhaps it is because we are a nation of realistic, hard-working people; perhaps because we are self-indulgent and soft-hearted; perhaps because we have not been trained to hardness like the Spartans, or even the early English—at all events, we shrink from anything more tragical than a swoon. This would not matter if comedy were polished and made like to the Shakespearian comedies, but dramatists seem to imagine that comedy may be written almost without thought.

Our national temper is not inspiring. We are hypercritical. If such a drama as *Idæus* or *Electra* were put on the stage, the average American would not be so entirely engrossed with the sublimity of feeling as to forget to wonder whether or not the story was "likely." There was not a Greek who did not mingle his tears with those of the stricken *Electra* lamenting o'er the ashes of her dearly loved *Orestes*, but the modern Philistine would term the mourner a "sentimental old girl." So great was the imagination of the Greek, so keen his love of, and appreciation for, the beautiful, that for the time being he lived only in the feelings of the actor. Nor was he occupied in trying to find out how the play would end; he would never have read the last of a novel first. This suggests another of our traits, not ennobling, curiosity. Our drama must excite this; too often is it made the base substitute for imagination.

The moral influence of the stage is perfect, and in at least one respect we could wish ours were of a different kind. We do not find that careful study which is requisite to develop character and to make the actions of a person the outcome of his nature. In the drama persons act generally as circumstances direct. This is a great fault of the age, men think they are excusable for almost any action that circumstances seem to demand. But Shakespeare, the best reader of human character, shows most clearly that man moulds circumstances as well as circumstances the man. It is in the hands of the dramatist either to augment or correct this great fault. These dangers and hindrances seem almost insurmountable. So did the obstacles which met Alexander, yet he conquered the world. We must remember that we are young, and that the people's energy must needs be shown first in sciences and inventions, their intellect in thrashing machines rather than in poetry. Even if we have no old myths and legends of our own, those of all time are ours by birthright. And when the noble deeds of our countrymen become a part of the romantic past, they may well take the place of other legends. As the American historians, lyric poets and critics can vie with those of any land, so may we hope that the days will come when our dramatists will be second to none but Shakespeare.

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#### A PLEA FOR XANTHIPPE.

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The names of some unfortunate women have come down to us as terrible warnings. Shakespeare's Kate is represented as the worst of shrews. The wife of the judicious Hooker is said to have brought untold tribulations upon that illustrious ecclesiastic; above all, Xanthippe is the by-word of every school-boy.

Has history been just, or has it noted bad qualities only? Has it considered all the circumstances, or only such as are unfavorable? There is some good in even the worst of us, but



show me that lucky person who appears agreeable under all conditions. Surely no woman is sufficiently stupid to become an habitual scold without some cause. As it always takes two to make a quarrel, it must sometimes take two to develop a shrew. Don't you suppose that Richard Hooker supported his part admirably, though in a quiet way? And did not the irritating conduct of the Demure excite the ire of her sister? Something or somebody must have soured the naturally sweet disposition of our heroines.

"What could possibly be said in favor of Xanthippe?" you ask triumphantly. Do not be so sure of your triumph. Let us look for a moment into the private life of the famous philosopher, her husband.

On an out-of-the-way street of Athens stands a curious little house. This is Socrates' home, and a most unattractive home it is, to be sure; no flowers, no trees, no comforts. Genius in those remote ages took no pride in beautifying home. Everything was done for the interest of the state. Each citizen strove to adorn his native town, and this is the secret of the magnificence of those ancient cities. Athens was the centre of wealth and learning, and Socrates was anxious not only to impart knowledge to all her people, but also to add new beauties to her unrivalled architecture. He was somewhat of a sculptor himself. His three Graces crowned the Acropolis, where they might be admired by every passer by. None of his handiwork was kept at his home; it was entirely too valuable for so humble a place. No, the home to which Socrates had brought his bride was destitute of everything most dear to a woman's heart. However, as a true Grecian, she might gladly have given all to the state, had Socrates evinced any home-feeling.

But how did he treat his family? For instance, how did he deal with his children?

Believing that ignorance was the source of all evil, he spared no pains in training the minds of his sons. He paid not the slightest attention to their morals, for said he: "How absurd it is to suppose a boy would do wrong, if he knew what was

right." The way he set about this training was to develop their inquisitiveness. If at any time he deigned to return home early, it was to spend the evening in exciting their curiosity.

As the attainments of these precocious youngsters have never been revealed to the world, and as the facts concerning the life of Socrates are very meagre, the following narrative may not be quite authentic, but it is in a high degree probable.

Once, on a warm summer afternoon, Xanthippe looked out into the prothuron and saw the family group seated under an old gnarled tree. Not even distance and the beautiful sunshine could lend enchantment to Socrates' unkempt hair and pop eyes. On one knee he held Alcibiades, on the other Critias, while Soproniscus stood by trying to prove that the dog's hair was black because it was not white.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Xanthippe; teaching those boys to ask more questions."

She was dreadfully weary from making out accounts. Even her direst foe must confess her noble in undertaking this task, for Socrates was a miserable provider. He was very poor, nor did he bestir himself to supply the family wants. Yet he won the reputation of being frugal. Frugal indeed! Ay, more than frugal, say his admirers, like to the gods, superior to physical wants. Stop, my friends; was this superiority seen when he had to bear none of the expenses? No, at the great feasts he ate more and drank twice as much as did the inferior Athenian who had earned and eaten a hearty dinner at home. Judging from the way in which he spoke to Glaucon of pancakes and preserves, he had an intimate acquaintance with these delicacies. Poor Xanthippe never got any; she had to stay at home pinching to make both ends meet. We have evidence that she did make them meet, for no charge of debt was ever brought against her husband.

Let us return to our subject. Mrs. Socrates worked away patiently with her accounts, and never once lost her temper; but who could foretell the misery of the morrow?

The day was hot and her head was much worse. Perhaps a pleasant word from the philosopher would have revived her spirits. The ugly creature had not even bid her good morning, though he lingered at the gate to catechise those horrid children. And they, alas! soon rushed in to apply the system to their mother. She was in the andron making broth. It would be impossible to say which went the faster, the long-handled spoon or her equally long tongue, for we cannot deny that she was scolding, nor that she scolded still more when she spied the children; the tug of war had come.

Sophoniscus speaks—"Mamma, what are you doing?"

Crit.—"Why do you wish to know what mamma is doing?"

Alcib.—"Well, if you know what mamma is doing, and why she does it, will it be of any benefit to you? Will it influence your conduct hereafter, dear Sophroniscus?"

Soph.—"To be sure, Alcibiades."

Crit.—"Mamma, why do you stir the broth so much, does it make it cook quicker?"

Xan.—"No, you stupid, it keeps it from burning."

Soph.—"Does the wood make the fire?"

Xan.—"Certainly."

Soph.—"Look then, Critias, the more wood you put on, the better the fire."

Crit.—"That is very true."

Soph.—"Mamma, the hotter the fire the more the broth burns?"

Xan.—"Goodness! yes, Sophroniscus!"

Soph.—"If there were less heat, it would not cook so fast and there would be no necessity of stirring it?"

Xan.—"No."

Soph.—"Then why do you put in so much wood?"

Xanthippe grew desperate at this, and drove the children into the peristylon.

Now of course Socrates was bringing his sons up under the gymnastic system, and the next thing their mother saw was dear little Critias hurling a javelin at her one pet chicken, while

Alcibiades and Sophroniscus were engaged in deadly combat. Her first impulse was to call them in, but the thought of their endless tongues stopped her. Why, oh, why had Socrates made interrogation-points of his sons? Strange that with their wonderful training they accomplished nothing. Their deeds are consigned to oblivion, and even the names of the two younger ones are only guessed at from the friendships of their father.

So much for Socrates' treatment of his sons.

How did he conduct himself towards his wife?

Did he not make her a drudge? Not only did Mrs. Socrates have to bear with him and the children, but she was compelled to do all the work and run her own errands. It is true she had a paidagogos when Sophroniscus was a baby; but alas, it died, and money had always been too scarce to get another. Never once did it enter the head of her husband that water had to be drawn and wood cut; little did he dream of feeding the cow or going to market. Oh, no! his thoughts were fixed on higher things. And as to being any company for his wife, he even preferred street-corner society. He was often found in the Academia, lounging in the gymnasium, or dining out; rarely at his own fireside. At night he came in pretty tired, speaking no pleasant word, and not so much as noticing the passionate speeches of his wife; but, like the boys, asking the most unheard-of questions, and, like himself, in a provokingly sarcastic manner. Then Xanthippe got "mad." Her rage had no apparent effect on our patient philosopher. He was ever serene and coolly indifferent.

And this was the Socrates who laid so much stress on "home duties" and "human relations," and who said that every man was under the obligation of contributing to domestic happiness.

He might, at least, have been good to his wife when she was ill; but that belief in a "fair soul" stood in the way, and alas, for the weak body! He might, too, have tried to be less peculiar in his ways, and to have given up that habit of standing in the same place for hours without moving. It was mortifying and awkward.

Perhaps Xanthippe was painfully ugly, but a man who was no more a judge of beauty than "a white line of chalk" could hardly say much on that score.

And how could he expect her to be amiable, keeping her poor, when he himself declared that "poverty was the parent of meanness, viciousness and discontent."

Nor does it make the philosopher appear nobler to say that he had some love for his wife; for if he did, he ought to have cultivated that congeniality which, according to his own words, must have existed. Listen to what he says in *Lysis*: "I say, my boys, that no one who loves another would ever have loved her if she had not been in some way congenial to him."

We have not yet come to the worst of all.

Xanthippe was not only an abused, tormented wife, but a cruelly treated maiden. She had been chosen as a discipline. Oh, the disgrace of it! To be wooed for cleverness is at least a compliment to one's brains, and to be married for money might lead to some good; but to be wedded as a discipline to your lord is something too outrageous to be tolerated. The poor Xanthippe knew very little, but she had sufficient sense to see Socrates' motive. And when she faithfully endeavored to fulfil her end, shall the world condemn her? Moreover, if she really was the discipline through which her husband towered above others in patience and greatness, then it is only another Xanthippe we need to give us the glory of a second Socrates.

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### DANTE.

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In the latter part of the thirteenth century Florence was the fairest city of Europe. Her extensive commerce and great wealth made her voice powerful in the politics of Italy. Her deeds of arms gained her renown. In the world of letters she was supreme. Her history during this period is interesting and

peculiar. Never were there greater lovers of country and of freedom than the Florentines. At the first sound of the warning bell each man fled to his standard, and the choicest troops rallied around the national car, ready to die for their city's freedom. Yet no sooner was liberty gained than Florence would sell it and herself to some tyrant. The city was not at war with foreign powers only. The constant broils of the French-supporting Guelphs and German-favoring Ghibellines, and the parties of the Neri and Bianchi, broke the home peace; often she was rent by the bitterest civil strife.

This was the home of Dante, and its history explains much that is seemingly mysterious in the sad life of the poet—a life of which we know so little save what we glean from the times and his own great works.

I have called Dante's life sad, and as the world counts success it was a failure; yet one over which posterity may well rejoice. Had Dante succeeded in politics we might have had only another well contented Prior of Florence. Had not the prophecy :

"Thou shalt relinquish everything of thee,  
     Beloved most dearly;  
 And thou shalt prove how salt a savour hath  
 The bread of others, and how hard a path  
 To climb and to descend the stranger's stair,"

been fulfilled, his work could hardly have been accomplished.

The three great influences which moulded this work were, Florence; the Religion and Philosophy of the Middle Ages; last, and most powerful, his love for Beatrice.

Dante possessed the patriotism of the Florentines in a peculiarly strong degree. It was deep grief to the far-seeing lover of his country to know her sold into the hands of the French; and we cannot wonder that he should struggle against the decree that banished him, even resorting to arms to reinstate himself in the hope that his influence might save Florence from much evil. He seems like Uberti, suffering agonies in the burning tomb, yet forgetting his miseries in the thought of his country.

Often, from one of the surrounding hills, may the poet have gazed upon the Valley of the Arno, and, at sight of the dear city on its banks, have forgotten a banishment more dreary than the Inferno, a bitter dependance more burning than the fiery tomb, even the loss of Beatrice, in thinking of that city's woes. What must have been the thought which made him say that on the Arno

"Virtue is like an enemy avoided  
By all as is a serpent."

And with his high ideal of man and duty to the state, it must have embittered his sorrow to know that by the action of her own people was it proved that Italy had fallen—that she was no longer free but "slavish Italy."

Had not Dante been an ardent Churchman he could never have written the Divine Comedy, and none but a schoolman could have carried on the religious discussions found in the Purgatorio. Much that he describes in the Inferno and Purgatorio is but what was taught by the Church at that time, and only one who so firmly believed those teachings could have so vividly painted them.

But the key-note of this grand song was the love of the singer. From childhood Dante loved Beatrice de Portinari with a holy love, and this was the chord which harmonized the jarring notes of his life. That love led him to a true "Vita Nuova." One of our poets says, "The setting of a great love is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone. The shadow of the evening falls around us. We look forward into the coming night. The soul withdraws itself. Then stars arise and the night is holy." So night fell upon Dante when he lost his Beatrice; but the star of hope arose, teaching him to write of her. And as he wrote the darkness grew holy and his frivolous youth became his noble manhood. When the blessed night had passed, its watcher was greeted by the glory of Paradise.

The subject of the Divine Comedy has been sung in many ages, but the works of Milton and Dante are the most noted.

And though these writers have the same theme, yet how different are the conceptions. Milton's is grand, glorious, and general, leaving much to the imagination of the reader; Dante's, though grand, contains the most minute particulars. "Milton is picturesque and mysterious. Dante is too picturesque to be mysterious." The Italian divided and measured Hell into distinct circles, which takes from it the awe inspired by the unknown and immeasurable. Some have objected to this; yet, if it is an error, it is a fault which only shows how great were the inventive powers of the poet. Though minute in his details, he is concise, his thought often being too intense for many words. Yet one has only to turn to the last pages of the *Paradiso* to know that the poet could describe most glowingly. Some have said that he had no sympathy. But has he not written of Francesca da Rimini? And all who accuse him of coldness are answered by the wondrous, loving pity with which he gathered up the leaves of the poor bleeding trees.

Because Dante places the Pope in hell, heaps curses on the French, and chains traitors under the very shadow of the Arch-Fiend's wings, his critics have accused him of writing for revenge. If the passages are taken singly these criticisms seem to have some weight, but who can read the whole of the *Divine Comedy* and not feel from

"What tenderness, what tears, what hate of wrong,  
 What passionate outcry of a soul in pain,  
 Uprose this poem of the earth and air,  
 This mediæval miracle of song!"

The poet was proudly and gratefully conscious of his genius. In the *Vita Nuova* he says with humble confidence, "I shall write such things as have never before been written concerning woman;" and in the *Commedia* he tells the questioning shade his name is not unknown in the world of letters.

His life was self-devoted. Had it not been for his sincerity of purpose, and adherence to principle, he might have returned to Florence. His great work is but another proof of his sin-



cerity; he was in earnest when he declared he wished to live only to write of Beatrice.

To the faithful fulfilment of this promise we owe our knowledge of one of earth's greatest souls. Through Dante's own pages we learn that, though banished, he was still the truest of patriots; though misunderstood and mistrusted, he was yet loving and faithful; though tried, he was not conquered. He has shown us the might of his genius, the sweetness of his humility, the reverence of his love. Great as is the poem, the man is greater; and as we close the book it is with a sense of communion with a lofty spirit, who yet, like all of earth, had need to win his virtue.

We have seen him in the dark valley struggling to gain the heights above, and have followed him through the black abyss of Hell into the lightening shadows of Purgatory. We leave him in the glory of Paradise, listening to

“——A voice celestial, that begins  
With the pathetic words, ‘Although your sins  
As scarlet be,’ and ends with, ‘as the snow.’”

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### FROM OUR FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT.

BERLIN.

Friday and Saturday were busy and interesting days, and I must tell you about them. Friday morning I knew that we were going out pretty early, and immediately after breakfast (which consists, as always in Germany, of two small pieces of white bread, called Brodchen, and a cup of coffee, and I always get very hungry after it) I went to the piano and practised an hour before M. called to me in a hurry to come on. I dashed on my hat (they don't like to be kept waiting), seized my umbrella, which is my inseparable companion nowadays, on account of the

uncertain weather, and off we started, Mr. S., with his great yellow dog Zampa, M., and I. We walked down Tauben-Strasse (our street) to the first corner, turned into Friedrich-Strasse—a fine, broad street, paved with asphaltum, so that the carriages move along almost noiselessly, so quietly, indeed, that you are in great danger of being run over in crossing, because you don't notice their approach until they are right upon you—then into Jäger street, where we stopped at our bankers' and had the good fortune to find letters from home. As we walked along we saw placards advertising the Huguenots for that night at the Opera House, and thinking we would like to hear it, we walked around to the Picture Gallery to see what Miss N. would say about it. By the way, I haven't yet told you that Miss N. and I went to see the Director of the Gallery, and got permission for her to copy, nothing being necessary to secure it except to show some credentials, such as a letter of introduction. There accordingly I found her, at work upon a pretty little landscape by Adrian van der Velde, and learned that she, too, wanted to go to see the Huguenots. Going to buy the tickets, we persuaded Mr. S. to try how cheaply we could possibly go, and so took tickets in what would be called in New York the "Sky-gallery," but is here grandly named the "Amphitheatre," for a mark and a half (thirty cents) each. Mr. S. had promised to take me up to the Hoch-Schule that morning, and so, after a lunch at a restaurant, to sustain us till the late dinner we were going to take on account of the opera, we turned our faces thitherward. As we walked through the "Passage," a very large building, or rather, way through a building, containing handsome stores on both sides with beautifully arranged windows, and connecting Friedrich-Strasse with the "Linden," the famous street of Berlin, whom should Mr. and Mrs. S. encounter but one of their steamer friends, Mr. G., who with his sister is making a short stay here. The short interview brought vividly to my mind's eye the ship friends that *I* would like to meet again. When we finally reached my Conservatorium, we found it to be a large, plain

building, on one side of the Königs-Platz (a beautiful square containing the handsome monument of Victory, erected after the late war), and just a good walk from the place where we are going to live. We saw there the castellan, and learned from him that the Hoch-Schule does not begin till the first of October, on which day the applicant for admission must play before the assembled corps of directors. Just think of it, my dear! I tremble in my shoes now at the very idea, and don't know what I shall do then. \* \* \* Leaving my address, we came home, where I had another practising, and then, after dinner at five, we went at once to the opera, which began at half past six *sharp*, as Major G. used to say at Christ Church Sunday-school. We found the seats in the top of the house very, very warm—the first warm place I have found in Berlin—and not *too large* for comfort. I was squeezed upon the bench close to a great fat woman, who eat bread and cheese and sausage in the intervals of the singing. But in spite of the annoyance of being crowded and uncomfortably warm, I thoroughly enjoyed the opera. The music is perfectly beautiful, the heroine's part was grandly sustained, and so was that of the Queen, Margaret of Valois. I was quite carried away with interest and excitement. Mr. S. and Melitta, however, were disgusted with the heat and crowd, and said they would never go up to that place again. But Miss N. and I told them *we* would repeat our visit to the amphitheatre, and meet them at the entrance as they came from the lower and more stylish seats. The people around us and all in the gallery were perfectly nice and respectable, though of the middle classes, and we want to go cheap so as to go often. Mr. and Miss G., who at the S.'s solicitation had taken seats near us, after it was over, went with us into the "Keller" of the large new "Rath-Haus," and we all had some beer. "What tipplers!" you say. But the water here is not drinkable. Mr. S. doesn't let any of us touch it, and I have to drink beer to quench my thirst. We then made plans for a party next morning to go through Frederick the Great's Palace—picture it—

and accordingly, on Saturday at 11 A. M., we walked into the entrance-hall of the great old building, where we had to wait until a large enough party collected to be shown through by the guide. We had to give up umbrellas, canes, etc., for fear, I suppose, of possible damage to works of art and other objects of value; and then, before stepping on the beautiful floors of polished oak, laid in mosaic patterns, were required to put on an enormous pair of thick, soft overshoes of some woollen stuff and smooth soles, in which we glided along beautifully. We saw, of course, the portraits of all Frederick's family, the one I cared for most being a strikingly pretty one of the Princess Amelia, who loved the unfortunate Trenck, and in whom you know I always took a deep interest. The banqueting-hall was a magnificent room, over two hundred feet long, the walls covered with portraits and battle-pieces by the best artists of Frederick's time, and the side-board laden with superb vessels of solid silver gilded. The room that I liked best, and admired most, was the chapel, octagonal in shape, with a lofty dome, and with most beautiful frescoe paintings on the upper part of the walls, the lower part being in mosaic, with colored marbles from Pompeii as centre-pieces. A most beautiful cross was on the altar, set with all kinds of precious stones. Services are now held there only on special occasions—not more than once or twice a year. We saw also the famous White Hall, old Frederick's Council-chamber, in which the Parliament now meets, and which is also used for grand imperial balls. We came back to No. 12 Tauben-Strasse for our dinner, then started out again to meet the G.'s, bound for the Zoological Gardens. We went by horse-car to the beautiful park in which they are situated, paid an entrance fee of a mark each, Saturday being the gala day, when they have the best music and the largest attendance; and then we were at liberty to sit down and listen to the fine band, which was rendering a very good concert, or to wander about the gardens and look at the animals. Guards meet you at every turn, ready to tell you all about the beasts, the finest collection I ever saw, and so well kept; all in their summer dwellings out of doors—large enclosed

spaces among the trees, with every modern convenience—I started to say! Much I wished for you all to look at them with me. We saw them feed the seal, throwing the little fish they gave him first in one end of his large tank, then in the other, and making him dive and swim and splash about in the water in search of his food. He even clambered up the stone steps to the feet of his keeper, who patted him on the head and then threw something into the water for him; whereupon the seal dragged himself rapidly on his finny arms to the edge of the tank and dived beautifully. Such beautiful deer, too, you never saw! So tame, rubbing their noses against your hand through the iron railing. The reindeer, too, would let you feel their enormous horns. The elephants and rhinoceroses (three gigantic fellows) had an immense house, built in the Hindoo style, like a pagoda, with little round towers and mosaic tiles on the roof and outer walls. There was every sort of animal you ever heard or read of. After looking at them all, we sat down and listened a while to the music, taking a cup of coffee, chocolate, or, if we preferred it, a glass of beer, and then got home about ten o'clock.

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### THE NEWLY-MARRIED COUPLE.

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MRS. A.—And now you are impatient because she is a child!

ALEC.—Yes, yes! Perhaps when I led her to the altar, I merely wished to take her as an aid to my better self, to my good resolutions. She was to me what the Madonna is to a good Catholic. But now she has become something more. The barrier between us has vanished; I can no longer only admire; I must love; no longer worship, but embrace. Her glance has the same purity, the same innocence; but I am no longer content to sit and look at her; her gaze, with all it contains, must sink into mine. Her hand, her arm, her mouth, all are the same;

but her hand must play with my hair, her arm must twine around my neck, her mouth must press mine, and, like God's blessed sunlight, brighten all my being. She was an ideal to me, but the ideal has become flesh and blood. I looked at her each day; the child grew into a woman, who shyly and unconsciously turned away from me, but whom I must have for my own. (*Laura runs to him*).

MRS. A.—He loves our child!

MAY. A.—He loves her, he loves her! (*The old people embrace*). But what is wanting now? Everything is right at last. Come, a glass of sherry.

ALEC.—No, all is not right. In a moment of joyful excitement I may have won her thanks, but not her heart. For what I love, she loves not; what I wish, she desires not. Even a ball gives her no pleasure, if Mamma cannot go with her.

MRS. A.—O Heavens! nothing more than that?

LAU.—No, Mamma, nothing more. It is the ball.

MRS. A.—Well, then go to the ball. You are both very silly. But now come into the dining-room.

ALEC.—The ball—no! it is not the ball. What do I care for the ball?

LAU.—Yes, it is just so, Mamma. When he gets what he wishes, then it is not at all what he wanted, but something entirely different. I do not understand him.

ALEC.—It is not a single point in which Laura is lacking, but the whole feeling, with its obedience, with its self-denial in great things as in small, with its inmost truth as well as its outward signs. Love is quick to see. This I want, and she has it not, and she will never have it as long as she stays at home.

MRS. A.—(*Slowly*). As long as she stays at home?

MAY. A.—(*Coming nearer, and faltering slightly*). What do you mean?

ALEC.—First, if Laura could no longer depend upon her parents, there would be a chance of her depending upon me.

MRS. A.—He means—?

MAY. A.—I do not understand—.

ALEC.—In order to become a good wife, as well as a good daughter, Laura must——go away.

MRS. A.—Laura go away?

MAY. A.—Our ehild?

LAU.—(*Running to her mother*). Mamma!

ALEC.—It would be a wrong against her whom I love so tenderly, a wrong against myself and a wrong against you who have confided such a great trust to me, if I, who have the power, had not also the strength to use it. Here Laura lives only for you. If you die, her whole life is dead. But this is not the design of God; this was not her promise to me before His altar, and I will not consent to it. If we continue in what is unnatural and wrong we shall all be unhappy; therefore Laura must follow me!

(*Mrs. A. slips into the back-ground. Laura runs to Matilda.*)

MAY. A.—You cannot be in earnest!

ALEC.—I am most solemnly in earnest, and no one shall dissuade me from it.

MRS. A.—Then God be merciful to us! (*Pause*).

MAY. A.—You know, Alec, that God gave us five children; but you also know that He took back four to Himself. Laura is now our only child, our only joy.

MRS. A.—We cannot give her up to you, Alee! Since her birth she has never left our side for a single day. She is the darling of our hearts.

MAY. A.—And you will not be stern; you have not come to make us unhappy!

ALEC.—If I were to yield now, it would all have to be gone over again, and none of us could endure it. Therefore, dear parents, have the strength for this sacrifice. Put an end to the thing at once—next week, Laura goes with me to the city.

MAY. A.—Just Heaven—it is impossible!

MRS. A.—You have not the courage to do it; look at her and repeat your words! (*Alec turns away*). Ah! I knew you could not. Can you reward us in this manner? (*To May. A.*). Talk to him! Tell him the truth, make it clear to him how base it is to agonize a loving family with such cruel plans.

MAY. A.—So far as I can remember, there has never been a harsh word spoken in this house. All this seems to me like a bad dream. I try to wake up; but I cannot! (*Pause*). When we gave our daughter to you, Mr. Hargaut, we made no conditions . . . we brought you into a happy family; into a fine position, opened to you a splendid future, and in return we expected only a little love—a little gratitude, . . . at least a little consideration. O, we have trusted our loving, gentle child—our only child to a heartless man! We were rich indeed, envied by all, and now we are two poor bereaved ones, who, cruelly cheated, must seek comfort from one another in some corner. (*He sits down*).

MRS. A.—And you can act in such a manner towards the man who has given you his all! What answer can you make to him?

ALEC.—My heart bleeds within me. Had I known that it would be so hard I would never have begun it. But since we have already suffered us much, let us put an end to the matter!

MAY. A.—O, credulous beings that we have been!

MRS. A.—Can you not grant us a little delay, that we may quietly think it over? This is not a loosening of ties, but tearing them asunder!

ALEC.—The pain would only be prolonged, and after all, you would hate me more bitterly. No, it must be now or never.

MRS. A.—O, Heaven have mercy! (*Sits down*).

MAY. A.—Alec, listen to us! . . . it is possible that you are right, . . . but I beg you . . . until to-day I've never begged a favor of any man . . . but now I beg you—be merciful! I am an old man, I cannot bear it, and she (*pointing to his wife*) still less!

ALEC.—O, I am not hard-hearted! But I must try to be firm . . . should I yield now, I would lose her forever, and therefore she must follow me!

MRS. A.—(*Springing up*). No, she shall not! If you loved her as you pretend, you hypocrite, you would stay where she is, and she stays here!



LAU.—(*Who has stood by Matilda until now*). Yes, till I die!

MAY. A.—(*Rising*). No, we cannot alter God's law! It is written, "The man shall leave father and mother, and cleave to his wife"—and therefore she must remain with him. . . . Laura goes when he wishes.

LAU.—(*To her father*). Papa, can you, . . . can you really—?

MAY. A.—My child, I do what is right. . . . O, Laura! (*Embraces her; as does also Mrs. A.*).

MAT.—(*To Alec*). You are a Jesuit; . . . hard-hearted, without pity; you crush hearts like blades of grass on the roadside. . . . But this shall not be an easy task for you! True, she is a child, but—I will follow her! I do not know you, I cannot trust you. But I will watch over her!

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## ACT II.

A year later; Alec's house. The room is arranged just as in the first act. Two large portraits—one of the Mayor, the other of his wife, both very well taken—hang exactly opposite the spectator.

### SCENE FIRST.

Laura sitting at a table, Matilda upon a sofa to the right.

MAT.—(*Reading aloud from a book*). "No, was the determined answer. It was his fault at first; but now it is hers. It is true he violently tore her away from her parents, from the home of her childhood. But since then he has sought her forgiveness so perseveringly, has so submissively sued for her love, that she must have all the stubbornness of a spoilt child to resist him. As he, for love's sake, had once no consideration for anybody or anything, so she now, in her selfishness, has none. But she is more to be blamed than he, for her motives are worse

than his. She is like a child who has been waked in the morning; and who strikes at and pushes off even those who wish to caress it."

LAU.—Matilda! Is that really in the book?

MAT.—It is certainly here.

LAU.—Exaetly as you have read it?

MAT.—See for yourself!

LAU.—(*Takes the book and looks, then lays it down*). It is almost our own history. Who can have written it?

MAT.—It is just chance.

LAU.—No, a wicked eye has observed something similar somewhere—an unfeeling heart, ready to mock the love of children; perhaps it is some one who is himself wicked and has had wicked parents!

MAT.—Goodness, in what earnest you take it . . . !

LAU.—Yes, it annoys me, this libel upon all truth in the world! What is truth, if a child can no longer be true to her parents?

MAT.—But let me read on. "The child is true to its parents, the husband to his wife, the father to his children."

LAU.—Read no farther—I will hear no more! the whole train of thought wounds me. (*After a pause*). What a wicked book! (*Indifferently*). What happens to them in the end?

MAT.—(*Also indifferently*). To whom?

LAU.—Those people in the novel.

MAT.—(*Carelessly*). Nothing good. (*Pause*).

LAU.—Which of them ends badly?

MAT.—What do you mean?

LAU.—(*Again busying herself with her work*). Probably the heroine, for she is already unhappy.

MAT.—You have guessed right. She begins to love.

LAU.—(*Wonderingly*). She begins to love?

MAT.—Yes, there is a time when love comes to every wife. And then, if she cannot love her husband, she loves another.

LAU.—(*Horriified*). Another!

MAT.—Yes. (*Pause*).

LAU.—This is fearful! (*She moves nearer*). And what of him?

MAT.—He gets ill, very ill . . . Then somebody finds him and comforts him—a woman.

LAU.—(*Looking up*). What do you mean?

MAT.—Little by little, this comforter gains an entrance into his heart, and so a day comes when he says that he is happy. (*Pause*).

LAU.—(*Quietly*). Who is she?

MAT.—One of those resigned natures, who are contented with the gleanings of love.

LAU.—(*After a pause, in which she has looked at Matilda attentively*). Could you do that?

MAT.—No! . . . First love or none!

LAU.—But she?

MAT.—His wife?

LAU.—Yes, what of her?

MAT.—As soon as she feels that her husband cherishes another, she turns to him with all the strength of her soul; but then it is too late.

LAU.—(*Sits, lost in thought; jumps up suddenly and goes to a small desk, which is on the left of the sofa, unlocks it, searches, thinks awhile, then searches again*).

MAT.—What are you looking for?

LAU.—A picture.

MAT.—Alec's?

LAU.—No——. But where is that?

MAT.—You must remember the day when you threw it away, and said you would keep it no longer. Then I took it.

LAU.—You?

MAT.—Yes—until you should ask for it again. (*Rises and unlocks her work-table drawer*). Here it is. (*Gives it to her*).

LAU.—You had it then! (*Lays it on the table without looking at it; shuts the lid; takes a few steps in the room; comes back, and puts it away*). Has Alec read the new novel?

MAT.—I do not know; shall I give it to him?

LAU.—Just as you please. Perhaps you would like to read it to him. . . . (*A servant enters with a letter*). From Papa! (*Kisses it, full of emotion*). The only one who still loves me! (*Goes quietly out*).

## SCENE SECOND.

Matilda—Enter Alec.

ALEC.—She always runs away when I come!

MAT.—(*Rising*). But this time it was only a chance. How pale you are!

ALEC.—Something has excited me. . . . Have you read the new novel?

MAT.—(*Putting the book in her pocket*). What novel?

ALEC.—“The Newly-Married Couple,” a very small book.

MAT.—Ah, I am reading it now.

ALEC.—(*Warmly*). Laura, too? Is Laura reading it?

MAT.—She says it is a bad book.

ALEC.—No, not that; but it is a wonderful book. It makes me shudder, just as I should feel if I were to come into a room and see myself sitting there! It has lent words to that which, unthought of, slumbered in my soul.

MAT.—Every good book does that.

ALEC.—My fate will be that of the hero of this book; all the circumstances are the same; heretofore I have not known myself.

MAT.—I have heard from young physicians that they feel all the diseases of which they read.

ALEC.—Oh, this is more than fancy! Actual temptations crowd upon me, my thoughts spring as naturally from what happens in this book as smoke from fire. And these thoughts (*with a look at Matilda*) widen continually.

MAT.—So far as I see, this book teaches forbearance towards the wife, especially if she is young.

ALEC.—That is true. But listen: a young man who has grown up among students cannot possibly be as considerate in his demeanor as a woman's nature demands. He is not mar-

ried in one day, but by degrees; he does not change right away the habits of a young man of leisure for the duties of a husband. The inspiration is found in love; but a long apprenticeship is needed. But have I not done everything to win Laura's love? But you can see for yourself that she ever flies farther from me. Oh! Matilda, you have become so much to me during this year.

MAT.—(*Rising*). Yes, in the course of a year much happens, which we never thought of at the beginning.

ALEC.—(*Sitting down*). Great Heaven, what a year! . . . I would not live through such another. This book fills me with terror.

MAT.—(*Aside*). This is well.

ALEC.—(*Getting up again*). And then the work which I have undertaken so as to give her everything to which she has been accustomed, is getting too hard for me, Matilda! It can go on no longer! If I could only obtain the reward which the meanest workman receives; if she would only thank me a little—if only with a smile. . . . When I have to travel for a week through storm and rain, do I receive any greeting on my return? When I lie awake the whole night, does she know for whom I do it? Has she no consideration for this, or for the thoughtful care by which this house was built like that of her parents? No, she looks at it all with a careëss eye—and if any one were to say to her, “He does this for love of you,” she would reply, “He need not do it, I had everything just so at home.”

MAT.—But this must be the turning point.

ALEC.—What do you mean?

MAT.—No matter. . . . Here she is!

ALEC.—Has anything happened? She is coming so quickly.

## SCENE THIRD.

Matilda, Alec, Laura (with an open letter).

LAU.—(*Softly to Matilda*). My parents feel so lonely at home that they are going to travel, . . . but they are coming here first, Matilda.

MAT.—They are coming here? . . . When?

LAU.—Right away! I did not notice it at first, but the letter is written from the next station. . . . They wish to surprise us. . . . They will be here in a moment. Good Heavens! what shall we do?

MAT.—(*Quickly*). Tell Alec.

LAU.—Yes, you do it.

MAT.—No, you must!

LAU.—(*Frightened*). I?

MAT.—(*To Alec*). Laura has something to tell you.

LAU.—Matilda!

ALEC.—For the first time!

LAU.—Oh, tell him! (*Matilda steps back*).

LAU.—(*Sorrowfully*). My parents are coming.

ALEC.—Here?

LAU.—Yes.

ALEC.—When? To-day?

LAU.—Right away, . . . in a moment.

ALEC.—And no one has told me! (*Takes up his hat and goes*).

LAU.—(*Anxiously*). Alec!

ALEC.—They are surely not coming to see me.

LAU.—But you ought not to go away!

ALEC.—Will they not stop here?

LAU.—Yes; I thought, if you were willing, they might take your room.

ALEC.—That is exactly as it should be. I will go away and they can take my place.

MAT.—You can take my room. I will see about it. (*Exit*).

ALEC.—Why so much ceremony? That you long to see them is quite natural, and that I should go away is quite as natural. If you had only prepared me for it with less suddenness. For I must expect them to take you away with them. It will be easy for you to bring matters to this crisis, but you ought to know that it will not be very easy for me.

LAU.—I have only just this moment heard that they were coming.

ALEC.—That may be, but your letters have called them here. Your complaints——.

LAU.—I have not complained.

ALEC.—Only told them how matters stand here.

LAU.—No, never! (*Pause*).

ALEC.—(*Wondering*). What have you been writing them this year—a letter a day?

LAU.—I have told them that everything was going on well.

ALEC.—Is it possible? Throughout the whole year? . . . Laura, can I believe it? So much consideration. (*Approaches her*). Oh, is it really so—?

LAU.—(*Anxiously*). I did it out of consideration for my parents.

ALEC.—(*Coldly*). Out of consideration for your parents? Then I am sorry for them. For they will soon see in what relation we stand to each other.

LAU.—They are only coming here for a few days. . . They are going abroad.

ALEC.—Abroad? . . . Then some one must accompany them—you, perhaps?

LAU.—You can do very well without me.

ALEC.—You will leave me then, Laura? . . . I will remain here alone with Matilda; it is almost like the book.

LAU.—With Matilda? . . . Well, perhaps Matilda could accompany them?

ALEC.—Matilda cannot be spared here——so long as things are in this condition.

LAU.—You would perhaps prefer that I—?

ALEC.—There is no need for me to say anything. You can travel wherever you wish.

LAU.—Yes, I can be spared. . . . However, I think I will remain at home.

ALEC.—You will remain with——me?

LAU.—Yes.

ALEC.—(*Joyfully, approaching her*). This is not out of consideration for your parents?

LAU.—No, it is not! (*Retreats*).

## SCENE FOURTH.

The same; Matilda.

MAT.—Well, now all is arranged. (*To Alec*). You will stay?

ALEC.—(*Looking at Laura*). I do not know. . . . It will perhaps be best for me to go off for two or three days.

MAT.—(*Coming nearer*). Well, then I will go too.

LAU.—You!

ALEC.—You!

MAT.—Yes; I will take no part in what happens here. (*Pause*).

ALEC.—And what do you think will happen?

MAT.—That shall remain unsaid until it does happen. (*Pause*).

ALEC.—Now, you think too hardly of your friend.

LAU.—(*Quietly*). Matilda is not my friend.

ALEC.—Matilda is not your —?

LAU.—(*As above*). She who constantly deceives is no friend.

ALEC.—Has Matilda deceived you? You are unjust!

LAU.—(*Still quietly*). Am I? It is Matilda's fault that I am now unhappy.

ALEC.—But Laura!

LAU.—My dear sir, defend her if you feel a desire to do so; but let me say that Matilda has led me into all for which I now suffer! But for her I should not be married and far away from my parents. She followed me here—not to help me, as she says, but to pry still farther into our affairs; quietly, secretly, as her way is, in order to make use of what she has discovered. (*With increasing excitement*). But I am no child. Let the story which she so willingly read to me come true—but you will never live to see the day in which I beg for love! Let my parents only come and see all, all—now, I long only for them! (*She stands for a moment entirely motionless, then she bursts into violent weeping, and leaves the room.*)



## SCENE FIFTH.

Alec, Matilda.

ALEC.—(*After a pause*). What is the matter with her?

MAT.—She hates me.

ALEC.—(*Astonished*). But how has it come about?

MAT.—By degrees. Is this the first time you have noticed it?

ALEC.—(*Still more astonished*). Does she no longer trust you?

MAT.—As little as she does you.

ALEC.—She who once trusted everybody!

MAT.—Now she trusts no one. (*Pause*).

ALEC.—And what is still more curious, there is no longer any possibility of doubt; she is jealous!

MAT.—Yes.

ALEC.—And of you! . . . something so groundless.

MAT.—You cannot be otherwise than happy that it is so.

ALEC.—That she is jealous—or—what did you say?

MAT.—Jealousy has helped her. Now she is beginning to love you.

ALEC.—Love?

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## B L O N D I N E .

## CHAPTER VIII.

## REPENTANCE.

Blondine was stupefied; her conduct appeared to her in all its horror; she had been ungrateful towards friends who were devoted to her; who had spent seven years caring for her education. Would these again receive and pardon her? What should she do if their door were shut against her? And then, what did the

words of the wicked Parrot, "Thou hast caused the ruin of thy friends," mean? She tried to find the road to return to Bonne-Biche; brambles and thorns tore her arms, legs and face. She continued, however, to make her way through the brush-wood, and after three hours of painful walking, found herself in front of the palace of Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon. What was her astonishment, when, instead of a magnificent palace, she saw only ruins; in place of the flowers and fine trees which used to surround it, she saw brambles, thistles and nettles! Terrified and dismayed, she wished to enter the ruins to find out what had become of her friends. A large toad, hopping out from a heap of stones, stopped in front of her, and said:

"What do you seek? Have you not, by your ingratitude, caused the death of your friends? Go away, do not insult their memory by your presence."

"Ah!" cried Blondine, "could I only, by my death, atone for the misfortunes I have caused you, my friends, Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon!" And she fell sobbing upon the stones and thistles; her excessive grief hindered her from feeling their sharp points.

"Ah well!" she said, "what would it matter if a wild beast were to tear me to pieces, or if I were to die of hunger, provided I expire here upon the tomb of Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon." As she finished these words, she heard a voice saying:

"Repentance can redeem many faults." She raised her head, but saw only a large black crow flying above her.

"Alas!" said she, "will my repentance, however bitter, restore life to Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon."

"Courage, Blondine!" replied the voice, "atone for thy fault by repentance; do not be cast down by thy grief."

Poor Blondine arose and left this desolate place. She followed a little path, which led her into a part of the forest where the trees had pushed out the brambles and the ground was covered with moss. Blondine, exhausted by fatigue and grief, fell at the foot of one of these beautiful trees, and began again to weep.

"Courage, Blondine! Take heart!" the voice cried to her. She saw only a frog near her, looking compassionately at her.

"Poor frog," said Blondine, "you seem to pity my grief. What will become of me? By my disobedience I have caused cruel misfortunes, which it is not in my power to repair. I have not only lost my dear, good friends, but have deprived myself of the only means of finding my father, my poor father, who is waiting for his unfortunate Blondine, condemned to live and die alone in this frightful forest, where my evil spirit reigns!"

But Blondine tried in every way to distract and occupy herself.

One day she was seated, sadly thinking of her friends and her father, when she saw before her an enormous turtle.

"Blondine," said the turtle, in a croaking voice, "if you will put yourself in my charge, I will take you out of this forest."

"And why, Madam Turtle, should I seek to leave this forest? It is here that I have caused the death of my friends, and here I wish to die."

"Are you quite certain of their death, Blondine?"

"I have seen their castle in ruins; the Parrot and the Toad told me that they no longer live; you wish to console me, no doubt, by your kindness, but alas! I cannot hope to see them again. If they were living, would they leave me alone with the frightful grief of thinking that I have caused their death?"

"Who knows, Blondine, that they themselves are not subjected to a power greater than their own? You know, Blondine, that repentance atones for many faults."

"Ah! Madam Turtle, if they are really living, if you can give me news of them, tell me that I have not to reproach myself with their death! tell me that I shall see them again some day! There is no atonement I would not make to merit this happiness."

"Blondine, I am not permitted to tell you the fate of your friends, but if you have courage enough to get upon my back, not to descend from it during six months, and not to ask me a single question until the end of our voyage, I will take you to a place where everything will be revealed to you."

“I promise all you wish, Madam Turtle, provided I may know what has become of my dear friends.”

“Take care, Blondine ; six months without getting off my back, without saying a word to me ! When you have once started, if you have not the courage to go on, you will remain forever in the power of the enchanter, the Parrot, and of his sister, the Rose ; and I shall not even be able to continue the little helps to which you owe your life for the past six weeks.”

“Let us go, Madam Turtle, let us go immediately, I would rather die of fatigue and weariness than of grief and anxiety ; since your words have awakened hope in my heart, I feel the courage to undertake a much more difficult voyage than that of which you speak.”

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## CHAPTER IX.

### THE VOYAGE AND THE ARRIVAL.

Blondine's voyage lasted six months, as the Tortoise had told her it would ; it was three months before she got out of the forest, and then she found herself in an arid plain, which it took six weeks to cross, and on the other side of which she saw a castle, recalling to her that of Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon. Another long month passed before she reached the avenue of the castle : Blondine burned with impatience. Was this the place where she was to learn the fate of her friends ? She dared not ask, notwithstanding her great desire to do so. If she could have left the Tortoise's back, she would have cleared in ten minutes the space which separated her from the castle ; but the Tortoise kept on walking, and Blondine remembered that she had been forbidden to say a word, or to descend. So she resigned herself to waiting, notwithstanding her impatience. The Tortoise seemed to slacken his pace, instead of increasing it, and it took fifteen days more, which seemed to Blondine fifteen centuries, to pass through the avenue. Blondine never once lost sight of the castle

or of the gate; the castle seemed deserted, no sound was heard, no sign of life was visible. At last, after one hundred and eighty days of traveling, the Tortoise stopped, and said to Blondine:

“Now Blondine, descend; you have gained by your courage and obedience, the reward I promised you; enter the little door you see before you, and ask the first person whom you meet for the fairy *Bienviellante*; she it is who will acquaint you with the fate of your friends.”

Blondine jumped lightly to the ground. She feared that such long stillness would have stiffened her limbs, but she felt as nimble as when she lived with *Bonne-Biche* and *Beau-Minon*, and when she used to run for hours at a time, gathering flowers and chasing butterflies. Having gratefully thanked the Tortoise, she hurriedly opened the door, and a young and beautiful lady approached her.

“What do you wish of me, my child?” she said, in a sweet and tender voice.

“O, lady!” cried Blondine, throwing herself at her feet, “they told me you could give me news of my dear and honored friends, *Bonne-Biche* and *Beau-Minon*. You know, without doubt, Madam, by what guilty disobedience I have lost them; I have wept for them a long time, believing them dead; but the Tortoise, who has just brought me here, gives me the hope that I may some day find them again. Tell me, Madam, O! tell me if they live, and what I must do to deserve the happiness of seeing them again?”

“Blondine, dear Blondine, said the fairy, pressing her in her arms, your friends still live and love you. I am *Bonne-Biche*, and this, my son, *Beau-Minon*. The evil spirit of the Forest of Lilacs, profiting by a negligence on the part of my son, succeeded in usurping our power, and in giving us the forms in which you have known us. We were not permitted to resume our original forms until you had plucked the Rose, which I knew to be your evil spirit, and which I held captive. I had it placed as far as possible from my palace, in order to hide it from you. I

knew the misfortunes to which you would expose yourself by delivering your evil spirit from his prison, and heaven knows that my son and I would willingly have remained to your eyes Bonne-Biche and Beau-Minon, to spare you the cruel griefs you have experienced. The Parrot succeeded in reaching you, notwithstanding our care ; you know the rest, dear child."

Blondine could not weary of looking at and embracing her friends, whom she had thought she should never see again. She also thought of her father. Prince Parfait guessed Blondine's desire, and spoke of it to the fairy.

"Prepare, dear Blondine, to see your father ; he awaits you."

At the same moment, Blondine found herself in a chariot of pearls and gold. At her right was the fairy ; at her feet, Prince Parfait, gazing tenderly at her. The chariot was drawn by four swans of dazzling whiteness ; they flew so rapidly, that it only took five minutes to reach King Benin's palace. All the court of the king was assembled near him, awaiting Blondine. When the chariot approached, they uttered such cries of joy that the swans were quite distracted, and almost lost their way. The Prince, who was driving, recalled their attention, and the chariot stopped at the foot of the great stair-case.

King Benin hurried towards Blondine, who, jumping to the ground, threw herself in his arms. They remained long locked in each other's embrace. Every one cried for joy. When the king had recovered himself a little, he tenderly kissed the hand of the fairy who had so lovingly cared for his Blondine, and restored her to him. He then embraced Prince Parfait, whom he found charming. There were eight days of feasting for the return of Blondine, at the end of which the fairy wished to go home. Prince Parfait and Blondine, however, were so grieved at the thought of separating, that the king and the fairy agreed that they ought never to part. So the king married the fairy, and Blondine was wedded to Prince Parfait, who was always for her the Beau-Minon of the Forest of Lilacs.

AN EVENING IN WONDERLAND.

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The Yellowstone National Park was set apart by an act of Congress for a grand public pleasure-ground, open to the entire nation. From its name, "Park," you would imagine it was laid off and beautified by art; but it is a place so endowed by nature that no hand of man could improve it.

The National Park is situated, for the most part, in the north-western corner of Wyoming, with a narrow strip in Montana and a small portion in Idaho. It is so large that the State of Delaware could be put in one end and the State of Rhode Island in the other, and there would remain between them a tract three miles broad and sixty-five miles long.

There are more wonders collected here than in any other region of like extent in the world. It is peculiarly remarkable for its geysers. The only other places where geysers are found are Greenland and New Zealand. It has been said that there are some in California. But this is not true; for these are not geysers at all, and no more like them than a tea-kettle is like a locomotive. Thus we see the rarity of geysers, and that the few the world does possess are placed far apart.

We will notice first, Old Faithful Geyser, so called from the regularity of its eruptions, which occur every sixty-five minutes. One may stand by with a watch, and it has never been known to keep a man waiting five minutes. This exactness of system makes one think that the powers under the earth are alive. The water issues from a crater on the top of a mound. The ascent is dangerous because the mound is terraced, as it were, with little pools of boiling water, which are by no means pleasant, if one falls into them. The rock formations are mostly silicious, generally white, but often brilliant red, and sometimes of other colors. The waters of the geysers are transparent for the most part, occasionally pink, and even lavender.

At the time of eruption, you hear a rumbling noise, the water bubbles up, and reaching the boiling point, is converted into

steam, which *must* escape, carrying the water with it. This rises in a magnificent column from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet high, and then descends, pouring the hot water all over the mound and filling the innumerable surrounding basins. The whole operation lasts about five or six minutes.

The geysers are very convenient for camping parties, who, at their hospitable mouths, find water ready boiling. Some travelers once thought to make a laundry of Old Faithful, and put the articles to be washed in his crater. He, resenting this indignity, sent up an eruption which so thoroughly cleaned the clothes that a piece could not be found large enough to patch a hole an inch in diameter.

The crater of Bee-Hive Geyser bears a marked resemblance to an old-fashioned straw bee-hive; hence the name. Its eruptions are irregular, though they ordinarily take place about once every thirteen hours. The column is inclined to one side; so that a man may stand within ten, or even five, feet of the protected side and hardly feel a drop of water, while it is pouring in floods down the other side.

But the grandest geyser of all is Giant Geyser, which spouts only when it gets ready; but when it does get ready, it amply repays any waiting. The eruption lasts an hour or two, and the column is from three to four hundred feet high; not guessed at, but accurately measured. Immense quantities of steam cover the sky like a cloud, reminding one of the "Pillow of Cloud" that led the Israelites of old.

In the craters of the geysers are many beautiful pebbles, some plain, some ornamented. These often take grotesque forms, and are pretty objects for study.

Hot springs of various temperature abound. Their color depends upon their depths: when deep, a dark green; when shallow, transparent. Pluto's Well and Pearl Spring are two of the finest. The former is so nearly circular that it measures nineteen feet one way and twenty the other. Specimen Spring, though large, does not remain the whole year round, but is dry during the summer.



Witches' Dining Hall is a good ideal of an enchanted land ; for it looks as if a palace so marvellously lovely could only be the home of fairies. Upon a back-ground of dark fir trees rises a snow-white mound, surmounted by a small geyser, which one might take for a miniature fountain. At its base, on the right-hand side, are the craters of other geysers, some in eruption, and some gently bubbling or splashing up. On the left are hot springs, green as emerald, and bordered with ruby-colored rocks.

Silicon is abundant in the waters of this volcanic region, and there is much petrified wood in the lakes and streams. Some of this is extremely old, while some is still petrifying. In certain of these stone forests, on breaking open the trees, crystals of amethysts are discovered. Petrified grasshoppers have also been found in a few localities.

One of the prides of Yellowstone Park is a handsome species of game called moose. These noble animals are the largest of American deer, weighing, on an average, four, five or six hundred pounds.

Mud Volcano, though an interesting place, is a disagreeable one, on account of an offensive odor which rises from the puddles of blue mud along its sides. There is much sulphur about, as is indicated by the yellow spots ; and this, combining with a gas in the mud, causes the unpleasant smell.

Yellowstone Lake is a smooth body of water, of a pure blue color, commanding a view of high mountains. A sunrise across it is worth going miles to see. On its shores are found, among other curious deposits, cornelians and natural whet-stones, usually round or oblong in shape. The lake contains splendid trout ; but of late years, owing to some mineral in the water, they have become infested with worms. Sad to say, the disease is on the increase ; and it is now almost impossible to catch an eatable fish.

The canons of the Yellowstone are exceedingly grand and majestic, rising directly from the river's edge for thousands of feet. They are richly tinted, the colors being mainly different shades of red, orange, brown, pink and purple.

The rock around the Mammoth Terraced Hot Springs is of a frosty whiteness; but, unlike that of the geysers, is calcareous. In the Basket Basins the soft rock presents an appearance like lace or net-work, and in the dry water of Specimen Spring, above mentioned, can be seen leaf forms in lime.

Some of the Yellowstone country is cut up into ridges, one of which has received the unpleasant name of Devil's Backbone. Near by is a clear pool called Magic Spring.

Before the year 1875 all excursions into the Park were made on saddle-horses, for wagons and railways were as yet unheard of; but now you approach it through one of those large tunnels which the mountains often require. The most favorable time for visiting the Park is during the month of May. Then geysers, cascades, springs and canons seem to vie with each other in beauty.

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### *SOME OF THE WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA AND COLORADO.*

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The famous Big Trees of California do not, as is commonly supposed, grow in the Yosemite Valley, but about twenty-three miles from it, on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada range. But, to visit them, it is necessary to pass through this valley, and this has given rise to the belief that they grow there.

The first big tree was discovered by a miner. He left his camp in search of a bear which had been prowling about all day, and, in his search, he came upon one of these enormous trees. Immediately bear, gun, every thing was forgotten, and the hunter hastened back to tell his companions of the great wonder he had seen. Several days elapsed before he could induce any one to return with him, but, at last, a small party was formed. This expedition not only proved the account true, but started in search of more of these wonderful objects. Until

recently, it was believed that only a few hundred of them existed; but now, farther towards the north, forests of them have been discovered, stretching along the slopes of the Sierra Nevada for a distance of five hundred miles.

Besides these big trees, there is another species found in California—the red wood. These grow on the western side of the Coast Range, and may be called the brothers of the big trees, bearing the same relation to them that white maples do to sugar maples. Most big trees are of such extreme height that a poor little man appears like a two-legged dot at their feet. But they are not necessarily large, for there are many no more than six feet in diameter; yet, often of so great height, that the lowest limb is from one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet from the ground. Many of these smaller ones are burned as timber, but the larger ones are never cut down except to be sent as specimens to various portions of the country.

These trees are truly worthy of the interest and admiration bestowed upon them. There is one through whose enormous trunk a coach and six can easily pass. Much of it has been burned away, but even now it is more than thirty feet in circumference. There is another, upon whose stump is built a pavilion large enough for seventy-two people. You must not suppose that these wonderful products of vegetation are objects of beauty. Far from it, for they are gaunt and barren, almost destitute of foliage, and indented with the deepest ridges; yet, probably, these ridges are no deeper in proportion to the great thickness of the bark—one and one-half feet—than are the irregularities on the surface of our common oaks.

The soils of New Zealand and England are admirably adapted to the growth of these trees. Many people think that in future ages New Zealand will produce more than either England or California.

To the west of the Sierra Nevada, in about the centre of California, is situated the Yosemite Valley. It is remarkable for the celebrated Yosemite Falls. They dash down a steep declivity sixteen hundred feet high; then they take the form of cascades

until, at last, they plunge four hundred feet into the valley below. The walls of the valley are four thousand feet high, formed entirely of granite. They are not perpendicular, but somewhat slanting, and very irregular. This is due to the influence of destructive winds and storms. These, however, cannot mould granite into the beautiful grotesque shapes that limestone and sulphur assume.

Many fine cascades dash down the walls of the Yosemite. The most remarkable is the Bridal Veil, which falls over a steep rock to a depth of a thousand feet. It is called Bridal Veil because, at certain hours of the day, the wind sways it to and fro, forming a veil of mist. Here, too, is Sentinel Rock, one of the tallest in the world, which seems to be keeping watch over all these beauties, as if jealous of the admiration which they excite.

Now let us leave California, and, in imagination, pass over the Sierra Nevada, through Nevada, through Utah, over the Rocky Mountains, and take a peep at some of the beauties of Colorado. Colorado is commonly believed to be one of the new States, but it is an old State. It was discovered by the Spaniards before the settling of Jamestown. It contains some of the highest mountain peaks in the world; many thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and one which has been found to exceed fourteen thousand feet in height. Yet, tall as they are, they are not covered with perpetual snow like many of the mountains of southern Europe. Upon the highest mountain of Colorado, Pike's Peak, is built the famous weather-station. It is almost entirely cut off from communication with the rest of the world, except by telegraph; for the ascent is steep and difficult, and the ground surrounding it is covered with angular, irregular stones.

One of the greatest beauties of Colorado is that lovely little spot, "The Garden of the Gods." Its chief objects of interest are the wonderful rocks, which have assumed very fantastic shapes. Near the entrance to the garden is one much resembling the Sphinx of old. Looking towards this is another rock

bearing the profile of an Arab; and, underneath this, seems to be the figure of a pretty little girl weeping, and holding the corner of her apron in her mouth.

Over the mountains of Colorado roam many wild animals, among which may be mentioned the mule, deer, grouse, and prairie-wolf. Perhaps the most interesting is the prairie-wolf, a harmless, but very thievish animal. Emigrants find it almost impossible to keep their meats from these devourers. They wander about at night, filling the air with their shrill, unpleasant cries. In appearance, they much resemble our common fox, but their howl reminds us forcibly of our hungry wolves which, only a few years ago, were exterminated.

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### PERU.

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We read of terrible wars, but what one more terrible than that which has lately devastated Peru? She has always been unfortunate since Pizarro came with his ruthless band and settled in the country.

We know very little about the first age of Peruvian history; but we judge from the manner in which they received the first Inca, that the ancient Peruvians were a simple, credulous people, not given to wars.

In the next age, the reign of the Incas, we have a perfect picture of a pastoral nation. The Inca was father as well as ruler of the people, and instructed them in all the useful arts. There were occasional wars with the neighboring tribes, but these were rarely carried on in Peru. Until the reign of the eleventh Inca, the territory was very small. Under him the dominions were much extended, and under his son Huayna Capae, the most illustrious of all the Incas, the whole country which bears the name of Equador and the greater part of Chili were added to Peru. Even then, wars were not carried on in Peru proper, and

the people did not suffer from them. Enriched by their many conquests, they built splendid temples and public buildings, the fame of which reached Pizarro and his avaricious followers. The great Huayna Capac died after a long and prosperous reign, and his son succeeded him on the throne.

This Inca was not destined to lead the prosperous life of his ancestors; for, hardly had he ascended the throne, when civil war broke out. Scarcely had the war begun, when a band of men—or gods, as they seemed to the Peruvians—on beasts such as none had ever seen before, entered the kingdom. The simple natives learned all too soon that they were not gods, nor were their natures god-like; for they were Pizarro and his five hundred Spaniards. All peace was now at an end. The Peruvians would have been friendly to the Spaniards; for strangers were so uncommon in that country, that they were confident that these men had come down from the sun. Friendship, however, was not Pizarro's aim. The Inca was treacherously taken and slain, and a younger son of Huayna Capac was created Inca, to whom Pizarro gave no power whatever. Land was given to the Spaniards and the natives made to serve as their slaves. The young Inca soon found out that he was but a tool in Pizarro's hands, and managed to escape and stir up the people. However, the Spaniards retained their hold upon Peru, and she became one of the South American provinces of Spain.

In 1821 she gained her independence; and from that time until 1845, she was continually at war. She then enjoyed peace for a few years during the Presidency of Don Ramon Castilla. Since that time she has had but little peace.

The late war with Chili has so wasted her strength that it is not probable that she can soon carry on another. The causes of this war have been two. The first was some guano lands, lying between Bolivia and Chili. They were not claimed by either power until found to be very valuable. Then both States put in a claim, and the result was a war, in which Peru took Bolivia's part. Another was the refusal of Peru to pay her debt to some

English capitalists. Chili, knowing that she would get a big share of the prize, tried to force the payment.

The war has been long and disastrous, and Peru has suffered terribly. It is thought that the actions of Mr. Blaine have not been exactly fair as regards Peru, and that she would not have engaged in the war had she not expected aid from the United States. This, however, is not yet certain, and the present examination may quite exonerate the ex-Secretary of State.

The part that Bolivia has played must make her despised by all nations; for instead of standing by Peru, she treacherously withdrew and left her weakened ally to bear the whole brunt of the fight. Distracted by internal struggles, poor Peru was ill fitted for the contest. Her citizens were divided into two factions; one under Pierola, the other under Calderon. She has spent most of her time in fighting against herself, and truly some of the battles have been terrible. In some places the strife between the two Peruvian factions was so bitter that the peasantry welcomed the Chilians as deliverers. A large amount of valuable property has been destroyed, and the whole country is so disordered that it will be long before quiet can be established. Calderon, who seems to have been the nobler of the two leaders, has been arrested by Chilian authority, on the charge of holding his office of President after he had been deposed.

The war debt of Peru is so great that Chili will have to hold a portion of her land in fief until the debt is paid. In the peace which was made between the two countries, Chili takes possession of the disputed guano lands, so that Bolivia is now without a sea-coast.

Peru requires a firm, wise hand to restore the prosperity which so fertile a land ought to enjoy; and it is to be hoped that the hostile factions which have so lately plunged her into civil war will be wise enough to become reconciled, and work together for the good of the country.

## ITEMS.

SOMETHING entirely new has been introduced into China. It is an enormous gun, firing 900 balls per minute. This would be an interesting, as well as remarkable sight, in any country, but among a people who have never seen anything like it before, it must, indeed, produce an excitement. At Shanghai one of these guns was on exhibition, managed by a Mr. Sluman; it was called the "Nordentfelt Ten-barrel Field Machine Gun." From every part of the city the people flocked to look at the iron monster, which could produce such a terrible growl. Their surprise was greatly increased when they saw the young wife of Mr. Sluman walk up with perfect fearlessness and, by moving a lever, touch off the gun, calmly standing by while it sent off its mighty roar.

A PILGRIMAGE to Jerusalem has been gotten up in France. The ships destined to transport the pilgrims, whose numbers increase daily, are two—the "Guadaloupe" and the "Picardie." If these are not sufficient to carry them all, another ship will be procured. They sail from the harbor of Marseilles in their handsome vessels. The French are delighted that their countrymen have begun to go to the Holy City; for, among the numberless pilgrims at Jerusalem, but few are from France.

WE SEE in "Good Literature" a notice to this effect: "In Smith College, Northampton, Mass., one of the Professors, Miss Kate Sanborn, intends to introduce a 'Class of Current Topics' among her pupils, in order to teach them the art of discussing events and books in an intelligent way." Not quite so new a thing as one would think from reading this. We had a "Class of Current Topics" over a year ago, and we have read of one in a western college.

ONE AUTHOR who holds autograph-hunters in contempt is James Russel Lowell. He promptly tosses all letters, asking for his autograph, into his waste-paper basket.



ANOTHER MEMOIR of Carlyle is still to be read by the literary people of the day, unless, indeed, they leave it for succeeding ages, one being thought enough for one century. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle intends to write a memoir of her uncle, to correct some pictures of his life, as drawn by Mr. Froude.

IN BOSTON the people are industriously seeking bits of dado, sash, staircase, etc., which belonged to the old State House. They have met with great success, and from the remains collected they will easily restore the famous building. The coloring of the exterior will not be the same as the original, but the interior will be an exact reproduction. The house will soon be standing, a true representative of colonial times. Oh, dear old Puritan city, you don't believe in relics, you know!

GERMAN EMIGRANTS are flocking to America. In the month of April alone 672 arrived. They brought with them furniture and money. They will make good citizens, as they are a hard-working, steady class.

ENGLAND'S PRIME MINISTER is spending a rather laborious vacation. Now that Parliament is not in session, he is amusing himself by writing some long magazine articles, letters and postal cards without number. He fills up his spare moments by chopping trees in his woods.

OSCAR WILDE was in Lincoln, Nebraska, the other day and payed a visit to the University. He urged the students to establish a gymnasium, that they might develop into models of Greek Athletes. He afterwards delivered a lecture at the City Hall. The *Lincoln Journal* speaks of him in this way: "His delivery was the most uninteresting of any public speaker of note whom we ever listened to, and his closing sentence brought a sigh of relief both to those who had been trying to follow the march of ideas, and those who came out of mere curiosity to see the much talked of Englishman."

SARAH BURR, the great miser of New York, died the other day, and left her fortune of three millions of dollars to religious societies. Yet when alive, she never went to church or read her Bible; and when she was dying, she positively refused to allow a clergyman to enter her house.

IT SEEMS to be very hard to be a Czar in peace. The present Czar has never been properly crowned, and from present prospects is not likely to be, for it is thought that the Nihilists have determined to kill him at his coronation. So, if the ceremony does take place, it is not probable that the audience will be large.

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### *THE NEW YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.*

COMPILED FROM THE NEW YORK PAPERS.

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This mammoth event in the musical world is now over, and I do not think I am wrong in saying that even the greatest expectations have been realized. The tremendous hall in which it took place, the number of voices in the chorus, and the splendid orchestra, gave it an air of thrilling grandeur, even to those who could not appreciate the music.

The Armory of the Seventh Regiment was procured for the Festival, as the only hall in New York of sufficient size. This was turned into a regular concert-room, and rendered very attractive to the eye and acoustically perfect. The windows in the sides of the walls were changed into doors, by stairs running up to the sills from the pavement on one side and the hall floor on the other. The stage erected at one end was handsomely decorated, and did not obtrude on one the fact that it was but a temporary one. The chairs in the auditorium were stained brown to suit the prevailing color of the room. The view of the stage from the audience was perfectly unobstructed, as there are no pillars in this hall, and the chairs were placed on a series

of platforms, rising one above another as we recede from the stage. This was not only very convenient for the spectators, as it gave a splendid view of the stage, chorus and orchestra; but when these chairs were filled with people the sight was very imposing. The orchestra, instead of being sprawled over a hundred and fifty feet of space (as was the case in the Cincinnati Festival, where the wind instruments were so scattered that their sounds reached the ear at different times), was placed in a homogeneous mass on a platform raised six feet above the auditorium. The chorus occupied an amphitheatrical stage, which described the segment of a circle, and by successive rises, reached a height of thirty-five feet. The whole structure was one hundred and sixty-five feet wide and very strongly built. The organ was under the stage, and therefore did not break the regular rows of singers, and by "use of a reversed action and electrical connection between the key-box and the pipes, it was as completely under the control of Mr. Thomas as the nearest instrument in the band." It was played by Dudley Buck.

This Festival is not the fruit of any hasty plan, but of long and careful preparation. The great director, Thomas, knew that such a choir as was necessary to carry out his great plan could not be made up of raw choral forces, and before the Festival was finally decided upon, he began to enlist and drill chorus singers under the name of the "Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn." The visiting societies from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Worcester and Reading, came to their aid in special things, in which the increase of power would add to their effectiveness, as the Bach Cantata "Ein Feste Burg," Handel's "Utrecht Jubilate" and "Israel in Egypt." But without their aid the local chorus was twice as large as the choir which acquitted itself so handsomely at the Cincinnati Festival. On Wednesday and Saturday evenings the chorus was composed of the New York and Brooklyn Societies. On Tuesday, when the Bach Cantata and Handel's Jubilate were given, the "Worcester County Musical Association" and the "Reading Choral Society" added their numbers to complete the chorus.

The orchestra, composed of three hundred instruments, was made up of the best players in the country, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. Some of the instruments were made in Europe for the occasion, that certain passages of the music should be given as contemplated by the composers.

We will give some slight mention of each evening. As one of our best musical critics says: "In consorting musical works, Mr. Thomas has acquired a reputation for skill, ingenuity and wisdom. Every one of his programmes has a reason for being, and shows the great leader's taste and experience in catering to the public dignity; harmony of spirit, yet diversity of forms; absolute artistic worth; symmetry; intellectual excitement, relieved by intellectual repose. These are some of the qualities that, after one of his concerts, give us such a feeling of perfect enjoyment." The highest perfection is his aim, and when by public approval he sees that he has gained that, he does not hesitate to repeat a programme. Thus the programme for the first night of this Festival was almost identical with that of the first night of the Cincinnati Festival for 1880. It stands as follows:

Cantata—"Ein Feste Burg," Bach; "Jupiter Symphony," Mozart; Scena and Aria, "Abschaulicher," Beethoven; "Utrecht Jubilate," Handel.

The choral forces employed on this evening amounted to seventeen hundred voices, and you cannot imagine the burst of harmony. The solo singing of Madame Materna was especially fine. She is said to be the first dramatic singer in the world, superior even to Titjens when heard in this country—as the latter was then past her prime, while Frau Materna is now in the zenith of her musical charms. The only drawback was the illness of Miss Cary and Mrs. Osgood, two very important soloists; but their places were well supplied until the last of the week, when they were able to take them. The chorus-singing manifested all good qualities. Its most striking characteristics were not unlike those of the music itself, strength, assurance, majesty, precision and force. The difficult music rolled from the

chorus with a freedom that quickly put the audience at their ease. The intonation, expression and clearness of phrasing were unmistakable, and had not been expected from so large a body of singers. The closing crescendo of the "Amen" in the Jubilate was the most glorious singing ever heard in New York. On the second evening (or rather the "Beethoven evening," as it was called) the music was given entirely by the New York and Brooklyn societies; and for the solos, Mr. Thomas employed two quartettes. This plan had been found to work admirably at the Cincinnati Festival. The first quartette consisted of Frau Materna, Miss Winant, Signor Campanini and Mr. Whitney, the substitute for Signor Galassi; the second, of Mrs. Allen, Miss Cary's substitute, Miss Winant, Mr. Candidus and Mr. Henschel. The "Fifth Symphony" was given this evening, and begs description. It is not merely the perfection of harmony; it goes beyond that, and its distinguishing feature is an almost painful sublimity. As the evening went on the excitement increased, and at last, when the tremendous finale came, the delight of the audience found vent in shouts and applause on all sides. "I wonder," was the remark heard about one, "whether the Fifth Symphony has ever been played like that anywhere!" The matinee on Wednesday consisted of several short extracts from operas, rather than one connected piece. The solos sung by Madame Gerster, Frau Materna, Mr. Henschel and Signor Campanini were exquisitely beautiful, and the chorus and orchestra perfect. There were not less than sixteen thousand people present to listen to this glorious music on Wednesday. There was but one performance on Thursday, and this took place in the afternoon, and was devoted to Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung." My pen pauses for want of words to express the magnificence of this creation; however, I will do my best. Probably all the beauties of "Rhinégold" are not appreciated till we reach the end. They crowd upon us so thick and fast from every side, as we gradually approach the perfect climax, that it is only when that is reached, that we can look back and see all the power, beauty and deep feeling that have gone before. One of the most exquisite things of the evening was the love song, as sung by Mr. Candidus. Another striking feature

was Frau Materna's rendering of the immolation of Brunhilde. With her usual broad, full tones, she joined the most exquisite pathos. No one that heard her could doubt that she is a great singer, whose very heart and soul is full of the music which she pours so generously from her lips. At the conclusion of the performance an impromptu reception was held by Frau Materna for the chorus-singers, where she charmed her visitors by her cordiality, and her enthusiasm about the music. Just before her visitors left she tore up several of the floral tributes which she had received, and gave the flowers to them as mementoes of the occasion. One might have thought that after the grandeur of the "Wagner afternoon" nothing could have been sung to surpass it, or even to reach its level. But on the "Handel night" the sensation was increased. The grand Oratorio of "Israel in Egypt," as sung by the societies of New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia and Baltimore, was truly inspiring. This Oratorio begins with a tenor recitative, which was beautifully sung by Mr. Candidus. Then when the full chorus of three thousand voices burst forth, it almost took the breath away. The splendid work done by the chorus in the "Jubilate" Thursday night was some preparation for this, but the chorus in the "Israel" was twice as large as that in the "Jubilate." What we said of the chorus after the first night may be repeated. It was perfectly wonderful to see a vast body of singers singing this difficult music with perfect ease, phrasing and time. Mrs. Osgood recovered from her severe illness in time to take her part in the Oratorio, and greatly to the delight of her admirers, her beautiful voice seemed entirely unimpaired. "The playing of the orchestra," says a musical critic, "was beyond praise." Poor Handel does not often have his music so perfectly given. Miss Cary sang Saturday afternoon as an especial favor to the directors.

What a privilege it must have been to be present at such a festival! It is a great event in the musical world, indeed it might, without exaggeration, be called an epoch. Although "music, heavenly maid," is no longer young, in her full maturity she is far more glorious than ever before. It may be future ages will have a higher ideal, but the music which we have just heard, satisfied even the critical and æsthetic nineteenth century.

## EDITORIAL.

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MAY 13TH.—We have had a goodly number of visitors since the roses began to bloom. The Rev. Drs. Watkins, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, New York; Winslow, of Connecticut; and Rich, of Maryland; ladies from New York and New Jersey; and friends from nearer home. Convention brought us many of our clergy, who could not pass us by. The Rev. Messrs. Osborne and Daugherty and Dr. Sutton gladdened their daughters' hearts by a flying visit, and the lay delegates were too numerous to mention. But none of our farewells were heart-breaking, for in a very few weeks we shall be at HOME.

ON SUNDAY LAST our dear Bishop made his annual official visitation to the school, confirming a class of eleven candidates. He left town on Tuesday to preside over the Diocesan Convention, taking with him a multitude of loving greetings from our Tarboro girls to their friends, and promising to be with us, if possible, for Commencement Week.

MAY 25TH.—Lectures are still the order of the day. No sooner were the Easter Holidays over, than our thoughtful Rector devised a new plan for our pleasure and profit, and invited Prof. Kerr, the State Geologist, to give us a course of lectures on his favorite subject. Of course we prepared to listen gravely to the learned discourses, and to understand as much as we could, gas-light permitting. What was our surprise to hear that the Professor would first take the Seniors out walking. Now, counting As and Bs, there are more than thirty Seniors; and this large party donned hats and gloves one fine afternoon and eagerly followed the Professor and Mr. Smedes in pursuit of knowledge. They came to a railroad cut, where granite whole and granite decomposed, seams of quartz and touches of eldspar were visible, and the formation of the crust of the globe was illustrated in miniature. Our girls were so well pleased with this

kind of lecture, that they soon begged for another, and were nothing daunted at hearing that the goal was to be a graphite mine, two (?) miles away. So again they started, one small 'bus accompanying to carry the delicate ones. Hours passed, and the shadows were falling dark and long when they *rode* back again, all that was left of them—left of the thirty. Theirs not to make reply, when they were questioned why; theirs but to sleep or die, poor tired thirty.

But a night's rest does wonders, and the next day every Senior was exhibiting her piece of graphite or clear quartz crystal, and looking forward to the next "lecture." But this time Prof. Kerr arrived with maps and charts and bags of stones, and we began work in earnest. The Professor was very clear and interesting in his teachings, grounding them all on what we had ourselves observed in the railroad cut. We were required to make abstracts of his lectures, six in number; and since their object was to teach us accurately as much geology as possible, authorities were ransacked and long discussions held nightly around the school-room platform. Some who were skeptics have learned that lectures are pleasant things, and all have learned much that they did not know before. We thank the Professor for his kindness, and hope to welcome him to our school next year.

ON SATURDAY LAST DR. KÜRSTEINER gave his second lecture on Music, in which he traced the rise and development of the opera and symphony. It is to be regretted that the press of examination and other work prevented our reporters from giving us a digest of this very instructive address.

AGAIN WE ARE called upon to notice the death of a near neighbor and friend of St. Mary's. Col. Wm. H. Tucker died suddenly at his residence on the 25th of May. We offer our sincere sympathy to his afflicted relatives.

THE HON. WM. R. COX has recently sent us a valuable map of the United States. We tender him our grateful thanks.



## JUNE 1ST—ONE WEEK MORE!

On Tuesday evening, while the soft twilight still lingered and blended with the light of the full moon, group after group of friends and relatives strolled through the grove and gathered in the parlor to do honor to our wee people of the Kindergarten. The entertainment was advertised to begin promptly at eight; but a prominent member of the chorus did not arrive till twenty minutes past, and the promise could not be kept. However, that was the only delay throughout the evening. Choruses, recitations, quartettes and solos succeeded each other, apparently without the smallest signal, and with only sufficient pause to allow the applause to die away. The little folks played, and sang, and drilled, and acted French plays so perfectly that we who, for the past fortnight, had gone without our crackers at recess, and mounted on chairs at the open doors to see the end of the rehearsal (we had been reproved for so doing, but the big people did just the same Tuesday night), were in despair for the comparisons that will be drawn next week. What will be expected of Seniors when a five-year-old maiden leads the graceful "Postures," and a ten-year-old recites charmingly a poem of Mrs. Browning's? Look to your laurels, sisters! Twenty-one of these small people leave the Kindergarten next week, and it will not be long before they stand in our places and dim the lustre, if any, of our fame. But we will not envy you, sweet little ones. May your success each year be greater, and all combine to swell the praises of Alma Mater's name.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

The last good-byes have been said, the last stage-load of happy girls has driven away, and through these empty rooms two lonely Seniors and as many little Preps. wander disconsolate. One grave girl-graduate sometimes visits us in our loneliness, but she says nothing of resuming the editorial pen that has fallen from her hand. Let us then solace ourselves by a backward glance over the merry days of last week, and with it send a greeting to the rest of our happy band whose return we await here.

Our Bishop was unable to get here on Sunday, though he traveled day and night in order to be present at the Concert, and on Commencement Day. In his stead, the Rev. Dr. Marshall delivered the Sermon on Trinity Eve. On Sunday afternoon, a large number of visitors was present when our Rector said farewell to his little congregation, after having laid before them a statement of their alms during the year, and the purposes to which they had been applied. The total amount was \$345.14. Of this sum, \$44 had been given to our home poor; \$60 to St. John's Hospital; \$5 to St. Stephen's Church, Oxford; \$13 to the Orphan Asylum at the same place; \$20 to Diocesan Missions and \$30 to the Episcopal Fund. The following sums had been special contributions from the mite-boxes of the Sunday classes, or from the Fragment Society, long a part of the school. To Sewanee, \$24.46; Nashotah, \$5; Mexican League, \$2.43; the Aldert Smedes Scholarship in China, \$40 and the chapel carpet, \$105.25. Mr. Smedes also read several letters acknowledging the receipt of these sums. In conclusion, he warmly commended the scholars for their unvarying kindness, and respect, and diligence in the performance of duty, and thanked them for a most happy year.

With the strains of Rheinberger's beautiful evening hymn lingering in our ears, we left the Chapel, and whiled away the hours of this last Sunday evening of the year in quiet talks and walks about the grove.

We awoke the next morning, and the next, and the next, to busy days; but, strange to say, nothing seemed to be going on. The examinations were conducted as slowly and as thoroughly, as if there were no such things in the world as evening entertainments and pretty dresses; not even a rehearsal was in progress. But at eight o'clock punctually the girls were all ready for the Soiree Francaise. An unusual number of parents and visitors of distinction had come from a distance to attend the exercises. The weather was charming, and though the moonlight deserted us after Monday night, gaily-colored lanterns did what they could to supply its place. The French plays were

well acted; the scene from *Les Femmes Savantes* was a miracle of affectation, and called forth much laughter. In the Charade, the syllable "rat" (*Paraplui*) produced a startling effect, and was warmly applauded, as was also the song "Je suis un petit garçon," with which the little actor left our stage forever. May all his future life be as happy and successful as the years he has spent in the Kindergarten of St. Mary's.

IN THE MONTH OF MAY, just forty years ago, St. Mary's School first opened its doors to the daughters of the South. The building had been erected some ten years before, in pursuance of Bishop Ives' plan of establishing in Raleigh a Church school for boys. But that enterprise had been abandoned; and the property had remained unoccupied till the spring of '42, when Dr. Smedes held the opening service of a school composed of two boarders and a few day-scholars. Before the year was out the boarding pupils numbered fifteen; the day-school had grown proportionately. The second year saw the success of the school established, with thirty boarders within its walls. By the third year it had reached its maximum of eighty boarders.

Until now, all the services had been held in the large school-room; but before the opening of the fourth session the whole lower floor of the East Building had been fitted up as a Chapel, with a robing-room, and the best reed organ the times afforded. To the Alumnæ, whose grandchildren now crowd the Kindergarten, and press hard on the Academic classes, the word Chapel recalls only this pleasant room with its holy uses, and the noble face of the Rector alight with the glow of a strong and practical godliness. His was a cool, clear judgment, ripened by every appliance of study and travel; and St. Mary's to-day, while in many things she spurs onwards with this progressive age, clings close to her traditions, and is essentially one with the foundation of forty years ago.

It has been our happiness, in this, our fortieth year, to have reached the same limit in numbers as the founder of the school contemplated. It is true that during the war one hundred and

twenty girls found a safe harbor here, but there was neither comfort nor leisure for the display of the best energies of the school. Strange as the assertion may seem, this is a *home-school*. The hushed voices and rigid restrictions of most boarding-schools are here unknown. The grove rings with merry laughter. The lofty halls and immense rooms seem bare and deserted when half our members leave us at Christmas-tide. Teachers and scholars meet on the simple footing of good-feeling, and are never so happy as when gathered in social meetings, where the influence of the elder ladies is not exerted but felt. Our teachers are our friends and elder sisters; to some of us, who have long since lost that tender care, they have been mothers, and their advice and aid we have sought in every crisis of life. We go forward to a happy future; we leave them to comfort, guide, rejoice with the classes of the years to come. God's blessing on them all. God's blessing on our Alma Mater, which has trained such women. The daughters of the South rise up and call her blessed, and their husbands and sons, from the Hudson to the Rio Grande, say Amen.

It was fitting that some change in the customary exercises of Commencement Week should mark the successful ending of four decades; and the Rev. Mr. Pitts, of Wilmington, was therefore asked to deliver an appropriate oration. He chose the subject of "Education"; described it as of a three-fold nature that dealt with the body and the heart as well as the head; and closed with a glowing eulogy on the late Rector of this school. The oration was given on Tuesday evening; and it was noticeable that on this, as on the following or Concert night, at least half of the audience was composed of gentlemen of culture and position. On Commencement Day the attendance was so large that in the Chapel all the younger classes gave up their seats and grouped themselves closely upon the organ dais and around the chancel-rail, their little faces upturned like flowers. Never before have such large and attentive audiences done honor to our closing exercises, and never have we listened to such heart-felt expressions of delight. It is not for us to speak of our efforts,

but of three things we may tell: the reiterated applause given on Wednesday night to Fannie Sharp's song, "Jamie," demanding its repetition; the hush at the close of Maggie Jones' "Answer," while every mother present wiped away her tears; and the thrill which clutched our hearts and stopped our breath when Alice Hagood told of "The Death-Bridge of the Tay." We could not help seeing, too, on Thursday, how our Bishop and the other learned gentlemen on the platform chuckled over Ula Thompson's "Plea for Xanthippe," nor that they, too, applauded when our valedictorian ended her grand "Ulysses." We give in this issue the graduating essays, together with the entire programmes for the Concert and Commencement Day.

Before the meeting of the Alumnæ was over, the platform had been removed from the parlor, the work of cleaning was going on, and everything getting in readiness for the Graduates' Reception.

We have said nothing as yet of one great attraction of the week, which brought many visitors during the days of Tuesday and Wednesday, and formed a pleasant termination to each of the evening entertainments: the Art Exhibition. A detailed account of the various works will be found in the "Art Notes." But it may be permitted to one of the uninitiated to mention the charming disposal of the paintings and china, the graceful draperies and soft candle-light, with the rose-hued conservatory beyond, seen through clustering vines. The exquisite decorated china was the chief attraction, but Miss Minnie Albertson's crayons, Miss Lizzie Battle's water-color, "The Gamekeeper," and Miss Jessie Williams' beautiful flower-studies in oil, received high encomiums.

Before Friday noon, in spite of the fatigue consequent upon dancing till a late hour the night before, every trunk was packed, pictures were boxed, baggage labeled and eager girls ready for their journey home. Not one pang had marred the happy Commencement that marked our Fortieth Anniversary, and exulting in the possession of their hard-won honors, St. Mary's girls are scattered from New York to Texas, recruiting for the

work of another year. Meanwhile, the school is a scene of dust and confusion. The floor in the Senior dormitory is torn up and workmen are digging the place for our new furnace. All sorts of people come and make "estimates." The white-washers and cleaners have possession of the upper floors; tanks and trunk-rooms are to be built, and everything promises many added conveniences for the coming year. Rumor says that a new grand piano is coming. Rumor says many other nice things; but the printer is demanding "copy," and with all good wishes for the summer, the first volume of the Quarterly says farewell.

### ROLL OF HONOR.

The following young ladies have achieved the

#### FIRST DISTINCTION,

their average mark for the year being above 98 per cent.:

REBECCA ANDERSON COLLINS.....98.5	ANNIE HYMAN PHILIPS.....98.4
MARTHA AUSTIN DOWD.....98.4	KATHARINE LASSITER SUTTON..98.1
SALLIE J. EATON YOUNG.....98.1	

The following have attained the

#### SECOND DISTINCTION,

average above 95 per cent.:

SALLIE LITTLEJOHN DANIEL.....97.9	ROBERTA BEST.....96.3
ELIZABETH HALL MANNING.....97.9	JESSICA RANDOLPH SMITH.....96.2
EMILIE WATKINS McVEA.....97.7	KATHARINE SEYTON ALBERTSON 96.2
NANNIE COLLINS HUGHES.....97.7	ESTHER EXUM RANSOM .....96.1
LEAH McCLENAGHAN.....97.6	MARIE LOUISE BOYD.....85.8
EMILIE ROSE SMEDES.....97.5	CHARLTON YELLOWLEY.....95.8
ALICE MARTIN HAGOOD.....97.1	HENRIETTA RHEA SMEDES.....95.7
ELIZABETH DANCY BATTLE.....97.1	MARY FLORENCE SLATER.....95.5
SOPHIA DABNEY THURMOND.....96.9	MARGEI BUSBEE.....95.2
LILA ANN McLIN.....96.9	CAROLINE SYKES McLIN.....95.3
ELIZABETH MASON LEWIS.....96.9	CAROLINE LEE SITERTON.....95.2
FANNIE McIVER LUCAS.....96.8	EASDALE SHAW.....95.1
ALICE CAPEHART WINSTON.....96.3	KATE MEARES LORD.....95.

ALICE WOODS COAKLEY.....95

The following ladies deserve honorable mention for marked progress in their studies :

CORNELIA K. ALSTON,  
MARY V. CAPERS,  
MARY R. BUXTON,  
MATTIE A. CUNNINGHAM,

VIRGINIA M. LOCKHART,  
CAROLINE LEE MATHEWSON,  
MARY L. OSBORNE,  
MARY M. STONE.

The Director in the Musical Department commends the following in Instrumental Music :

M. FLORENCE SLATER,  
EMILIE R. SMEDES,  
ANNIE H. PHILIPS,  
MARTHA A. DOWD,  
KATE L. SUTTON,  
SALLIE E. J. YOUNG,  
FANNIE McIVER LUCAS,  
MAGGIE K. JONES,

CHARLTON YELLOWLEY,  
CAROLINE MATHEWSON,  
MARY L. OSBORNE,  
KATE S. ALBERTSON,  
KATE T. LONG,  
HELEN McVEA,  
CARRIE MOTT,  
EVELYN DABNEY,

LEAH McCLENAGHAN.

IN VOCAL MUSIC.

FANNIE D. SHARP,  
MAGGIE K. JONES,

M. LOUISE BOYD,  
JENNIE D. HUGHES.

In the Department of Drawing and Painting, the following have done excellent work :

JESSIE WILLIAMS,  
NANNIE ERWIN,  
LIZZIE BATTLE,  
FANNIE SHARP,

ALICE HAGOOD,  
LALLA ROBERTS,  
MINNIE ALBERTSON,  
JESSIE SMITH.

The following, in the Primary Department, deserve honorable mention as having attained the first grade every month during the past scholastic year :

MILDRED BADGER,  
MARTHA HAYWOOD,  
MARGARET HINSDALE,  
ELIZA MARSHALL,

BESSIE TUCKER,  
MARY SNOW,  
JENNIE C. SAUNDERS,  
WILLIAM B. SNOW.

## PROGRAMME OF ANNUAL CONCERT.

## PART FIRST.

## SLAVIC DANCES—

Opus 46, Nos. 1 and 2, two pianos, . . . . . Dvorak  
*Misses Hughes, Lord, Yellowley and Winston.*

PIANO SOLO—Nocturne, op. 9, No. 1, . . . . . Chopin  
*Miss Minnie E. Albertson.*

VOCAL SOLO—La Capricciosa, Valse Brillante, . . . . . Mattei  
*Miss Effie Fentress.*

PIANO SOLO—The Wanderer, arr. by Lange, . . . . . Schubert  
*Miss Maggie K. Jones.*

RECITATION—Legend of the Organ-BUILDER, . . . . . Anon  
*Miss Emilie R. Smedes.*

PIANO SOLO—Rigoletto, Paraphrase de Concert, . . . . . Gorla  
*Miss M. Florence Slater.*

VOCAL SOLO—Separation, . . . . . Rossini  
*Miss Fannie D. Sharp.*

RECITATION—Rock of Ages, . . . . . Anon  
*Miss M. Louise Boyd.*

BALLAD—The Answer, . . . . . E. A. H.  
*Miss Maggie K. Jones.*

CONCERTO—Op. 83, . . . . . Mozart  
*Miss Sallie E. J. Young, accompanied by Miss DeRosset.*

## PART SECOND.

PIANO SOLO—Romanza,  
 from op. 11, arr. by Reinecke, . . . . . Chopin  
*Miss Mittie A. Dowd.*

DUO—Ormai Sommesso, . . . . . Nicolai  
*Misses Sharp and Boyd.*

RECITATION—The Owl-Critic, . . . . . J. T. Field  
*Miss Emilie W. McVea.*

## PIANO SOLO—

a. Chaconne, op. 123, No. 3, . . . . . Reinecke  
 b. Novellette, op. 21, No. 3, . . . . . Schumann  
*Miss Emilie R. Smedes.*



BALLAD—A Summer Shower, . . . . .	<i>Marzials</i>
<i>Miss Jennie D. Hughes.</i>	
RECITATION—The Death-Bridge of the Tay, . . . . .	<i>Carleton</i>
<i>Miss Alice M. Hagood.</i>	
VOCAL SOLO—The Noblest, . . . . .	<i>Schumann</i>
<i>Miss M. Louise Boyd.</i>	
PIANO SOLO—Fantaisie-Caprice, op. 37, . . . . .	<i>Loeschorn</i>
<i>Miss Annie H. Philips.</i>	
RECITATION—The Death of Elaine, . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>
<i>Miss Maggie K. Jones.</i>	
VOCAL SOLO—Jamie Dear, . . . . .	<i>Bischoff</i>
<i>Miss Fannie D. Sharp.</i>	
OUVERTURE—Midsummer-Night's Dream, . . . . .	<i>Mendelssohn</i>
<i>Misses Stone, Drake, Mathewson, and Maud Cunningham.</i>	

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COMMENCEMENT DAY PROGRAMME.

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CHORUS—Joy, Joy, Freedom To-day!	
FRENCH SALUTATORY—and ESSAY, King Arthur.	
<i>Miss Sallie L. Daniel.</i>	
RECITATION—The Legend of Rabbi Ben Levi, . . . . .	<i>Longfellow</i>
<i>Miss Ula P. Thompson.</i>	
ESSAY—Literary Friendships.	
<i>Miss Kate M. Lord.</i>	
RECITATION—Ulysses, . . . . .	<i>Tennyson</i>
<i>Miss Rebecca A. Collins.</i>	
ESSAY—Our American Drama.	
<i>Miss M. Florence Slater.</i>	
RECITATION—La Ballade de Constance, . . . . .	<i>Delavigne</i>
<i>Miss Sallie L. Daniel.</i>	
CHORUS—Spinning-song from the Flying Dutchman, . . . . .	<i>Wagner</i>
RECITATION—Ode on the Immortality of the Soul, . . . . .	<i>Wordsworth</i>
<i>Miss Kate M. Lord.</i>	
ESSAY—A Plea for Xanthippe.	
<i>Miss Ula P. Thompson.</i>	
RECITATION—Hervé Riel, . . . . .	<i>R. Browning</i>
<i>Miss M. Florence Slater.</i>	
ESSAY—Dante—and VALEDICTOES.	
<i>Miss Rebecca A. Collins.</i>	

## EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

## PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

## CREED—VERSICLES—COLLECTS.

ANTHEM—The Lord is my Shepherd, . . . . . Schubert

## ROLL OF HONOR.

## ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

## PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

HYMN 497, . . . . . Dudley Buck

## BENEDICTION.

## VOLUNTARY.

## GRADUATES IN FULL COURSE.

REBECCA A. COLLINS, SALLIE L. DANIEL,  
M. FLORENCE SLATER.

## IN PARTIAL COURSE.

KATE M. LORD, ULA P. THOMPSON.

## MEETING OF THE ALUMNÆ.

The fourth annual meeting of St. Mary's Alumnæ Association was held in the Chapel, Commencement Day, June 8th, 1882. The President and First Vice-President being absent, the meeting was called to order by the Second Vice-President, Miss Eliza McKee. The annual election of officers resulted as follows:

President—Mrs. M. P. Leak, Tarboro, N. C.; Vice-Presidents—Misses Eliza McKee, Helen B. Johnson, Raleigh, N. C.; Treasurer—Mrs. Robert Jones, Raleigh, N. C.; Secretary—Miss Kate McKimmon, Raleigh, N. C.

The Association was favored with a visit from Bishop Lyman, who, after installing the class of '82 as members, set forth, in a forcible manner, the importance of the work to be accomplished by the Association. He expressed the hope that not *one*, but *two* scholarships would soon be supported by it.

On motion, Miss Placide Engelhard and Miss Sallie Carter were appointed a committee of two to form agencies in each town to awaken interest in the work of the Association.

The Treasurer, Miss E. G. Tew, stated that \$142 had been paid this year towards the support of the scholarship, and that there were then \$67 in the treasury. The meeting was well attended, and the utmost harmony prevailed.

On motion, the meeting adjourned till Commencement Day, '83.

By order of the President:

KATE MCKIMMON, *Secretary.*

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### LETTER FROM SHANGHAI.

ST. JOHN'S, SHANGHAI, }  
February 23, 1882. }

*To St. Mary's School:*

It gives me pleasure to write you about Kau Nie Pau's betrothal, and also to tell you how much good your scholarship has done. *She* has a home more miserable than the ordinary home of dirt and poverty, for it is made intolerable by the cruel treatment of a step-mother, whose hatred has been called forth especially by Kau Nie Pau's adoption of Christianity; the girl has a sick father, whom she, of course, could in no way help; and without Christian aid, she would be worse than homeless. If you could see the wretched homes, and St. Mary's (at St. John's) contrasted, you could form some idea of the inestimable good the support of these girls is doing, even in a temporal sense, and when we add to this benefit Christian training, the balance for good is incalculable. Kau Nie Pan has been in school a number of years; she is now almost grown; you would be pleased with

her appearance; she is quiet, modest, very industrious, and careful about all her duties—her sewing is the neatest. (The girls make all their own clothes, *i. e.*, the larger girls for themselves, and in addition work for the little girls, and knit and do fancy work for people outside; this latter work is only done as a special favor, for the girls have, with their studies and other duties, enough to keep them fully occupied—rather a lengthy parenthesis). You may judge she has some attractions, when I tell you her betrothal was the result of a visit to the hospital, St. Luke's, in Shanghai, under Dr. Boone. Affairs of this sort are not heart matters in China, but as a rule, mere business or family transactions, in which the parties *most* concerned have no voice. But the young M. D. who has charge during the Dr.'s absence, seems to have fallen in love with Kau Nie Pau while she was being treated for an eruption on her hands; and although no conversation took place between *them*, as soon as she returned to school, he signified through mutual friends, his *desire* to be betrothed. So eager was he to have the matter settled, so as to *be sure* of her, he did not cease to importune until the betrothal was consummated. His presents to her were quite handsome; ear-rings, gold pins for the hair, and some minor gifts—her's to him, quite simple; a girdle, handkerchief, and other slight gifts. The exchange of these, and of some documentary papers, constitute the settlement, and the parties are as legally bound to each other as if actually married. Two curious things impressed me, neither of the *parties* were present at the betrothal feast, so called, and the *odd* confectionery gotten up for the occasion—everything of this kind is stereotyped in China, and so nuts were tied together in pairs (I enclose several), colored and trimmed, just as they have been done for years and years. I might add that Kau Nie Pau was consulted as to the engagement, a consent not deemed *at all* essential in these matters, and told if she did not wish to marry him to *say* so, but if she was willing, she should remain silent, so never a word said she; it is readily inferred from the happy face she has worn since the betrothal that her heart is also interested. This, too, is an anomaly, indeed, quite the

opposite is generally true. The marriage will not take place yet, for two or three years; for this time she will be dependent on the school; after it her future seems quite secured, for the young man is a Christian, and most intelligent and efficient; he studied medicine under Dr. Bunn, and now he holds a responsible position in St. Luke's Hospital. They are both studying English, and this may be a pleasant bond of sympathy between them in the years to come. According to Chinese etiquette they do not see each other, or speak together until their marriage—yet they may hear of each other. I shall be happy to write you the conclusion; in Kau Nie Pau's behalf thanking you for your kindness, I am,

Respectfully,

ANNA STEVENS.

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#### ART NOTES.

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OUR Annual Exhibition of Drawings and Paintings was opened on Monday, June 5th, at 9 P. M. The oil-paintings, water-colors, and crayons were hung in the studio, and the China and Decorative-Art Work tastefully grouped in the Music Room opposite. By this arrangement not a single piece was "skied," but all were candidly submitted to criticism. Three large tables were placed in the middle of the studio to accommodate the unbaked china, the Kensington and other work of the embroidery class, and the pencilings and maps from the Kindergarten and Preparatory Departments. In the Music Room the walls were hung with plaques and panels, with the pair of large crayons, Nos. 24 and 33, by Miss Minnie Albertson, and Miss Jessie Williams' flower-studies in oil. The entrance and hall were lit by large Japanese lanterns, one of which also hung in the Conservatory, separated from the Music Room by lace curtains. Busts and statues, placed on pedestals and thrown into relief by draperies of scarlet or blue, further adorned the rooms, which were brilliantly lighted, not only with gas, but with candles in silver and bronze candelabra, placed on every table, or wherever added light could be desired.

The result was exceedingly pleasing. Miss Czarnomska and Miss Hyde received the visitors in the doorway of the Music Room.

The first group seen on entering the studio was "The Wanderers" and "Deer Reposing," by Miss Jessie R. Smith. These and a "Shetland Pony," by the same young lady, were among the best crayons from flat models in the room. A life-size head of Ariadne, by Miss Roberta Best, was also admirably done. Miss Mary Osborne contributed two very pretty winter scenes. Some flowers, by Miss Minnie Harrison, showed good work.

But by far the larger number of crayons was done from objects gathered up about the school, or from flowers contributed by friends or taken from the conservatory. Here we recognized lost magazines, torn hats filled with roses, bric-a-brac from the sitting-room, tea-sets, scissors, mucilage-bottles, candlesticks—a miscellaneous collection, which had all served the one good purpose of training the eye and hand. The finest specimens of this work were a large boxfull of callas, 30x24, a vase filled with meadow-lilies, 18x10, and a couple of East India jars filled with peacock feathers, against a background of heavy curtains. All of these were the work of Miss Minnie E. Albertson, of Hertford, N. C.

The most noticeable water-color was No. 97, "The Game-keeper," by Miss Lizzie D. Battle, of Tarboro, N. C. It was commended by the Bishop, well-known to be a connoisseur, as a work of decided talent.

In oil-painting, the honors were very equally divided by Miss Jessie Williams and Miss Nannie Erwin, both of Texas. The stormy waves on the former's "View on the Mediterranean" were finely done, but Miss Erwin's "Arab Chief" showed equal delicacy of touch. Both of these young ladies have attempted a higher step in art than is usual in schools, taking their material from nature and grouping it according to their own judgment. Miss Williams' "Tulips" won much praise, and in Miss Erwin's "By the South-Wall," old Saint Maryites recognized the

familiar festoons of honeysuckle over the stones of the East Building. Miss Erwin's "Study of Bric-a-brac," while similar in idea to Miss Albertson's crayon, No. 24, showed an individuality of treatment that was worthy of all praise.

Each evening, as the crowd pressed in to the exhibition, those who were in the Studio soon found their way to the Music Room, and those who first entered the latter stayed. Here was the great attraction of the evening, and at the following entertainments the question was eagerly asked: "Have you seen the china"? It is impossible to describe the exquisite designs and the still more exquisite finish of these fragile treasures. They created a genuine enthusiasm. The purely tinted grounds and the delicate touch were not more conspicuous than the originality of treatment. The most beautiful decoration was done by Miss Jessie Williams, whose set of sixty-three pieces, *tete-a-tete* set and dainty alabaster plaques were each more beautiful than the last. One china piece, intending to be mounted as a card receiver, displays the unique design of a mass of roses thrown *pele-mele* on a bed of leaves. Misses Collins, Roberts, Holden and Ransom displayed very pretty pieces in china. Miss Richardson's vases and cake-plates were beautiful and original. In plaques and panels Misses Fannie Sharp, Jennie Hughes, Alice Hagood and Jessie Williams displayed many beautiful pieces of work, between which it would be difficult to discriminate. Miss Sharp, who has been painting for some years, showed two large panels after Fidelia Bridges. Her enameled and gilt plaques were elaborately and delicately finished.

Besides this larger work, picture-frames, picture-mats, boxes, easels and trifles of all descriptions were on exhibition, without being brought into prominence. Miss Williams' screen, No. 141, was among the largest and handsomest pieces of decorative work.

The exhibition was open every day from 9 A. M. till 11 P. M. during Commencement Week.

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The first term of the scholastic year begins the first MONDAY in August; the second, the second MONDAY in January.

The charge for board and tuition is \$100 for each session, or \$200 for the whole scholastic year, payable at the beginning of each term.

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