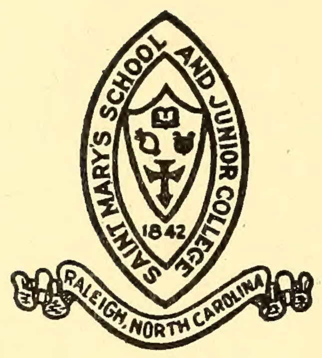

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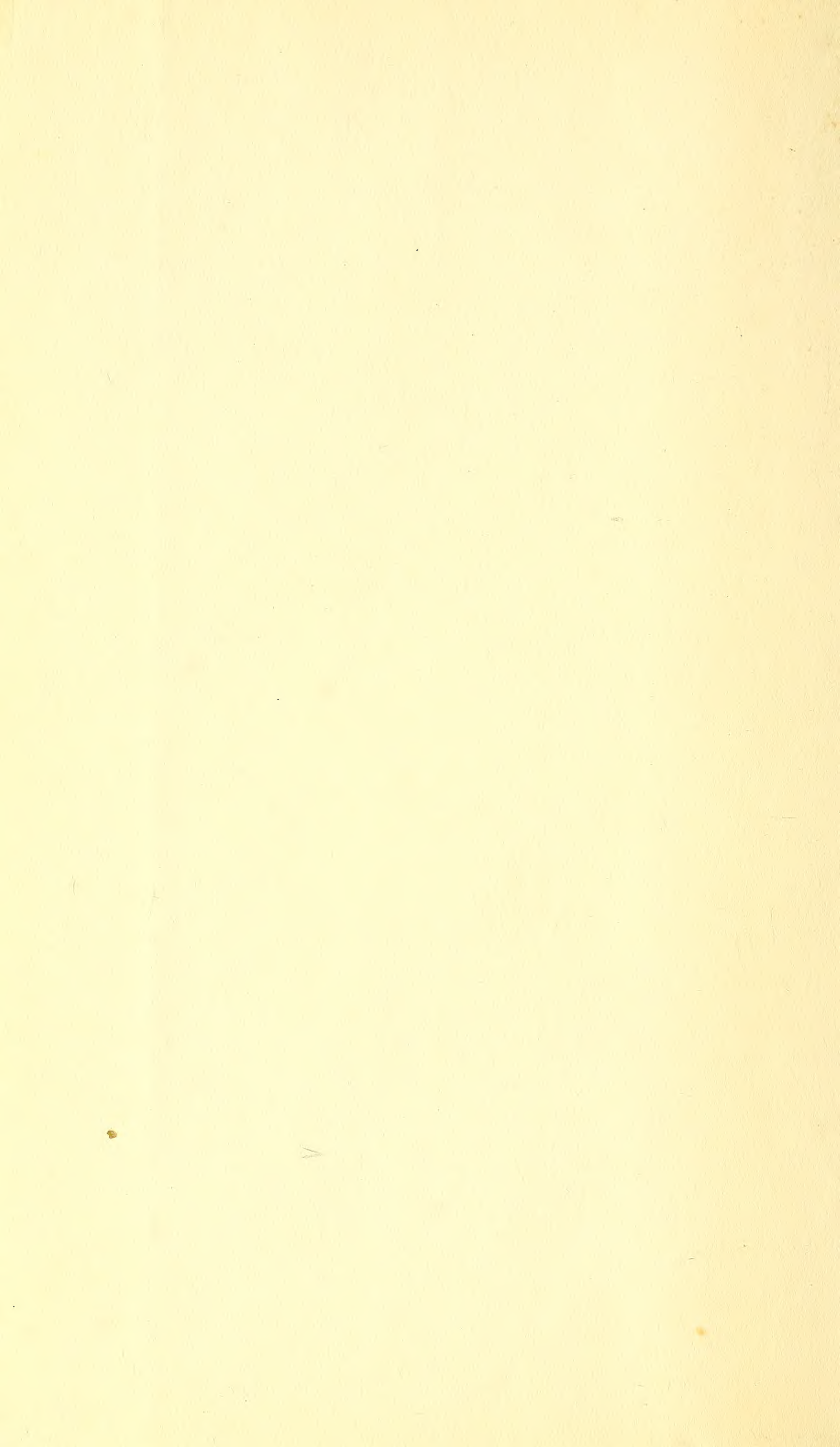

ST. MARY'S MUSE:

A Quarterly Magazine,

EDITED BY THE

SENIOR CLASS OF ST. MARY'S SCHOOL.

Vol. VII. *RALEIGH, N. C., DECEMBER, 1884.* *No. 1.*

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ST. MARY'S MUSE.

VOL. VII. RALEIGH, DECEMBER, 1884. NO. 1.

SILK.

The Mulberry and the Silk-worm represent a strong firm, which has taken upon itself the responsibilility of supplying the whole world with silk; the Mulberry furnishing the capital and the Silk-worm doing the work. Not the most powerful monarch in the world could obtain the various ornaments of silk which surround his throne, without the aid of this firm.

The different varieties of Mulberry are found in different localities. The tree is of the order Moraceæ, a native of warm climates. The several varieties are commonly known as Red, White, Black, and Paper Mulberry. The Black can boast of being the longest-lived. Shakespeare is said to have had a tree of this species in his garden at Stratford, from which Garrick raised two trees. These two trees, we are told, were standing two years ago. The Red is native to North America. It has not received much cultivation, and the little that it has had has been for ship-building. It is found all the way from New England southward. Every school-boy is familiar with the fruit of this tree, which he pretends to like. The Paper Mulberry, as the name implies, is so called because paper is made from the bark of the young shoots. It is a native of India, Japan, and the islands of the Pacific. Being a desirable shade-tree, it has been introduced into the pleasure grounds of Europe and North America, and it is now quite common.

The Silk-worm is not on such good terms with any variety as with the White. This has been cultivated from time immemorial

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in China. Unlike those of other mulberries, the leaves are obliquely shaped and are smooth and shiny. Silk-culturists prefer to feed their worms on the variety of White Mulberry known as Multicaulis. Some years ago a great deal of excitement was created in the United States by speculations in this tree.

Europe received the Mulberry at an early period. Two Greek monks introduced it in the middle of the sixth century, and it soon commanded wide cultivation. It gave to a part of the Peloponnesus its modern name of Morea, and became a leading product in Sicily. Opinions differ as to the place whence it was introduced into France. Some say it was brought from Sicily, and others from Italy.

There are many varieties of the Silk-worm. Some produce two crops in one year, others only one. The latter, known by silk-culturists as the Annual, is the variety usually cultivated. When first hatched the Silk-worm is very tiny. The color is black or dark brown, but as the little animal passes through the different moults it changes to a cream white. At the point of moulting the worms cease to eat, and fasten themselves to the nearest support by their hind legs. They then must not be disturbed even to give them food. Each day's hatching should be placed on separate trays, in order that the worms on each may moult and spin together. If there are large and small worms on the same tray the larger will eat up all the food. Between the moults the animals eat continually. Eight or ten days after the last moult they lose their appetites, and wander about seeking some neat little corner in which to spin their cocoons. Then twigs are hung up for them to spin in. A very neat arrangement is a series of small paper cones, wherein the little spinners may dwell and work. The paper keeps the cocoons clean. It is exceedingly interesting to watch the worm spin. First, it envelopes itself in a thin tissue of floss silk as a protection, and then it begins to spin, winding its body backwards and forwards until it has formed a beautiful little ball of silk. The loops of silk in the cocoon are in the shape of the figure eight. One worm spins from two hundred to six hundred yards. The color of the cocoon

varies. Some are pure white, some of a slightly greenish tint, while others are a rich gold. Any one who saw the silk cocoons at the North Carolina Exposition could but acknowledge their beauty. A curious country fellow, who for the life of him could not tell what a cocoon was, stood gazing with eyes and mouth open, and at last came to the conclusion "that those things were 'Bleached Goobers,'" but owned "they sure was pretty." The cocoons are ready to be gathered in eight days. The thin floss silk must be stripped off and some of the finest cocoons put by for seed. The rest must be stifled by steam to prevent the moth from cutting through the silk. Those cut through are not wholly worthless, for they can be carded and spun over. Sometimes two or more of these little creatures spin a cocoon together. These cocoons are not fit for reeling, but if they are of the right color and quality they may be used for seed. The moths issue from the seed-cocoons in ten or twenty days after the worms begin to spin. They are white and eat nothing, as they live only a short time. Each female lays from three hundred to four hundred eggs. These must be placed on ice, should there be danger of their hatching before the Mulberry-tree or the Mock-orange have put forth leaves. The room in which the eggs hatch must be kept at an even temperature. The French attain this end by an incubator. We have been so fortunate as to see a model of this incubator, just introduced into the United States; of which see description below.

The Chinese are said to have practiced the art of converting the labors of the Silk-worm to their own advantage twenty-seven hundred years before the Christian era. A silk historian says: "It is so generally understood that the Seres of the ancients, or the Chinese of the moderns, were the first to take advantage of the labors of the Silk-worm, that there is no use disputing it." The inhabitants of the island of Kos were also noted for manufactured silk at a very early period. Aristotle speaks of the women of this island re-spinning and re-weaving the bombyxia, or the stuff produced by the bombyx or Silk-worm. We are told that Pamphylia was the inventress of this process of re-spinning

and re-weaving the thicker material into thin gauze, and later the Roman ladies adopted the method.

Silk-culture was introduced into Constantinople by two Persian monks in the middle of the sixth century. These monks, employed as missionaries in India, had penetrated to the country of the Seres and seen the little worm. On their return they went to Constantinople and told the Emperor of the wonderful creature. He offered them a great reward if they would procure it for him. They returned to China, and by a happy thought found a way to bring some of the eggs to the Emperor. They could not take the delicate, short-lived worm, or moth, out of its country, and the Chinese would not allow even eggs to be exported. The monks concealed some of the latter in a hollow cane, and so brought them to Constantinople in the year 552. All the races of silk worms in Europe, Western Asia, and America can trace their descent from these who thus travelled from the Celestial Empire. Some authorities say that the Silk-worm was brought to France in the reign of Louis XI. Anyway, it was not until the reign of Henry IV. that it received particular attention. The religious wars were at an end; the King's great aim was peace and prosperity. No opportunity was neglected to procure for his country a new and profitable industry. He surmounted all obstacles, and even the contempt with which Sully treated his undertakings did not dissuade him from his purpose. The royal gardens were planted in Mulberry-trees, though the great Prime Minister said that by introducing silk-culture the King was encouraging luxury, and the industry was soon established in the domain. Southern France has forests of Mulberries. Silks of the most beautiful quality and in great quantities are manufactured at Lyons. Each weaver runs from two to eight looms.

For more than three hundred years, silk has been a means of support to many of the Swiss. The farmers' wives spend rainy days and winter nights in weaving. The centers of the silk-industry in Switzerland are Zurich and Basle. Power-looms have been introduced during late years. Many thought that these would prove disastrous to the hand-looms, but there has been a

national exposition at Zurich, one of whose objects was to show that this fear was groundless. There are some silks that will always be best made by hand-looms.

Silk was brought to this continent by the conquest of Mexico. We find that in the year 1522, under Cortez, silk-culture was begun. The first work of the appointed officials was to plant Mulberry-trees. We also find that an ounce of Silk-worm seed was sent from Spain to Francisco de Santa Cruz for public use. These seed were placed in the hands of an auditor and in due time hatched. Then the American manufacture of silk began. By the end of the sixteenth century the industry had almost entirely died out, to be revived, however, in the English colonies.

The success of Henry IV. was viewed with envious eyes by James I. of England, who attempted the same in his own kingdom, but failed. Finding that silk could not be successfully cultivated in England, he bethought himself of Virginia. Great inducements were offered the colonists to encourage them in silk-raising. Even the production of the native tobacco was checked. The favor of the monarch did not last long, for he quarrelled with the Virginia company. On the accession of Charles I. little was done to encourage the industry. Notwithstanding this, progress was made, and Charles II. is said to have worn at his coronation a pair of hose and a robe made from Virginia silk. The Carolinas were settled in the latter part of the sixteenth century by some French Huguenots, themselves skilled workers in silk. The great adaptability of these provinces to silk-culture was set forth by the essayists of the time in glowing colors. They told of the negro and his love for easy labor, and showed how profitable it would be to employ him in this industry. The introduction of silk into Louisiana was involved in one of the many speculations of the great South Sea Company, but like all its other speculations, failed. Georgia really made great progress in the industry for a time, and the Queen is said to have honored the colony by wearing a dress made of Georgia silk. This province was first a province of Carolina, but was afterward set off. The trustees ruled that silk should be one of its leading industries.

The colonial seal bore the motto, "*Non sibi, sed aliis,*" above a Silk-worm at work. Pennsylvania also tried its hand at silk-culture. The ladies engaged in the industry, and accounts are given of "a bride who raised the silk for her wedding garments."

"Our history becomes almost a blank during the long struggle for independence." In 1825 silk received national attention. Manuals on its growth and manufacture were published by order of Congress, and in 1830 a gentleman established a filature of ten reels and twenty operatives. Some of the first things produced were two national flags. Bounties were offered by the States, both for the production of silk and the planting of Mulberry-trees. Stock companies were formed and conventions were held in the different States. But this prosperous condition of things was doomed to last only a short time. The increasing speculations in the Multicaulis Mulberry caused a collapse in 1839. A hardier Mulberry was cultivated for a time, but even that was given up, and silk-culture in the United States again came to a standstill.

But during all these years Silk Manufacture had gained ground. New machines had been invented for making silk thread, and Asiatic silk was used in them. Almost every variety of silk goods has been manufactured in the United States, but silk thread almost exclusively.

If so much can be done when the silk is brought from foreign countries, what wonders might be accomplished if the silk were produced at home. We have reason to hope that this may soon be the case, for silk is now cultivated somewhat all over the United States, and in portions very extensively. The "Sunny South" is especially adapted to the industry. The very word "sunny" imports a home for the little workers that delight in a light, warm climate and plenty of fresh food. Here are Mock-orange trees to substitute for the Mulberry if the worms should hatch before the latter has leaved, and a large negro population to serve as profitable laborers. But why say more of the vast resources of the South for this industry? Some enterprising men are even now endeavoring to test them fully. North Carolina

has received their especial attention. And what better proof of favorable answer to their tests can we have than the beautiful silk exhibits at the recent Exposition? That which seemed to attract most attention was the one from Moore county, for it was not only beautiful and interesting in itself, but was made more so by being carefully explained by the man in charge. Boxes of different-colored cocoons formed the sloping roof of a little house, while the sides of the house were decorated with flags made from North Carolina silk. The center of the roof was surmounted by a box full of golden reeled silk, while on the edge of the roof were moths and Silk-worm eggs. On examination, the cocoons were found to be large and firm. Lovely as these were, the reeled silk was even lovelier. On first seeing the cocoons you would think that no reeling could make them more beautiful, but we, who have been so fortunate as to receive a flossy golden roll from Moore county, can testify to its greater beauty. Besides Moore county exhibit, there were others, minor, but having each some peculiar attraction. Granville showed silks made in that county in 1843 and 1844, while Wake, Wayne, and Cumberland sent firm cocoons. Though these did not form a brilliant display, they showed that their counties were doing good work. Another, Vance county, sent silk thread and a bough with the cocoons attached.

North Carolina intends to do all the work herself. She exhibited not only her reeled silk, but the reel, and while the loom which produced the beautiful blue and red handkerchiefs was from Jersey City, Moore county is soon to have one as good or better. New Jersey is by no means the only State where silk is manufactured. The Fourth Annual Report of the "Women's Silk Culture Association" says: "The United States is now the third silk-manufacturing country in the world." Dearer to the heart of a North Carolinian are the words of Professor Kerr: "Silk-culture in North Carolina has passed from the experimental stage, and may now be set down as one of our leading industries." At the Atlanta Exposition our exhibit was three times that of any other State and at Boston it received much attention.

Here the greater part of our State exhibit was from Raleigh. It is said that the cocoons so much resembled pea-nuts, that to answer the frequent inquiries of the visitors, a notice was put up saying: "These are not pea-nuts, but cocoons of the Silk-worm from North Carolina." Silk is cultivated in not less than eight of our counties but the greatest progress has been made in Moore and Richmond. The old impulsive spirit has been superseded by a thoughtful, persevering one. The early silk-culturists were led into vain, disastrous speculations; those of to-day work more slowly but more surely. Monsieur de Lauriers is the director of the French colony in Moore and Richmond counties. To these counties have lately come about twenty French families. Monsieur de Lauriers aspires to having the colonists manufacture their own silk and to cultivating the vine. Mulberry trees have already been planted and they are not likely to be left to pine away and die, as were those Multicaulis Mulberries over which our ancestors made a fuss so long as they furnished a basis for speculation. A better situation for the industry could not have been chosen. A most delightful climate, and a country of cheap labor, offer every prospect of success. One great obstacle thus far has been the want of good reels. But this soon will be removed, if the reel invented by Mr. Sewell and exhibited by him at the silk fair in Philadelphia fulfil all the requirements. However, some experienced silk-culturists think it best to bring European talent "to bear upon our American ingenuity, rather than use a reel brought forward by one who is little practiced in the art." The silk fairs all show progress. At the April fair, in Philadelphia, was exhibited the Incubator before spoken of. This is entirely new to the United States, having been lately introduced from France. It is a patent machine for hatching the worms. At first sight you would think it a refrigerator; but you change your mind on opening the door and seeing the little lamp under the drawer of eggs. The effect of this lamp is anything but refrigerating--it warms the eggs into hatching. A piece of netting covered with leaves is spread above the drawer, so that as soon as the worms hatch, the tiny little creatures can

crawl through the net for food. The whole process can be watched through the glass door of the incubator, from the time the worms hatch until they crawl up for food. This incubator is another instance of the progress of the silk-industry in our State, for it was exhibited by one of North Carolina's silk-culturists, Mr. Fasnach, of Raleigh.

We may really call North Carolina the future center of this industry in our country, for in no other State of the Union could it be better developed. The resources of North Carolina are vast and various. She is rich in gold mines, but they will never equal those of California. Her forests are filled with fine timbers of all varieties, but so are those of other States. Let California rejoice in her gold mines, the Western States in their fine prairies, South Carolina in her rice-fields, and little Jersey in her peach orchards; they will never have a chance to crow over us in Silk.

EVILS FROM BOOKS.

Our subject may, at first sight, appear paradoxical. Surely no disadvantage can accrue from the company of the best and most learned. None the less is it true that he must be a one-sided person who is raised in a library only! An experienced writer might quickly prove this from the mistakes made by some scientists and philosophers. I dare not step beyond the school-room and nursery for my exemplifications, except to mention one poor gentleman farmer. This man lived in North Carolina. He had learned what the books had to say on the culture of the sweet-potato, and concluded to plant. When the hills containing the slips began to swell under the expansive growth, the ground, as usual, parted. The affrighted planter was at his wits' end; the book said nothing about so violent a case. Ah! but common sense (such as one gathers who lives only in a library) came to his rescue, and he carefully plastered the cracks with cement to prevent the potatoes from catching cold.

An ignorant girl wished to go to a school of high standing, and graduate in one year. Looking over the academic course, she found several studies she had never attempted. She told her trouble to an older sister, who, a great lover of Irving, directed the child to read the History of New York, saying:—"You need study no Physical Geography, no Astronomy, after thoroughly understanding this work; for in the first chapter a most complete and beautiful description is given of the world and all the philosophic theories respecting the creation—showing that the creation was a much simpler matter than common people consider it. The author gives the earliest and most probable history of the discovery of America, besides an interesting Bible story—that of Noah and his family. The fifth chapter contains all necessary knowledge of Astronomy, and is written so that it is a pleasure, rather than a task, to study about the moon and stars."

The child immediately proceeded to the study of the charming book, and was delighted to think she could stand an examination on so many subjects that she had been worried about. But her Latin! how could she graduate without some knowledge of that. She thought that fate had favored her most wonderfully when, reading an article on Latin one day, she found this quotation from Allen and Greenough: "He who knows the Oratio Obliqua, knows Latin." Finding an Allen and Greenough, she turned to "Indirect Discourse" and learned to repeat the entire chapter.

She told the principal of the school she wished to be examined for the senior class. On the day appointed she refreshed her mind, for she had not forgotten to put her two most important books in her trunk, and perfectly confident, took her seat before the examiner. Astronomy came first.

ASTRONOMY.—*Question*—"Tell me something about the formation of the earth."

Answer—"Well, the heavens rest upon the earth, and the sun and moon swim about in the sky, moving from east to west by day and gliding along the edge of the horizon in the night.

Some great men think otherwise, but this seems to be the most probable and commonly received idea."

History.—*Simpler Question*—"When and by whom was America discovered?"

Answer—"On the 12th of October, at sunrise; 14 or 15 something, by a Genoese who has been nicknamed Columbus, but his real name is Christoval Colon."

Classics.—*Question*—"What do you know about Latin?"

Answer—"I know it all."

Question—"How much is that?"

"Do you wish me to recite?"

"Certainly."

Answer—"The Indirect Discourse or Oratio Obliqua, with the accusative and infinitive, is a comparatively late form of speech, developed in the Latin and Greek only, and perhaps separately in each of them. The use of the infinitive"—

"Stop, that is enough of that."

"Oh, you wish the Latin, I understand now!".

"That is what I asked for."

"*Si pacem populus Romanus cum Helvetiis faceret, in eam partem ituros atque ibi futuros Helvetios*"—

"You may be excused for to-day," said the bewildered examiner, leaving the room.

On the following Saturday the girl was given 'Washington Irving' for a composition subject.

"I must have been born with a silver spoon in my mouth," said she. Remembering the preface to the History of New York, she wrote the following with little trouble:

"WASHINGTON IRVING."

"Poor Irving! a sadder life than his was never spent; but what man can be happy who has no home? Wandering from town to town, Irving spent his life. He was a low, chunky, brisk-looking old gentleman, and must have excited great merriment when he passed through the streets. He dressed in such a manner as to attract great attention, but when we know he had no wife we are not surprised at this. He seems to have had but one suit of clothes, which consisted of a rusty-black coat, a pair of olive-green velvet breeches, and a small cocked hat. His hair was gray and he wore it plaited and clubbed. His biographer says

his beard seemed to be of eight-and-forty hours' growth. I suppose it must have been almost an inch long, but I suppose it grew some after his biographer saw him. The only piece of finery he could afford was a pair of bright silver shoe-buckles. In travelling from one inn to another his entire baggage was contained in a pair of saddle-bags, which he carried under his arm. His whole appearance was somewhat out of the common run, and if Dominie Sampson had lived at the same time and in the same place, people would have mixed the two.

"Irving, in spite of his genius, had some faults. His temper was easily roused by the noise of children, and sometimes it moved him to act in such a way that people thought he was not exactly "compos." But this we may excuse also, remembering that he had no wife or family. He would fly into a rage if any one tried to arrange his books, which otherwise were lying about at sixes and sevens covered with old paper and the like, saying it would take him a year to get them in order again. He was an inquisitive old gentleman, and always prying about. But what else could we expect of him since he had no beautiful home and no friends? He was very fond of arguing about the most trifling matters, yet he blames William the Testy for never allowing even a self-evident fact to pass unchallenged. Irving was very bad about paying his tavern bills. Once he ran away from a tavern where he owed a deal, and the landlord advertised for him in vain.

"Irving's life serves as a lesson to all not to wear silver buckles while they owe bills."

When this composition was read, the teachers decided that the girl was not of sound mind and sent her home. No sooner had she reached home than a mischievous brother, regardless of consequences, proposed to her to complete her article on Irving, saying, "You might make it as fine as Boswell's Johnson; or have you read that book?"

"Yes, I have read it, and I remember while reading it I thought Johnson was almost as learned and distinguished as William the Testy, but not nearly so peculiar in his habits as Irving. I think I might make something out of the two."

"How is William the Testy like Johnson?"

"Why, he made gallant inroads into the dead languages, in which he took captive a host of Latin verbs and Greek nouns. He carried off rich booty in ancient saws and wise apothegms, which he was wont to parade in his public harangues, as would a triumphant general his *spolia opima.* He was a great logician and, as Knickerbocker says, never allowed even a self-evident fact to pass unargued. But I think that proves how careful he was to obey Upham's rules for memory; because Upham says, "Never be satisfied with a partial or half acquaintance with anything."

"To be sure," said the highly amused brother, "but do you remember how William the Testy manifested his wisdom?"

"Why, don't you remember his admirable expedients for the suppression of poverty, his projects for increasing the currency? He must have been the greatest man that ever lived, and it is the greatest mystery to me that he is not mentioned more in literature. I am sure, being a man of such wonderful learning, he did, in his life, write something more worthy the esteem of the present age than Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' and much truer. All that Pope tells about never could have happened. Fancy any one so small as to be cut in two by scissors! But there is no use in finding fault with poor Pope, when he has been dead, lo! these many years; and I will begin my biography of The Testy."

We may laugh with contempt at this silly girl, for we see that she used no sense, and we blame her more than we do the books. But when children are imposed upon by marvellous stories which even father and mother cannot reconcile, those who behold the perplexed and even tear-stained little faces cannot restrain a feeling of indignation against the heartless authors of such tales as "Babes in the Wood," "Jennie's Stepmother," "Nellie's Christmas Eve," and even those of "Mother Goose." Life has enough disappointments and perplexities awaiting the little inmates of the nursery, without the childish grief which such books arouse. Plenty of true, bright stories might be written. Our dear little baby was so distressed when Nellie's Christmas Eve was read to her, and she begged so hard that 'Father would send Little Nell enough money to go to heaven and see her mamma,' that the mother was compelled to prohibit the book. "Little Miss Muffet" has caused many a hole to be torn in Mother Goose, because, "If you don't kill him, mother, she can't eat her supper." Older little folks have suffered no less from books. Few children have read Robinson Crusoe, or Gulliver's Travels without making Crusoe and Gulliver realities; and some at the age of seven have started out to be Crusoes. Others have begged to go to Lilliput, Brobdignag or Hony-

hnhnm. One whom I knew, really suffered from taking a single sentence of Gulliver literally. A few days after the book had been read, the child was seen in the yard crying violently, as she tried in vain to make her colt use his fore-feet as hands. "Why, father, he is a real Houyhnhnm; please make him do some of the things that his race do." Soon after this distress, she did not even look up when a question was asked her by the teacher. At length she exclaimed: "You will always have to flap me on the mouth when you speak to me, for lately I have been so lost in my cogitations that I never hear when any one speaks." In the same class she was asked who had done more for his country than any one else. She instantly replied, without a flap: "My father, for the King of Brobdignag says, 'Whoever can make two ears of corn grow upon a spot of ground where one was before, is worth more than the whole race of politicians put together.' And last year, when father was having his corn shucked, I found two little ears in one shuck." The loving father having noticed for some weeks a sad expression on his daughter's face, inquired the reason. "Oh! father," she said, as she sobbed out the secret, "I am sure I am a struldbrug, and what shall I do when you and mother and every one I love are dead? I shall get so tired living. Look over my left eyebrow and you will see the little red spot that is the sign." In vain were the efforts of the father to dispel such a thought from the childish heart. She lived on in the firm conviction that she was destined to live forever. The father concluded that though he could not remedy the sad state of his daughter, he might save the child of another parent from such distress. Consequently, he wrote an article for a magazine, relating the fate of his daughter, and imploring that Gulliver's Travels should not be allowed in any nursery.

Let the grown people suffer as they may, they ought to have some common sense. But why not make the nursery pleasant with true and bright stories?

NEWSPAPERS.

Modern newspapers may be said to have grown out of some very early enterprises. After printing had made communication easy, each nation recognized the need of the people for more general knowledge of what was passing. Accordingly she established a newspaper and at last the institution became universal. These papers differed greatly from those of our day. They usually consisted of two small sheets, containing very little. A few advertisements, an act or so of Parliament, or of the ruling body of the country, two or three anecdotes, composed a paper. Such a thing now would be considered unworthy of its title. At that time the printing was more expensive, so that the price of the newspaper was high. This prevented wide circulation. The steam-press so lowered the prices that all the world was able to learn what was passing at home and abroad.

The privileges of newspapers have been variously restricted in different countries, and many a hard fight has been fought for a free press. In England the question was whether it should be allowed to report the speeches of Parliament. At last the day was won, the papers came off victorious. In France a law was several times passed forbidding any interference by the newspapers in politics. This was afterwards repealed, but in Russia the journals still have few liberties. In America the power of the press is altogether unlimited and its liberty too often becomes license.

What we should do without newspapers, I cannot imagine. No one would ever know what was going on in the world. If England telegraphed that Queen Victoria was dead, some time would elapse before any but the telegraph operators and their familiar friends would be any the wiser for it. How would people sell their goods? In fact, how would anything be done? In politics the press is all-powerful. Farmers living in the country and having few opportunities to see what is going on in the city, are enabled to vote well and wisely by reading the

papers, which set forth fully the state of affairs and the various opinions. From the same source the ruler of a country learns much. He has the minds of the people set before him, all their desires in regard to the government, with their opinions upon the management and actions of the different governors, himself included.

At all times it is pleasant to spend one's leisure moments over the paper. Business men, who can find no other time, indulge in the pleasure at breakfast, reading aloud to the assembled family the important, pathetic, or comic passages, so that all have the benefit thereof. Children are not often much attracted by newspapers. They see only the dry and uninteresting advertisements and do not know how to pick the kernel from its hull.

As I have already said, newspapers are very different things from what they were on their first appearance. The best of authors have been their contributors, and thus the style of some journals has become a model in the literature of their country. In England, the *Spectator* made itself famous under the guidance of Addison, and the *Tatler* won a proud place. At the present day the *Daily News*, the *Standard*, and the *Saturday Review* hold high rank in the same country. The *Daily News*, which is an example of newspaper enterprise, is remarkable for its fine foreign correspondence. It sends out the best of contributors to all the different countries. The *Saturday Review* is famous for its wit and spiciness, while the *Standard* is the great Tory paper, whose politics, whatever the times may be, are always the same. The great paper of England is *The Times*, which, from a very humble beginning, has increased until its circulation is unparalleled among English papers. It is remarkable for its independence in politics. Its name came from the fact that, unlike the *Standard*, its politics vary with every change of the government. *Figaro*, though more modern than some other papers of France, is foremost among her journals; that is to say, its circulation is greater than that of any other. But the paper of greatest political value in France is the *Journal des Débats*. It holds somewhat the same place as the *Times*

in England. Its politics also resemble those of the *Times*, in that they are like the weather-cock and change with every wind. The leaders among American papers are the *Herald*, the *Tribune* and the *World*. The *Herald*, owned by James Gordon Bennett, is a paper of great enterprise, whose circulation is larger than that of any other in the United States. It has managed to make a good deal of money, and much of this has been expended for scientific purposes. It assisted greatly in the Arctic expeditions and Stanley was first sent out on his African explorations by the *Herald*.

The *Tribune* was founded by Horace Greeley. One can scarcely imagine how much this paper contains. Twelve large pages are daily filled with every imaginable kind of news, foreign, domestic, naval, local, and religious; politics, war-correspondence, art-notes, lectures, tales, and last but not least, advertisements of all sorts, kinds, and descriptions. The art-notes are considered the best criticisms of the kind to be found. William Winter, the music critic, is one of its art-staff. He goes to all the great musical entertainments, of which he writes most interesting accounts. Another contributor to the *Tribune*, whose articles are interesting, is George Smalley, who writes from London, giving the best opinions of English politics, together with a good deal of pleasant chit-chat. In discussing tariff, the *Tribune* has taken an important part. Being a Republican paper, it has held up strongly the high tariff side. One of its correspondents, Robert Porter, was sent over to England not long since, to examine into the condition of the working classes. He went from place to place, looking at the houses of the workmen and inquiring about their wages. He then sent back the most pathetic letters describing their miserable condition. The *Tribune* printed these letters, using the argument that if the workmen in England, a free-trade country, were in such a state, ours would be reduced to the same condition if we adopted free-trade; also, that if free-trade were established in America, we should then buy foreign goods, which are so much cheaper on account of the low wages of English workmen, while our own manufactures would remain unsold and our poor starve for want

of something to do. In this way the *Tribune* fought for its side, and thus far has proved a powerful agent for high-tariff. On the other hand, the *World* is a strong partisan of the Democratic party, and therefore of free-trade. It argues that it is just as well to be made poor by low wages as to be made so by taxes on every imported thing. Besides, if people were not obliged to pay so high prices for things they would have more to give. Also, if England's manufactures are not ruined by free-trade, why should ours be?

The tone and contents of papers vary according to the places in which they are published. Thus a Paris paper would be apt to contain much about the fashions, the theatres, the balls, and other gayeties of that gayest of gay cities. A Leipsig journal would contain many musical records; and so with others. And newspapers not only show the character of their own particular city, but also that of their country. The *Tribune* and the *Herald* are most thoroughly American and the *Times* shows the English peculiarities. Many of the principal German papers are illustrated, which adds greatly to their charms for everything is rendered more interesting and striking by representation to the eye.

The kinds of news treated of by different papers are various. Some journals are given up almost entirely to daily events. Others are more devoted to discussions, arguments, and comments on events. A paper not given up to any one subject, as art or politics, but containing miscellaneous news, is much more interesting than one which treats of only one subject. Reviews, such as that we have mentioned, approach more nearly the character of magazines. They are usually weeklies, indulge more in discussion and criticism than the dailies, and are somewhat abstract in their topics. *Harper's Weekly*, and the English *Graphic*, and *Daily News* are important exceptions to this rule. They are noted for their lack of the above-mentioned characteristics and for their capital illustrations; Harper's best illustrations are comic ones called forth by politics. Of all comic papers *Punch* takes the lead, the *Detroit Free Press* and others following far behind.

Newspapers are not at all scrupulous, but follow Solon's motto, "The affair of one is the concern of all." And a very good motto it is. For however disagreeable and intrusive too much gossip and curiosity may be, a reasonable amount of them is necessary if we wish to make our way in the world. A *news*-paper containing no gossip, showing no curiosity, would be a very lame affair, if any sort of affair at all.

Among the most prominent topics in the papers is that of crime. The list of evil deeds is a long and dreadful one, and the journals seem to take delight in giving the fullest accounts of all that is horrible. Were a murder to happen at midnight the morning paper would appear with a detailed description, every particular, even to the color of the murderer's eyes. Marriage and death come next on the programme, and even the smallest village or *school* papers cannot refrain from dabbling a little in "Foreign News." But much the greater part of many papers is taken up with advertisements. Pages are covered with "Wanted," "Lost," etc., calling to mind Tom Pinch's remark. "It really seems as if people had the same gratification in printing their complaints as in making them by word of mouth; as if they found it a comfort and a consolation to proclaim, 'I want such and such a thing and I can't get it, and I do not expect I ever shall.' Equally useless to most are the beautiful pictures of "Durham Bulls," tobacco advertisements, lovely young girls who "owe their restoration to health and beauty to the Cuticura Remedies," and others of the long list of advertisements. Whoever saw any one induced to buy Ivory Soap by seeing a group of miserable rats floating off on a cake of it after a flood? or Pear's by learning that Jumbo was being washed white with it? Advertisements are getting so plenteous at present that they are embodied in nice stories or little poems which end by telling you to buy "Hop Bitters" or something of the kind.

Sometimes when the editor of a journal cannot find enough to fill his pages he invents some tale for the purpose. One fine morning the *Herald* appeared with the following announcement:

"Horrible Accident! The Wild Beasts of Central Park Are Loose!" Column after column graphically described the havoc the creatures were making, and the horrors that were raging. The whole city was alarmed. Every one was strictly enjoined to stay within doors, and every one was on the lookout for the wild beasts. But none appeared. Naturally people felt, although relieved, a little crest-fallen and cheap on perceiving, at the bottom of the article, one line, in diamond print, "This is all a hoax!" Again, last spring the New York *Tribune* appeared with a one column letter from Mr. Arnold, full of sharp criticisms on the country and people that he had just visited. The Chicago *Tribune*, not to be beaten, enlarged and published the letter as from its own foreign correspondent. The people became very angry and the papers were filled with bitter things against Mr. Arnold, supposed to be Matthew. This mountain was made from the small-sized mole-hill raised by the New York *Tribune*. The moral of which is that small lies often lead to serious consequences, while large ones are usually so apparent as to produce no effect. A most remarkable hoax appeared in the Raleigh *News and Observer* a year ago, concerning a little girl who had been wafted away by the merry breezes of Morehead in conjunction with a string of balloons, to an island some distance off. The article at the end kindly relieved the wrought-up minds of readers by informing them that the story was a cheat.

Newspaper stories are almost always absurd nonsense, and not fit to be read. There are some exceptions to the rule, but, as the exceptions prove the rule, it would be a good thing if the stories were omitted, although those papers which contain nothing else would suffer.

Every rose has its thorn, and newspapers have more than one. In many ways they work evil instead of good. Each of the different departments has its drawbacks. The severe criticisms passed on authors and artists are often so cutting as to nip all hopes of the aspirant to fame in the bud. Some lights which might have shone in the future of literature or art are thus, perhaps, put out. Again, when the critics give undue praise to a

work which they have not yet well read, they wrong society by admitting an unworthy member to the rank of good writers. In politics much ill-feeling is kept up between the parties by means of the papers. In war the enemy is enabled to find out all his adversary's plans by means of them. This is strikingly shown by the present war in Egypt. The English are of course highly interested in the events there. Full accounts are daily published by the papers of all Gordon's plans and proceedings, so far as known. The Mahdi himself is said to be in receipt of these papers. He thus learns with ease what, otherwise, he might not discover with time and labor. Hitherto the English have had most perfect war accounts. During the Russian-Turkish war the work of the reporters was something remarkable. The most thrilling details were sent home. Now the people will either have to give up their former privilege, and the newspapers an important department, or the enemy will constantly be aware of Gordon's movements.

Taking them as a whole, however, newspapers are blessings. If they sometimes misjudge, they also do good service by bringing forward promising writers and artists, and driving back poor ones. If they are sometimes unjust and wrong in their political ardor, they also rouse the people's interest in public affairs. If they do a little too much thinking for the people they also give plenty of material for thought.

Newspapers are to us as spectacles to a near-sighted person. Sometimes the image presented by the glasses is distorted, sometimes the glasses themselves are soiled, and need cleaning, and sometimes they are even cracked. But however poor the glasses may be, they still bring the objects nearer and render them plainer.

VIOLETS.

When gloomy November is upon us with its foggy days and lowering skies, it may seem amiss to speak of balmy April weather. But mayhap it will encourage some of us to take a glimpse at the bright days to come after the dreary winter is

over. To think of sunny April, all smiles and tears, and of

> "April showers,
> Which bring May flowers."

Nor is this all. After the long winter of waiting, April will have fair flowers to give us. By the side of the woodland path we shall find tiny blue and white anemones, "bright eyes," as the children call them; and better yet, the ground will be covered with wild violets, making it look like a purple carpet—a beautiful carpet—which even the fairies would walk upon; and who knows but that the tiny sprites have often trodden the blue blossoms?

Of these wild violets there are many species. First, the "Crowfoot," as it is generally called. Its peculiar title explains itself, and, indeed, one would imagine that a tiny baby-crow had fallen from its nest into an artist's blue paint, and then had stepped over the world leaving blue foot-prints. "Crowfoots" are the largest of wild violets, and vary in shade from almost white to a deep blue.

Another, "the dog violet," is rather like the sweet violet, but is larger, of a coarser purple, and without odor. In another way it differs from that violet, for as the sweet violet seems ever endeavoring to screen herself beneath her own green leaves, the dog violet lifts her head above hers, as though their use were to set off her beauty.

There is also one about the size of the sweet violet, of a pale blue, and with a sweet, forest fragrance of its own. This violet is generally found rising from a bed of fine needles, making a miniature oasis in a miniature Sahara.

White violets are not much sought after. Why, I wonder? for they are quite pretty, and being nearly the size of the cultivated blossom, they seem the blue violets decked in pure white, for a wedding. But if white violets have been slighted in our gardens, they have not been sneered at among the poets. The sweet child-poet, Elaine Goodale, speaks of the little flower as

> "White as milk with perfume laden,
> Purple-veined and golden-eyed."

And now we come to our old-time favorite, the dear modest little blossom which has ever been loved. It is known too well for description and all can have the flower on account of the small difficulty in cultivation.

"Violets, violets, sweet March violets,
Sure as March comes they'll come too,
First the white, and then the blue,
Pretty violets."

Ever since its life began, this blossom has been made the subject of songs and poems. Moore sings soothingly,

"Hath the pearl less whiteness
Because of its birth?
Hath the violet less brightness
For growing near earth?"

But another poet sneers at the modest little flower in the lines in which he contemptuously asks it,

"What are you when the rose is blown?"

Just what it has ever been, sir critic; not a brilliant "queen of flowers," but the pretty blue "queen of secrecy."

If violets grow vain by the praises of poets, this vanity must often be sadly taken down by those mistaken people whose idea of poetry is to jangle together some lines about hair, fair, rare, etc. These too frequently turn their attention to the violet, calling it

"The flower blue
Of royal hue."

I should think the flower would hide its head in shame under its leaves. Why do these same individuals always compare the violets to the washed-out blue eyes of their lady-love? And I wonder how the flower relishes having the colored porter on the train bawl out,

"Sweet violet,
Sweeter than all the roses."

Double violets are the loveliest of all kinds, but the most difficult to raise. Very beautiful they look in the hot-house beds, fragrant blue and white flowers. But when one buys them, and

they are taken from their native soil, they yield an average of one blossom a year. They are very fragrant, with a more delicious odor than that of the single flower. Shakespeare might well have sung of them,

> "Violets dim,
> But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes."

Only I doubt if there were any of the double varieties in Shakespeare's time, since they are a comparatively late production. The song must have been meant for the single flower.

But enough has been said of April and her violets. If we look so far ahead as this may we not also see pretty May, as she comes dancing in, crowned with trailing arbutus, saying in her merry voice, "Take away April's violets, that I may have room for my buttercups and daisies."

THE POET AT HOME.

The time of song for me is the last of autumn, the last days of the year which die in the fogs and in the melancholy of the winds. Nature, harsh and cold, then throws us back upon ourselves. It is the twilight of the year. It is the time when outdoor work ceases, but that of the mind never ceases; you must employ in something that superfluous force which would become a devouring melancholy, a madness, if you did not vent it in prose or in verse. Blessed be he who invented writing, that intercourse of man with his own thoughts, that means of lightening the burden of his soul.

At this time of the year, I rise long before daylight. Five o'clock in the morning has not harshly sounded by the clock in the steeple which overlooks my garden before I have left my bed, tired of dreams, relit my brass lamp, and the little fire of vine-branches which has to warm my evening watch in this little tower, silent and isolated as a chamber of death where life yet

enters. I open my window, take a few steps upon the worm-eaten wooden balcony and look towards the heavens and the dark outline of the mountains, which traces itself clearly and sharply upon the pale blue of a winter sky, or hides its sharpest points in a heavy mass of fogs; when there is wind, I see the clouds pass over the last stars, that sparkle and disappear by turns as those pearls of the sea that the waves cover and uncover in their undulations. The black, bare branches of the walnut tree in the cemetery moan and writhe under the tempest, and the dreary storm gathers the heaps of dead leaves and rolls them to the foot of the tower, where they rustle, and murmur like water.

At such a sight, at such an hour, in such a silence, surrounded by the sympathy of nature, among the hills where we have grown up and where we are to grow old, only ten steps from the tomb where rest, awaiting us, all those whom we have most mourned on earth, is it possible that the soul which awakens and yields itself to the influences around it should not tremble into harmony with the perfect confidence of sky and mountains, of the stars and the meadows, the wind and the trees, and that a quick and bounding thought should not leap from the heart to mount to the stars and from the stars to mount to God? I feel myself in union with all about me; a sigh brings me back to all that I have known, loved, and lost in this house and elsewhere; a hope strong and evident as is providence in nature, carries me to the bosom of God, where all is found again; a sadness and a rapture mingle in the words that I speak aloud, without fear that any one may hear them, except the wind which bears them to God. The chill of morning strikes me, my steps crackle upon the hoarfrost and I close my window and enter my tower where the kindling fagot snaps and where my dog awaits me.

What is there to do then, my dear friend, during the three or four long hours of silence, which in November have to pass between the early dawn and sunrise? All in the house and in the yard are asleep. Occasionally you may hear a cock, deceived by the light of a star, utter a cry which he does not finish and

which he seems to repent of; or a bull, asleep and dreaming in the stable, give a sonorous bellow which awakens most suddenly the herdsman. You are certain that no domestic affair, no persistent visitor, no business of the day, will surprise you for two or three hours, and distract your thoughts. You are calm and confident in your leisure, for the day is for man, but the night is only for God.

This feeling of complete security is of itself a delight, and I revel in it for an instant. Then I walk back and forth on the flags of my small room, looking at one or two of the pictures on the wall, portraits a thousand times better painted in my memory. I speak to them, I speak to my dog, who follows with an intelligent, anxious eye all my movements of thought and body. Sometimes I fall on my knees before one of those dear mementoes of the dead past. Oftener as I walk I lift up my soul to the Creator in some fragment of prayer which my mother taught me in my infancy, and some badly-formed verses from those psalms of the holy Hebrew poet which I have heard sung in the Cathedrals, and which return now and then to my memory as the scattered notes of a forgotten air.

My prayer said (and should not everything begin and end with prayer?), I seat myself near the old oak table where my father and my grandfather used to sit. It is covered with books well used by them and by me; their old Bible, a large Petrarch in quarto (edition of Venice in two enormous volumes, where his Latin and his political works, his Philosophies, his Africa, fill two thousand pages, and his immortal sonnets, seven—a striking example of the vanity and uncertainty of the work of man, who passes his life in raising an immense monument to his memory, of which posterity preserves only one little stone, for his glory and immortality); a Homer, a Virgil, a volume of Cicero's letters, a volume of selections from Goethe and Byron,—all philosophers or poets,—and a small volume of the Imitation of Christ, a philosophical breviary, one of my pious mother's, which shows yet traces of her fingers, sometimes of her tears, and often of her notes, and which contains alone more philosophy and poetry

than all the philosophers and poets. In the middle of these dusty and scattered volumes, are some leaves of fair white paper, pencils, and pens, which invite me to draw and to write.

With my elbow resting on the table, and my head upon my hand, my heart swelling with feeling and recollections, my mind crowded with shadowy images, every sense in repose or sadly lulled to quiet by the whispers of the forest that ring and die away against my window-pane, I abandon myself to my dreams, impressed and thoughtful. I turn my pencil carelessly in my hand, drawing upon a white page fantastic images of trees or of ships; the movement of my thought is arrested as is the water in the bed of a too full river; images and sentiments accumulate and demand to escape under one form or another. Then I say to myself, "Write." As I do not know how to write in prose for want of habit, I write some verses. A few hours pass sweetly as I pour out upon paper, in those measures that mark the cadence and the movement of the soul, the sentiments, the ideas, the recollections, the sadness, the impressions, of which I am full. I reread several times to myself these harmonious confidences of my own day-dream. Usually I leave my verses unfinished and I tear them up after they are written. They belong only to me, they should not be read by others. They may not be the least poetic of my poems, but what does it signify? Of all that a man experiences and thinks, are not the secrets that he speaks to love, or the prayers which he addresses in a low voice to God, the mightiest, the most sacred? Does he write them? No, surely no. The eye or the ear of man would profane them. That which is sacred is kept forever in our heart.

Yet some of these morning poems have been finished. They are those that you know: Meditation, Harmonies, Jocelyn, and these without any name, which I send you. You know how I wrote them, how I value them at their lowest; you know how incapable I am of that hard task, acting critic towards oneself. Blame me, but do not judge me, and in return for too much giving up and weakness, give me too much mercy and indulgence.

The hours that I can give thus to these drops of poetry,

true dew of the autumn mornings, are not long. The village clock soon sounds the Angelus of the dawn. We hear the clatter of the wooden shoes of the peasants along the stony paths which go up to the church or to the Castle, the cry of the flocks, the barking of the shepherd dogs, and the sharp jilting plough-wheels upon the ground frozen during the night. The bustle of the day begins around me and it seizes and engrosses me until evening. The workmen mount my wooden stairs to ask me to plan their work for the day, the curé comes to solicit aid for his sick or his schools, the mayor to beg me to explain to them the confused text of a new law upon the neighboring roads, a law that I have made and that I do not understand any better than he. Some neighbors summon me to come with them to lay out a route or bound a heritage; my vineyard laborers come to me to tell me that the harvest has failed and that they have but one or two sacks of rye on which to feed their wives and five children during a long winter. The postman arrives loaded with papers and letters which fall like a rain of words upon my table; words sometimes sweet, sometimes bitter, more often indifferent; but all of which require a thought, a word, a line. My guests, if I have any, awake and move about in the house. Others arrive and tie their tired horses to the iron bars of the lower windows. These are the farmers of our mountains in black velvet vests and leather gaiters, mayors of neighboring villages, and good old white-haired curés, some poor widows from the neighboring villages who wish for appointments as post-mistresses and who believe that a man spoken of in the metropolitan newspapers is all-powerful. These stand back in the rear under the linden trees of the avenue holding two or three poor children by the hand. Each has his care, his dream, his affair. You must listen to them, shake hands with one, write a note for another, give some hope to each. All this is done at the corner of the table filled with verses, prose, and letters, while breaking a piece of bread made out of fragrant mountain rye seasoned with fresh butter, fruit from the garden, or a bunch of grapes from the vineyard, frugal breakfast of the poet and the laborer, for whose crumbs the birds wait upon my balcony.

Midday sounds. I hear my horse neigh caressingly and paw the sand of the court as if he were calling for me. I say good-morning and good-bye to those guests in the house who are to remain until evening, mount my horse and depart, leaving behind me all the thoughts of the morning as I go to other cares of the day. I make my way to the unfrequented paths of our valleys, I climb one mountain and descend it to climb another, I tie my horse to more than one tree and knock at more than one door. I again find here and there a thousand things to attend to for myself and others, and I do not get home until night, after having enjoyed during six or seven hours of travel along the solitary roads, all the sunlight, all the tints of the golden leaves, all the fragrance, all the sounds gay or sad, belonging to our country in autumn. I am happy if on returning, worn out with fatigue, I find by chance at my fireside, some friend who has arrived during my absence, some friend of simple heart and a poetic turn, who in going to Italy or Switzerland has remembered that my home is near his route.

See here, my dear friend, the best part of life for me. May God give me many such days. Blessed be His name for their mercies. But these days pass as rapidly away as the autumn suns that shine between two fogs, gilding the purple tops of the young poplars of our meadows.

A DAY IN THE SWAMP.

"A day in the swamp!" you say with disgust. "Ladies actually "picknicking" with snakes and lizards! What a dearth of society there must be in those parts!"

> "But for a' that and a' that,
> The day was a day for a' that";

and far from being ashamed of it, we are going to tell you all about our swamp visit, and, if possible, make you admit that you too might have enjoyed it.

Now this is the way it came about. One morning, amusement being rather run aground, the household in general was lounging about the hall and library with no plans for the day. Presently my uncle, the master of the plantation, stepped in from his daily round of duties, and declared with a very wry face that it was hard for him to spend the whole day in the swamp looking after the stock, while we had only to amuse ourselves. "Tell you what," as though a bright thought had struck him, "Come along, the whole lot of you, and we'll spend a jolly good day among the pigs and cows. What say you? Get your sun-hats and come on, the horses will be here directly. For you," he added, turning to the young men of our number, "you may saddle your own horses and follow us, or stay at home, just as you like"; and off he marched to be sure that the horses were all right. As we were neither to trouble about our complexions, because there was plenty of shade, nor take any lunch, because we could not eat it on the damp ground, we had so little getting ready to do that in a few minutes we were on our horses. So we set out, each one bearing behind his or her saddle a great white wallet full of corn.

The swamp in which our day was to be passed, and which, by the way is Pee Dee, one of South Carolina's largest, appeared as a vast jungle from the back of the house. I had often gazed on its dark outline towards nightfall and wondered how many dreadful things were going on there, though one could not well see how any living being could get through so dense a growth.

While we have thus remarked on the swamp, our steeds have not been idle but have been speeding us through vast cotton-fields, by tall tasseled corn stalks; the soil has grown darker, and now our horses are trying to nip off the mischievous heads of waving rice, which tickle their flanks. The rice field is full of negroes and, as they scatter the great black clods with their big feet or pound them with their grubbing hoes, their voices whistle in a full rich chorus. There is none of that melancholy wail in the music which characterizes the darky's Sunday songs. As we wound along through the rice, these words were wafted to us, sonorously lined out by the leader to his choir:

> "When de sea commence ter burnin,
> De rock commence ter melt,
> En de moon drip away in blood.
> Oh sinners! whay will yer stan?"

And immediately after a gay young sport began dancing in front of an ebony belle and singing merrily:

> "My gal! my gal! I'm comin fer ter see,
> Case I'se nothin better fer ter do;
> She ken dance, she ken sing,
> She ken cut the de pigen whing,
> But she can't get away wid me!"

And cutting a very funny caper, he seized the girl and smacked her heartily, escaping just in time to ward off with his hoe the laughing but vigorous blow which she aimed at him. We heard snatches of many other songs for the singers never seemed to know more than four or five lines of each. Thus while riding through the field, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, we heard, "Rin home en tell Aunt Judy," "Oh shepherd whay wus you?" "Way down yonder in de cane-brake," "My ole Massa promus me," and various others.

At last we came to the swamp. The trees were not so thick as they seemed at a distance, but the land was very well timbered. A narrow winding cow-track was our only entrance, and into this we turned our horses' heads. As we advanced, the land behind seemed fast rising and closing us in, while ahead it was ever sinking. It gave one decidedly the feeling of going down, down, where he would be wedged in tight on all sides. Both this appearance and feeling vanished when we reached the swamp level. The way was literally flecked with dainty white buccoon flowers, that bent their slender heads as if making love to the bright buttercups and daisies at their feet. I at first begged for every one of the beautiful little blossoms, but was persuaded to wait until we came to a place where I could pick a whole hat-full at once. Now my attention was constantly distracted from the beauties of the way, by a rushing, whizzing noise through the bushes. It was so sudden and so unexpected,

that every time it came I almost started from my saddle, and to hide my fear I remarked very naively that ground sparrows must be very abundant from the amount of fuss they made. There was a general titter, and the bad boy of the party, who had been secretly enjoying my capers, observed in the most nonchalant manner, "Oh, I forgot to tell you ladies not to mind any little bush rattlings. It is only the snakes and lizzards. Just take care of those long skirts or you may rake up some of the creatures." We nervously clutched the offending skirts and fixed our horrified gaze on the ground, paying no attention to our informer's remark that, "That was all safe now and we must not let small matters bother us." Our fun would have been gone had not the bad boy's father assured us that snakes did not abide in the path, as they had too much respect for their lives.

We halted before three huge mounds and a quaint bricked-up tomb where, to divert our thoughts from the snakes, our kind escort began to tell us that the eminences were generally believed to be the work of the mound-builders. "How these isolated traces of them came here we do not know," said he, "I have made various projects for getting into them, but here they are, and here they will remain for, as you see, they are miniature mountains." Then he climbed up to the top of one of the mounds and showed us where he used to dig for the treasure which the negroes said his grand father had buried there. And he told us how the negroes dread the place and won't go near it, because they say that when the moon shines at midnight, fiery serpents hiss around the little graves at the side of the mounds, demons and witches dance over it damning and reviling the souls of sleepers; and where the red men's skulls gleam white about the mounds, grim skeletons rise and cry for vengeance on the "pale face." Certainly this is only superstition, but that the grave holds a man's bones there is no doubt. Tradition says that years ago two runaway slaves, hearing through the night the piteous and heart-rending howls of a dog, were so wrought upon that they traced the sounds to these mounds. There in a

new made grave, lay the haggard corpse of a murdered man; on his breast a beautiful little brown setter kept watch. All attempts to entice this faithful guard from his post were fruitless. The negroes were so much impressed that they went home to tell the marvellous story. Men sought for the place but, as the slaves had lost all traces of it in wandering out, it was not found; consequently the tale was looked upon as a clever device for escaping punishment. However it was firmly adhered to and diligently circulated about the plantation with many variations and additions. Years after, when much of the swamp had been reclaimed and paths made through the wilderness, both the mounds and the grave with its two skeletons—the one of a man, the other of a dog—came to light. "And here," said the narrator, "they remain, a constant source of wild conjecture and imagination. Sometime in this, the golden age of engineering, we may uncover these mounds, but the secret of the grave, who can unlock?

With silent tongues but busy imaginations we wound down the grassy path, out of sight of mounds and graves. Gradually the foliage took on a darker green; the vegetation became richer and, if possible, more luxuriant; all dryness passed away from the soil and our horses were treading on a mossy black mold which gave to their feet like a soft carpet. Around us rose the stately poplars with their broad square leaves and variegated flowers. Climbing up to these and trying to overcap them, as it were, rose the bays, whose lighter green and fragrant, magnolia-like blossoms formed a pleasing contrast to the poplars, and gave a happy effect of light and shade. Underneath, and sheltered from all harm, the wild currant spread itself in profuse magnificence, the luscious fruit, ripe and red, under which the bushes seemed to groan, was too tempting to be resisted. So down we got, forgetting all about snakes, damp ground, and other evil things. Over the mossy sod we bounded, dyeing our lips and hands with the crimson berries, rifling the forest of its spotless mantle of buccoon flowers, and doing much damage to its rare growth of ferns. Before taking saddle again we found some of those delicious lit-

tle swamp-apples called papaws. They have light, golden skins and taste like bananas. Then we found quantities of buck-eyes, which were such great curiosities to me that I must needs have the saddle-bags filled with them. Buck-eyes are about the size of pigeon-eggs and grow on very low, round-topped bushes. They have a tough, leathery covering which opens when the fruit is ripe, leaving the dark-brown, polished berry hanging like a nutmeg in its mace. Wandering further into the woods, we found the trees festooned with heavily-laden grape-vines. We shook down a little green snake, which proved more effectual than all entreaties in getting us to horse again. At last we were going once more. We passed many fallen trees, far larger than any of the present growth. Decay was fast bearing away these remnants of the past. Sweet messengers had the old tyrant sent to do his work, little blue-eyed innocents and delicate-fingered ferns, which gently tore the fibers from the aged giants. We surprised several companies of rabbits engaged in one of their most remarkable dances; but they always kept their long ears so well pricked up that when we got to the frolic, we never saw anything but the tip-ends of their white tails and those at a distance. Suddenly we were again startled by a steady, grinding, crushing sound, going on all around. Our leader kept straight ahead; the path was too narrow to turn, so thinking of the immortal Six Hundred, I rode on. Casting my forlorn eyes about, I saw no longer the beautiful poplars and bays, but tall oak and hickory trees. The ground was hidden by acorns and hickory nuts; you could hardly move for them, they tumbled on your head and cracked under your horse's hoofs at every step. The numerous squirrels were busily engaged in putting up their winter stores and taking, I suppose, a little refreshment between times, for occasionally we heard a scraping sound in the top of a high tree and the next instant saw a squirrel nimbly swing himself over to the next tree where the same noise at once began. But we had not yet found out the cause of the heavy grind when we discovered a huge boar lying contentedly in a little pool of water and lazily munching the acorns and nuts around him. At

sight of us he bounded off with a great guff! guff! This ferocious beast had almost frightened us to death; but when our leader, without any warning, took the corn from his wallet and began to scatter it around, at the same time making the woods ring with "Geep,—goop,—Geep-e-e,—goop-e-e, what was our horror to see a perfect regiment of hogs rush through the bushes in every direction and make straight for us! Had the path been wide enough I am sure we ladies would have turned and fled; but as it was not, we clutched our riding-skirts and waited the onset in breathless fear. On they trooped in and out among the horses, biting one another and tumbling about in their greedy struggle for the corn. When they had eaten it all up they poked their snouts out so slily from the bushes and "*goofed*" at us so harmlessly that we lost all fear and had a fine time seeing them scramble for the contents of our wallets. The only rule which we noticed among these otherwise lawless swine was this, "Might is right." Leaving the pigs squealing and contending over the stray grains of corn, we kept on our way. Occasionally tinkling bells brought us to large herds of cattle browsing on the tender herbs and grasses. The horned beasts were terrible to look at and once when one bellowed and tried to tear up a young sapling, the very earth seemed to tremble and quake. The meek little cows, with their soft eyes and skins, looked very lovable, and some of the graceful dappled calves could almost be mistaken for young fawns.

On the route we had passed several large well-kept canals which led our escort to give us a lengthy dissertation on Southern energy, of which I have forgotten all save the close. "Tell me the Southerner lacks energy!" he said, giving his horse an angry spur, "Why! I say he is all energy. Look at these swamps. Think of their system of drainage, timber-getting, and stock-raising, think of the vast amount of land which has been reclaimed and the energy which went into every stump taken out of it!"

The dark shades of night were creeping over the already shadowy forest. Timidly we passed through the dense cypress

groves and by vast cane-brakes, whose gloomy depths seemed blacker than "Erebus itself." The night owl raised his dismal hoot and the mournful notes of the whip-poor-will called up ghosts of the past. From every nook came the wood cricket's shrill chirrup while from each little pool bull-frogs sent forth their thrilling notes. Every one breathed a sigh of relief when we finally emerged into the broad, open country road; and the bad boy, who had kept very close to his papa during the last half hour, uttered what we all felt, "Give me that place in the day; but at night deliver me."

YELLOW FEVER.

One who has passed through the horrors of a yellow fever epidemic can never forget this prince of Southern plagues. His most common nickname is "Yellow Jack"; but when very malignant, he is called "Bronze John." Coming from Mexico or the West Indies, where his giant strength being known is easily restrained and fettered, he invades our cities as it were with fire and sword, despoiling us of health, home, and friends, and withal so stealthily, so swiftly, few know whence he comes or whither he goes. Sometimes even the quarantine is a powerless barrier against him; for if the highway is blockaded, he will find some secret path. He is a true Samson among diseases, mighty and terrible, yet with one weak point—he cannot withstand those whom he has met before and only wounded, not slain.

Yellow fever was unknown to the Old World till the discovery of America, differing in this respect from the plague, cholera, measles, small-pox, and scarlatina, all which, it is believed, originate in Asia. It was first particularly noticed by the Europeans in the West Indies about 1690; but long before Cortez overthrew the kingdom of Montezuma, yellow fever had visited the Mexican table-lands, though not until afterwards did this strange malady spread to the Tierra Caliente. The

South American shore was without it till the eighteenth century, its first appearance there being at Carthagena in 1729 and at Guayaquil in 1740. In 1793 the United States had its first experience of this epidemic. Beginning with fearful fury in the Antilles, it made a bound for Massachusetts, and crept thence through New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. The same year it made itself felt at Bulam, on the western coast of Africa, from which place it added to a host of other names that of "Bulam Fever." The old name, *Mal de Siam*, grew out of the belief that the ship "Oriflamme" carried the yellow fever from Siam to Martinique; but the story is unfounded, since the vessel showed no signs of the disease until after touching at Brazil, where an epidemic was raging.

The natural limits of yellow fever are between the parallels of 40 N. and 20 S. and in countries bordering on the Atlantic. If found north, south, east, or west of these confines, it has been imported. It has been domesticated at Gibraltar and Malaga. The intertropical Atlantic is therefore the native land of yellow fever; and it cannot arise solely from heat, moisture, or bad sanitary arrangements, else it would have been known long ago in Asia and Oceanica. No one denies that imperfect health regulations add fuel to the flame, because it is positively ascertained that two or three cases will create an epidemic with the aid of decaying wood, or sea-weed mixed with fish. In 1878 a spot protected by the shot-gun quarantine was, by the draining of a pond, converted into a pest-house, so that of the first twenty-nine cases twenty-eight died. The little church-yard was so thickly set with graves that it had the appearance of a newly-ploughed cotton-field. This dreadful mortality was partly due to ignorant physicians and unacclimated nurses; for by the time this Bronze John, or "Putrid Fever," the most virulent form of yellow fever, had spread to the adjoining counties, good doctors and nurses had arrived, and only fourteen out of ninety perished.

The presence of unusual organisms in the atmosphere of an epidemic authorizes the theory that these germs have a great deal to do with, if not the cause, certainly the propagation of yellow

fever. The air at the seat of the pestilence in 1878 was so offensive that even the flies disappeared; whether they migrated, or whether they too fell victims to the evil of the times, is not known. Scientists have not yet discovered the primary cause of yellow fever, but its apparent cause may be packed away in a closet or trunk, in infected clothes or bedding; and though sanitarians may argue that the disease springs up spontaneously from local uncleanliness, most people think with the old farmer that "Yellow fever can't go anywhere unless yer tote it."

Since it is impossible to obtain reliable information as to the existence of yellow fever in the intertropical ports of America, our Southern cities now maintain strict quarantines against them from May first to November first, so as to insure safety. The same precaution is also observed by the interior towns against New Orleans and others of our commercial marts where yellow fever is endemic. It costs less to keep yellow fever away than to cure and get rid of it. New Orleans has a population in round numbers of two hundred and ten thousand. A poll-tax of a dollar and a half a year, or the interest on six millions, would defray the expenses of a perfect quarantine system besides keeping the city free from malaria and greatly lessening the rate of infant mortality. The epidemic of 1878 cost her ten millions of dollars, exclusive of the losses owing to interruption of business. Memphis is in a worse condition than New Orleans. An expenditure of one million dollars to put the city in good order now, and the interest on two millions for the future, would protect Memphis from Yellow Jack and his companions. The depopulation of threatened districts has proved an effective measure. Within a week after Yellow Jack's re-appearance in 1879, thirty thousand people left Memphis. Of those who stayed in camps in the neighborhood, only a dozen or so took the disease and every case was traced to a visit to the city contrary to orders. It would not be worth while to attempt the depopulation of New Orleans and Key West, because nearly all the inhabitants have had Yellow Fever and the treatment is understood.

Of the cities that suffered during the last general epidemic, Grenada, Mississippi, lost most, Memphis next, and New Orleans least. This season of distress was the occasion of many a noble deed. Seven Sisters of the order of St. Mary went to nurse at Memphis and three laid down their lives. It would be useless to try to recount the numberless acts of love and courage done by Southern men and women, or to tell how near and dear our Northern brethren made themselves by their kindness and timely aid in boxes of food, clothing, and medicines. Even the poor miner's widow sent her mite. Truly, the pity and the gratitude called forth by the yellow fever have tended not a little towards cementing that union so long severed by pride and bitterness. Also, the fear of this pestilence has given rise to sanitary reforms, preventive not only of yellow fever but of all diseases. When the leader is slain, the army flees; so may it be with yellow fever.

MR. PECKSNIFF AND JONAS CHUZZLEWIT.

You will wonder, perhaps, why, with all Dickens' lovely characters, I should have chosen these two moral deformities rather than two of the many pure children of his fancy. Indeed, it would have been pleasanter to compare great-hearted Tom Pinch and jolly Mark Tapley, instead of gruff, sneering Jonas and blandly deceitful Mr. Pecksniff. And then I should have had the satisfaction of deciding which I liked better. As it is, however, I have vainly striven to make out which I dislike and despise the more. Both men were utterly depraved and, though their manners were decidedly different, one man was as bad as the other at heart. Both were steeped in deceit and crime. In all their dealings one can see that selfishness reigned supreme. Unconquerable self-love turned aside every good quality that might have struggled for a small place in their hearts. And yet, I should not say unconquerable self-love, for neither strove to sub-

due the ruling passion; each fostered it by sacrificing every one, no matter how near he was or how dear he should have been, to serve a selfish end. Jonas deliberately poisoned his own father, the sooner to possess the money which Antony had all his life been hoarding for "his only son." Day by day that son watched with greedy eyes the decline of the old man, and he fully believed, until within a few hours of his own death, that he had murdered his father. Yet he felt no remorse, only an ever-haunting fear. Mr. Pecksniff was selfish in all things, both small and great. He was as grasping as Jonas, but less willing that his avarice should be known. He pretended to be very reluctant to give up his little "Merry." Nevertheless, he made sure of the marriage which committed his daughter to the care of a villain.

Of both men it might be said, Gold was their God; and truly they had no other. Each was willing to do anything to advance his worldly station. Mr. Pecksniff indeed made a point of imposing on every one whom he could deceive. In his treatment of old Martin Chuzzlewit, we see how his love of gain compelled him to sacrifice his last spark of honor, if he ever possessed any. He tried to poison the mind of the old man against his real friends, in hope of being his heir. Jonas entered eagerly into the Sham Insurance Company for gold, and murdered his employer.

Mr. Pecksniff outdid Jonas in deceit. Although the capacity of the latter for inventing and uttering lies was great, Mr. Pecksniff's talent for acting them was greater. We see this in his base treatment of young Martin Chuzzlewit and the "Pecksniffian" smile with which he received praise for the Grammar-School Plan. The way in which he cheated poor Tom Pinch, arouses the indignation of every one. The beneficent Mr. Pecksniff was so very kind as to give a scanty education to a poor young man who in return paid him a reasonable sum, played the organ, and performed many odd jobs. And this Mr. Pecksniff did out of charity, taking particular pains to make the world think him extravagantly kind to "Thomas Pinch." The appear-

ance of Jonas so proclaimed his deceit, that it is strange people should have been taken in. His sneaky walk showed him to be a coward, and his shrinking eyes seemed to implore one not to search too deeply there.

Although these men had so many similar qualities, the author has drawn some delicate distinctions which show his knowledge of human nature. Their manner was entirely different. Jonas was gruff and unpleasant, while Mr. Pecksniff was always blandly smiling and agreeable. Nothing could disturb his urbanity. Even after old Martin had knocked him down and left him writhing like the worm that he was, as soon as he had been propped up he forgave Martin with all his soul. In short, Mr. Pecksniff was a hypocrite. Jonas expressed his feelings just when he pleased, and cared no more for the opinion of one man than of another. He cursed many; he forgave none.

But just as I start to say I dislike Jonas the least, I think of the murder that stained his soul. Yet, Mr. Pecksniff was a hypocrite and had the opportunity offered itself, he too might have been a murderer. Both men were utterly ungrateful. It was ingratitude which led Jonas to kill his aged father. Old Antony deserves praise in few respects, but he loved his son. Mr. Pecksniff had not the slightest spark of gratitude, as was shown in his treatment of Tom Pinch. No actual murder was committed by him, but the cold, grasping nature which made murder possible belonged as fully to him as to Jonas.

We naturally wonder for what purpose Dickens sketched these two base characters, drawn so as to be as bad as possible without being exaggerated. Perhaps it was that they should serve as a dark background to bring out in greater relief the brighter characters. Whether this were the author's purpose or not, they most certainly fulfil that office and greatly to their own disadvantage. Tom Pinch's open, unselfish nature was made more evident by Mr. Pecksniff's deceit and selfishness. Mercy's gentleness shone with all the brighter light for being placed next to Jonas' harshness.

Perhaps Dickens intended to show the effect of one base character upon another. It is evident that each feared the other.

Mr. Pecksniff in his sly way was quite able to gain advantage over Jonas. This the latter knew and he was suspicious of every action of his esteemed father-in-law, whom he repeatedly called, with seeming audacity and boldness, a coward and a hypocrite. Mr. Pecksniff was afraid to offend Jonas because he knew that the latter would not hesitate to do him bodily injury. It is clear that both were cowards, and each was a check upon the other.

The author's aim may have been to mark the difference in the characters themselves and to show, in spite of the difference, the same spirit possessing them both. They were much alike in that they had the same leading vices, and yet different in their ways of executing their evil designs. This difference was owing to difference in nature, that medium through which every man's ruling passion is forced to show itself. Jonas had more of the animal nature. He was coarse, cowardly, grasping, and cruel. Mr. Pecksniff was apparently more refined and given to higher views and sentiments. This refinement, however, was with the hypocrite only "skin deep." Many of his habits were gross and exacting and his gentlemanly instincts failed him when he had an object in view, as was shown by his persecution of lovely Mary Graham. As we have seen before, the ruling passion was an all-absorbing love of self, and this which predominated in both men has been represented by the author, in the different lights reflected by their natures.

SOME BREATHING PLACES OF NEW YORK.

One may find many quiet places among the Catskills in which to spend a part at least of the summer. The trip should be made by boat, and if the day is clear the sail and scenery will meet the highest expectations. Soon after leaving the wharf the boat is gliding under the gloomy Palisades. Presently they are left behind and you are passing the Hudson's historical towns.

After leaving Fishkill the river makes a sudden bend. High mountains are on either side and far away in the distance are the Catskills. At length Rondout is reached, and if you take the train here you will soon be among the mountains which a short time ago appeared so hazy.

In three hours you arrive at Fox Hollow, and this is a capital stopping-place. The reason of its name is not known. The little village is surrounded on all sides by high mountains, and once there you seem forever lost to the bustle and tumult of the outer world. Clear, cold springs meet one at every step. The brooks teem with fish and "all nature seems glad and gay." Sequestered nooks here and there invite you to a picnic or a quiet hour with a book; better still, romantic paths look so tempting that in spite of yourself you climb and climb until suddenly a grand view bursts upon you. One particularly lovely spot is at the foot of a mountain, where a brook rushes along over rocks forming cascades, and then glides smoothly by with scarcely a ripple. Weeping willows form beautiful bowers on its banks. The ice-cave is the best place for a picnic. It is situated in a ravine. Large rocks serve for tables, and fallen trees covered with moss make picturesque seats. If the quiet and solitude of Fox Hollow grow tiresome, noisier places are within riding distance. The drive to Summit Mountain is delightful. On one side of the road is a limpid stream whose banks are fringed with flowers and over-hanging trees, and on the other side are high hills. Immense trees on the hill-side unite their branches with those of the river bank, forming an arch. Vistas of tall peaks and green meadows can be had here and there where the road makes a bend. A fine hotel has been erected on Summit Mountain and every year hundreds of people go there to enjoy the delicious breezes and magnificent scenery. The stables are large and well supplied with horses and mountain-carriages. Then there is the ride to Hunter Mountain, also pleasant. For five miles the road follows a noisy mill-stream. Hunter Mountain is a favorite resort for picnics.

But who would spend the month of August among the mountains, when the sea's refreshing waves invite? Certainly no lover of the surf.

Among the noted watering-places of New Jersey are Long Branch and the adjacent towns. By all means take the boat to Long Branch, that is if you do not count that disagreeable malady, sea-sickness, in your list of ailments. At the pier officious porters from different hotels meet you. If you are favorably impressed by the glowing accounts of those from the West End, you enter a beach-wagon and in a few moments arrive at the hotel. It looks very cool and pleasant with its verandahs filled with flowers and hanging-baskets. The interior is quite as handsome as the exterior, and many think it the best hotel at Long Branch. This resort is not so long as its name would suggest. The broad avenues are lit at night by lamps, as is the plank walk down the beach. All the private residences are handsome. The pier is a very pleasant place, especially during a land-breeze. One end of Long Branch is called West End, and here is John Hoey's residence. As you enter the principal gate the first object that meets your gaze is the lodge which resembles a Swiss cottage. A winding road leads up to the house, a large, handsome building On the left of it is a beautiful lawn, and on the right is a long arbor covered with vines. Around this are beds of plants so arranged as to resemble carpets. In another part of the grounds are mosaic beds and hot-houses. The latter contain exquisite and rare tropical plants. Back of the house is a splendid orchard, and beyond that a part of the ground is uncultivated. Through this field runs a small brook spanned by a rustic bridge.

A short distance from West End is Elberon, the scene of Garfield's suffering. There is a memorial window in the pretty chapel.

Next in importance to Long Branch is Asbury Park. Its situation is fine, and from any of its avenues glimpses of the ocean can be had. Living in tents is the prevailing fashion in both Asbury Park and Ocean Grove. Wesley Lake lies between

the two resorts. It is especially beautiful at night, when all the Chinese lanterns on the boats are lit. Ocean Grove is a great Methodist resort. The chief building is the Auditorium. Not far from it is a well called Bethesda, which refreshes the weary ones who go down Pilgrim's Pathway to the Auditorium. A model of Jerusalem is within a stone's throw of the well. Every Sunday evening choral services are held on the beach, and the effect of the voices uniting with the roar of the ocean is fine.

The first thing visitors to any of these resorts do is to bathe, and it is very amusing to watch the beginners. Any one who prefers still-water to surf may bathe in Fletcher Lake. But the greatest fun at the sea-shore is hunting for clams. The children are very fond of it and one can see them, spades and pails in hand, laughingly rushing from the beach every time a huge breaker tumbles on shore. This fun is not confined to children. All who are not afraid of sunburn or freckles take part in it. Of course society belles never dare to approach the beach when the sun shines, except for a bath. The highest pleasure is a storm at sea, should you be so fortunate as to see one. A capital but dangerous place for watching it, is the Long Branch pavilion near the bath-houses. The waves rise as high as the floor, and you have a very queer sensation. This is soon lost in the fascination of the storm. The dark threatening clouds lower themselves until they almost meet the angry waves whose dull booming is scarcely distinguishable from the heavy peals of thunder, while flashes of lightning at intervals illumine all objects with their lurid glare.

THE EXPOSITION.

The grand State Exposition, for which every one has been so busily preparing during the past year is over. Was it a success? Ask those who have united all their energies in its behalf, ask those who hooted at the idea of *our* having an Exposition, ask the poor dazed person who attempts to describe it; the answer of one and all is emphatically, "It was."

But to describe it is impossible. Perhaps what attracted most attention was the Durham exhibit of tobacco. The castle and moving ship, made of the "weed" itself, showed some skill in architecture, while one could not but wonder whether the too quickly suggested illness of the person on ship-board was caused by the motion of the boat, or whether the sufferer had, like the children who lived in a sugar house, partaken too freely of his habitation. The most beautiful thing at the Exposition was the hiddenite. It is of an almost emerald green, 'With a bright bit of sunshine glinting through,' not so beautiful as the diamond but more costly on account of its rarity. The aqua marina and topaz almost rivalled the hiddenite in loveliness. The former is the color of the sea and old legends whisper that it was once in truth a crystal drop of water. It was left alone in the mountains, to testify that old Ocean's waves had once rolled over their summits. The kind Earth pitied the lonely drop and tenderly drew it to her. Then the water-spirit died but the beautiful body took the form of this precious stone. The topaz seems to hold in thraldom a sunbeam which, though in prison, ceases not to dance and throw a happy smile on all around. The quartz crystals at our Exposition were so brilliant that an experienced eye was required to distinguish them from diamonds. The marble and granite were also very beautiful.

But have I not said that the Exposition was far beyond any description? Let us, therefore, only note some of its most striking characteristics. The machinery on exhibition was very interesting; but there is so close a relationship existing between mathematics and machinery that to many the latter is robbed of half its interest. Moreover there was employed in the machinery part of the Exposition a little slip of a girl with such a wan, tired, face that it made one's heart ache to watch her. There was in one place an electric current which, passing along a rubber band extended in the air, would raise perfectly straight the hair of any one standing beneath it, or drop a tiny bridge of flame from itself to any object brought near enough. Under this band one day a certain *dude*, never before seen with

one hair raised a millionth part of an inch from the crown of his head, was beguiled into pausing by a band of pretty maidens, who themselves stood carefully at one side. The sheets of cotton, some of it of the Sea Island variety, looked very pretty as they came forth from the rolling looms, too pure and white to be used for any coarse purpose. These were the things in the machinery department which particularly struck the writer; others found other objects more interesting. The small boy pronounced the big engine the best thing at the Exposition, and many an old head agreed with his way of thinking. The merchant gazed longest upon the silk and cotton looms. "Every man to his own." The principal stores of our many towns each sent specimens of stock, while private genius had full scope in which to develop itself. Some figures in wax done by little boys whose quick brains and ready fingers have been their only instructors, bid us hope that the older nations will not much longer be able to reproach America with never having brought forth a mighty sculptor.

None did more towards making the Exposition what it was than the women of the State. There were so many crazy quilts that our eyes grew tired of looking at the bright colors and various devices. The preserves and pickles of our house-keepers would bear comparison even with those of their New England sisters, and there was some quite pretty painting. One lady presented a map of Chatham county, made mostly of mosses and bark. Those who know the country pronounced it very good. It was certainly very pretty and showed great ingenuity. Of course it was next to impossible to keep the exact relative size of everything. Durham tobacco and Sea Island cotton coming under the hand of woman, assumed various shapes. Of the former a very stylish little bonnet was made; of the latter, were manufactured grotesque figures of men and women. There was lace work wrought by the hands of both young and old, and so beautiful was some of it, especially that by one lady of eighty, that we cannot but think that our country-women may yet equal those of either Germany or France in this direction. This same

aged matron, also sent a spinning-wheel at which she learned to spin about seventy years ago. The wheel had belonged to her grandmother before her. There were many offerings from the little folks not discreditable to tiny fingers, and pastry-cooks and cake-bakers were so lauded that it is feared they will not again condescend to the manufacture of plain wholesome articles of food.

It was wonderful to note the many kinds of wood as exhibited in an office made of the native wood and seemingly highly varnished. In reality no oily gloss had touched this pretty bower to take from it its own fresh woodland odor. Surely the forests and waters as well as the flesh-and-blood children of Carolina have heard her royal mandate, "Bring to me, my sons and daughters, of all your various fruits that I may show to the world how rich a land is ours." And right loyally have they answered the appeal. So large indeed was one tree, that seventy men are said to have crowded into it at one time and many are incredulous as to its being one tree. The fruitfulness of our vineyards was seen in the many beautiful, sparkling wines, wines which might have tempted even a youthful Cyrus. The waters have not been less responsive and their tribute was one of the first. The fish were of many varieties and of great size, one, a sail-fish caught at Morehead this summer, is said to be the only one of its kind ever seen in the United States. Many specimens of Healing Waters were on exhibition. Tiny gold-fish gleamed in various nooks and corners; darting about in their diminutive houses, they seemed as happy as if the whole ocean were given them for roaming. They were the only live animals on exhibition, except some hideous, small alligators, one cute pink-eyed rat, some swans, and one fair fawn. I fear the little creatures wished themselves dead before the Exposition was over. Probably they were the only beings that did not enjoy the Exposition. Unless it were the policemen and fruiterers who worried themselves to death endeavoring to keep the small boys from substituting for the placards "Hands off," others saying "Help yourselves"; the poor, tired little girl; the tiny chap left in

charge of the stationery exhibit; or perhaps the Household Sewing-Machine man. The last victim had forty pieces of paper thrust at him at a time and the words, "Do mine next" ringing in his ears from morn till eve; all because he had rashly promised to write any lady's name with his wonderful machine; which by the way, is the only sewing-machine ever made in the South. The little "pencil boy," as we called him, felt bound in duty to guard, with his life if need be, a supply of some two or three thousand pencils. No coaxing, bribery, or threat could move him, "His sacred trust was not deserted."

The interest felt in the Expositon was not confined to any circle. City belles and modest country blossoms, men of science and mischievous youngsters, demure matrons and laughing school-girls, merry people and sad people, all people went to the Exposition. But doubtless they will all agree with the *Chronicle* when it says: "Let us have another Exposition and let it be in Raleigh, and not in an old field two and a half miles therefrom."

ELEPHANTS.

[Compositions from the Preparatory Department are published without correction.]

Elephants are now the largest animals in the world, though a long time ago, before the flood, there was a race of animals much larger than the elephant, called mammoths. Less than a hundred years ago, way up in the northern part of Siberia, a great mammoth was discovered, frozen up in a mound of ice and snow. It was dug out, and is now in the British Museum. When the circus was in Raleigh this Fall, I saw the elephants watered. Just as they came in sight of the branch, they began to trumpet just as shrill as a little toy horn. It frightened me so that I climbed the fence. When they had drunk as much

as they wanted, they began to rock themselves from side to side, flapping their ears, glaring around with their small red eyes, and making a gurgling, roaring noise. Then they began to throw the water up all over their backs, with their trunks, until they were dripping wet. All except the largest one, who went out on the bank and began to gather up dust with his trunk, and throw it over himself until he looked like he had not been near water for a month. Once I read an interesting story about an elephant. There were a party of gentlemen hunting deer in India, when they came unexpectedly on a large rogue elephant. There were in the party an experienced hunter named Mansfield, a boy named Charles, an old doctor who was neither experienced or brave, but who thought himself both, and a professional hunter who was a native. The doctor had made himself conspicuous by a bright scarlet jacket, and a wide brimmed straw hat. After two or three shots had been fired at the elephant, without any visible effect except making him more furious, the doctor became so frightened that he lost all control of himself and rushed out of his place of concealment, in full view of the wounded elephant, who instantly gave chase. The doctor eluded him by dodging among the trees; but this unequal chase could not last long, and the elephant overtook him, threw him to the ground and pinned him down with his tusks. Just as he was about to trample the poor doctor into a gelly, Mansfield fired a well aimed shot that pierced the elephant's heart, and the tremendous animal rolled over as if he had been struck dead by a thunderbolt. There lay the doctor covered with blood and dirt, and to all appearance dead; but on looking closer Mansfield saw that the elephant's tusks had entered the ground on each side of the doctor leaving him untouched, and most of the blood with which he was covered was from the elephant. The doctor soon recovered from his fainting fit, for he had been stunned by being thrown so violently to the ground; and ever afterwards he was grateful to Mansfield for that well timed shot which had saved his life.

THE HISTORY OF AN OLD DOLL'S-HEAD.

"Ugh! it is very cold up here; what do you think of it, sister doll-head?" said an old broken bottle-neck, in the dark corner of a garret. "Yes, and it is Christmas eve, too. It reminds me of old times in my girlhood, when I was so happy; but alas! I am away back in the world now with no one to notice me; but it is not what I used to be. Oh, I was a great beauty once, and admired by every one who saw me." "Oh, do let us hear your history," said the back cf an old chair. "Yes do," said the bottle-neck. "Well, the first thing that I remember," began the doll's head, "I was in the show-case of a Paris doll store; it was near Christmas time, and there were crowds of people coming in and buying, and all admiring me! but I was so high-priced that it was sometime before I was sold. At last, however, a wealthy gentleman bought me. He ordered with me a fine wardrobe of clothes, to be made by the shop-keeper's little lame daughter. The next day I was taken and carried out of the store, through a narrow lane and up some steep steps to a small room in which sat a little girl. "Oh, Papa, have you brought me another doll to dress?" The man kissed Amy (for that was her name) and laid me on the table. I was in high glee when she took me up to commence on my clothes. Amy first brought out fine linen and lace, which she made up with dainty tucks and ruffles. Then came the satin and velvet for my walking dress, and then the materials for my party dress came, all made in the latest fashion. At last my wardrobe was completed and I was packed up to be sent to my first mistress. The house in which she lived was large and handsome, and to my joy she had a little room to herself. When she first saw me she was so delighted that I thought she would go mad. I lived very peacefully with her for nearly a year, when her mother's health became so bad that the doctors advised her to come to America. We all started very happily, but my happiness didn't last long, for all the time I was in my mistress' arms, and she, leaning too far over deck,

Saint Mary's School Library

let me fall into the water. We were near land and I floated along until the waves threw me up on the shore. I laid there a long time, until a fisherman's son passing picked me up and gave me to his little sister; but she broke me, and knocked me about until soon nothing was left of me but my head. I finally landed in this old garret, with no one to notice or care for me anymore, and here ends my doleful history." By this time the old bottle-neck was asleep and the chair-back nodding.

TWO HISTORICAL ABSTRACTS.

The following abstracts are from Yonge's Child's History of France, written from memory after all the books have been put in the teacher's care. No child in the class is over ten years of age.

LOUIS XV.—BY JANIE STRANGE.

When Louis the XV. came to the throne he was a baby and could scarcely walk alone, and he had no kinsman near enough to take his hand when he was shown to the people and had to be held by purple ribbon leading-strings. His reign was a sad one, however. The Duke of Orleans was regent for him, and the court was nothing but a sink of iniquity under him; but he died just as the young king was growing up. Louis had one very good tutor, Cardinal Fleury, but he died soon after, and there was nothing to prevent Louis from being drawn into all sorts of evil by the bad men of his court. His wife was a Polish princess, Maria Lezinska, a very good and kind woman but not at all clever. Louis liked her very much at first. But the wretches of Paris thought it dull to have a respectful court, so they taught Louis to be a drunkard and a glutton, and when Maria showed her dislike Louis got very angry and never liked her again. A war was going on about this time with Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, and Archduchess of Austria with

Frederick, King of Prussia. The English were with the Austrians and the French with the Prussians. George the II. defeated Marshal de Noialles at the battle of Dettingen and the English were defeated again at Fontenoy, the war went very hard with the French. And the poor were evenly worse treated than in the former reign. The Duke of Orleans, a good man son to the wicked regent, one day brought a piece of black bread to the council to show the king what his subjects lived on, but nothing could make Louis care for anyone but himself. There was a short peace made, but what was called the seven years war soon broke out, this time the French were with the Austrians, and the English with the Prussians, and there was a great battle at Minden which the French lost, and there was a much more lasting peace made afterwards. The King had one son the Dauphin and he lived very peacefully with his good wife a Polish princess, and there was no one in the world Louis hated more because their goodness was a continuel reproof, and he could not help thinking that the people had rather have the Dauphin for their king instead of himself, so the young Dauphin was not allowed to have anything to do with business. And so all he had to do was to educate his children and help his poor sisters who the king had scarcely educated, the happiest was Madam Louise, who became a nun. The good Dauphin died at thirty six years of age leaving five children the eldest eleven and his wife followed fifteen months later, begging her sisters in law to look after her children. The king only grew worse, he used to amuse himself by going in disguise to the low dances among the Paris mobs, though he went every day to church. There was not but one good Bishop who once dared to tell him how wicked he was. Only the people who said nothing about the wickedness of the court received any favor. The most noted men at this time were Voltaire and Rosseau, who wrote books that everybody read, who pretended to think that the old heathen prophets were better then Christians. The Hugonots were still persecuted, but the Infidels who had no religion at all were left alone. The young Dauphin grew up and married the beautiful

daughter of Maria Theresa, Maria Antoinette. the day when she arrived at Paris there were great illuminations and fire works and in the midst of them they heard the cry of fire they all ran to the Champs Elysees, and some were trampled on and killed, and though of course the young Dauphines had nothing to do with it they said it was a bad beginning. The King died at sixty-four years of age 1774, after sixty years reign, in which he had sank deeper and deeper into sin.

LOUIS XVI.—BY MATTIE HIGGS.

Louis came to the throne in 1774. He and his queen Marie Antoinette threw themselves on their knees when they heard that their grandfather was dead crying out O God help us we are too young to reign. It was as if they knew what dreadful times were coming brought on by the wickedness of those who had gone before them. Nobody wanted to set things right any more than Louis XVI, but he did not know how to begin for the wickedness that had been growing up for hundreds of years could not be set down by one word. He was very shy and awkward, and hated speaking to strangers and they went away offended. The people were so use to bad kings that they did not believe that he was a good and sincere man. The queen give offence in other ways, the court that she was raised up in was less stately than the French court. When the ladies came to see her they would get tired of standing and would sit down hidden by the hoops of the others and the old ladies who were presented thought she was making game of their dresses and became very angry. Her chief lady of the bed-chamber the Duchess of Noailles tried to keep her in order the queen laughed at her and gave her the name of Madame l'Etequette. One time the queen was riding a donkey and it fell with her she sat laughing on the ground till the Duchess came up and she said, Pray Madame when a queen and her donkey both fall together which must be the first to get up. The palace that Louis XIV had built at Versailles was so large that nobody

could live in it in comfort and Louis XIV had another one built at Trionon but that was too stately for the queen and she had a smaller house built with a farm and a dairy where she and her ladies used to amuse themselves in white muslin dresses and straw hats but the people would not believe but that there was something bad and they did not like her because her country had been at war with theirs. The Americans made war with George III of England and a French noble man named Marquis de la Fayette ran away to fight and Louis sent troops to help them and the gain to the United States made La Fayette feel bitterly towards home because the poor people were ground down to wretchedness and nobody felt it more than Louis XVI. At last in the year 1789 Louis called together all the peers and deputies from the towns and Provinces. This was not like the English Parliment for all the peers came from one chamber and the commons from another but there was a great many more duputies than peers so they had their own way. The people were tired of waiting for the Parliment to change the law, no wander for the people were so poor that they did not know what to do and whenever they saw anybody that they thought were against them they would run at him crying "To the lamp" and hang him to the lamps which were fastened in the streets with iron rods. They ran to great old prison Bastile and tore it down, but there was not hardly anybody there because Louis XVI had released all of his grandfathers prisoners. Afterwards they were enrolled in what was called the National Gaurd. They wore cockades and white red and blue scarfs over their shoulders and LaFayette was general of this Gaurde. The States General called themselves the National Assembly and went on changing the laws. They first said that no law should be passed without the king's consent but then they said that he would stop the reform. One time there was a scarcity of food in Paris the Mob all rushed to Versailles yelling and shouting for the Queen to show herself and she came out on a balcony with her girl of twelve and her boy of six. No children, they cried; so she sent them back and then stood on the balcony thinking every

minute that somebody would shoot her head off but not a hand was raised. But night came on and the people had another fit of fury and they broke into the Queen's room where she had just escaped and a brave lady and her two gaurds were barring the outer door. The next day they went into Paris and a Fishwoman shouted at them, Here comes the baker, his wife and bakers boy. The National Assembly took away all the church property, and said that the Clergy should swear to obey them instead of the Church and those who did not were sent away. Louis XVI tried to escape and the National Gaurde seized them and they were kept under close gaurd. On the 20th of June, 1792, the mob rushed to Versailles and spent three hours in rioting and insulting and on the 10th of August the people were seized with another fit of fury. Marie wanted the loyal gentlemen to help Louis but he said he would not let anybody fight for him, he thought he would be saved by going to the National Assembly, the brave mens heads were cut off and carried about the streets on pikes. The Assembly voted that Louis XVI should no more rule France that France was free to rule itself and his reign ended on the 10th of August 1792.

EDITORIAL.

It must have been with many regrets that the charming class of '84 resigned its honors and privileges to other hands. We often wonder what pleasure in their "Young Ladyhood" is as pure and simple, yet as ardent, as the one which they have bequeathed to us, one to which we may always look forward to end each day, however full of cares. They are no more appealed to by dependent little Juniors, who think "The Seniors" know everything. On Saturday night they do not discourse sweet music to appreciative listeners. They no longer wield the pen as literary critic, or surprise us with their knowledge of "Current Topics." What do they do without a Muse to occupy their sleeping and their waking thoughts? Cheer up, dear Sisters, you may no longer send but you may receive St. Mary's messenger. You may no more show your noble genius in our periodical, but it is all for the best; perhaps, if allowed to keep your old post, you might have written yourselves to death, as did Scott. Consider that the goal of your hopes has been reached. Be thankful that the pen has not dropped from your fingers because there is no more power in them to grasp the familiar instrument. How blest you are no more to experience the bereavement of parting with the work on which you lavished your highest skill. Be content to reflect on the pleasant past and strive not to undervalue the joys of the present. We greet both you and all on the joyful Christmas-tide, the merriest feast of all the year, hoping that while the rich green and bright scarlet of the fresh holly bough adorns the drawing-room wall, and the soft snow sparkles out-of-doors in the frosty starlight, even though reading Dickens' charming Christmas Tales by the cheery light of a Christmas fire, you will stop long enough to be greeted with "Merry Christmas" from St. Mary's.

In reviewing the Muse we see that it has always been a strong exponent of the thoughts and sentiments of the Senior Class. There can be no exponent without a power. The conclusion is evident. But there are such things as positive and such things as negative exponents, and these are opposites in an important sense. Now the last class had among its members a Head for mathematics never equalled at St. Mary's. It is only after tedious thought that we apprehend what that mind found self-evident. '84 had an elocutionist whose gift we never found an adjective to describe and whose voice in song we preferred to Minnie Hauck's. We have in school a voice almost as charming, but alas! it does not belong to the Senior Class. Moreover, the individual and the aggregate mental grasp of the past class was marvellous, for none of them ever had to read six chapters of "Smith's History of the World" three times to obtain a few facts in Egyptian history!

With such accomplishments the exponent of '84 was necessarily positive; and perhaps that of '85 is negative. Nevertheless a quantity having a negative exponent is equal to something. Happy thought! we *are* something—we are healthy, we appreciate all our fun, privileges, and honors, and we are not all novices. Our readers will recognize among us one who has often been of great assistance to the Muse editors by contributing interesting articles on subjects they would otherwise have considered stupid. So if our readers will—

> "Be to her virtues very kind,
> Be to her faults a little blind,"

we will try to make our Muse sustain some small degree of her ancient fame.

After the rain which fell with our tears the first week of school, we thought it never would rain again. The weather grew more and more oppressive, the dust thicker and thicker. October, 1884, will live in the history of North Carolina as the Month of the Exposition and the Month of Dust. At first we complained at having to swallow so much dust but before it rained we learned to bite it without a murmur. We would not

have been offended then if told by a minister to take our Bibles from their dusty shelves, for our poor little alcoves had daily to be excavated. In vain did Miss Katie try to make her girls keep their shoes looking fresh-polished. If it was so dusty in our grove, it can be imagined what the streets of Raleigh were. There were no such things as white dresses; they all anticipated the fashionable shades of winter brown. However we were encouraged to bear anything, for it was "Exposition" month. The almost hourly arrival of friends proved even more fatal to our brains than did the dust. But we thoroughly enjoyed everything, especially a visit from the Salem School. Some of us were in the parlor entertaining friends when we looked out of the window and saw the fair group coming up the porch. They introduced themselves as the Salem School. According to their wish, we took them to see our lovely Art-building and then to the place we girls love most at St. Mary's, our dear little Chapel. They were charmed with our "large organ" and "exquisite stained windows" and remarked, "How cozy the bright carpet looks"; but we told them that they could not fully appreciate our chapel unless present when all of us are chanting the choral service. They seemed to have reserved their strongest exclamations of delight for our dormitories and alcoves, and even looked a little covetous at sight of the "pride of our life," our wardrobes. We feel assured that they enjoyed their visit, having received a copy of their paper, "*The Academy*," in which they dwell at some length on their Seniors' Exposition Trip.

We were delighted to have four members of the class of '84 with us during October, but it seemed strange not to see them the first to obey the bells, and it was hard not to call them "The Seniors." Alas! they were only visitors. They were honored by a reception on the evening of October 22d. We too (or rather we four) received invitations, and it was simply delightful to dance with a few couples in our large parlors to Chip's music. Late in the evening our Rector was requested to lead the way to our Lady-Principal's sitting-room, which in the short space of a day had been converted into a handsome dining-

room. There were the cutest little *tête-à-tête* tables, laden with something even more attractive than flowers. But the centre table itself was not so attractive as the hostess around whom we all gathered after supper, listening with delight to what we had been longing to hear ever since we had caught a glimpse of her alpenstock. It was very late before we could tear ourselves away, and at twelve o'clock we were obliged to play Cinderella, though as invited guests, we had fully intended to take our departure at a reasonable hour. Since then we have become accustomed to getting to our dormitory late, for we are reading in the evenings such a delightful book that the bell always rings too soon. On Friday nights we read Uarda, with which we are so charmed that we continue reading during our Saturday morning sewing-hour.

The Exposition opened October 1st, and though we had holiday, intending to go, the heat was so intense that it was thought best for us to stay at home. However, the next day the Asheville band did not find it too oppressive to give us a delightful serenade by sunlight.

Some of us, especially the Astronomy class, took great interest in the partial eclipse of the moon, October 4th.

On the morning of October 8th we were distressed to hear that the night before, Bones, that good old horse, had breathed his last. Having lived here so long he had become a part of St. Mary's. He has been succeeded by a dear pet in the shape of a grey cat which takes its seat regularly upon the soft cushion of the school-room organ-stool, within the circle of our General Literature Class, and seems greatly interested in hearing of the Vedas. We only hope that Tabby is preparing to help us on examination.

We enjoyed a flying visit from Lalla, one of our loved New Bern sisters, who came to spend one day at the Exposition. We were loath to let her leave us so hurriedly, but perhaps we shall see more of her in the future. At present we shall have to be content with "Chip" and "Nan."

Maud Cunningham dropped in one delightful afternoon, overcome with joy at the sight of St. Mary's. She has travelled most of the summer and, as she says, "has been everywhere." Would she were here to give our Muse readers an account of her trip.

We are always ready for something new. We could have danced for joy on October 11th, when our Rector told us to be ready that night to go to see the "Bohemian Girl." Of course we enjoyed it, although we did not think Ford's troop sustained its reputation.

On the afternoons of October 14, 15, 16, and 17, different parties of us went to the Exposition, and on the 21st we had holiday and all went together. It was interesting to watch the groups as they started off, each girl with her little street-bag. Only by chance did we happen to peep into one of these satchels, so it would not be fair to tell what funny things we saw. But perhaps there will be no harm in saying we saw a little note-book and pencil. That girl evidently intended writing an exact account of all she saw, or perhaps she had even more serious intentions. Our time to go came on Friday. Could we have wished for a better day?" No such thought as—"what will become of Green to-morrow"? disturbed us. We were as merry a set as ever had holiday, and we made our way through the crowds, saw everything, found plenty of time to discuss things we could not see the use of, and to listen quietly to the music of three bands that were playing simultaneously in different parts of the building. Strange to say we could not catch the airs. We were very tired when we returned but we still had something delightful to look forward to. The Binghamites were coming to drill for us that afternoon. We waited patiently until dim twilight when—

> "That great host, with measured tread,
> And drums advanced and ensigns spread,"
> But hearts all failing them for dread
> That they too late should be—

came to delight us with their skill. We would have lit our

Chinese lanterns on the front porch in order to see the great display of military power, had we known the company was to be unavoidably late.

WHO WILL SAY that two people cannot see the same thing in entirely different lights? In noticing the two articles in our present issue headed, one "The Exposition," the other "The North Carolina State Exposition," we might naturally expect to find a resemblance between the two. Strange to say, it lies almost solely in the titles. Valuable but different information may be derived from each. Neither contradicts the other. Our co-editor treats the subject most philosophically. There is a logical sequence in her way of introducing the different exhibits. Nothing escapes her notice. If any one thing e-pecially attracts her attention she does not tell us. No partiality is shown; all came from the Old North State. She leads us gently, as it were by the hand, to see each article, and tells us whence it came, wherefore it is interesting, making sundry and apposite historical allusions. She proves easy what the dear Junior announces "impossible." Our little sister treats what she considers a momentous subject very modestly. She flies as a child from one attraction to another. Nothing is dwelt upon but what pleases most, and she does not hesitate to tell us what that is. She entertains not by historic allusions, but by legendary lore. Perhaps she is a little at sea when she states that we may hope some day to boast of a mighty sculptor. Where are Homer, Story, Reinhardt, and Powers?

THERE ARE several of us who spend the dancing half every evening in our complete and cozy library, reading and discussing the leading periodicals of the day. We may well say our library is complete and cozy; for besides many new books, it has a lovely carpet and a new portière, so bright that the room cannot be darkened even by compositions.

WE HAVE been watching with delight the progress of our new covered-way to the Art-building. It is very unlike the

other covered-ways, and it has just occurred to us that it is a splendid place for roller-skates. Would not skating be an excellent substitute for walking?

We were surprised, on our return in September, to find a complete change in the East Rock-House. Instead of the large room, which was formerly the art-room, there are now the cutest little rooms in which the teachers stay. The West Rock-House, too, has not been left without improvement. Miss Stone's room has been made exquisite. Her new "Eastlake" furniture is beautifully set off by the pale blue kalsomined walls and new college curtains.

During the afternoon of Hallowe'en the door to our Lady-Principal's sitting-room was closed, generally a sign that something nice is going to happen. Evidently games were being talked over, apples and candy prepared, and invitations for the evening sent to some near friends. At last one of the assembly came out and gave a message to the "Lady of the Day" and in a few minutes the news had passed to every girl, "Miss Czarnomska says dress." By eight o'clock we were having a good time. The Seniors, re-inforced by our charming Mademoiselle, our art teacher, Miss Yost, and one whom we always depend on for fun, Miss Slater, began to play Dumb Crambo. Every word rhyming with "bane" was acted in the most novel way. Until some one suggested sending in the "Janes" we did not know we had so many in school. Then we played "Towel" and "Drop Handkerchief" until Miss Jennie came in with a large bowl, and one of the little "Kinder" said: "Oh! we are going to have some syllabub." Better than that. It was a bowl of suds for bubbles. Three large boxes also appeared. It was announced that the largest box contained a prize to be awarded to the best blower; the next, a prize to be given to the second best blower; and the smallest, one for the third bubble. The efforts of the different competitors to keep their bubbles up were quite exciting. One little girl threw herself on the floor just in time to catch a beauty on her bright upturned face. Then

appeared the tub with the tempting apples and we *bobbed* to our heart's content. In the meantime trays of candy had been brought in and the more dignified girls, who thought it a shame to bangs to be dipped in the tub, had the first taste of Royster's famous "chips." It was very late when we made the room ready for prayers, and we went to our dormitories deciding that we should not soon forget the All Hallowe'en of 1884.

THE NEXT DAY was perfect. The leaves, "in color glorious," seemed to change their tint each moment, as if blushing at the constant kisses of the sun. The brightest, with the first chrysanthemums of the season, dressed our Chapel, where with tender thoughts we joined in the grand choral service of All Saints' Day.

ON THANKSGIVING DAY we went to the Church of the Good Shepherd. We were repaid for leaving our dear little Chapel by hearing a glorious sermon from our Bishop. The day was altogether delightful. A little bird must have whispered very generally the fun to be expected at St. Mary's, for never before have so few girls accepted invitations to dine out, and "the more the merrier." After we returned from service the Seniors finished the first volume of Uarda. Before we dreamed it was four o'clock, the dinner-bell rang, but it did not disperse the merry party, for we took advantage of a few vacancies to sit at the same table. The fun we had gives us an idea of that enjoyed by the girls who remain during the Christmas holidays and almost makes us want to stay.

NOT ONLY ST. MARY'S but the Philharmonic Society of Raleigh welcomes heartily Dr. Kürsteiner's return. A meeting of said society was held Tuesday evening, November 25th. The Dr. told us that an attendance of nearly fifty persons showed that musical enthusiasm in Raleigh is not a thing of the past. Dr. Kürsteiner was elected Director by acclamation. It must be very gratifying to him to be so warmly welcomed, for it proves the full appreciation of his services of two years ago. We know that some fine concerts will be given during the winter.

One bright lovely morning we knew it must be a birthday because of the many figures which stole noiselessly, cards or flowers in hand, to a certain room down-stairs. We soon had a most delightful proof in the party which gathered in the same room for the birthday feast. It was a birthday enjoyed by all from our Bishop down to the youngest Junior.

The Bishop has been particularly generous of his visits this year. Besides coming up to see us in our parlor several times, he has given us a sermon in our Chapel. The little folks were delighted to entertain him the Wednesday before Thanksgiving. Though their entertainment was prepared in a very short time, it did them great credit. The Primaries commenced with the French "motion long" taught them by Mademoiselle. Then come in the dramatic troupe and played "King John." They really surprised our Bishop by their elocution. We were greatly amused at the tact which some of the little actresses showed in using the large, inside blinds to their new room for arras. But what pleased the Bishop most were the Calisthenic Exercises. He had never seen them before, his duties having always called him away in May; and the little folks, anxious to let him see what he had missed, showed even more skill than at their Annual Exhibition.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The North Carolina State Exposition.—The North Carolina Exposition succeeded beyond our hopes in bringing to light the manifold resources of the Old North State. We had before but an inadequate conception of her natural wealth or of her vigorous spirit of enterprise. She was a wonder to strangers at Atlanta and Boston; she is now a surprise to her own people, and henceforth, we trust, will be a lasting admiration to all, as well as a kindler of busy ambition within and without her borders. North Carolina's undeveloped riches are vast, nor is she

blest in vain. Her mountains, the highest east of the Rockies and older than these, are clad to the summit with trees or grass and graced with flowers of rare beauty that grow nowhere else; minerals of untold extent and value underlie her fertile soil; her hundred little rivers supply water-power to many a thriving mill; her forests of the long-leaf-pine bring her money and renown; her sounds are so full of fish that the numberless water-fowl never miss the millions caught by the seine. But agriculture is her chief industry; and well it may be, with her excellent climate in the center of the temperate zone. Her valleys stand thick with corn and apple orchards; her slopes are covered with wheat and the vine; her lowlands are white with cotton, or golden with rice and tobacco; while her spare bits of ground nourish sorghum, peas, pea-nuts, potatoes and fruit, rye, oats and millet, hay, clover and jute. It is a well-known fact that tea would flourish in our State, the sole obstacle being lack of laborers by reason of our small population; but so long as our crops pay, and with the prospect of free trade or low tariff to cheapen foreign produce, what need have we to introduce foreign plants? unless it be to forestall the damage of our commerce by the Franco-Chinese war.

Such is North Carolina's appreciation of her favorite pursuit that at the Exposition everything, except machinery, that was not shown in the separate counties, was included in the *agricultural* display, namely, not merely vegetable products but animals (!) and minerals (!) also. The Agricultural Department, strictly speaking, though outshone by these foreign intruders, was still one of many beauties; with its great jars of canned fruits and vegetables, pyramids of wines, preserves, jellies, revolving stands showing the North Carolina flora, cones of cotton, stacks of grain, tobacco cures, mountain apples, and, above all, the fine collection of native woods, in the block, rough, and polished, and the exquisite little office built of the same.

What description can do justice to the assortment of marbles, granite, and other building stones? They have been called "superb," and that seems the best word for them. They formed

one of the marvels of Boston, and now that more have been added, let Tennessee look to her laurels in New Orleans. Few of the metallic ores were beautiful to look at, yet they made us admire the more the good old State. Chatham county sent coal, Duplin a phosphate rock and petrified stump. There was iron from eighteen out of nineteen counties where it is mined, and gold from sixteen out of thirty-three. Nearly one-half of the State is gold-bearing, but the precious metal abounds most in Rowan county, being found there in four hundred places. Yet Rowan has only forty-five mines, while Cabarrus has sixty-three and Mecklenburg fifty-three. Franklin has one only, but over a million dollars have been taken from that during less than three-quarters of a century. Some more of our minerals are copper, silver, lead, zinc, tin, corundum, sulphur, soap-stone, graphite, serpentine, asbestos, peat, marls, kaolin, malachite, and particularly mica, beautiful specimens of which appeared in the Cleveland county exhibit and in the tasteful bower of cotton and mica over the "gem parlor." The collection of precious stones cost $8,000. There were some small diamonds and rubies; but, of course, the hiddenites were most popular, although really surpassed in beauty by the topazes and aqua marines. There were also some fine emeralds, amethysts, and uncut beryls; a ball of pure quartz crystal; a piece of Venus-hair (rutile); besides garnets, sapphires, lapislazuli, and many others.

The most attractive exhibits to the general eye were ths contributions of hunter and fisher. Of aquatic animals there were a beaver, a musk-rat and a raccoon. Of fish there were over fifty varieties, and of water-fowl about half as many. Not that these are all which frequent our coasts and streams.

> "The land we love is a favored land,
> With its oyster beds so rare,
> With its flocks of ducks and wild geese too,
> That soar in the ocean air."

After a single shot, the sportsman reckons up by dozens the Canvas-back with his sisters and cousins Red-head, Black-head,

Teal and Mallard, and his aunts Merganser and Widgeon. North Carolina's fisheries are the most profitable of any on the South Atlantic coast, not even excepting Maryland's "gold mine," the Chesapeake. The herring and shad fisheries alone are the most extensive in the Union. We have seines nearly a mile and a half long; and they are operated by means of "steam flats," invented by a citizen of the Albemarle Section. Our oyster fields are inexhaustible, for while none of our shores lack them, Pamlico Sound and its tributaries are bottomed with natural beds, for miles along Hyde and Dare counties. There was a handsome display of valuable commercial fish: herring, shad, trout (or striped bass), sturgeon, perch, rock (or black bass), chub, mullet, blue-fish, menhaden, spot, hog-fish, croaker, sheepshead, and Spanish mackerel; add to these flounder, moonfish and sun-fish, red and black drum, cero, cabeo, and sail-fish, measuring in length from one to six and a half feet; and numerous small fish, notably the pilot fish, clinging, as in life, to the throat of a shark. Besides the taxidermic specimens (which were prepared by a New Bern firm after the Davidson process), there were shown also herrings cured in divers ways, oysters, crabs, shrimps, terrapins, turtles, star-fish, squids (or cuttle fish), artificially hatched shad, and upwards of fifty more varieties preserved in salt or alcohol.

The decorations of this division consisted of seines, other nets and articles of the trade, photographs and models of the steam-flat, fishing schooner, pound net boat, and fish-oil factory, together with whole breasts of swan's down tanned.

The bulk of the Agricultural Department, compared with that of the county sections, was small, although only forty-three of the ninety-six counties gave themselves a showing outside the general display. The magnificent collection gathered in the short space of two months from the thirteen Albemarle counties, spoke well for this fruitful and prosperous portion of our State. The agricultural advantages of this district equal those of any other, while her fisheries are no losing substitute for minerals, and her wild fowl for the ginseng and flowers of the "Land of

the Sky." Although in other parts of North Carolina harvests were not up to par this year, in the Albemarle section corn yielded one hundred bushels per acre. Pea-nuts yielded the same. Cotton, rice, wheat, oats, melons, and sweet potatoes do well in this land, also the home of the delicious scuppernong and the Mattamuskeet apple. Stock-raising enjoys favorable conditions; for the very pigs live on chufas and tuckahoe root! As for game, the sportsman finds not only fish and fowl but also deer and bear. We have already described the splendid fisheries. The lumbering facilities are great, and the Dismal Swamp abounds in the celebrated red "juniper-water." The Albemarle exhibit covered thickly a space of four thousand feet, floor, wall, and ceiling. There was an office made of a hollow tree forty feet in circumference and a log cabin built of corn stalks with chimney of shucks and grasses. The feathered folk numbered over four hundred. Every industry was represented, but we cannot linger to describe particularly, as the exhibits of the western and middle counties yet lie before us—another fair scene.

Of those whose chief delight is to till the ground, Caldwell, Wake, New Hanover, Pitt, Moore, Davidson, Catawba, Sampson, and Halifax seem to have best succeeded in the cereals, fruits, and vegetables. Caldwell, situated in that favored spot, the "Frostless Belt," in the midst of the Piedmont section, raises not only the mountain cranberry, but the fig, peach, and nectarine of softer clime. She has also mills, manufactures, and mines. A $35 gold nugget was among her curiosities. Our old friend Wake has machinery and stone quarries, as well as luscious grapes and giant persimmons. New Hanover adds olive, sugar-cane, and vanilla to her home produce; Sampson, vanilla, sugar-cane (green, purple and orange), and Chinese tea-plant; and Halifax owns a tea-plant that has become native by thirty years' cultivation in this country. Moore's fine display was contributed by a single gentleman farmer, with the exception of the beautiful silk sent by the French colony. Davidson boasted the largest pumpkins in the

South, one weighing a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Several of the above counties, besides sundry others, had splendid arrays of preserves, pickles, and jellies; while Chatham, Franklin, Halifax, and Vance exhibited wines and brandies. Guilford's section was much the handsomest of all, with its one hundred kinds of dried and evaporated fruits, fair and fragrant as apple blossoms, or rich and sweet as calycanthus. Pitt, though more exclusively agricultural than the rest, evidenced a fondness for bee-culture in the lovely honey she laid before us. She presented to view also one hundred and three varieties of her natural forest growths. Indeed the greater part of the State is alive to the profit of her timber and ornamental woods, of which she has fifty-seven highly prized varieties. These are largely consumed in the manufacture of spokes, rims and handles, shuttles, staves, shingles, etc., such as were seen at the Exposition. But is North Carolina ashamed of her first-found treasure, the yellow pith-pine? Verily, one would have thought so, but for New Hanover, Robeson, and Wake. Rather,

> "Honored and blest be the evergreen pine!
> *　*　*　*　*　*
> Heaven send it happy dew,
> Earth lend it sap anew,
> Gayly to bourgeon and broadly to grow."

She is not ashamed of her tobacco: witness Granville's words, "Bright Tobacco Showers Gold and Silver Dollars over Granville, the Banner County"; witness Vance's report of the justly celebrated "Gold Leaf Tobacco," which often sells for a dollar a pound and yields from five hundred to nine hundred pounds per acre; witness Raleigh, who paid $20 for the first pound brought to her market; witness Hickory and Winston and Durham, ever ready with advertisements. Blackwell's varied and striking devices could not fail to be seen and remembered. Not only did his wares of every sort appear, but a ship, the "Golden Belt," rigged with tobacco, lay rocking in a harbor to the sound of a music-box playing "Carolina," with a lighthouse on a neighboring promontory, a revolving light and a

wind-mill—all made of the weed. There was also in operation a machine which makes seventy-five thousand cigarettes a day.

North Carolina's manufactures, except of tobacco, are, as yet on a small scale. Yet she is as thoroughly capable of independence in this respect as in her breadstuffs and minerals, and many of her citizens, both by precept and example, are now urging progress in this line. Look at Georgia! Her manufactures have not injured her agriculture. On the contrary her agriculture has improved. The sight of machinery, above every other human work, conveys an idea of power and of intellect, inspiring awe not only toward the mighty forces of nature, but also toward the man who can control and utilize these genii. It would have been more gratifying, therefore, had all the machinery at the Exposition belonged to our own mills and factories. All commendation and encouragement, then, be given to those who have begun, or are thinking of beginning, this honorable and lucrative mode of livelihood. Praiseworthy exhibits of flour, woven goods, and pottery were made by Forsyth and Caldwell counties; rifles also by Forsyth; sewing-machines by Cleveland; corn mills by Moore; pottery, shoes, and cotton goods by Randolph; cotton and tobacco goods by Catawba; woolen and cotton stuffs, particularly blankets, by Rockingham; wagons by Montgomery; not to mention numerous individual displays both from our own and other States.

Judging from their exhibits, Lincoln county is wholly absorbed in mining industries, and Cleveland largely so. These two have in common iron, gold, copper, mica, garnet, kaolin and other clays; to which Cleveland adds the only tin mined in America, and Lincoln shows, besides manganese, kyanite, sulphur, furnace hearth-stone, tourmaline, asbestos, whetstone, rutile, and the Randleman amethyst, the largest in the State. Six counties showed fine building stones. Craven and Forsyth brought extensive natural history collections, among which the Newbern alligator and Salem butterflies and insects were the most remarkable specimens.

Of fancy work there was great variety in almost every section: drawings, paintings, and needlework of all kinds; flowers in

wax, hair, zephyr, and paper; bonnets of cotton, tobacco, shucks, and grains, and vegetable dishrags. Not even a gourd was deemed too ugly for ornamentation. There was embroidery done in 1810 and 1815, a table-cloth made in 1773, and a counterpane woven fifty years before the Revolution. Of the exhibits of the largest female schools in North Carolina, Salem Academy showed mainly fancy work, St. Mary's, paintings on canvas and china, and Peace Institute, both. The most curious piece of work was a map of Chatham made of the county's native mosses. Warren and Orange counties showed us memorials of Daniel Webster, General Santa Anna, General Lee and other historical keepsakes; and in the Floral Hall there were several paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and a dress of Marie Antoinette's.

The whole Exposition was admirably conducted, the various exhibits were tastefully arranged, and the electric lights were a special success. We doubt not that the State will compare favorably with any other at New Orleans, nor that her future will be worthy of her past.

North Carolina stands first in our national history. A French vessel touched our coast in 1522, and soon after a Spanish ship sailed by, but neither paused for settlement. Sir Walter Raleigh's captains, Amidas and Barlow, landing in July, 1584, took possession in Queen Elizabeth's name. Barlow says in his report: "We viewed the land about us, being where we first landed very sandy, and low towards the water side, but so full of grapes, as the very beating and surge of the sea overflowed them, of which we found such plenty as well there as in all places else, both in the sand and on the green soil, on the hills as in the plains, as well on every little shrub as also climbing towards the tops of high cedars, that I think in all the world the like abundance is not to be found; and myself having seen those parts of Europe that most abound, find such difference as were incredible to be written." And again he calls it a "goodlie land, the fragrance of which, as they drew near the land was as if they had been in the midst of some delicate garden, abound-

ing in all manner of odoriferous flowers." The county of Dare perpetuates the name of Virginia Dare, who, the first American of European parentage, was born on Roanoke Island and named Virginia in honor of the Queen. The failure and mysterious end of Sir Walter Raleigh's two colonies may be better known facts of history than that the first battle with the British was fought at Alamance in this State, in 1771; or that the first Provincial Cougress assembled in its own right at New Bern in 1774; or that the first Declaration of Independence was adopted at Mecklenburg on May 20, 1775. No backward step has marred our course. As one of our poets has said,

> "The land we love is an heroic land
> From its mountains to the sea."

FRANCE.—The foreign wars of France are firstrate pastime to keep off thought and talk of cholera. The question of changing the constitution works quietly, if it works at all. Her national debt is the largest of any nation, and she is coining Mexican money to pay for the Chinese war; yet she must have wealth in reserve, judging by the magnificent present she has just made us. Her first India was snatched away by England and now Madagascar, which might be as a second, prefers to be independent. The Hovas are fighting bravely, are importing Remington rifles, and providing against a long contest. Their eastern coast is still jealously guarded by the enemy. China is far from making peace on terms that may cost her one of the fairest tea-growing districts in the Empire. Formosa is well worth owning for other advantages besides its tea trade; so it is not likely that China will consent to a five years' occupation by the French of Ke Lung and Tam Sui, with which footholds France could permanently retain the Island. The Chinese seem able to cope with France on land, but not at sea. Now that France has seized Formosa, she may keep it if she will, and the natives would gladly exchange China's oppression for her just rule. However, both sides are thinking of mediation. America has offered hers and it has been refused. France has accepted

England's, and China may do so too unless she chooses rather that of Russia. The Chinese government was in the wrong not to notify the ports that were to have paid the indemnity; and the French showed distrust, not to say impatient haste, in shelling the town that refused to pay. Nine times out of ten distrust is mistaken, and it is an old saying that a hasty deed brings long repentance. No wonder that the Chinese are exasperated after the merciless destruction of their fleet at Foo Chow and the bombardment of the helpless villages. When a Christian nation stoops to such barbarities, can we be surprised at the outrages of a heathen mob? The Emperor does his best to protect foreigners, punishing severely all offending subjects. He encourages the soldiers only to fight against their lawful foe. Chinese troops do not rush into the jaws of death even for the glory of dying for their country. They are waiting now for re-inforcements. The French situation in Tonquin is perilous. France, loath to lose the Red River section, will continue preparations for war until the Chinese leave Tonquin; and the Chinese may intend to stay there until Admiral Courbet breaks up his blockade around Formosa.

TORPEDOES.—While so many other nations are troubled with wars internal or foreign, we are living in peace. We must not therefore imagine ourselves secure. Our national defences are not what they ought to be; for we have neither navy to keep the foe away nor forts to prevent his landing. The question is, which shall be attended to first, the navy or the forts? We must do something to maintain the respect of other nations. The public complains of mismanagement in the bureaus, of large expenditure and nothing to show for it. But Admiral Porter points out in his last report that the naval outlay has been small compared with that of other great nations, and that it has been used in the payment of debts and in keeping up the navy, there not being enough for advancement. We need, he says, monitors and torpedo-boats especially. We own but one torpedo-boat, whereas England and France have each several hundred. The latter country is making direful use of them on the Chinese

frontier. A Frenchman has all the daring requisite to handle a torpedo, but a Chinaman none of the courage requisite to face one. The French are decidedly in favor of the torpedo. One of their leading journals even states that the spirit of chivalric valor will be revived by the new mode of warfare, that it will be a "title of glory to have commanded a torpedo-boat or to have belonged to its crew." The following translation from the aforesaid journal may be found interesting:

"The invention of the torpedo, this formidable engine, has produced a complete revolution in the art of naval war. All the old tactics are destroyed and as, on the whole, no decisive trial has been made—since the great maritime powers have engaged in no war in which torpedoes could play a part—people think that when you discuss the relative value of divers fleets, you discuss the unknown.

This question agitates also not only the maritime world, but the press and all the public. Read the remarkable articles in the *Temps*, in the *Débats*, in the *Revue politique et littéraire*, in the *Journal de la Navigation*, in the *Yacht*, in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale*, indeed in all the large or special journals, and you will see how uneasy the maritime world is at the advent of this new combatant, which overturns at a single blow all the traditions of the past.

And, in fact, the torpedo-boat makes a deep and mysterious impression on the seamen themselves, of which the following passage from the pamphlet that M. Gougeard has just published, the *Marine de guerre—Cuirassés et Torpilleurs*, is a striking proof:

"It is quite curious and instructive," says the aged minister of marine, "to study, as much as one can in a sham fight, the moral state of the crew of an iron-clad who know that, during the night, they will be attacked by a torpedo. Even while the moon is on the horizon and they know that the torpedo will not yet appear, they are in an evident state of nervous excitement. Preparations are made for the night but no one has retired to rest; every one is anxious, searching the horizon and explaining the least noise.

"Then the moon disappears, every spot is cleared for the combat, and the anxiety redoubles. At last the watch signal the enemy and open upon him a fire of grape-shot. From this moment until when the weapon strikes, the anxiety of all is truly piercing and shows itself in obvious symptoms.

"To suspect the enemy—and such an enemy—so near! To ask one's self if unobserved he is not already within reach of the torpedo! To succumb without power of defense, without having fired a gun! Then, all of a sudden, a grey point appears in the distance. It seems as if the touch of a magic wand had transformed all in the face of a known danger: each one regains his composure and presence of mind."

This indefinable but piercing emotion is illustrated by the dramatic account of the attack of an iron-clad by a torpedo-boat, given by a sailor friend of ours.

"'The combat is begun. The ships of the squadron have opened fire. Shells rain on all sides. One of our cruisers, cannonaded at starboard by a fort of twelve Krupp guns, is attacked at larboard by a hostile iron-clad. Already it has undergone heavy damages and its position becomes critical. A signal mounts the mast

of the Admiral's vessel and the torpedo-boat sets out. The enemy, on the alert, sees the movement. He knows the danger that threatens him and immediately concentrates all his fire upon this little grey speck which advances rapidly towards him. Three miles separate them and it takes the torpedo-boat but ten minutes to skim them. If it is not sunk before having traversed this distance, the iron-clad is lost. The cannoniers aim their pieces with minute care. The first shells pass rather wide, but the aim is rectified and now they fall so near the torpedo-boat that they throw water on its deck. There is one which falls right in front. A column of water ten inches high conceals the torpedo-boat; the enemy believes it sunk and shouts an immense hurrah! But the projectile has rebounded and passed over it. The water falls in showers and the brave little boat appears streaming with water as if it had come from the bottom of the sea, and still running with all its swiftness in the face of a new threat of death.

'There are nine in all on board this little boat and they are going to attack a leviathan that bears a numerous crew. It is not a struggle of one against ten, but of one against a hundred.

'Not a word is uttered outside necessary orders. These men whom the finger of death touches are silent and reserved. And do not think that they are careless of danger. On the contrary they think only of that. But, understand me, it is not a question of *their skin*, but of the success of their undertaking. The torpedo must bite the sides of the enemy's vessel and our cruiser must be disengaged. Afterwards, if they sink, so much the worse!

'Every eye is fixed, every nerve strained towards attaining the goal. There remain but five hundred metres. The grape-shot is mingled with bombs and sweeps the deck. All that is of wood is shattered by the long-barrelled muskets. A fire of musketry comes from the tops of the enemy's masts, and the balls, passing through the rare openings, have already disabled three men. They are lying in the corner whither they have dragged themselves; for no one has leisure to think of them, and no one can attend to the wounded within the two minutes in which the fate of all shall be decided.

'The torpedo-boat is about to hit the iron-clad. The success of the expedition is assured, for the firing of shells is powerless at so short a distance. The musketry cannot sink the torpedo-boat, it can only kill people, and that is not in question.

'It is now that the captain must have a quick eye and cool blood, that the men must execute orders with the rapidity of lightning, for the torpedo hurled a second too soon will fail of its blasting effect, and if you are a second too late the little boat will dash itself, with giddy swiftness, against the side of its powerful adversary.

'It almost touches the enemy's ship. The hand grenades rebound exploding. A man is killed, the captain receives a horrible wound in the face, but bearing up with a sublime effort, clinging against the wall, he still remains standing. Livid, covered with blood, tremendous in calmness and courage, his eye fixed steadily upon the enemy:—

—'Attention! Fire!!'

'The terrible engine is hurled. An enormous billow rises, a sinister cracking is heard, followed by a terrible cry of distress. The pigmy has conquered the giant!

'Hard starboard!'—and the little vessel, quickly revolving, departs at full speed while the iron-clad enemy sinks beneath the waves.

'Ten minutes after, the destroyer is again at its post beside the flag-ship and the Admiral summons the captain to congratulate him. They bring him on a litter. During this time the fight continues. Another effort may be necessary. Quickly they select a provisional captain and four men to complete the little crew, and the torpedo-boat is ready to fulfil a second mission: it has just taken on board new heroes.'"

ENGLAND.—England has her hands full. Thousands of pounds must be devoted weekly to the relief of Gen. Gordon; and an expedition to Bechuana-land must be fitted out. The Congo Conference must be looked after, Russia and the cholera watched. In addition to foreign and colonial matters, there are the stirring home-questions of Fair-trade and Reform. Fair-trade, or low tariff, is what we wish if we cannot get free-trade, or no tariff. Free-trade, however, is so firmly established in England that to abolish it there is as difficult as to introduce it here. The first Reform, that of the Franchise, was proposed last March; but was met with the demand for a second; namely, Redistribution of Seats. The object of the Franchise Bill is to raise the rural districts to equal voting privilege with the boroughs. This in the mining and manufacturing counties, would introduce an immense number of voters, really urban in character, that would swamp agricultural voters. The balance thus destroyed can be restored by the Redistribution Bill, which increases the Parliamentary representation of the counties. Hence the House of Lords refused to pass the Franchise Bill unless the Redistribution Bill were sent up at the same time. But the House of Commons disliked the Redistribution Bill because it would not return some of them to Parliament, and the Government said that reallotment of seats would be impossible until the Franchise Bill had become law. Moreover if the Redistribution Bill, brought forward first, should fail, the Franchise Bill would suffer the same fate. As neither House would yield, there was a dead-lock, nor did the Peers seem at all alarmed at the reform demonstrations and abolition threats. So much for the summer sessions. On October 23, Parliament was assembled for the special purpose of passing the Franchise Bill. Other questions being allowed to creep in, nothing decisive took place until

November 17, when a private conference of the hostile leaders was decided upon. Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury at length made a satisfactory compromise and the Franchise Bill was passed. Having received the royal assent, it became a law on December 6. The Upper House has gained its point and is elated. Parliament has adjourned until February 10, when the Redistribution Bill will be brought forward to its trial.

THE SOUDAN.—The policy of Gladstone in the Soudan, so far as divulged, is very different from that which we can readily imagine Beaconsfield would have chosen. Gladstone's continual cry is "Peace, Peace," and much is sacrificed to his conservatism in this respect. Whatever Beaconsfield led the English into he always brought them out with a goodly spoil. He was like Jack Horner who "put in his thumb and pulled out a plum." Now Gladstone's thumb is apt to miss the plum, or rather his only plum is Peace. He and his cabinet after long delay have actually sent Lord Wolseley to bring General Gordon home. They may find that Gordon himself will have something to say to that. If the Soudanese remain as faithful as heretofore, we cannot think for an instant that General Gordon will leave them unless provision be made by the English for the sure support of the Mudir of Dongola as their head.

Feeling ran high in England at the virtual desertion of the brave general during the months of inactivity in the Gladstone Cabinet. The inquiry on every hand was, "What is the Ministry going to do? Surely it cannot leave General Gordon to be massacred." At last that ministry has deigned to acquaint the public with its intentions. Meantime events have not stood still, and it is a blot on England that she has allowed many of her brave men to perish by the hands of the barbarians while she has been quietly debating the question whether Gordon and Stewart needed any assistance, whether she had not given them sufficient force at the outset. It seems a shameful desertion, and now she desires to bring Gordon home! If it be true that he is shut up in Khartoum, surrounded by 100,000 rebels, the present costly relief expedition may very probably be too late. Some

messengers state, however, that, if the supplies are sufficient, Gordon will be able to hold out for two years. Then let England see that they are sufficient, or that the hero is brought away with honor.

Two rumors are abroad that may possibly have some relation to each other. One is that the Egyptians are secretly negotiating with the Mahdi; the other, that if Gordon be taken he will not be killed but be held as a hostage for Arabi. Should these reports prove true England may have a hard time to hold even the Suez Canal. At present she has Dongola, called "the key to Egypt"; but should the Egyptians, led by Arabi, be allied with the Mahdi, all the ground gained near the sources of the Nile may not improbably be wrested from her, and Egypt itself become the seat of a strong African power well able to close the gates of England's highway to India. On the other hand, if the English are able to maintain possession or control of Dongola, they may easily retain their present power in Egypt. This, with England's influence in the International State Association, must make the British Empire first in Africa, as it will keep her first in Asia.

CASUALTIES.—The period of casualties mentioned in our February issue of the MUSE seems not yet ended. 1884 has seen business failures, physical disturbances, and serious accidents. Many of the failures have been among "cotton-men." Everywhere, alas! have been defalcations. Prominent firms, such as Grant & Ward, have failed not because of the lack of trade, but solely on account of the dishonesty of their members. Many instances of this kind might be cited.

Among physical disturbances may be mentioned the earthquake that was felt along the Atlantic sea-board from Maine to Maryland. The shock was most severe in New York city, where it lasted about fifty-five seconds. The elephant upholding the earth must have thought that the "Bears" of Wall street needed rousing for the coming election. In Sicily a short while ago a terrible catastrophe befell Catania and some neighboring villages. About midday the heavens above Mt. Etna were overspread with black clouds. Fifteen minutes after the evil omen appeared

the rain began to fall in torrents. The wind howled dismally and swept everything before it. The field laborers did not receive warning in time to shelter themselves before the hurricane burst upon them. Scarcely had the storm abated, when messengers arrived from Cebali, Borgo, Guardia, and Ognissa stating that these towns were entirely destroyed, and that hundreds of people were buried beneath the débris. Within the last two years Italy has been visited by heavy calamities; first the great inundations, then the earthquake at Casamicciola, next cholera, and now the catastrophe at Catania.

To the list of last year's misfortunes are added an increase in the number of fires, the great overflowing of the Mississippi, the late droughts in West Virginia and Kentucky, and the terrible advance of cholera. In the first week after the birth of the New Year a fire which proved most disastrous to the cotton business of Augusta, Georgia, broke out in the warehouse of Phinizy & Co. The fire raged for several days, but fortunately did not advance beyond the block in which it first appeared. Assistance was received from a sister city and the flames were at last extinguished. The ruins were almost immediately replaced by fireproof houses and business was resumed. Our neighbor, Goldsboro, has suffered severely from a fire which has swept the town. Over twenty-seven houses were destroyed, and other injuries sustained. The characteristic of this fire seems to have been the energy with which the inhabitants set to work to repair the damages. Scarcely were the flames extinguished when new buildings were seen rising on the site of the old ones. This is what may be called courage. It seems to be one of the leading elements of Goldsboro and that which has raised it into a prosperous town. A more disastrous fire than either of the two mentioned visited Carthage, New York, on October 21st. It originated in some manufacturing buildings and a heavy wind rising blew the sparks for half a mile, carrying the fire into the resident part of the town. The flames burst out in a hundred places at once, and crossed the river itself. The combined fire departments of Watertown, Lowville, Boonville and Utica could not control

it. The Carthage fire is one of the most disastrous that has ever ravaged the northern part of New York. The losses probably amount to $1,000,000. There are not enough dwellings left to shelter the inhabitants. The town was extensively engaged in manufacturing and now all its industries are ruined. Much, however, has been done for the sufferers, and in Watertown $1,000 was raised in less than an hour. Many other cities of the Empire State have lent a helping hand to their suffering sister.

Last spring the States bordering on the Mississippi were much impoverished by its terrible overflow. Many of the crops were destroyed, and travelling was greatly impeded. This fall much suffering has been caused in West Virginia and Kentucky by a scourge of entirely opposite character. The droughts which have been felt throughout the Southern States have been more distressing in these two than elsewhere. The water has been so low in some places that the people have been obliged to bring it from great distances; and oftentimes mineral water has predominated to such an extent that the water has been transformed into a virulent poison. The disease caused by this poison is prevailing among animals as well as among men, the victim dying within a few hours of drinking. The rains have greatly lessened the sufferings, and it is to be hoped that the New Year will see the end of so dire a calamity.

The steady march of cholera from Asia, its appearance in Italy, and lately its development in Paris have led us to look for the dreadful pestilence in this country during the coming year. Every effort is being made to keep the disease away, but the movement of cholera seems to be always westward. During the past summer the disease has raged furiously in Italy, Spain, and Southern France. Within the past few weeks it has made its dreaded appearance in the French capital. It is only in the slums of Paris that the epidemic has raged. We can have no conception of the condition of these, even the poor quarters of New York and London are not to be compared with them. It is said that some parts of Paris are really not habitable, that the air is so foul as to literally poison the people. Cholera had

been in Paris for some time before it was discovered. The first development of the malady known to the public was in the Breteuil Hospital. The action of the French Health-Bureau has been so prompt that the pestilence is already checked.

Quarantines have been raised in our own great sea-ports and every precaution has been taken to keep away the enemy. Cholera in America would probably be more widely fatal than "Yellow Fever," spoken of by one of our contributors, as its circuit is not limited by climate.

BOOK NOTICES.

INDIAN IDYLLS from the Sanscrit of THE MAHABHARATA.— When Sir William Jones, then a clerk in the East India Company, set to work to decipher the Sanscrit language, he little dreamed of the vast field of literature he was laying open to the world. Since he made known the existence of India's collossal poems, others, inspired by his interest in the newly-discovered language, have given us, bit by bit, fragments from these thitherto unexplored mines. Thus the echoes of glorious songs of a world unknown, yet bound to us by a close, though long-forgotten tie, reach us, telling of its Rishis, its gods, Indra, the Ruler of the Heavens, and OM, the mysterious one God, holy, immutable, and true, the Ruler of the World. As we read, the beauty of these legends, the birth-right of a people upon whom, in our ignorance, we have looked with contempt, forces itself upon us; and we are obliged to confess that the songs of the ancient Hindus put to shame the works of this wonderful nineteenth century, of which we are so proud.

Several legends of the Mahâbhârata have already been given us, but to all who have once felt the charm of the Indian tale, re-reading them will only be a new pleasure. The collection before us is Mr. Edwin Arnold's. He introduces it in the words of Milton:—

"The leaf was darkish and had prickles on it
But in another country, as he said—
Bore a bright golden flower, if not in this."

In his' hands the leaf unfolds into a flower, almost as bright as in its native soil. We feel ouselves drawn within the magic spell that these sacred legends exercised upon the devout Hindu. "To him the reading, or even hearing them read, was sufficient to drive away all sin, produce wisdom and bring him happiness both in this world and the next." The reading is not this to us, yet something wonderful springs up in our minds akin to the reverence and trust underlying the actions of the characters so beautifully portrayed by the ancient poet.

We cannot but be struck with the spirit of perfect faith, love, and obedience pervading each of the poems, especially "Sâvitrî or Love and Death" and "Nala and Damayanti." Sâvitrî, the beautiful daughter of a "Raja, pious minded and just," even though warned by divine Narada, that the young prince Satyavan must die on a fixed day, makes him her husband and goes with him to his distant home "midst forest peace," there to win all hearts by her gentle ways and piety. But always in her happy life "the words of Narad, those dreadful words" ring in her ears, warning her of the approach of the day of doom. Determined if possible to avert her husband's death, she follows him to the forest and awaits what may come. The triumph of love even over Yama, the dreadful god of death, is the reward of her devotion.

In Damayanti's search for Nala, the ancient poet, as every true poet must, has shown his sympathy with nature. Perhaps it is best seen in Damayanti's heart-broken appeal to all the inhabitants of the forest, to aid her in her search for her lord. Deserted, yet not desolate, for in every creature she finds a friend, she calls fearlessly upon different dwellers in the gloomy depths, and even dares to speak to the "Yellow forest king, his great jaws armed with four fold fangs."

The tiger answereth not;
He turns, and quits me in my tears, to stalk
Down where the river glitters through the reeds,
Seeking its seaward way. Then will I pray

Unto you, sacred mount of clustered crags,
Broad-shouldered, shining, lifting high to heaven
Its diverse-colored peaks, where the mind climbs,
Its hid heart rich with silver veins, and gold,
And stored with many a precious gem unseen.
Clear towers it o'er the forest, broad and bright
Like a green banner; and the sides of it
House many a living thing,—lions and boars,
Tigers and elephants, and bears and deer.
Softly around me from its feathered flocks
The songs ring, perched upon the kinsuk trees,
The asokas, vakuls, and punnâga boughs,
Or hidden in the karnikara leaves,
And tendrils of the dhava or the fig;
Full of great glens it soars, where waters leap
And bright birds lave. This king of hills I sue
For tidings of my lord."

The Hindu poet, able to embrace in one swift glance the lofty snow-crowns of the Himalayas, their sides fringed with green forests and the valleys abounding in the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, has succeeded in combining beauty and grandeur in a harmony unsurpassed. Mountain, forest, jungle and valley are as one vast picture, not a detail of which is wanting.

While showing in each of these legends wonderful imagination and a true love of nature, in "The Enchanted Lake" Vyasa displays a deep knowledge of humanity. Yudhistira's answers to the riddles propounded to him by the Yaksha, embody a wisdom equalled only in the Proverbs of Solomon. Thus, to the Yaksha's question,—

Which of virtues is the first? and which bears most fruit? and which causeth the ceasing of tears?" the sage replies,—

"To bear no malice is the best;
And reverence is the fruitfullest,
Subduing self sets grief at rest."

Again the spirit of the waters asks:

"Still, tell me what foeman is worst to subdue?
And what is the sickness lasts life-time all through?
Of men that are upright, say which is the best?
And of those that are wicked, who passeth the rest?"

"Anger is man's unconquered foe;
The ache of greed doth never go;
Who loveth most of saints is first;
Of bad men, cruel men are worst."

Need we be surprised to find here thoughts corresponding to those contained in the Hebrew Proverbs? Had not the sages of India the same great source of inspiration?

The most touching of these legends, "The Birth of Death," again brings before us the perfect obedience, already noticed in some of the others. Death, in the form of a beautiful woman, the creation of Brahma's hand, is sent forth to slay "all that must die." Pleading in vain to be spared such a mission, she goes forth fearing to disobey her Creator, fearing still more the pain of taking even one life, and seeks by prayers and penances to evade her task. Again she is summoned, weeping, before her Lord, who, pitying her grief and beauty, spares her the guilt of taking with her own hand the lives of dying creatures, but still refuses to release her from obedience:—

"'Go, fair child!
Fulfill My purpose, make death enter so;
Thou shalt be blameless now and evermore.
See! the bright tears that fell upon My hand
From forth thine eyes, I turn to woes of flesh,
Which shall consume them,—aches, diseases, griefs—

Born of thy sorrow these shall smite, but, born
Of thy compassion, these shall heal with peace
When the day cometh that each one must die.
Fear not! thou shalt be innocent; thou art
The solace, as the terror, of all flesh,
Righteous and rightful, doing Brahma's will.'

"So, ever since that time,
Mrityu, no longer thinking to resist,
Works the great will of God, and slays what lives,
Taking the breath of creatures at life's close;
Not with her own kind hand; she doth not kill!
By ills and pests and hurts which evil breeds—
As many as those tender tears that rolled
From forth her eyes—they perish."

ROADSIDE SONGS OF TUSCANY.—Ruskin has lately added one more to the many good works which he has wrought in behalf of Art. Under his supervision appeared last summer and the summer before two little books, of which one, "The Story of Lucia," was the first of a series, "Road-side Songs of Tuscany." As they appeared before the public under so distinguished patronage, they could not fail to attract attention from lovers of Art, and they were found to be well worth notice.

The talent of the authoress, Francesca Alexander, is shown in a threefold form: as an editor, in collecting and translating the folk-lore of Tuscany; as an author, in selecting and narrating the true story which illustrates each poem; and as an artist. It is as an artist that she excels. The beautiful drawing which accompanies each song, regarded in merely an artistic light, is exquisitely done and shows great power and delicacy of execution; but, considered in relation to the story, it becomes a revelation. Each faintest shade of character is caught and clearly represented in the portrait. The frontispiece to the "Story of Ida," "Sunset," tells us better than words how pure and true must have been the life of the young girl who could meet death so peacefully and joyfully.

There is nothing either in "The Story of Ida" or "The Story of Lucia," which accompanies the poem of Santa Zita, to please the general public, no depth of plot or striking adventure; but they are the short, simple histories of pure, good lives, and, as such, are very beautiful. Idylls in prose we may call them, for they will please all lovers of Nature and Nature's children. Lucia is only a faithful, hard-working farm-servant, and the story of Ida is the old, old story of too trusting innocence and betrayed love. They are told simply and pathetically; they are true, and truth always appeals to the heart.

BEN-HUR.—Gen. Lew Wallace who in the several capacities of soldier, historian, and foreign minister to Turkey has won honor and fame, now appears before the world in the new *role* of novelist. His first attempt, "The Fair God," would have raised him above the average fiction-writer, and his last, "Ben-Hur,"

has proved him to be of great talent. The plot of "Ben-Hur; or a Tale of the Christ," as its name shows, is laid in Judea about the time of Our Saviour's Nativity, and is connected with scenes in His life. The story as a whole is well-managed, the interest of the reader being unflaggingly sustained until the end, and increasing to the most intense excitement when the great race, the decisive point in the fate of the hero, is reached.

Gen. Wallace possesses in the highest degree that quality so essential to the novelist, sympathy. He throws himself completely into his characters, he makes of them living men and women, with whom he feels. He is equally at home with the loving, passionate Ben-Hur, and the cold, mocking Messala. All the bitter animosity existing between the conqueror and the conquered, the vast difference between the Roman and the Jewish nature, we read in the conversation which took place in the garden at the opening of the book, and the effect is heightened by the artist-skill which brings into such striking opposition the different characteristics of these two men. The unwillingness on the part of the young Jew to believe in the treachery of one whom he thought his friend, although a Roman and therefore a national enemy, is strongly contrasted with the sneering scorn and cynical disbelief with which Messala regards the open, candid character of Ben-Hur. The generosity of a noble nature, once deceived yet still willing to forgive, speaks in Ben-Hur's passionate appeal to Messala to save his mother and sister when he is taken captive, and all the cold cruelty which distinguishes the Roman nation breaks out in the reply of his triumphant enemy—Down Eros, up Mars! The female characters are no less perfectly worked out. The beautiful Tirzah and gentle Esther are worthy descendants of Ruth, and the fair Egyptian may be considered a specimen of that nation which had Cleopatra for queen.

But the genius of the author is shown especially in description and the peculiar charm of this book is due to the power and kind of his imagination. It is not the imagination which can be found every day, it is a higher and unusual development of

that faculty. By it, he is enabled to see with the mind's eye and make us see, events, scenes, and countries which the bodily eye has never witnessed. Ben-Hur abounds in descriptions which have rarely been equalled. Each trifling object, every minute detail of dress and scenery is perfectly represented. It is like seeing under a brilliant light objects that had before been viewed only in the dusk. The following description of the country around the village of Daphne is a fair example of Gen. Wallace's power:

"Beyond the village the country was undulating and cultivated; in fact, it was the garden-land of Antioch, with not a foot lost to labor. The steep faces of the hills were terraced; even the hedges were brighter for the trailing vines which, besides the line of shade, offered passers-by sweet promises of wine to come, and grapes in purple clustered ripeness. Over melon-patches, and through apricot and fig-tree groves, and groves of oranges and limes, the white-washed houses of the farmers were seen; and everywhere Plenty, the smiling daughter of Peace, gave notice by her thousand signs that she was at home, making the generous traveller merry at heart, until he was even disposed to give Rome her dues. Occasionally, also, views were had of Tamus and Lebanon, between which, a separating line of silver, the Orontes placidly pursued its way."

This peculiar imagination is essentially the mark of a poet nature. George Eliot, who was poet as well as novelist, showed it in her novels; her description of Florence has never been surpassed. We can fancy ourselves standing by the Spirit and looking over to "the dark sides of Mt. Moreller," and the "steep heights of Filsole with its crown of monastic walls and cypresses." Milton, the loftiest of poets, possessed this quality pre-eminently. The beauty and reality of his description of Athens, "the city on the Ægean shore," where "flow'ry hill Hymettus invites to studious musing," and "Illissus rolls his whispering stream," make the most perfect word-painting that has ever been given to the world. Yet neither Milton nor George Eliot had been to Greece or Italy, when these descriptions were written, and it is said that Gen. Wallace had not visited the East when he wrote Ben-Hur. If the report be true, although Gen. Wallace will certainly never equal Milton and may not be able to compete with George Eliot, yet he has the poet's vision and may in the future be known not only as historian and novelist, but also as poet.

The Baby's Grandmother.—It is very seldom that we find among the novels of to-day one that may be called original. Novelists in general seem to have fallen into a rut and to be unable to get out again. We read of beautiful young girls and handsome young lovers, of stern parents and stupid misunderstandings until we are willing to try anything else for a change. Now Mrs. Walford furnishes us with a change, and a very pleasant one. It is decidedly an original idea to have a grandmother for the heroine of a love-story and one which we therefore appreciate fully, but the novelty of the book does not end here; we are surprised and delighted by the freshness of each new scene. Lady Matilda, the Baby's Grandmother, is one of those impulsive, generous women we can but admire. Her brilliant and radiant wit, her daring and contempt of what everybody will say, form a strong contrast to the priggishness of Lotta and Robert, her daughter and son-in-law. Robert's character may be best described in Matilda's own words: "To coquet with Robert is like trying to dance around a tombstone." A clear idea of the contents of this book, however, the attractiveness of the heroine, the blended weakness and strength of the hero, the nature of the plot, and the charming style of the authoress, may be gained from a review in the October *Eclectic*. The writer expresses the sentiments of many when he speaks of "the charm and delightsomeness of a book as fresh and dewy as a June rose."

But there is one point which the reviewer omits, one that does much to make the story what it is. He shows us the external side of Lady Matilda's character; her brilliancy, talents and numerous whims and fancies, her half contempt for Robert Hanwell, her scorn of Whewell, and her deep, passionate love for Challoner; but he neglects to mention that trait which makes her nature so essentially womanly—her forgetfulness of self. We perceive it constantly in every act and thought, in the exquisite tact with which she endeavors to hide her brother Overton's stupidity, in her forgiveness of Challoner's weakness, which would have too deeply wounded the vanity of most women, and, above

all, in the love which she bore her poor, let us not say half-witted but "innocent" brother Teddy. The protecting, almost motherly, care with which she shields and guides him, weaning him lovingly yet firmly from all evil influences; the dependence, so pathetic in a man, of poor Teddy upon his sister; his pitiful perplexity and helplessness when separated from her, all combine to form the most beautiful part of the book.

Many heroines are given to dissecting their emotions and holding them up for public admiration. Lady Matilda does nothing so commonplace. In entire unconsciousness she attracts by an intrinsic charm rather than by any effort of her own. It is this utter absence of everything commonplace about the principal character that constitutes the interest of the book and makes us lay it aside with a refreshed feeling, anticipating with pleasure the next production of the author.

TWO VOLUMES OF THE CENSUS.—We are indebted to Gen. Cox for kindly sending us Vols. VII and VIII of the Tenth Census of the United States.

Each of these books is a study in its way. Vol. VIII contains an account of newspapers and other fruits of the press, of ship-building, and an interesting description of Alaska. The report from Alaska by Ivan Petroff is at once a Geography, a History both Natural and Political, and a *Fashion-plate.* Many fine cuts and maps accompany each department and impress upon our minds more strongly than words the nature and occupations of our newly-acquired fellow-countrymen. From the colored plates representing the dress and appearance of the Alaskans, we judge that they stand very low in the scale of humanity; their countenance is something like that of the negro and already shows the brutalizing effect of intoxicating liquors introduced by unscrupulous traders. Hunting the fur, seal, and walrus is their principal occupation. The natural history of Alaska is made more interesting by pictures of the different birds and animals found there, and especially of the seal. The little, fat seals have a very droll expression as if they were conscious of sitting for their photographs. We are apt to think of Alaska

as a land of ice and snow, but this is a mistaken idea. Colored plates show us beautiful landscapes of silvery lakes embedded in soft green hills, and one especially of a portion of the Yukon river filled with tall grass, through which with difficulty a canoe makes its way. Vol. VII contains a full account of the national debt of the United States, with a brief mention of the debts of other countries. The study of this book lends a deeper significance to the question, What is the world coming to? According to the latest accounts, the national debt of the world at present is $25,000,000,000; and if it goes on increasing as it has done since 1848, that is at the rate of $489,335,079 annually, at the end of the present century it will amount to $32,583,781,254. What will it be at the end of the next century? We leave that for greater minds to answer. A profound review of this book may be found in the last *Nation*, by those who care for a scientific description of its contents; but there is another light in which it may be seen. Regarded as an example of object-teaching, it is a complete success. Endless occupation and no doubt endless instruction are furnished to every one who tries to understand the numerous diagrams meant to illustrate the subject. Pink and blue pyramids constructed on any principles other than geometric, concentric circles, different-colored squares, and triangles within triangles are unquestionably very simple and interesting to those who have the "Open Sesame," but to the uninitiated they are somewhat perplexing. It was an ingenious mind that invented these puzzles, and the only trouble is that they require an equally ingenious mind to solve them.

The late "Harper's" contain an unusual number of interesting articles. The several departments of History, Science, Travel, and Art have been so well represented that it is difficult to make a selection. We were especially attracted, however, by an article entitled "The Great Hall of William Rufus"; for our interest in this subject had been awakened by the lecture which Mr. Curr delivered here two years ago, and greatly increased by the study of "Greene." This short sketch of the founding and history of Westminster Hall gives us in a vivid picture a brief outline of

English history. The successive steps by which the constitution of England has reached its present condition, the rise and fall of royalty, and the rise and fall of the Commonwealth are here portrayed.

Among the many romantic and historic incidents which cluster around this venerable building, the author has shown great taste and judgment in choosing the most dramatic and those fraught with most importance to the English nation. His descriptions are bright, lively, and to the point. Banquets, when the Old Hall was graced by the youth, beauty, and chivalry of England, are vividly contrasted with solemn trials, when the walls looked frowningly down on the prisoner and grim rows of lawyers and judges. The spot that witnessed the triumph of Anne Boleyn witnessed also her fall a few years later. The statues that looked calmly on when the unlawful crown was placed on her fair head, heard unmoved the sentence that condemned it to fall beneath the axe of the executioner.

Other events both sad and gay does the author sketch for us from the time when William Rufus held his first banquet in his then New Hall, to the present day when it has become the Assembly Hall for the Parliament of the realm; and in all of them should we feel an especial interest, for it is to our English forefathers that we must look for the beginning of our national constitution.

From History to Art, from England to Holland, is but a step, and we may take this step by turning over the leaves of our magazine until we reach "Artist Strolls in Holland." Those who complain of the dry, tedious descriptions written by tourists of their European travels, should read this article to find out how interesting such description may be made. When we see together names as famous as those of Broughton, Abbey and Rogers, we expect something better than usual, and in this case we are not disappointed. The illustrations and the descriptions are alike charming. There is nothing of the catalogue enumerating endless names, dates, and unimportant historical facts. We see Holland before us damp, dew-drenched, peaceful, and secure,

but all the while keeping a watchful eye on the mad, hungry sea. We enjoy very much our saunter over the quaint old town of Middleburg and our visit to the famous Town Hall. The description of Jacob is especially life-like and Dutchman-like, while the mauve-tinted youth excites both our laughter and pity. Some day we hope to accompany the artist on another tour.

To a charming little sketch of Trouville, a sea-side resort in France, we must turn for a view of French life. Here, the writer states, all classes of society in Paris flock to spend the summer and here we find the portly *bourgeoisie* side by side with the *noblesse*. The authoress has apparently spent her summer at Trouville and kept her eyes open, for not only is the description of the scenery graphic, her insight into French character is most keen. The humorous side of society is shown us and many good hits are made on French peculiarities. One of these is on the national *penchant* for Bureaux. From the government of Egypt to regulating sea-bathing, the French think nothing can be done without a Bureau. To quote the words of the authoress, "I believe if a Frenchman were cast on a desert island he would pick himself up and go in search of the Bureau."

A LECTURE CONCERNING THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MOON.—Prof. Coakley, of the New York University, has recently delivered a very interesting and original lecture on the causes of the present condition of the moon's surface.

He showed the improbability of Mr. Proctor's theory that all the water and atmosphere on the surface of the moon were drawn off into vast, interior cavities, and explained that it would more naturally be absorbed by the pores of the mass. Assuming that the relative amount of water and atmosphere on the surface of the moon was in the beginning the same as that on our planet, he thinks that in the course of time the earth will be reduced to a dead body like its satellite. The earth receives yearly as much heat from the sun as it gives out into the surrounding cold space; but, since the heat of the sun itself is gradually diminishing, the time will come when the earth will give out more heat than it receives, and then it will only be a question of centuries as to

when it will be a cold, solid mass. All solid porous masses, when they have cooled off, have a tendency to absorb water, and this is the case with the earth. It may be thought that the pores of the earth will not be able to hold all the water and atmosphere on its surface. By chemical analysis it has been proved that the smallest amount of water absorbed by any mineral is 9.1 grains to the pound, and by close calculation it is found that this power of absorption is four times greater than that required by the earth to absorb all the water on its surface.

ABSTRACT OF DR. LEWIS' LECTURE.

On Friday morning, November 22d, our Philosophy Class had the pleasure of hearing a lecture from Dr. Lewis on "The Ear." The lecture was illustrated by a handsome model.

Dr. Lewis said that the ear was considered under three parts, the external, the middle, and the internal ear, and called our attention to the fact that he had left the outer or external ear at home, as it was very cumbersome and not at all important for the lecture. He would give us a few facts concerning it before proceeding further. The external ear is called the auricle. It is shaped so as best to catch and bring to a focus the waves of sound. It is composed principally of cartilage, the only part free from this being the lower extremity, which is called the lobule. In the lobule there are very few nerves, therefore piercing the ear is attended with very little pain, unless the cartilage extends lower than usual, and then, if the ear is pierced, serious results are apt to follow. This lobule is so capable of being extended that heavy ear-rings are destructive to beauty. The object of the hollows and elevations on the surface of the external ear is not very apparent.

Then Dr. Lewis turned the model so that we could see the auditory canal. Its natural length is about an inch and a quar-

ter and its circumference that of a common crow's quill, though in the model it was much larger. As the tube was curved, we could not see the tympanum. Dr. Lewis told us that it was of great importance to remember this curvature, for in syringing, unless the ear were pulled upward so as to straighten the auditory canal, the liquid could not reach the tympanum, and thus the object would not be accomplished.

We were then shown by means of the model the resemblance between the middle ear and a drum; the tympanum forming one head and the fenestra ovalis the other.

The lecturer detached the tympanum from the ear so that we could examine it minutely. It is composed of three layers; the first is simply the extension of the skin of the ear, the second is the real membrane of the tympanum, and the third is the extension of the mucous membrane which covers the throat. The representation of the tympanum had the appearance of a ring with a translucent substance stretched over it. The tympanum is not set vertically in the head, having a forward inclination. Some have supposed that the ear for music depended upon the amount of this inclination, as it varies greatly in different persons. If the tympanum is inclined so as to form an acute angle with the auditory canal, it will be struck first at the top and then at the bottom by the sound wave, and thus the harmony be lost. Connected with the tympanum is a small muscle which serves to tighten and relax it; this answers the same purpose as the straps to a drum.

The middle ear, which is filled with air, contains a curious apparatus of small bones and muscles which serve to connect the tympanum with the entrance to the internal ear. These bones were perfectly represented by the model. They are three in number and are called the malleus, the incus, and the stapes, from a striking resemblance to a hammer, anvil and stirrup. The malleus and incus are connected with the tympanum and communicate its motion to the stapes, thence it is transferred to the membrane forming the entrance to the internal or essential part of the organ of hearing. The bottom of the stapes is oval

in form and just fits the fenestra ovalis. The middle ear also contains the eustachian tube which answers to the hole in the side of a drum. When the pressure on the tympanum from the outside is too great, the equilibrium is restored by the air passing through the eustachian tube. Most of the diseases of the ear are introduced by this tube.

The internal ear, called the labyrinth from its complicated structure, is the most interesting. As it is protected by one of the hardest bones in the human body, it is almost impossible to examine it during life, therefore what is known of it is in a great measure supposition, but many of the theories are quite plausible. It has a vestibule, cochlea, and semi-circular canals, and communicates with the cavity of the tympanum by two minute orifices or windows, the fenestra ovalis and the fenestra rotunda, both of which are covered with a membrane; it is against the former that the stapes presses. The whole of the inner ear is lined with a membrane on which is spread the auditory nerve. The cochlea and semi-circular canals are surrounded by a liquid called the perilymph, and are filled with a fluid of nearly the same nature called the endolymph. The semi-circular canals are three in number, and as seen in the model lie in three different directions, one horizontally, the other two vertically, thus corresponding to the bottom and two adjoining sides of a cube. It has been supposed, and with much probability, that these aid in establishing the equilibrium of the body. This theory has been corroborated by some experiments on pigeons by a Frenchman. When the semi-circular canals were removed, the pigeons toppled over. It was also found by the same experimenter that if the cochlea were removed complete deafness ensued, while no effect on the hearing was produced by removing the semi-circular canals. The model cochlea resembled exactly a snail shell, being a spiral canal which makes two and a half turns around a central pillar. Dr. Lewis kindly opened this canal, and we saw that it was divided by a thin bone lying horizontally in the center, thus forming a miniature shelf. The most interesting part of the cochlea is, that on this shelf lie

8,700 small rods which decrease in length with the narrowness of the shelf. It is supposed that each one of these rods is tuned to a certain key and that, when a sound is produced on the same tone, it vibrates in unison. It has been proved that hearing is aided by these rods by the case of a man who could hear high and low sounds, but the intermediate ones were lost to him. On his death his ear was examined and it was found that the rods on the middle of the shelf had been destroyed by disease.

We had found the hour very interesting and were delighted to learn that we should have another lecture from Dr. Lewis on the following Friday.

ART NOTES.

The middle of September found a good proportion of us back at school prepared for pleasant work in our new studio. Though our dear teacher of the last three years is not with us, we are not left without a guide for our erring fingers, and our new artist with the "poet's locks" has already won our hearts.

The mantle of the art-chroniclers of last year has fallen upon us; we regret that they did not also bequeath us some of their descriptive powers.

During the vacation the East Building was finished. A broad flight of steps leads up to the main entrance and into a fine hall. On the right is the Preparatory Department, with its slate blackboards, on which the "Preps" learn, alas! that

> "Multiplication is vexation,
> Division is as bad,
> The Rule of Three it puzzles me,
> And Fractions drive me mad."

On the side of the door-way is a gong which one of said "Preps" delights to tap every twenty minutes. Children do love to make a noise. Opposite the Preparatory Department is the Primary. It is furnished with such tiny desks that one

might almost imagine it a dolls' school-room. The Calisthenic hall is on the same floor. It extends the width of the building and is decorated with dumb-bells, Indian clubs, rings, and straps. From it are heard at all times during school hours the measures—one *and*, two *and*, three *and*, four *and*, accompanied by strains of the "Marseillaise" and sundry other tunes to suit the different postures. The Laboratory, ranged with mysterious crucibles and the air-pump with which only the "philosophers" may meddle, is at the head of the stairs. Adjoining the Laboratory is the Art Room. It extends the whole length of the building. The beautiful gothic roof is made of the native pine highly oiled and polished. That it was framed by an artist is proved by the blending of the light and dark parts of the wood. Large windows and sky-lights are so arranged that "Father Sol" has free access. The views from the windows are lovely; just now the trees have put on their autumnal coats and furnish studies in rich color.

Though so large, the room does not look bare, for, besides the many easels scattered about in artistic confusion, there is a goodly number of new casts. Among the loveliest are busts of Clytie and Sabrina, a Venus de Milo, and masques of Diana and Apollo Belvedere. The familiar faces of the old casts bring to us remembrances of last year. There are also many fruit, flower, and facial pieces for beginners to sigh over. At either end stand the bronzes which we have hitherto seen in the parlor, works of W. Wolfe of Berlin. They are two groups, one of a boar, the other of a stag at bay. Both are beautiful and show well the ferocity of the one animal and the timidity of the other. There are several of last year's paintings and crayon-drawings on the wall. Opposite the door, Don Quixote, in bronze, keeps his scowling vigil.

We should by no means do justice to our art-collection if we failed to mention Professor Kilbourne's "Game Fishes." The pictures are life-size and true to nature. Many of the different species are quite familiar and remind us of happy summers spent by the Ocean Wave, and there are others which we promise

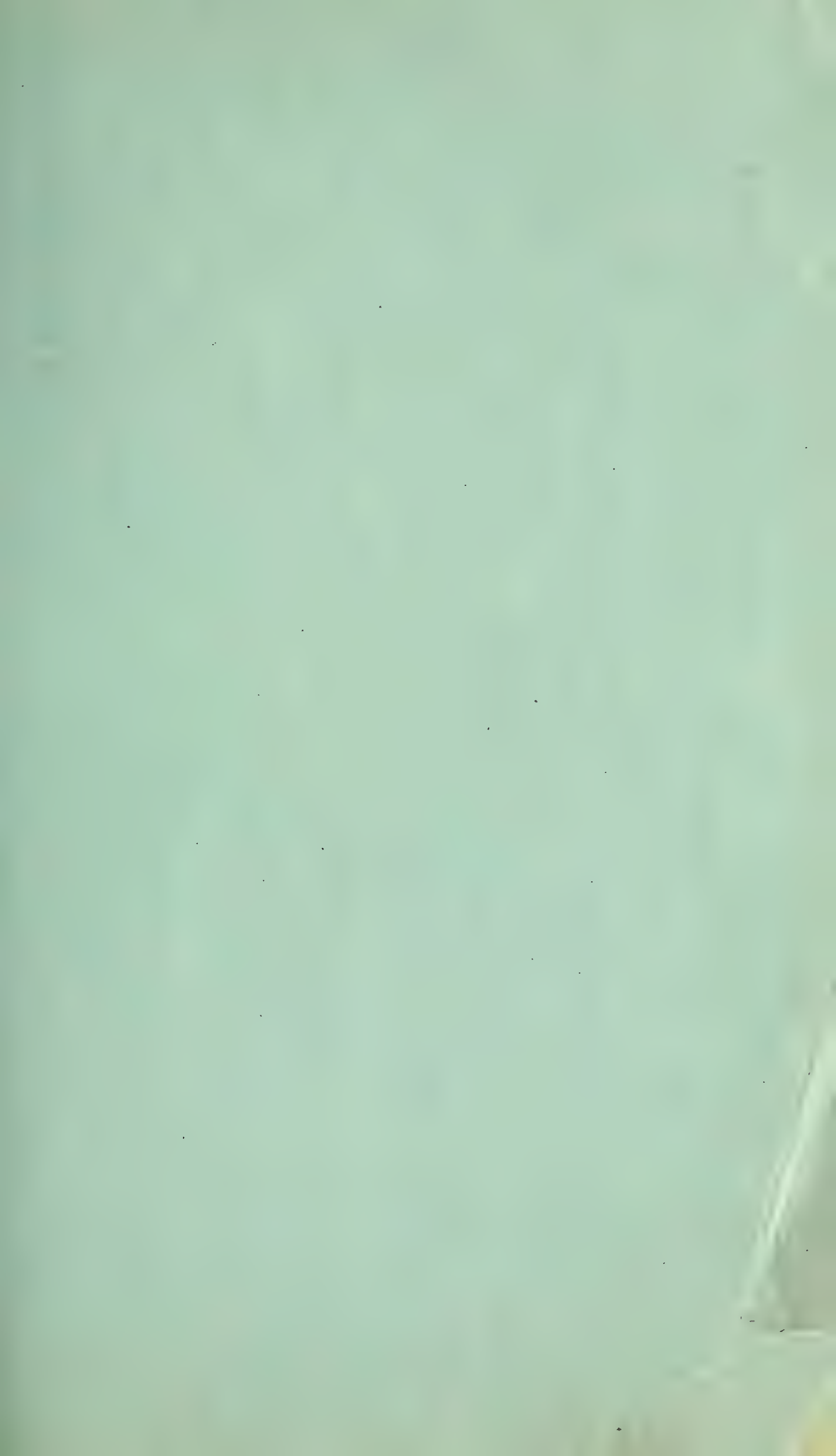
ourselves the pleasure of studying on some rainy Saturday. Mr. Smedes has lately added to the art-collection a number of portfolios filled with "The Art Treasures of America," beautiful India proofs of standard paintings. Among some from the Gibson Collection is "The Old Hotel de Ville, Grenada." This brings back our interesting and delightful travels with the Bishop. The two pictures, "The Smokers' Rebellion" and "Calling the Roll after Pillage," are striking studies of faces. There are many very beautiful things in the collection, but we fear that a pen-picture of them would be tiresome, so we only advise our readers to seize the first opportunity for a look at them. Our art library contains also Doré's Bible Illustrations and those of Dante's Purgatorio, Inferno, and Paradiso by the same artist.

We wish to congratulate our sister schools, Salem Academy and Peace Institute, on their large exhibits at the Exposition. In the former we noticed especially the ribbon embroidery, and in the latter the tapestry attracted the eyes of some of us to whom it was comparatively new. There were many interesting paintings in the Caldwell exhibit. Miss Norwood's "Happy Valley" pictured to us Lord Bacon's idea of a cultivated landscape, one "framed as much as may be to a natural wildness." Among the antique curiosities in Gen. Leventhorpe's collection was a copy of the famous "Temperantia" piece of the Louvre. It is a large copper tankard and salver. On them in raised figures are Faith, Hope, and Charity, each with her appropriate emblems. There were also a large silver crucifix and three very old medallions in this collection.

Our exhibit, owing to the time of year, was not large. We fear it would sound vain in us to say that it made up in quality what it lacked in quantity, but we trust it was so. The brass repoussé plaques, the lovely maiden picking daisies, some pansies, the china, and a number of other articles were arranged most artistically in the foreground of the Wake exhibit, where they seemed to attract universal attention; for, as our readers may have heard, 'The most precious things are held within small dimensions.'

Now, as Christmas is drawing near, there are many demands upon the artists' time and ingenuity. We see visions of delicate sachets and tinted cards to send to loved ones at home, and we hope to help not a little towards gaining the money for which the Bishop has asked in his mission-work.

We miss very much some of our most successful artists; but their places have been taken by others who promise to gain honors in the future.



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ST. MARY'S MUSE.

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SCULPTURE.

Had man continued perfect as he was created, there would have been no striving after ideal perfection, no endeavor to embody in material forms aspirations for a higher state of existence. Every attempt would have fallen far below the reality and would have seemed paltry, compared to the grand master-piece, man, as he came from the hands of his Creator. But when this perfection was lost, and the soul borne down by its weight of sin, struggled in darkness, God in His divine pity vouchsafed it a vision of its former glory. Great men were sent into the world to help their fellow-men by showing them somewhat of the perfection which they had lost and thus awakening in them a desire to regain it. These benefactors of the human race we call geniuses, and the forms in which they embody their aspirations are the Fine Arts. Man in his primitive glory might have raised art to a far higher state than the present. It would not, however, have been consecrated unto his redemption. From the time of Jubal and Tubal-cain the world has never been, so far as we know, without some one to use this means of grace, to endeavor through the senses to stir in the hearts of his fellow-men a yearning for better things.

Of the fine arts sculpture is best fitted for attaining this end, partly by its external qualities, partly for a higher reason. Its influence is due first of all to its external qualities of reality and durability. Music thrills through the air and is gone, the colors of the painter crack and grow dim, the work of the architect

is destroyed by storm, tempest, and earthquake, the song of the poet becomes a dead, forgotten language, but the work of the sculptor remains a monument for all generations, and by this power of withstanding the forces of nature, awakens in man a feeling of awe. Painting, architecture, and sculpture are called the three sister arts; partly, perhaps, because they all have somewhat to do with form. But while painting is the representation of form, sculpture is form itself. In gazing at a beautiful picture, however life-like the colors, we can never entirely separate it from the canvas. With a piece of sculpture it is otherwise, no effort is needed to realize it, for it stands by itself, distinct and independent. Architecture may be considered as an inferior branch of sculpture. The form of architecture is the form created by man, the form of sculpture that created by God. The principles of architecture may be suggested by nature, but not nature in its loftiest form. And even the temple, the highest development of this art, is meant to express no thought; it is but the shrine of something holier than itself. We cannot think of it, however beautiful, otherwise than as a shapely mass of lifeless stone; the statue, the highest work of the sculptor, is a man, and needs but the Divine breath to render it a creature like ourselves.

But though the external qualities of sculpture render it of all fine arts the fittest channel through which man may be influenced, the true reason of this influence lies deeper. The admiration and sympathy which a grand master-piece of any art inspire in the observer have their foundation in a principle common to all mankind—the love of "the good, the beautiful and the true, the ethical trinity of the ages." But in sculpture there is a peculiar interest, its spirit and that of life are one.

The beauty of a grand piece of sculpture depends essentially on the beauty of the ideal, on the loftiness and loveliness of the conception which, when expressed in marble, becomes its soul. To conceive clearly any part of man's nature in its highest development requires a depth of thought, a breadth of soul, and a grandeur of character able to apprehend somewhat at least of the

Divine. It requires a high degree of imagination, that fairy power which guides the pen of the author, the brush of the painter, and even the ruler of the mathematician. The object of the sculptor being to carve into stone a noble ideal, there are also necessary a wide education, a knowledge of anatomy, and a power of delicate handicraft. All these, however, are but means to the end; the character of the finished work depends upon the intrinsic beauty of the thought.

The impression made upon us when a sculptor, drawing aside the veil from his statue, reveals it for the first time as a whole, perfect in all its parts, yet with the beauty of entire unity, a lofty ideal irradiating the countenance, is like only to that experienced in studying the life which a great and good man has just laid down. The one is a faint but true reflection of the other.

In life, as in sculpture, the grand aim is the development of the ideal. Education, riches, high position, and power are valued only as superior instruments. Even imagination and will are but higher agents. It is the inspiring presence of an exalted ideal that renders the life worthy of admiration and reverence.

The true value of the ideal, its superiority over the real and merely practical is witnessed by the record of ancient times, and even of our own practical age. Whether in Letters, Art, or in a Life itself, the presence of this subtle essence attracts human love and sympathy. No poet has ever produced pleasure and lasting effect without being able to project himself into the realm of fancy and draw his reader after him. It is the absence of ideality which makes the poems of Crabbe so tedious; it is the universal presence of it which renders those of Wordsworth so inexpressibly charming, and those of Keats so exquisitely beautiful. No sculptor who has not that sense of

> "The ideal beauty
> Which the creative faculty of mind
> Fashions and follows in a thousand shapes
> More lovely than the real,"

can command the attention and admiration of the world. Such a sculptor was Jonn Knollekins. His busts from life gained

him fame and fortune but his statues, which required more than acute perception and mere handicraft, were little valued. There have been three names in the history of sculpture, whose world-wide fame shows preëminently the power of the ideal. Of these Praxiteles is at the head of one school, Phidias and Michel Angelo at that of another. Praxiteles appeals to the heart. He represents the soft and tender emotions in the most graceful and lovable manner. His Hermes is perfect of its kind. But while our hearts respond to the naturalness of this ideal, our intellect and soul tell us there may be a loftier one. As the most impressive landscape does not consist in the green, flowery meadows and calm summer lake, but in these united with the sterner features of hoary mountains, wild ravines, and rugged heights, so the grander side of human nature does not lie in the affections alone, but in the affections combined with the will, the intellect, the imagination, and it is in conceiving and expressing this union that Phidias and Michel Angelo tower above their fellow-artists. The Olympian Jupiter of Phidias gives us as perfect an idea as is possible for an inanimate thing of the Divine qualities of justice, mercy, and majesty. The Moses of Michel Angelo is almost a living type of the height to which human nature may yet attain. In a noble life, however, the power of the ideal is perhaps best exemplified. Robert Lee was defeated in war, the leader of a ruined cause, yet he is the idol of every Southern heart, the admiration of his foes. And why? Because men see in him a noble devotion, a grand unselfishness, and a lofty and idealized patriotism. It is not the Walpoles and Napoleons, but the Pitts and Gordons that sway the world and stir in it a mighty throb of enthusiasm.

The ideal is the vital element of life, and sculpture the art best fitted to express it. Sculpture then, is greatest of the arts. That the others are not thus elevated may be seen at a glance. Music is addressed more finally to the senses; the object of architecture is utility; painting seems to have forgotten her Raphael, and is debased by the fashion which turns her into a machine for transcribing material beauties and gives to every girl a painted

fan and dress. But sculpture remains in its original purity. No one dare call himself a sculptor who does not feel that he is inspired. The three mighty ideas—unity, eternity, and immortality—are so closely interwoven in its very nature that they prevent it from being dealt with lightly. The power which it has through its near affinity to the spirit of life to awaken the grand possibilities of man's nature, gives it a dignity and responsibility which none but a genius can assume. That sculpture has thus been preserved in its greatness, seems to indicate that it may be greater still. For some years the world has had no master sculptor. Our own age is realistic. Yet spiritual life has not stood still since the time of Michel Angelo, it has gone steadily onward; recently it has been stirred and quickened by an example of pure and elevated heroism. It remains for some one to seize this life and embody it in a work which shall inspire this and future generations, a work which shall be nobler than any yet achieved because its ideal is grander, mightier, more glorious.

VALEDICTORY.

Vainly during the last months of our school life have we endeavored to put aside all thought of this hour, by dwelling with glorious anticipations on the future. The cloud, at first a mere speck in the distance, has grown larger, until now it covers the sky and cuts off for the time our bright sunshine.

To-day we assemble in this room endeared by so many associations, to say farewell.

We wish that our words to you, dear Bishop, were not farewell, that in our several homes we might still look forward to your visits. All of us are not residents of the Old North State; but one remains a member of your flock. We cannot hope to continue as heretofore under your fatherly care, but each one bears away a grateful remembrance of that care and the earnest hope that your blessing may remain with her forever.

To our Rector, we offer our loving thanks for his unwavering kindness, his wise counsel, and tender protection. We wish you, dear Sir, every good gift; above all, that you may prosper in the future as in the past; that St. Mary's may be, as ever, an honor to the State and a blessing to society; that it may send forth into the world many noble women who will worthily carry out that ideal of perfect womanhood here faithfully set before them.

Other classes, as the years roll on, will take the place we hold to-day, but none will part from you with more love and reluctance than we. May God be with you!

In saying farewell to you, dear Lady-Principal and teachers, we thank you for your kindly endeavors to make smooth the thorny path of learning, for your ready sympathy in all our cares and pleasures. The past year has not been free from misfortunes, but they lose their gloomy character when we see how closely they have drawn heart to heart and bound each one of us to the dear *Alma Mater*. Ties thus formed are not easily broken, and though we speak good-bye, we still hope to live in one another's love and memory.

To you, school-mates, we yield up with many regrets the place we have held this year, and bid you farewell with the loving wish that you may find as much true happiness in it as we have found.

Class-mates, for happy years we have gone hand in hand sharing the same tasks, the same joys. To-day we leave our school-girl life, and as women go to take our places in the world. Hitherto loving hands have helped us onward, have pointed out the right; henceforth we must think and act for ourselves. Wise counsel and example have aided us to form a noble ideal, we must endeavor, stroke by stroke to express it, bearing in mind that each blow is for eternity. May the Great Teacher give us His help, that we may make of our lives master-pieces fit for His Heavenly halls.

"LITTLE LATIN AND LESS GREEK."

These are the words by which Johnson characterized Shakspere's education, and which, be they true or even credible, are no light matter to those who wish to be Shaksperes. Moreover, they bring comfort to those who desire a liberal education, but who cannot, even by the sweat of their brow, master Cæsar, or keep the Greek alphabet straight. It is true that a grammar school in the days of Skakspere, meant a school for teaching chiefly Latin and Greek, but it is not known that he went to one of these. The argument is poor of those who contend that he was a classical scholar. No doubt, say they, showers fell or the sun shone upon his father's garden, though we have no record of the fact. Judging the poet's education from his works, it may well be thought that an unfair presumption has been formed, and that Johnson's expression has received too great credence, especially as it was the way of the latter, rather to point an antithesis than to state a truth. On the other hand, there is reason to believe that Shakspere was ignorant of any language but his own. Accepting Johnson's evidence, let us take his words literally—"Little Latin and less Greek," which does not deny some. The poem in which they are found was not prompted by affection, or we might doubt the truth of its sentiment; nor by "crafty malice," or we might fear he indulged his love for sarcasm.

Taking it for proved that Shakspere did know but little Latin and less Greek, what pleasure it gives to find him wiser than "Rare Ben," who, though not "dry and sandy with working in the graves of deceased languages," buried his gaiety in criticisms. Literature does not present two writers so different, two minds whose education was so diverse. Johnson was master of two languages spoken by no living nation, though it seems no paper-war can destroy them. Shakspere was master of two books, known to all nations and which no human power can deface. Johnson tasted, swallowed, and digested Greek and Latin ideas.

His knowledge gave him the art of marshaling his thoughts into a broad phalanx of connected ranks. To understand Johnson we have only to proceed in a straight path, which he carefully provides with barriers to prevent any stumbling into ditches. To enjoy Shakspere, we must dart around sudden crooks and turns, keeping an eye for the ditches which he prepares to catch the unwary.

The two men represent the two methods disputed in our universities to-day, and we may trace many of the characteristics of each to his early training. Johnson's father was no advocate of freedom. He thought himself most competent to select the system for young Ben's training. Not so with Shakspere, Senior. He allowed little Will freedom unto choosing his studies. The poet's versatility was discovered by his being allowed to try many occupations. His various employments are obvious, from the fact that some say he was a butcher, others a wool-comber, others a school-teacher, while still another, not knowing, but wishing to say something without contradicting any one, uses his imagination and supposes Will's father to have spent his days in making gloves. This bright reconciler forgot the teacher, but I am sure Shakspere was one. Since Shakspere was a teacher, it is apparent teachers need "Little Latin and less Greek."

It was amid the scenery of the Avon that Shakspere's soul was taught. All the music we admire in his lines was learned from babbling brooks and sighing leaves. It was from his shepherd's life that he paints the magic glades where Bully Bottom and his friends rehearsed their "very tragical mirth." His youth was clothed with romantic sweetness. The fancies which peopled the fairy land of his early dreams, were not marred by trying to graduate at such a time, at such a college, with such a degree. He exemplified the precept—

> "Study yourselves, and most of all note well
> Wherein did nature mean you to excel,"

and strove to know nature that he might learn her will. Shakespere was no mere dreamer; he knew as well as Goethe, that

a poet for true development needs polish. He knew, better still, that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." I am inclined to think he himself was a Jack after Mother Goose's own heart. In every occupation and in every subject he found a Christmas pie provided for his thumb. But he preferred making his own pie to taking formulas and phrases as the "fruit of others' baking." The curriculum by which his final course of study was conducted differed from that laid down for other students. There were universities such as St. John's at Cambridge, where some poor youths like Johnson went, but Shakspere could not understand their complex catalogues, or like President McCosh, he preferred to study the whole *cosmos*. We may suppose he made a schedule for himself. He surely had a literary plan as well as had Johnson. That a man's design in study cannot be traced at sight, step by step, is no proof that he has none. While Shakspere's scheme always looked vague, he had a supreme centre which concentrated everything around it. That centre was nature. The difference between Johnson and Shakspere was this: Johnson knew he had special talents, and provided for them by special studies. Shakspere was modest enough to think he had no special talents, so pursued universal studies—a model for all who have no decided talents.

Unfortunately for the world, there are too many Johnsons, too few Shaksperes. Certainly it is not that people prefer being Johnsons, nor is it the fault of all those who occupy professors' chairs. President White says if professors had been listened to hardly a word of Greek would be taught in our universities. The curses and praises bestowed on the pioneer reviver of Greek and Latin as a part of English scholarship do not fall on teachers.

Further, it is not because people use Bacon's judgment, for he says, "Studies serve for delight," and that "To spend too much time in studies is sloth." The most successful scholars in Latin and Greek cannot deny that these branches require an immense amount of time. Bacon says, too, "Some books are to be tasted." We have good reason to suppose he meant Latin gram-

mar, for he knew a taste would give the disagreeable flavor of the whole Latin language. Then he says, "Some books are to be swallowed." After laborious thought, I am glad to conclude that Greek grammar was referred to. He knew the Greek language too perfect to be separated for a taste, it must be taken as a whole to preserve its unity. We may judge of the young Lord Keeper's dislike for Greek from his sentiments towards Aristotle. It was not that he disproved of Logic; for in his recipes for defects of the mind, he gives logic as "that which makes a man able to contend well." Later, Bacon says, "Reading maketh a full man," and that "Some few books are to be chewed and digested." Certain that none would object to such an assimilation of Shakspere that his phrases might become the natural expression of their thoughts, I do not hesitate to affirm that Bacon was alluding to Shakspere. As it takes a little imagination to see what Bacon is driving at, his learned theories have been passed over and, without knowing it, people have been trying to chew, swallow, and digest that in which the philosopher shows there is no use.

Perhaps it is thought Shakspere's education was too delightful to produce much good. Let us see. Latin and Greek do not bring money, or show people how to make it. A good, rich pasture does make fine sheep, which bring the owner fine values accordingly. One versed in the classics does not make a good salesman; one versed in marketing does. Latin and Greek cannot show a teacher the proper training for all minds; a thorough knowledge of character can. Seeing the beauties in Latin and Greek structures does not prepare one to admire human nature; seeing the beauties in the soul does. Shakspere studied the language of plants, that he might converse with them; no study enables us to converse with the old Greeks and Romans. The pleasure of reading the original works is no balance to the labor and time spent in acquiring the languages. There is not one practical improvement made by studying Latin and Greek. Moreover, the practice of translating classical master-pieces and observing classical standards and epithets generally, has led to

errors, mental and moral. If Johnson had not been so fluent in his translations, perhaps he would not have been guilty of stealing the love-letters of Philostratus to produce the little song called "Drink to Me only with Thine Eyes."

What can be the reason why so many still cling to the classics? It is very easy to trace the steps by which they have become of importance, but not so easy to see the reasons. The old ideal of education made the classics the aristocrats in letters, and it is elegant to be well acquainted with the Greek and Roman masters. Fashion is the reason of their present place. Then a change in fashion is what is needed, that there may not be so many Mrs. Blimbers sighing that, if they could have known Cicero, they could die contented; that there may not be so many Miss Blimbers, "digging up stone-dead languages like a ghoul"; that there may be fewer borrowed ideas, more original thoughts; that there may be less swallowing whole, more mental digestion; that modern writers may be appreciated without ridiculing the ancients. Then our universities would become the appointed places for receiving knowledge of use and necessity. It would be considered what children are by nature designed for. Horace and Virgil would not be drummed into the head of a merchant or a farmer, as well as into that of a possible Ovid or Livy. No longer would pastry-cooks desire their sons to be perfect in Latin and Greek before apprenticing to soap-boilers, as was complained of some hundred years ago. Logic and chemistry would not be regarded as of slight comparative importance. Many would find their sentiments echoed in the words of Dr. Hall, who told a class of graduates that Latin was very important as giving value to their sheep-skins. Truly, this is where a little Latin comes in best; for if it is to be insisted upon that diplomas shall be written in Latin, the possessor needs some knowledge thereof to convince him that he does not "sleep nor dream," that what did seem "small and indistinguishable, like far-off mountains," has not "turned into clouds."

Lastly, this is decidedly a Shaksperian age. The diversity of occupations, all alive, none dead as Greek and Latin, calls for a Shakspere to select the best. The least property must be turned to the greatest profit. No time is to be wasted, but men's minds must advance by sudden intuitions to keep pace with modern discoveries. America is particularly a Shaksperian country. Our graduates become seekers of occupation instead of landed gentry. During a Shaksperian age, in a Shaksperian country, Shaksperian rules must make Shaksperes. No doubt in a few years the American stage will be immortalized and a noble monument raised to the national glory.

MRS. OLIPHANT.

At a time when the Muses seemed to have lost their power of inspiration a little god appeared on earth, and with his arrival the songs of the Trombadours burst forth. This was Fiction, and he had run away from the mountain of the Muses where his sisters had long held him captive, fearing his power on earth. His coming seemed destined to destroy their reign. Men turned from Erato and Calliope, as though Homer, Virgil, Alcæus, and Pindar had never existed.

The runaway had not come empty-handed, but bearing gifts. To a chosen few he has given genius; as to Thackeray, Hawthorne, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot. Talent he bestows more widely. Of this Black has come in for a share. Hence the sunsets in "White Wings," the storm in "Yolande." These, however, are but beautiful pictures. McDonald's talent often seems to soar even into the atmosphere of genius. Few novelists have so prompted their readers to thought. But Mrs. Oliphant has been given a yet more popular talent, that of story-telling. In this no living novelist excels her.

Her characterization is not that of a master, her creations are not living beings. Maggie Tulliver's griefs are our own, Madam's sorrows are not; they form part of a stranger's tale. Thus it is with every mere story-teller's characters. Yet those of this *raconteuse* are well delineated, always consistent, often harmonious. Richard Ross' gypsy wife is a gypsy to the end. Her love for her boys brought her to her husband's home but no startling change takes place in her there, her identity is preserved throughout; until death she is the same wild creature that Richard had met by the road-side, and loved.

Mrs. Oliphant deals somewhat with Scotch life, and in the "Wizard's Son" the plot is laid mostly in Scotland. A marked difference exists between her Scotchmen and those of McDonald and Scott. This difference does not, however, extend to the women. Oona Forrester, Rose Bradwardine, and Maggie Elginbrod might be sisters. In each are combined utter self-forgetfulness, a boundless love for the beautiful, and a reverence for higher things which is peculiarly Scotch. In David Elginbrod, George McDonald has drawn the portrait of a man whose nobility of soul and simplicity of heart stamp him as a son of God. A vast abyss separates David Elginbrod from the wild, hot-tempered men like McPherson and Bradwardine, that Scott loves to depict. But these are different phases among the same people. Mrs. Oliphant's Scotchmen are Englishmen in the heart of Lothian.

Our author's most winning attribute is a sweet and pathetic tenderness. In writing of elderly people, few are so apt. Lord and Lady Eskside's love for their grandchild is expressed so exquisitely that "Valentine and His Brother" might have been written by a grandmamma. This book is concluded by a picture of the old people as they leave their son and turn homeward, "holding each other up with the kind mutual pressure of their old arms. Both of them were beyond the measure of man's years on earth! The bairns come, and the bairns go, but thank God you and me are still together, Catharine!" said the old lord." She is equally happy in portraying children's character.

"Val" is the romping, roguish little fellow we meet daily in our homes. He has the same distaste for petting and desire to be grown up, the same love for "showing off" his wonderful achievements. As for small Tom, with his dabby kisses, few babies are lovelier. She has written nothing more beautiful, or in which tenderness is more fully shown than the "Little Pilgrim," and especially that part where the "Little Pilgrim" is comforted by the child of Heaven. It leads us to believe that the writer is a mother whose little ones,

> "Tender angel eyes
> Are watching ever earnestly,
> Through the loop-holes of the skies."

Nothing Mrs. Oliphant has written contains a greater number of beauties than this book. She writes not as the story-teller only, but as the poet and artist. Her imagination is displayed fully yet delicately, and she reveals a deep, reverent faith. In this, too, she has made one of her greatest failures. In touching that which is unrevealed and forbidden, she loses herself. All Mrs. Oliphant's other works on the unknown may be summed up in few words. They are ghost-stories, prettily told.

There is one attempt at psychology and this novel, the "Wizard's Son," has proved powerful. Unlike Hawthorne or McDonald, Mrs. Oliphant leaves us in the dark as to the peculiar influence which exerts itself so powerfully upon her hero. Hawthorne, by the witchery of his words, often entangles us in a web of mystery, from which we cannot extricate ourselves; but he gradually solves the enigma and the incomprehensible proves natural. McDonald's David Elginbrod contains much that appears allied to spiritualism, but he easily resolves it into a physical force. The mystery in the "Wizard's Son" remains such to the end, and it seems to be a veritable demon that so incessantly intrudes himself upon Walter Methven.

At times this lady becomes quite satirical; but her satire is to adorn the tale, not to point a moral. It is not Thackeray's stinging satire which probes the human heart. It is akin to humor

and embodies no scorn. "Lady Jane" is one long laugh at certain characteristics of the English nobility but there is nothing to rankle.

The outside world has not been Mrs. Oliphant's inspiration as it has often been Black's, but her sketches are pretty renderings of nature. As an artist, her taste is exquisite, and her sense of harmony allows no jarring combinations. Her word-painting could not be compared to Reynold's magnificent productions, for she has not drawn one living portrait; but, in her happiest landscape efforts, she might be likened to Boughton. The delicate lights and shades which fall over her canvas are equalled only by her vivacity and variety of subject. Her characters are heightened by the scenes in which they are placed and which always fit perfectly. Oona would not have been Oona anywhere but on "Loch Houran."

For so voluminous a writer, Mrs. Oliphant indulges little in repetition. The inevitable family servant is always present, but he is not always the same and he generally adds to the humor of the story. The "Ladies Lindores" would be scarcely readable but for Rolls. When he ceases to be the main interest our sympathy ends.

We know nothing of Mrs. Oliphant herself except through her novels. Even memoir-mongers spare their victims during life. I like to think her reflected in "Old Lady Mary," a loving, gracious gentle-woman.

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

Aristotle, Horace, and Longinus are the pioneers in criticism, exploring the land, overcoming obstacles strewn along the path of future adventurers, and paving the way to greater discoveries. We may not call these sages the first critics, for man has ever been possessed of a desire to inquire into his neighbor's

affairs and put in a word concerning that neighbor's deeds, but to them belongs the honor of founding the art, Criticism, and setting forth the character of a true critic. Deserting the ranks of those engaged in the mad pursuit of fame, they point the way to that fame, sharpen the wits of the fierce combatants for literary glory, and try

> "The poet's worth to show,
> And whence his true poetic riches flow."

The modest Flaccus, in particular, lays down the law to the poets of posterity, impressing us with the dignity of his office and his capability of filling it. He lauds to the skies the epic poet of Greece, encourages imitation of the great master, and lends a helping-hand to the "modern poet by Homer taught." He commands a regard for the fitness of things, especially in tragedy, where a difference must be made between quiet, peaceful scenes and the portrayal of mad Achilles, of "intrepid, fierce, and unforgiving rage." His airy flights of imagination are varied with profound philosophizing moods, under the influence of which he recommends a solid substratum of the "good sense of Socrates." Surely he meant not common sense, the lack of which is always getting us into such woful plights; for, as I remember, the Dreamer did not possess a vast amount. Ever ready with sympathy and advice, Horace spared not the faults which came within his ken.

> "As an honest critic, when dull lines run slow,
> Or harshly rude, will his resentment show"

he probably crushed the hopes of many a youthful poet, and left to his successors the reputation of stern judges doing more harm than good. This stigma has not remained upon the head of the unfortunate censor, though he endured years of contempt. So slow was the change in popular feeling, that as late as Dean Swift's time, in England at least, the critic had more foes to fight against than friends to rely upon. The Dean aptly illustrates

the situation by comparison with that of an ancient hero, Hercules, for example, ridding the world of sundry pests and misfortunes and completing his works of mercy by putting an end to himself, that men might enjoy in peace and quiet the fruits of his labors. He says, "The true critic as soon as he has finished his task assigned, should deliver himself up to ratsbane, or hemp, or leap from some convenient altitude." According to another celebrated writer, critics are "A people between the learned and ignorant, and by that situation enjoy the tranquility of neither." Unable to produce anything good themselves, they "nibble at the superfluities of books," seeking consolation in picking to pieces other people's work.

Thus we see these knights of the pen have had to weather some pretty hard storms. Often though they themselves have called forth the thunder and lightning. Those who truly conceived the dignity of their calling have forced from men even grateful recognition; Addison and Steele, for instance. The *Spectator* went forth, not as critic of one particular thing but as an impartial judge; not as a carper but as an indulgent observer of the faults and foibles of society, yet dealing telling blows where they were needed. As to the *Tatler*, a more fitting motto could not have been chosen by its contributors than,

> "Whate'er men think or say or dream
> Our motley paper chooses for its theme."

Surely they had stowed away in their editorial sanctum the wonderful Tarnkappe of Nibelungen fame or some genius, power of dropping down at any moment, such a faculty of scraping together every little bit of gossip and laying bare the deepest secrets of politics did they possess. Nor did the literary man escape the *Spectator's* eagle glance, especially the critic, usually written down a perfect ignoramus, dissecting everything he lays his hands on and keeping in readiness a battery of high-sounding words to fire forth upon the first author who comes within range. Thus, as critics, Addison and Steele were at war with their order; and they advanced their own views in defiance of

those who held that "all that is good is derived from the ancients," condemning a blind reliance on the old masters. That they were right is proved by the present status of Pope.

Charles Lamb displayed, even in his narrow sphere, the true spirit of criticism. In that circle of poet friends of which he was centre, he was not the stern arbiter but the kind friend, ever cheering onward, though it were by pointing out faults. The old poets were dear, familiar companions, but far was it from him to insist upon his friends following the same beaten track. On the contrary, he encouraged deviation from fixed rules, confident of the triumph of native genius. In him was a reverence, a feeling of awe, when in the presence of genius, that one of God's most precious gifts which enables the possessor to catch a glimpse of another world than ours yet raises him not above the rules essential to lesser minds. Even when a genius casts its light away as did that of Coleridge, the kind friend gathers up tenderly the broken rays and strives to mingle them in one pure flame.

As we study those who have won glorious laurels in criticism, we no more wish to find in all the same traits than in our authors the same style. Indeed the critic's strength most often lies in his peculiar mode of attack; yet tactics must be somewhat regulated by principles. The critic must not set out determined to find fault, but to condemn what demands condemnation. No one of our most successful critics has better shown this spirit than Lamb. He seems to have caught the reflection of Dick Steele's genial good humor; even when fortune appears to have deserted him, he laughs in her face and sends a jolly strain ringing through his charming letters, master-pieces of criticism. The powerful instruments of wit and satire, tempered by his loving nature, are wielded with different results from those produced by the stinging blows of Swift and Pope. Our critic, so armed and equipped, must enter the lists with a thorough knowledge of what he is about, be on the alert to seize every opportunity for a decisive blow, and keep a warm heart as well as a cool head, ready for the encounter; that it

be not said of him, as of an otherwise great writer, "His bitterness of enmity ran away with his judgment," but rather that he fought as a true friend, giving without a grudge honor where honor was due. He should feel arising within his heart sympathy, the magic bond of union between the critic and the subject of his criticism. This sympathy is a tender plant which springs up spontaneously and blossoms with wondrous beauty, but if not kept within its natural bounds by a wise and powerful judgment, will burst forth into rank luxuriance. Nor is it only in its native land that it attains perfection. Drinking in the friendly rays of a foreign sun and taking into its roots new elements, it puts forth fresh and tender leaves, growing in beauty until the flower becomes fruit, perfect in form and color. Throughout the works of Carlyle this fellow-feeling is evident. Not content with having culled the choicest flowers of his own literature, he went abroad to garner into his store-house new treasures and to find among the poets of other lands new subjects for his unbounded sympathy. As the herald of the hitherto unnoticed literature of Germany, he announced the vast fields of learning laid open for exploration. He found there a school of criticism such as no other country could boast and, enrolling himself as a disciple, applied its principles first to its own poets. He devotes himself in turn to Goethe, Schiller, Werner, and seems to lose himself in Richter's colossal mind. To many "Jean Paul, the unique," presents an odd combination of seemingly antagonistic qualities, but under Carlyle's guidance, the chaos is resolved into perfect order and symmetry. Peculiarities, which in our eyes might detract from the poet's greatness, are laughed at, not as incongruous but as the complement of the other side of his character. With an equally delicate perception of the elements of the sublime and the ludicrous, Carlyle accepts these traits as part of the man, as half the double manifestation of a mighty genius. Such gems he draws from the depths of German thought, that in spite of ourselves we are inspired with his enthusiasm to love the poets he loves. Yet in his search for foreign genius, the censor of

his age forgets not his native bards. Returning to Scotland's two great poets, he lavishes upon them all the fond sympathy of his great heart; for, far from weakening during its stay in a foreign land, that sympathy has broadened and strengthened. Its possessor still shows powerful penetration, but sometimes neglects little faults in the contemplation of great genius. He finds beauties which others have not seen, but as he himself says, "Pity and love are prone to magnify." In his criticism of the peasant poet, the three friends, pity, love, and sympathy, have more influence over stern judgment than Carlyle often allows them to attain.

Everywhere judgment counsels and warns impulsive sympathy, while she, held in check by his wisdom, coaxes him to relent from his merciless decisions. So the two go hand in hand, not only through the world of letters, but wandering far away into the fairy regions of painting, sculpture, and music, where, however, their separate missions are not so distinctly marked and their joint work becomes less satisfactory; for criticism in the Fine Arts may not be subjected to rules such as those which literary critics must obey. Sympathy may exercise even more freely her tender care, but Judgment is at loss without the time-honored code by which he is wont to regulate his decisions. He finds no final appeal. The goal has not yet been reached. Instead of condemning all systems contrary to his own, he must respect each method of striving after the ideal, for who knows but that it may be the path leading to the glorious end. The critic cannot walk too carefully in a world enveloped as in mist impenetrable even to his eye. There have been men, Ruskin for instance, who have proved not unequal to the task and who have fearlessly overthrown many a false idol in art.

It may be charged as a fault that the critical reviews of our day are different from those of Addison and Steele, and even from those of Sidney Smith and Jeffrey. They are not more different than the literary, social, and political life of which they treat. People say human nature is always the same, but as are the influences brought to bear upon it so are its manifestations.

Thus the literary current is being continually turned into new channels; here for the better, there for the worse. Our reviews are not so long and carefully written as the old ones, for we have not time to lavish upon our innumerable publications the studied elegance of our grandfathers. Probably we are not persevering enough to plod along patiently and steadily; but the quick, ringing blows aimed at the right moment elicit not only sounds but the true fire, sparkling and pure. Our critics may have cast aside the care and elegance with which their forefathers sought to adorn their work; but their polished simplicity, the energy and power concentrated in their essays do honor to any literature. Unwilling to leave in peace authors whose reputation has been established for centuries, the modern critic brings them to the front and freely discusses their merits and faults; but it is to the writers of to-day that the chief attention is given. As soon as a new work appears it is seized by half a dozen magazines, struggling for the last dainty bit and finally getting into a heated controversy, in which the writer's every fault must pass in review and abide their judgment. One praises the book to the skies, while another calls it a piece of trash not worth notice. This one, if it is a novel, goes into minute particulars concerning the wonderful plan, powerful delineation of character, and ingenious development of plot. That one deigns not to waste a dozen words upon a novel whose characters are "dolls stuffed with sawdust," the plan utterly foolish and stale, and the whole thing a mere "involution of nonsense." The poor, belabored author sees his romance, the structure upon which he has expended his entire stock of learning, imagination, and wit, which has become part of his very being, and which he sent forth into the great world hoping that it might accomplish a mission, held up to ridicule as worthless or worse. It is impossible, says the last review, to assign a *raison d'etre* for such trash. Behold the pride of his heart lying in the dust at his feet! But let him not despair, for a ray of light darts from the dark sky, a rival paper looks upon his work in a different light, and he may yet see it raised from the dust and exalted to

no mean place in the Temple of Fame. Having once gained an honorable footing, can our struggling friend fail to see to whom he owes much of his success? He wrote the book, but how would it ever have gained a hearing without its critic herald? Booth is not Shakespere, but he has done much toward revealing Shakespere to us. As he portrays the characters conceived in the great poet's mind, feels and acts with them, so the critic interprets the depths of meaning which our less acute vision could never penetrate. Our literature would not have developed as it has without his watchful care, here coaxing forth tender shoots that scarce dare venture into the merciless world, there checking unwise growths that would sap the strength, everywhere drawing our attention to perfect blossoms. So will its progress continue or cease as the critic's mission is acknowledged or ignored.

THE FIRST SNOW-STORM.

The Earth was to be married, and over this event all the Universe was rejoicing. Though the Sun had been an admirer of the Earth from their youth up, never until the preceding summer had anything like love sprung up between them. The months of the wooing had been lovely. Nature had shown only the smiling side of her face, and had dressed the Earth in her most bewitching garb. There had been some sorrow and a few tears, for the course of true love never runs smooth; but all was happiness now, even though Winter seemed trying to turn the Earth from her betrothed and each day made their conferences shorter until, at last, these were but about two-thirds as long as they had been in the balmy summer. Moreover, he built an icy barrier between the lovers, to make the Earth appear cold and unsympathizing, while he took from the smile of the Sun some of its brightness. But the Sun, in his great joy, was so kind

that he melted even frigid Winter into repentant tears and gradually that frosty old gentleman began to lengthen the interviews of the lovers. So happy hours wore on into days and weeks, until at last the Sun earnestly begged that the day might be named. He wished the Earth to be married on the anniversary of the wooing, and to wear the same delicate robe of roses and other fair blossoms. But she objected to this; for, after the perversity of her sex, she longed for something new. She had had so many dresses of that description, and then they were too gay for a bride. Her dearest friend, the Moon, who was to be first bridesmaid, begged that the ceremony might be performed in the Winter, as she might be with the Earth longer at that season. They were often together and, clasped fondly in the white arms of the Moon, the Earth unfolded her plans for the future. It grieved her much not to grant the request of her friend, but she had not a becoming winter dress, all were too sombre for a bride. Spring was then suggested, for the fair green robe of that season would be both becoming and appropriate. But the Moon was much hurt at the choice of spring, the season when her hours with the Earth were few. "Let it be fall, then," said the Earth. The same objection held good here, besides autumn's dress of old gold and garnet would be too gaudy.

At last, much perplexed, the Earth left the selection of the dress to Nature, telling her that the ceremony must be in the winter and a becoming dress must be had. Nature at first was distressed at the great responsibility laid upon her. She said that although she had spent her life in adorning her dear mistress, she did not feel equal to this occasion. But when she saw the great dilemma in which her mistress was placed, she promised to call all her forces to council. Together they would arrange a fit dress.

Relieved of this care, the Earth was all smiles again. But poor Nature was sad, for though all the maids had been called and they had racked their brains, still no happy thought presented itself. At last, in despair, she went to the Sun and begged that

he would accompany her on a visit to the Ocean, to entreat for material to make the dress. She had expected the Ocean to be cross, and dash off on his never-ending journey without even a word; but instead, he fawned at their feet and said nothing could give him more pleasure than to serve the Sun. So the Sun bore to Nature's work-shop a soft, greyish substance, taken from the bosom of the Ocean. Nature was still dissatisfied; for the material was almost grey and she wished the dress to be white. The Maid from the North, however, said that she could easily weave the material into a filmy, white texture, and commanded that all should be made ready for the celebration of the nuptials, as the robe must be worn as soon as woven. Rejoicing, Nature then told the Earth that on the morrow, in the gloaming, she would begin the toilet, on the following evening the wedding must take place, and that the Moon would be present. She then retired to watch the process of the weaving, for she had not much confidence in that blustering Maid from the North. Indeed she was so fearful, lest after all the precautions the plan should fail, that she even shed some tears. These that wonderful Maid quickly converted into sparkling diamonds and wove into the texture of the dress, adding much to its beauty.

On the following evening, after the daily conference of the lovers had closed, the maids carefully brought the dress and put it upon the Earth, wondering at the beauty of the transformation made by their own hands. The Earth, however, had fallen asleep, worn out by the excitement of the last few days. So she knew nothing of what was going on.

Next morning the Sun rose exultantly to meet his promised bride, but great was his disappointment when a veil was drawn over his face and he was told that he might not see the Earth until the wedding hour. It seemed to him that old Father Time had never travelled so slowly, that ages passed between morn and eve. At last, thinking that he had been deprived of his love, he was on the point of departing, when the veil was withdrawn, and he gazed upon his beautiful bride. The Moon had already arrived and was hovering lovingly over her friend. Nature had

done her work well, for she had clothed the Earth in a bridal robe of spotless ermine, relieved by a few flashing diamonds. The Sun was dazzled by her beauty. He stretched out his shining arms to hold his bride in a loving embrace.

There between the Sun and Moon the Earth was wedded. From her western post the Goddess of Beauty witnessed the ceremony and felt that, in the presence of the Earth, even her fame waned, while Mars was so enamored of the Earth's loveliness that he longed to wrest her from the Sun by valiant deeds. Jupiter looked serenely down upon what he considered mere child's play, though he could not but admire the Sun's bride. On the very outposts of the Sun's dominions stood Saturn with his constant train of eight and from his well-filled hour-glass prophesied long life and happiness to the newly wedded pair.

A HAMLET.

[Translated from Revue Littéraire.]

"Ah! what a pretty hamlet!" cried the young Marchioness, stopping directly in front of a group of low thatched cottages, whose roofs, velvety with moss, were hung here and there with bunches of wild herbs. There were trees bending over the houses and the foliage, upon which the rays of the sun played, was as brilliant as a bouquet of emeralds.

"It is really very pretty," replied the Marquis, knocking off with a dainty flourish some grains of snuff which had lodged upon his cravat from his last pinch.

"It looks very much like the one Her Majesty has just built in Trianon; do you remember it, my dear?"

"Slightly—I have seen it only once, when I was presented—and I saw so many beautiful things then, that they have become a little confused in my memory. But let me think—there ought

to be some cows in a hamlet, and some milk and cream. Look around, gentlemen, and see if there is not a milk-maid who could serve us."

"The true milk-maids are very little like those of Trianon, and, were you to see one, you would never think of asking her for milk," said a person who had not previously spoken.

"Oh, Philosopher!" laughingly replied the Marchioness, "and what, then, do these true milk-maids resemble?"

"They have sunburnt complexions, rough, and rarely clean hands, and harsh voices. Their hair is seldom combed, and they dress in rags, happy to have them. They eat black bread, roots, bad fruits, and I know not what else. Every winter some of them die from hunger."

"Poor people!" murmured the Marchioness, who no longer laughed—the little hand, adorned with rings, had left the arm of her Cavalier to seek for her purse.

"See, then, Mr. Philosopher, I beg you, you who know the inhabitants of the hamlet so well, to try to point out some of them," she replied.

"I am at your service, Madam," replied the gentleman whom she had named Philosopher. "And, see, a god has taken it upon himself to comply with your wish, here is a native of the country, coming on this side."

He made several steps towards the woman indicated, who, seeing him approach, stopped at first, then stepped backward with a frightened air.

"Come here, my good woman, and do not be afraid," he said to her, "Madam would like to speak to you."

The woman approached timidly. She was, perhaps, fifty. Who could guess if it was age or misery that had wrinkled her face, and bent her slight and wretched body? She came in front of the Marchioness, who contemplated her with horror and pity, perhaps with confusion, too; for, after looking at the poor woman's rags, she blushed when her eyes rested upon her own arm, white and round, half hidden among folds of costly lace.

"My good woman," she said, in her gentlest voice, "we are warm and thirsty, could you not find us a little milk to drink?"

"I have some, Madam; I have a cow!" replied the peasant. "If you would like—but, no, my home is too poor for you—I will bring you some milk outside."

"No, no! I would like better to go into your house, I am tired, and I shall be very glad to sit down a little while," briskly replied the Marchioness.

"Come this way, Madam!"

And the peasant led the way. The Marchioness was very sad, and the Cavalier, a young man much approved of in the circles of the town and the court, tried to divert her.

"Truly, Madam," said he, "your sympathy is thrown away. These people are not so much to be pitied as you think. You, without doubt, would be very unhappy, were you to find yourself in their place; as for them, they are accustomed to their evils, they no longer even feel them."

"You believe that?" interrupted the Philosopher in a quizzical tone.

The Cavalier scarcely deigned to look at him, the Philosopher was not a gentleman of court.

"But when they see their children suffering from hunger," continued the Marchioness.

"The affections," replied the Cavalier, "are, without doubt, much less keen with them than with the cultivated. It is known that sensibility develops in proportion to the refinement of people, shall I say? These people can lose parents and children without suffering as a refined person would under the same circumstances. They have not the time to lose in weeping. Then, too, self-interest is concerned. When a member of the family dies, there is one mouth less to fill."

"You believe that?" replied the Philosopher, becoming more and more quizzical.

The Cavalier was on the verge of anger, but the peasant stopped and opened a door.

"It is here, Madam," she said.

The Marchioness entered, and her companions followed. Oh! no, the cottage into which they entered did not resemble those of

Trianon. What misery in the poor beds, filled with dry ferns, in the worm-eaten furniture, the uneven ground, in the tattered clothes which the children wore, in the hard and black bread upon which they feasted their eager eyes, while the grandmother cut them some pieces, alas! not large enough for their appetites.

The Marchioness' heart was touched. She seated herself upon a bench which the hostess had carefully wiped off with her apron, and remained silent. The children crowded against one another, cowered in a corner and forgot, while looking at the guest, to bite their black bread.

The peasant brought a jar of fresh milk and some earthenware cups decorated with flowers, which she had borrowed from a rich neighbor. She possessed only some wooden bowls. She helped the Marchioness, who found the milk excellent, as good, even better, than that of Trianon.

A burst of silvery laughter resounded all at once from the farthest part of the room. The Marchioness turned.

"It is the little one," said the peasant, "he always laughs like that when he wakes up. Wait my boy, wait my loved one; I am coming to take my jewel."

She lifted from the wooden cradle the chubby-faced baby, enveloped in ragged, swaddling clothes. What difference did it make if they were poor? Two rosy little feet could be seen through the rags and the plumpest limbs that had ever been the pride of a nurse. His mother kissed his little mouth, showering upon him the most endearing names. The Marchioness thought of her youngest son, the little Viscount, whom she had not seen for two days, because parties and duties of the world had absorbed all her time. Moreover he did not need her, for he had all to himself a nurse and a governess. The Marchioness met the gaze of the Philosopher and bent her head. "Who loves her child the more, this woman or myself?" she thought.

Then the large brothers and sisters came out from the corner and crowded around the nurseling. One could not tell who caressed it most. He was so handsome and, seeing him so fat and fresh, you wondered why the others were so pale and slight.

"What a fine-looking child you have," said the Marchioness to the peasant.

"Oh! yes, Madam, "she said, flattered with the compliment. "The others are not so handsome, the poor little things! As for him, he has not yet had time to suffer. He needs only his mother's milk and there is always plenty of that. Is it not true, my fat boy?"

The baby apparently understood, for he ceased to laugh and turned to his mother, struggling impatiently. The peasant hastened to give him his supper.

"Are all these children yours?" the Marchioness asked.

"All except the little brown fellow, there in the corner. Still it seems as if he were mine. He was fatherless, and his poor mother could not be comforted at the thought of dying and leaving him all alone. So I promised to take him when she should be no more. This is the reason I have six children instead of five."

."What a brave woman you are!" cried the Marchioness, with tears in her eyes. "But you must have a great deal of trouble in raising them all." The peasant sighed.

"Trouble? Oh! yes, they do not have so much as they want to eat every day. If only we could work as much as we wished—but to-day, for example, my husband had our barley to cut. Ah! well, they have taken him for statute labor, and if a storm were to come up to-night the barley would be lost. Life is hard for the poor, Madam!"

The Marchioness had risen.

"Here," said she, placing some money in the peasant's hand, "there is something with which to buy them bread."

The woman looked.

"Oh! my good lady!" cried she, "this is enough to carry me through the bad winter days. Ah! my poor Marie." She stopped and her eyes filled with tears.

"Who is this Marie?" asked the Marchioness.

"My oldest daughter, 'Madam. A child who had so much heart! She was fourteen, growing, and had need of nourish-

ment. Ah, well! all winter she gave her bread to the little ones who cried with hunger. This made her feeble, little by little; and when spring came we carried her to the cemetery."

The Marchioness was by this time really crying. She remembered a pompous funeral procession which went from her house one day, and a little bed draped with silk and lace, which remained empty in the nursery. Pressing in her delicate little hands the large rough one of the other mother, she said:

"I, also, have lost a child."

"Ah! Madam, how I pity you!" cried the peasant. "If one is rich or poor it is always the same grief."

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The remainder of the walk was in silence. The Cavalier tried vainly to offer his arm to the Marchioness. She seemed not to see it but took that of the Philosopher. I have heard that since this day the intimate friends of the Marchioness exercise their tongues greatly concerning her avarice. They say she wears the same dress three times in succession and does not renew her laces and jewels; but I have also heard that on her farm no one ever dies from hunger or misery.

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES" AND "OLIVER TWIST."

Although "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist" are by no means either the best or the worst of Dickens' many interesting works, although they take only a middle stand, yet they are marked as differing from the rest. You are apt to think of them together because where one fails so does the other, and where one is strong the other also is found to excel.

The most marked similarity is that both are very exciting, and their subjects are such as would make the stories interesting and thrilling. They are alike also in that the scenes of both are

laid principally among the poor and degraded—"Oliver Twist" in London, "A Tale of Two Cities" in Paris; for although the title of the latter suggests that the events take place equally in London, yet by far the greater part are in Paris. Both tales abound in the most horrible and wicked characters that the horror and wickedness of the times and places could produce. What natures could be blacker than those of Fagin and Sykes? or what more repulsive than that of Mme. Defarge? In fact the few noble characters are swallowed up by the dark shadows cast by the demons of the tales. Every one knows what effective pictures are made by placing against a very black background figures of light and beauty. The loveliness of the latter is enhanced by the contrast. Just so most striking pictures might have been made from the material of these two books and the good might have been put forth at advantage. Instead, however, it is the evil that makes a forcible impression and the light of the good is for a time choked by the shades of the bad. The author showed his judgment in *not* trying to illuminate such darkness, and made the final effect greater by the entire dissipation of the shade and predominance of the light. For these novels are not without some good characters. Carton, though no saint, must be admired and loved. Lucie, too, would have been much loved had she been brought out; but, in her case, we shall have to be contented with saying what "might have been." Nancy, though her sins are great, is pitied by every one who can pity. And of course there were many others, minor characters, who were highly virtuous and respectable people.

"Oliver Twist" and "A Tale of Two Cities" differ in one respect, which makes the former preferable. "A Tale of Two Cities" has its characters almost entirely subservient to the plan. They seemed predestined to a set course, and to pursue it they were obliged. This was greatly caused by the French Revolution, which, with its overwhelming tide, swept everything along. There was no room for private struggles or resistance. Details were sacrificed that the outline might be undefined and awe-inspiring. In "Oliver Twist" this is reversed. Though the plan

is equally fixed and forcible, yet it is the characters that carry out the plan, not the plan that carries out the characters. You, therefore, take a particular interest in the fate of each particular character, according to the part that character has played, and the feeling of like or dislike you have for him or her. In "Oliver" the fate of each individual holds you spell-bound, in "A Tale" the general turn of affairs occupies much of your attention.

One of the principal charms of "A Tale of Two Cities," is that its most exciting points are of historic interest, rendered more thrilling by the graphic descriptions. The author could not have chosen scenes presenting more horror than those of the French Revolution. He knew well how to treat them, and represented them so vividly that one is immediately transported to the field of action. In "Oliver Twist" the events are equally thrilling, but they are not historic. By this is not meant that the topics treated are of no interest politically. One of the great objects of the book was reform in the work-houses and this was an important question in Parliament. But what is such a matter to the upturning and almost utter destruction of a nation? Social improvements and disputes can never be of the same interest to us as the wars and revolutions which sometimes shake the world's foundations as by an earthquake.

It would be hard to define exactly the place which the novels under consideration occupy among their author's works. As has been said, they are neither his best nor yet his worst, but are usually classed as his most exciting books. In all of Dickens' writings we cannot but find some parts most thrilling. In "Dombey and Son" there are Edith's flight, Mr. Carker's horrible death, Mr. Dombey's miserable thoughts of suicide. In "Nicholas Nickleby" there are not only Ralph Nickleby's thoughts, but act of suicide. In "Bleak House" there are the events, as of a nightmare, of Lady Dedlock's disappearance and pursuit, and Mr. Tulkinghorn's death. In "Old Curiosity Shop" there is Quilp's well deserved fate. In "Our Mutual Friend" there are Bradley Headstone's deeds and death. In "Martin Chuzzle-

wit" there is Jonas Chuzzlewit's wickedness. So with all his other books. But these are but small portions of large volumes, while "Oliver Twist" and "A Tale of Two Cities" are full of this kind of excitement. This cannot elevate them above the other books, and in some degree it lowers them. For in the excitement all feelings of both actors and readers are expelled, save those of passion. What partakes not of this in the stories appears cold, hard-hearted, and unnatural to spectators much wrought up by the horrors. There is little that is tender, sweet or simple. There is no room for characters that are first gentle. As the roar of Niagara would drown and hush the voice of a tiny brook murmuring over the pebbles, so the deep passions of passionate natures would drown the quiet emotions roused by any such characters. Doady's Little Blossom would have been unsuited to the fierceness of these tales; out of place, almost awkward in either book. Perhaps this is why Oliver himself, virtuous little fellow though he was, appears so namby-pamby and priggish. Had his goodness been of a mighty kind it would have made itself heard far above the rush of the cataract. Lizzie Hexam might perhaps have come out truly and nobly under even such trying circumstances; yet we cannot but be thankful that, hard as was her lot, she was not in Nancy's place.

As there is no room for quiet characters, so there is no room for quiet grief. We could never weep for anything in either book, except perhaps in anger and resentment at the wrongs done, although we scarcely sympathize with those who suffer the wrong. Such tears as rise at the death of Dora, of Grandfather's Guide, of Paul, of the poor little "Mover-on," would indeed seem strange if shed for any one in "A Tale of Two Cities" or "Oliver Twist." The pathos which characterizes Dickens' works seems almost entirely wanting in these two. This may be said also of his humor. Whereas in most of his novels we find them closely combined, here they are both lacking. The grief caused by the books, real though it may be, is that of chilling fear and horror, that which makes our blood curdle, as at the death of Nancy. And as we can feel no such

grief as we feel in other stories, so we can feel no such joy. In "Dombey and Son," in "David Copperfield," and others a quiet sensation of pleasure comes over us when all turns out well. We are glad that Florence obtains what she so well deserves, glad in Agnes and David's joy, glad when little Nell at last finds rest, when Esther is happy, when Pip is rewarded for his constant love to Estella, delighted that the Marchioness escapes her cruel bondage, and that Mark Tapley settles down to be jolly with his jolly little wife. We sympathize with them all in their sorrows and equally in their joys. But in "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist" we feel a sensation of relief when one we admire is delivered from danger, or when for a time there is a cessation in the storm. There are few of Dickens' characters for whom we feel less attachment. They seem too much, vivid though the descriptions are, like book-characters, with whom we can have nothing in common. Not that they are unnatural. But there are so few people to whom such events happen that we can hardly realize them or feel in them as for our friends. Every-day events, such as Dickens' other works describe, touch nearer home. "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Oliver Twist" are a strain on the mind and it is almost with joy that we lay them down, thankful that such experiences never have and probably never will come near us or ours.

THE CHILD AND THE FLOWER.

Two little hands were clasped tight together, one little foot stamped impatiently on the green turf beneath it, two big, round tears rolled down two rosy cheeks, and two great, dark eyes were so bedimmed that they did not spy a meek little Eye-bright peeping up between the grasses. A tiny voice saying, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" reached the child's ears. The rose-bud lips for-

got to pucker, the brown eyes opened wider, the little girl dropped down on her knees beside the blossom, and the tears fell, one into the very heart of the flower, the other into the earth beside it. "Mistress Brown-eyes," said the flower, "Why so sad?" It was wonderful, but Mistress Brown-eyes did not stop to wonder.

"And did I almost stamp on you, little Eye-bright? I am so sorry, but I was so mad and misable."

The child lay down with her cheek on the soft grass, the lips began to pucker again, and soon sobs came which shook the tiny frame and made the head, in spite of the crown of golden ringlets, throb with pain.

"Poor little mortal," said the Eye-bright, "You miserable! Pretty baby, tell the little flower why."

The flower and the grasses kissed away the tears almost before they fell and one of their play-mates, a gentle breeze, pushed back the clinging hair from the hot temples. Very soon the little one, wearied from her tears, said:

"Dear flower, ought nurse to have said I was a silly child and had no business asking such foolish questions as, 'What becomes of people's tears?' She said it was the same thing as made Lot's wife turn into salt, and killed the cat and Blue-Beard's wives, insashatiable curiosity. But you don't think so, pretty, pretty flower, and if you know what becomes of people's tears please tell me."

"Poor, abused little maid, it was a shame for nurse to speak to you that way. However, I do not wonder your question was too much for her. It is a hard one."

"But you can, you will tell me!" and the brown eyes fairly danced with anticipation. "For I would keep them in the place they go to forever, and not let them come back and make my mamma and everybody sorry any more."

"Brown-eyes," said the flower, "'tis naughty tears only, those that come from temper, that you should wish to keep away."

Then all was still, the grasses did not sway to and fro, the breeze ceased to blow, and the child listened as the flower said:

"Yes, I can tell you, for flowers know of tears. They see the first April showers that come in the children's spring life, and sooth with sweet sympathy the storms of after years. No winter is so cold but that we wait under the snow to bloom again at Easter-tide; no life so hard that we are not strewn along its path. Little one, tears do not grieve, they are a balm for grief." A puzzled look came into the baby face, chasing the dimples quite away. The Eye-bright said: "You do not understand, but I will show you. Listen! Listen!"

There came a low sound of music through the grasses, so plaintive and soothing that the heavy lashes fell on the flushed cheek. Then the perfume of flowers filled the air, and either on the perfume or the music the child was borne first up, then away, away.

When she opened her eyes she was standing in a garden shaped in the form of a heart. It was so beautiful that it almost took her breath away, and in the centre, from a pool as clear as crystal, rose a fountain of limpid water. The silvery drops fell to the earth again with a cheerful, pleasant sound and the sunshine glittered through the fountain, reflecting in myriads of tiny drops the rainbow colors. Flowers bloomed around the fountain, heart's ease and forget-me-nots, lilies, violets, and evergreen. They were all beautiful, but where the spray fell they grew yet more beautiful and fresh.

"Youth is weeping," said a voice, "and from his tears this fountain springs. The flowers are the heart's virtues, the sunshine happy thoughts, whose presence has called into being the rainbow of hope that bends over the pool." Then she saw that weeds had sprung up in the garden, but when tears fell on them, they were seen no more. An ugly creature appeared. He crowded out the flowers and by his every action the child knew that it was Self. Tears of sympathy drove him away. Then the flowers grew more beautiful, the air was full of their perfume, the sound of the fountain was like the happiest laughter, everything seemed about to break into one glad song of joy: but even that would not suffice to express the rapture breathing in every

flower, sunbeam, and water-drop; and tears of joy fell on the happy garden-plot, while in the pool pictures were reflected never to be erased. This did not last long.

Then the water of the fountain rose and fell with a silent motion, the flowers bloomed and the sun shone; the blossoms were richer but the sunshine was not so brilliant. At length the child noticed a great change in the garden. The plants had grown into sturdy young trees, and on many there were not only flowers but fruit. And there was one strong tree, "Experience," not seen before. Sometimes dark clouds would almost or entirely obscure the genial sun and the fountain would be like a mighty torrent in its descent, while so rapid was the fall that even those rays which reached it would be almost lost. Sometimes the flowers would hardly bloom at all, the ground was hard for the plants to press through, and all things seemed to flag. The fountain fell with a tired motion as tears drop for very weariness; and the voice said: "Men and women are weeping now." The tree, Experience, spread its branches over the garden. The dancing light that had shone while Youth's tears fell was gone. Only the strong, true rays could penetrate the thick foliage. The garden rested peaceful in the pleasant light and the flowers sent their fragrance far outside the walls.

The twilight came on softening the sunshine and the coloring of the flowers, until you could scarcely discern the different shapes but only see that all was beautiful. Tears of regret fell in a filmy, shadowy mist; for there had been times when the flowers might have bloomed better, when some closed bud might have opened, or the sunshine gone outside the little garden, bearing fresh fragrance into places where it was dark and the flowers found it hard to bloom. The bow shone out through the mist all the more beautiful for the shadows gathering round. Then the day seemed to return and impart in one last look its fairest beauty to the scene. The mist was passed, the long rays slanting through the trees, kissed the flowers, and it was almost night. The fountain still played with a softly echoing murmur. At last the murmur ceased and both fountain and bow

were gone. The fulfilment of the hope had come. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes," said the voice.

Then there came again the perfume and the music, the vision was ended. The Eye-bright was looking up into the child's face and smiling at her. The brown eyes smiled back, and in the west the sun was sinking.

"Good-night little flower," said the child.

THE LABORATORY AT BEAUFORT.

The waves of the Atlantic wash the shores of many beautiful places, and among the most beautiful is Beaufort, on the south-eastern coast of North Carolina. The town is small but one of the oldest in the State. Built in a curve projecting far out into the narrow river which lies between it and the ocean, it seems to have sprung from the sea, with its houses, flower-gardens, and spreading shade trees, and with its people too. All seem to belong to the ocean. One of the loveliest scenes to be imagined is a clear sunset from this little town. The sun sinks right into the river, and long after it has disappeared the sky is tinged with the most brilliant colors, each one reflected separately by the water. The twilight is indeed beautiful and it lasts for a long while. It was during one of these twilights that we first saw Beaufort, and we thought we had never seen anything so fair. It seemed as if we had passed into some enchanted city of olden times. The breaking of the waves against the shore was the only sound, and it was a subdued murmur, not an angry roar. The streets were shaded by rows of elm-trees, bent far over the houses by the spring and autumn winds. Beneath the old oaks of the church-yard the grave-stones gleamed ghostly in the twilight. Here the river, winding round the town, made dents in its shore, and there the land jutted far into the river. Beyond the shoal, between the

ocean and the town, stood old Fort Macon. Its turf no longer worn down by the tramp of soldiers, held the softest evening shadows while one last ray of sunlight gilded the crumbling stones. Across the bay the lights of Morehead peeped out into the gathering darkness.

It must have been a lover of the beautiful as well as of science that chose Beaufort for the home of the Johns Hopkins Laboratory, an institution to promote knowledge in its most delicate and intricate forms. As the name shows, the Laboratory is a branch of the famous Baltimore University. It was established by Dr. W. K. Brooks in 1880, and since that time it has been in operation during the summer and autumn months.

Dr. Brooks took a large frame building, about ten feet from the river, and fitted it up with all things necessary to the study of marine animals. It is some distance from the business portion of the town, on a slight promontory. Three rooms on the first floor make the Laboratory proper. Long, narrow tables are placed along the wall and covered with glass vessels, ranging in size from several gallons to an ordinary watch crystal. Over the tables are shelves for the different chemicals used in the preservation of marine animals. A library is furnished by the University. The books are not, by any means, those generally read during a summer at the sea-side, but works on zoology and especially on marine animals; dry and uninteresting to the general reader, but precious to the student. Professor Brooks began with six or perhaps eight pupils. Each one took some animal as his special study, and in this way a great deal was accomplished in a short time. The workers are, as a rule, young men who have completed the usual college course, but wish to make a specialty of zoology. A steamer and a light row-boat constitute the fleet. The latter is to search for the smaller animals. On a bright summer morning, before the sun is far in the sky, two or three of the students start out in the steamer. A dredge net is used. It scrapes along the bottom of the sea and takes in everything with which it comes in contact; fish, rocks covered with animal life, crabs, and lovely mosses. The net is made of

coarse cord, and is fastened to the steamer by a stout rope. When filled it is brought to the shore and its contents are sorted. At the same time that the steamer starts out on its expedition, one or two of the students take to the row-boat. Fishing from the row-boat is altogether a different matter from fishing from the steamer; while in the one you may sit still and the net will go on catching just the same, in the other you have to be constantly on the alert. The row-boat is most used. Its net takes only the most minute animals, and these "sea-babies" are the special delight of the student. A scoop net is used in the boat-fishing. It is made of fine silk gauze, with only enough space between the meshes to allow the water to pass. It has a handle eight inches long. As the boat moves slowly on the net scoops under the water. When it is brought up, millions of tiny animals are captive. On the students' return to the Laboratory whatever has been caught is looked over, and all that is thought worth keeping is placed in water from the river to await further classification. Then all the animals of the larger sort are put into the glass tubs. These are filled with water from the sea by rubber pipes. Air is furnished by glass tubes placed under the water. The animals that have been caught in the gauze are too minute to be put in the glass tubs with the large ones, so these nets are carefully washed in a small quantity of water, which is then put under a microscope magnifying five hundred times. To the eye the water seems perfectly clear, but the glass discovers all kinds of strange-looking animals. There are great spiders, very much like the ones we find on old trees or buildings, funny fish having large heads and bodies small in proportion, and many others. Among the most beautiful specimens are the mosses and sea-grasses. The moss is found to be filled with animals differing in form from any with which we are acquainted. The most beautiful of the sea-grasses is a kind that grows up out of the water and looks like a minute reed. This grass is completely covered with small white animals. When all the heads are thrust out the weed has the appearance of a lovely rod of coral, but as soon as it is touched even lightly every head is

drawn in and there is left only what appears to be an ugly yellow reed. Among the most interesting specimens of crabs is the one called the King. It is that longest known to man and is had in all ages. Another interesting crab is known as the Hermit. It has a very soft shell on one side. So, to protect itself from the larger animals, it searches until it finds an empty conch, of which it quietly takes possession. Over the opening is a perfect little door, which the new tenant draws down on entering, so there is no chance for any invader to dislodge him. But the poor Hermit has an enemy in the Auger, which makes a door for itself. It can bore through the hardest shell, and once inside it destroys the life of the inmate. As the Hermit grows the shell becomes too small. Then the little creature is forced to come out and seek a larger home, leaving the old one to some dear friend or favorite cousin. Professor Conn, the Assistant of Professor Brooks, has written a treatise on the Crabs of Beaufort, which work is now in press. He has talent as an artist, and his room is filled with crabs in their various stages, and also with drawings of them in every position.

The oyster is an interesting study. The female during one season sends out from five to six millions of spawn. They have no shell, but float in the water until strong enough to fasten themselves to some stationary object. Then the shell begins to form, but it is not until after a growth of three years that the animal attains perfection. As many as fifty attach themselves to some rock and make what is called a bunch, but not nearly all live. Many are killed by larger animals and others are crowded out by their growing companions. Oysters are now cultivated in beds. Each one is taken separately from the bunch and planted in the bed where it is to grow. These are superior both in size and flavor, but do not attain their full growth for seven years. One reason is thought to be the want of lime. In a natural bed the living animal thrives on the lime afforded by some dead companion, while in a cultivated bed only the living are allowed to remain. The beds of Charleston and the Chesapeake are noted for the fine flavor and size of

the oysters produced, and those of the latter for the large quantities as well. These beds are of importance not only to the South, but also to the North since the Northern beds are said to have fallen off greatly in productiveness. Professor Brooks is a man of much note in the scientific world, and he has written a book on "The Oyster; its Life, Origin, and Habits." In the "Report of the Maryland Oyster Commission," he says it has been noticed that the spawn will not attach itself to anything lacking a clean surface. This fact has been utilized, and shells are now placed in swift currents where there is no danger of their becoming slimy, as points of support for the spawn. Artificial methods for catching the spat are not so much used in America as in Europe. There clean bunches of faggots are anchored in the track of the floating spawn. Earthen tiles, made for the purpose, are also used largely with great success. A method somewhat on this order is employed on the Poquonock river; white-birch bushes are stuck down, in the spawning season, in water about fourteen feet deep, to which the young adhere in great numbers. By this method as many as a thousand bushels of superior oysters have been obtained from a single acre. Besides its enemies in the way of larger animals and cold winds, our little bivalve has another formidable foe, viz.: mud. When ready to settle down for life, the animal naturally seeks a muddy bottom, as food there is abundant, but its shell is still so thin that a coat of mud only as thick as ordinary writing-paper would be certain death. Nature has come to the rescue; as the flood-tide rushes over the bed it washes away all mud and leaves the poor, helpless creature in safety. So the bed keeps itself clean. In his work the Professor gives several cuts of small shells or pieces of glass completely covered with young oysters, and he speaks of one shell as holding one hundred and fifty. "The more the merrier" seems to be the rule in these communities, but it is not to be wondered that many are killed by too much elbowing. And such weird things are made into habitations. An old Indian pipe was found not long since, to the bowl of which six

of our friends had attached themselves. Indian relics have been dug from the sides of mountains and found buried far beneath the earth, but we think this one coming from its watery resting-place most unique. Clusters of oysters are often found bearing beautiful sponges. They are exceedingly lovely in the water, as the sponges are of various colors. Often dark, deep shades mingle with the lighter ones, so as to form a fine contrast. At times the shell is covered, every niche and crevice, with tiny barnacles. We thought such a cluster as we saw at the Laboratory must have inspired the famous account of the "Circumlocution Office." Indeed we named the shell after that honorable institution, and quickly singled out the members, the specially large and cozy-looking "Senior" or Tite Barnacle, and poor, uncomfortable little "Junior."

The work of the Professor is not only a contribution to the Natural Science of the day. He shows that the warm waters of North Carolina and Maryland are peculiarly adapted to the raising of oysters. By acting upon his suggestions, the supply will be greatly increased and our State revenue likewise. Results more purely scientific are various. Many specimens, with full descriptions, are sent to the different universities throughout the United States, and pamphlets are constantly furnished. Our Laboratory, though still in its infancy, promises to be one of the most useful in the country, and may well be compared with the Rhode Island Agassiz Laboratory. The work done by both is the same, and while that of the latter is carried on on a larger scale, that of Beaufort is as thorough as far as it goes. We hope that in time the Johns Hopkins Laboratory may be enlarged.

EARLY LIFE OF HORATIO N. ROBINSON.

Horatio first saw the light of day at sunrise. He was born at Bangor, Me., 68° 47′ west longitude, at the time when the corresponding hour in the city of Mexico was 2 hours, 2 minutes, 12 seconds before sunrise. It was on this same day that the memorable rise occurred in Erie Railroad stocks, value going up three and a half per cent. The delighted father (stockholder to a considerable extent in the company) presented the baby with the most perfect of christening robes, which consisted of seven yards of all-over embroidery, at $4,995 per yard, five mills being deducted from its original price by the obliging merchant. Under the care of his staid nurse, Adelaide, the baby learned early to walk, his first perambulatory exercise, consisting of $7\frac{1879}{2605}$ inches. His first effort in using the Queen's English was the pronunciation of this same nurse's name, whom he unceasingly called "Add! Add!" This functionary seems to have possessed considerable influence over him, and he did not forget her teachings in later years. During the sad and dreary days of teething, Horatio's mother was wont to administer a mixture recommended by old Dr. Bangs. This mixture contained one and one-half grains of opium, which had been bought by the apothecary at forty cents an ounce, avordupois, and sold by troy-weight at fifty cents an ounce, thus making a gain of $17.83⅓ on every twenty pounds. When about 31,536,000 seconds had passed by, that is to say, one year, Horry met with quite an adventure, he being in a carriage when the horses ran away. His affrighted father immediately afterward disposed of the animals, selling one at a loss of 25 per cent., and on the other making a gain per cent. to the same amount, though both horses brought in $150. The years flitted tranquilly onward upon their peaceful way until it was decided by the *pater familias* and the gentle *mater* to send their young hopeful to school. The greatest cross in our hero's life, so far, had been the fact that his beautiful new kite-string had broken, and he had lost one-half

of it. Even after he had added thirty feet of whipcord it was only $\frac{2}{5}$ of its original length. But now, alas, the spelling-book direfully confronts him. No more can he lie happily on the grass all day, listening to the jay-bird's madding melody, his feet at an altitude of three feet two inches in the air; but he must toil through the orthography of cat, rat, mat, bat, hat, etc. What relief then to turn from his blue-backed Webster to the exciting tales of his arithmetic, such as, "Jane had one marble, and John gave her two more, how many marbles has Jane?"

Horatio, unfortunately, was not very popular with his school-mates, but he had three chosen friends, who remained constant to him until death. These gentlemen were A, B, and C. To these he confided his most cherished secrets, his plans, aims, and propositions. To these he explained a road, by following which they might shorten their path to school by 9.37 rods. But, as I remarked before, most of his play-mates vowed him "a detestable prig"; and one, a chubby-faced, tough little fellow, openly ridiculed our most worthy hero. This youngster was a brave, though diminutive Achilles, of whom Horatio stood in decided awe, although younger than himself by 5 months, 3 weeks and 6 days. Finally, the wicked boy actually challenged Horatio to fight. Our young gentleman received this proposition with the scorn it deserved, elevating his Roman nose and remarking that "dogs delight to bark and bite," but as for him he preferred "intellectual pleasures." This remark still more enraged the pugnacious school-mate, and Horatio was treated to such a beating that it was some months before he could forget it.

The school-yard was a rectangular piece of land, measuring one thousand links by one hundred. A splendid place for base-ball and stone-wall, most of the boys would have told you. Horatio could have informed you it contained one acre. Just back of the school-yard was a meadow in the form of a rhomboid, twenty chains long, and the shortest distance between its longest sides was twelve chains. This was the picnic ground of the entire neighborhood. At one of these picnics a heavy storm came up, and the party was forced to take refuge in a

barn. The boys began immediately to perform wonderful gymnastic exercises, which threatened to break every bone in their bodies, and climbed like monkeys over the broad rafters. Horatio, meanwhile, stood by calmly taking in the measurement of the barn, reckoning the gable ends as being 28 feet wide, the perpendicular height of the ridge above the eaves seven feet, and thus proving that it would take $196\frac{7}{20}$ feet of plank to board up both gables. The other lads were merrily tumbling up and down the new-mown hay, shouting and laughing, though occasionally receiving a hard bump. Which was the wiser knowledge? All will answer, Horatio's. Who were the happier? I'll wager on the ignoramuses.

One of the greatest friends of Horatio's childhood was his cousin's aunt-in-law's husband, a green-grocer. This man, I regret sincerely to say, was not overburdened with honesty, he having a fasle balance by which one pound weighed but 12 ounces, thus making the real value of a barrel of sugar sold for $28 but $21. After a long and prosperous career, this grocer decided to sell out. His store was bought by a certain John Wilson. Mr. Wilson sent on to his agent for $3,600. The agent was instructed to remit it by a draft payable 60 days after sight, exchange being at three-fourths per cent. premium. The agent by mistake sent a sight draft, which was received at the bank and paid after the expiration of the three days of grace. Though Mr. Wilson immediately put the money at legal interest, he lost $1.90 by the mistake of his agent. Horatio's youthful sympathies went heavily for poor Mr. Wilson in this severe loss, and in fact, he thought so much of it that he decided to go into a business in which no blundering agents could bother. Accordingly he invested his small savings in poultry, buying eighteen. For these he paid two cents for the first, five for the second and eight for the third, in arithmetical progression. He built them a hennery four by six feet. But soon tiring of this, he turned his fickle fancy to navigation. "Sea Gull," his father's fancy little craft, was frequently used for pleasure sails up and down the Penobscot. Despite its pretty name, its plush cushions,

snowy sails, and white shining deck, the "Sea Gull" suffered a severe humiliation. There was a horrible, dirty-looking sail-boat in Bangor, owned by old Peter Thompson, "Uncle Pete," as he was called for miles around. Its sails had borne the brunt of many a gale, a crop of corn might have been planted on its deck, and it presented a marked contrast to the pretty "Gull." Yet the redoubtable owner of this still more redoubtable craft had the audacity to challenge the pretty vessel to a race. Horatio was on deck, his face scrubbed and shining, having been scrubbed energetically with the famous new scoap, only $\frac{44}{100}$ of which is alkali. But alas for him and his expectations! alas for the "Sea Gull's" glory! "fine feathers do not make fine birds." A cheering crowd stood on the wharf as the boats started off. Pretty, gayly-dressed girls and young ladies cheered and waved their handkerchiefs for the dainty "Gull"; and the wharf-rats, whom old Uncle Pete had treated to many a free sail, screamed out immortality to the "Mary Jane." But when the stopping-point was reached, the umpire was forced to declare the "Mary Jane" had sailed five leagues, or 17.29 geographic miles, and the "Sea Gull" was a league behind.

The next excitement in Bangor was the election. As this time drew near, political feeling ran high. At the election for Mayor, Horatio's father received 200 votes more than Mr. Brown, who had 6,000. For Mr. Smith there were 150 votes less than for Mr. Brown. Thus Mr. Robinson became Mayor. During his term of office a violent contention arose as to the poll question. There was a tax of $103,294.60 to be raised with an entire valuation of property at $38,260,000, and only 25,482 taxable inhabitants. It was contended by many that the sum in question could only be raised by a poll-tax. Whatever the result would have been, was never known, for the poor Mayor died suddenly, it was said from overwork and excitement. His affairs were in excellent condition, however. He left $\frac{3}{7}$ of his estate to his eldest son, to Horry $\frac{4}{7}$ of the remainder, and to his daughter the remainder, who received $1,723$\frac{5}{8}$ less than Horatio. The bereaved family erected a handsome monu-

ment to their father's memory, the pedestal being a square block of marble, containing 373,248 solid inches, thus making the length of each side six feet. Generally it is best to keep family affairs quiet, but Horatio preferred to write many a treatise on this subject, and explain it to the world.

With such a childhood, is it any wonder our hero became in after years the child's detestation, the school-boy's bogy, the school-girl's horror, the author of many an arithmetic—Horatio N. Robinson!

ON A RANCH.

When traveling through Texas, California, and Mexico, you see thousands of acres of land enclosed for the purpose of raising stock. The ranches in Texas are of two kinds. Those in the older and more settled parts consist of from two to four hundred thousand acres; those in the northern and more unsettled parts comprise even more land and are enclosed by means of barbed wire fences. Both are stocked with improved breeds of cattle;—horses, cows, sheep, hogs, and sometimes camels.

The first thing to be considered in the purchase of a ranch is the choice of suitable land. It must be as near as possible to a river or creek, for it is no easy matter to drive the stock to and from water. It is very inconvenient to be far from a stream, because in the summer the roads are so dusty and the heat so intense that the stock almost famish before they can reach it. Another important point is pasturage. The grass must be of the proper kind and of sufficient amount. Texas ranches are generally chosen on the south side of a hill, that they may have some protection against those terrible cold winds called "northers." Sometimes in winter it is so cold that a great many of the stock freeze to death; and often ranchmen bring little lambs into their tents to keep them warm.

Last winter there was great excitement in Texas, caused by the cutting of the barbed wire fences around the ranches. Some of the owners, when building their fences, cut off their neighbors' direct route to the water. It is true they left a gate; but those outside were too lazy to drive their stock all the way around to it, so they deliberately cut the fence where they wished to pass through. The owners appealed to the law. There was no law against the outrage, however, so they petitioned the Legislature to pass one. The petition was not granted and the poor ranchmen had to "grin and bear it."

Sheep are raised extensively in Texas; they are very hardy animals and will live almost anywhere. One reason is the peculiar shape of their mouth and teeth, which enables them to crop very short grass. Horses may be raised in all the States. In Tennessee and Kentucky are found the finest breeds. In Chattanooga I saw a magnificent span of jet-black horses. They were beautifully shaped and looked indeed the noblest of animals. In Mexico are found any number of Mustang ponies. They seem to do best there. They are small, fiery, and unless well managed, dangerous. Thousands run wild over the plains of Mexico. Texas has a few camel ranches. Several miles below Austin is a large one. I do not know why there are not more, for camels can live very long without water and want of water is the great difficulty on a Texas ranch. Many raise hogs on the same ranch with other stock. When there is food to be found, they are allowed to wander in the woods. About dark, however, you will hear from the barn-yard calls both long and loud. These are to bring the rovers home to be put away safely in their pen until the next day. It is difficult to describe the call. It is a peculiar and prolonged intonation of the vowel O and has an exceedingly weird sound, which may be heard for miles. The pigs know the call wonderfully well and, though far away, they start off immediately towards home, as fast as their legs can take them, squealing as they go. In the fall, as soon as the first cold comes, the fattest pigs are killed. This is quite an event on the farm. All hands are willing to help in order to obtain a

share of the meat. Farmers who raise hogs have to buy very little other meat. I fear a Jew who attempted to live on a ranch would fare badly.

Real ranch life, which is often described in newspapers and which is generally much exaggerated, is known only on the vast and boundless prairies of Southern and Western Texas, and some of the new States and Territories. There the cattle roam wild over the prairies for eight months. After this they are "rounded up" for marking and to be driven to market. Marking is done in several ways. The method generally employed seems to be very cruel. Iron letters, attached to a long handle, are heated red-hot and placed on the thigh of the poor animal. This burns the hair so that it will never grow in that place again. When the burn is healed the mark is very plain. A strong hand has to hold the poor beast while another does the marking. When the wretch is freed, woe to any one near. After the branding and marking season is passed the "keep cattle" roam over the prairies again and have but slight attention.

Cattle three years old are reserved for the "keep market" and the remainder are driven away to be sold. Herds belonging to twenty or thirty different men run together. The drivers employed are in proportion to the number of cattle. When all is ready, off the cow-boys start, pell-mell, on their ponies. They generally drive at least four extra ponies. These poor animals suffer a great deal. No food is provided for them. The only thing that keeps them alive is the prairie grass, and this is by no means plentiful. When one gives out, the cow-boy lassoes another and continues his journey. A few pack-mules are needed to carry the provisions. These provisions consist of "jerked beef," corn bread, sugar, coffee, a good supply of whiskey, and smoking tobacco. Thousands of cattle pass my home during the year, most of them on the way to Kansas. When we hear that a drove is to pass, all the children rush down to the banks of the river to see them cross. The grown cattle swim and sometimes the young calves nearly drown in their attempts to do the same. Very often a cow-boy has to take one up on his saddle and bear it

across. When the water is cold the herd refuse to cross and this causes a stampede. The cattle rush in all directions and the cow-boys have to ride after them. Sometimes, without any apparent reason whatever, the stock behave in this highly undignified manner.

Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati have the largest stock-markets in the United States, if not in the world. The trade is always transacted on the outskirts of the city, near the junction of railroads. The market in Chicago covers three hundred and forty-five acres, of which one hundred acres are taken up by pens. The large supply of water needed is secured by artesian wells. As a market for live stock, Chicago is the most important centre in the United States. For some time Cincinnati held the first place, but Chicago has now surpassed her in this as in many other respects. It is thought that she will one day deprive New York of her proud position as the metropolis of the United States. Though this prophesy remains to be fulfilled, we must own that, as far as her stock-market goes, she stands first. The amount of beef packed yearly is enormous. The regular packing season extends from November 1st to March 1st, but summer packing may be done with advantage. England has just given to the Chicago markets two immense orders; one for four million, the other for five million cans of beef for the English army. Seventy thousand cattle will be needed to fill the order. It is a difficult matter to obtain so large a number at once, but Chicago will hardly be daunted by such a trifle.

The cow-boy is rather a strange looking sight, dressed in his hickory shirt, over-alls, and tremendous *sombrero*, having a lasso in his hand or hanging from his saddle. He has two six-shooters at his saddle-bow and another at his belt. A model cow-boy can bring down an antelope or bear with very little difficulty at a distance of two hundred yards. Among these riders of our plains are some who might grace high positions. A number of refined, educated men make this their business in order to recuperate their health. The late Earl of Abysford owned and operated an extensive ranch at Big Springs, on the Pacific

Railroad in Texas. Wild though he looks, the cow-boy is as chivalrous in taking the side of the weak against the strong and in his respect for women, as were the knights of old.

The ranchman's house, covered as it generally is with vines, looks very inviting to the weary traveler after he has ridden many miles under a burning Texas sun. The inmates are celebrated for their hospitality; to them all visitors are welcome. Their first impulse always is to give you something to eat and drink; home-made wine and fresh fruit. If anything more substantial is needed, it may be easily provided. The poultry-yard is literally teeming with chickens, ducks, turkeys, and geese. These the mistress takes care of, priding herself on their size and "points." Isolation in the country is the only drawback to ranch life. The owner and his family have no society and no school or church privileges. After a few years, however, the ranchman becomes independent and is able to give his children every advantage of education. His profits soon treble those of regular farming. There is less labor than you would imagine, and the greater part of it falls on the horses. It is true that the men have to do a great deal of hard riding, but they soon get accustomed to it as well as to the attendant exposure. Although the children look rough and wild, still they are the happiest of little souls.

The boys take much pleasure in rabbit-hunting. If they are too young to be trusted with a gun they are content to go with only their dogs, which they have had in training for some time. The rabbits most prized are the "mule-eared," so called on account of the shape and size of their ears and seldom found out of Texas. Sometimes the ears are more than six inches long and stand straight up on the head, as do those of a mule when he is listening attentively. These rabbits are considerably larger than ordinary ones and have very long legs.

One of the great attractions of life on the prairies is its perfect freedom. Again, everything speaks of Mother Nature's love for her children. In spring and autumn the vast fields are literally covered with flowers of every imaginable hue—phlox,

primroses, daisies, blue-bells. Many are perfectly blue with the blue-bells. You cannot conceive how beautiful such an one is. The flowers grow to be about a foot high and are rooted together very thickly. There are no trees to be found. Now and then you will see a clump of scrubby-looking oaks or mesquites, seemingly a mere freak of nature. However, they serve to shelter stock from the heat of the sun.

In summer the prairies are covered with tall grass, which is quite dry when fall begins and is easily burnt off. Near one of these fires you may distinguish the watchmen running hither and thither, building opposition fires to prevent progress further than intended. As far as you can see is one seething gulf, the smoke rolling over and above the ground. Now and then immense flames leap high in the air, casting a strange light on the figures hurrying to and fro. At times these fires become so fierce and advance so rapidly as to destroy houses and barns. This may be prevented by setting fire to the grass around and burning a clear space, which the flames cannot cross. The change from fields of endless bloom to the parched and blackened waste is desolate. Nevertheless, prairie fires do a great deal of good. They clear the ground of all thistles and like obstacles, and so make the grass grow better. Neither ranchmen nor cattle could well do without their aid. They are the ill wind that blows them the greatest good.

WATER-WORKS.

There have been means of conducting water into cities and buildings from very early times. The aqueducts of Egypt and Babylonia are the most ancient that we have any account of. The royal canal of Babylon was built in 1700 B. C. It was afterwards repaired by Nebuchadnezzar and put to splendid use for the passage of merchant ships. The pools of Solomon near

Bethlehem and the canal constructed by the Persians are among the most ancient water-works. The pools of Solomon consisted of three reservoirs, from which the water was conducted to Jerusalem, six miles distant, by suitable pipes. At the present time Jerusalem is supplied with water from these pools through ten-inch earthen pipes. The Romans also constructed aqueducts of stupendous size, by which the pure water of very distant streams ran through the streets of Rome and through the sewers to cleanse and purify them.

The famous Croton aqueduct of New York, the Lake Tunnel of Chicago, leading from Lake Michigan, and the London and Paris water-works are among the most noted and remarkable of the present time. Paris is supplied with water from the lime hills, very far distant. It was noticed that the strongest conscripts were from the limestone district. Their fine physiques were attributed to the water of the country, and pipes were laid to Paris to supply it with the same. The most wonderful and yet simple water-works are the artesian wells in the Desert of Sahara. Villages and gardens flourish where before these wells were struck there was nothing but sandy plain.

The principles employed in any of these constructions are few. The water is always brought from one high place to seek its level in another, or it is forced up by means of machinery. Often a ram is made use of. That is, a portion of the water is carried by means of its own momentum to an air-chamber and driven thence into the pipe by the elasticity of the compressed air. The soil and the cultivation of the place whence water is brought should be considered. It is conducted from a spring or stream through three reservoirs, and then by pipes into the cities and buildings. A filtering process is gone through to purify the water for use. The mouth of the pipe should always be full of water, not air, to prevent corrosion. There are three systems for supplying water: the Reservoir, Stand-pipe, and Holly Systems. The first two are sometimes classed as one, called the Gravity System.

The water-works which we are to consider particularly are those of Raleigh and St. Mary's. Raleigh, as yet, has none; but there is reason to hope she will soon have a fine system. About three miles west of our city is a charming spot. Before you enter the enclosure you see a cosy summer cottage surrounded by beautiful shade trees. At the gate you catch your first glimpse of the clear lake. Although artificial, it has been constructed with much taste. It is surrounded by green trees and grass, and the little jutting points and curves in the bank seem the work of nature itself. It is filled with fine fish, and a small stream on the right side of the lake is spanned by a "cute" little rustic bridge. On the opposite side you come to a spring, protected by a stone covering. The water is delightful, so cool and pure that, having once tasted it, you always long for another draught. On warm summer days to go to "Camp Mangum," as the place is called, is your heart's desire. It might better have been named Park Mangum. The crowning touch, in the eyes of young people at least, are a dancing platform and a band-stand, making the place most desirable for picnics. Who would think, as he admires the lovely scene, that it was once most unattractive? The owner, Maj. R. S. Tucker, has converted rough farm lands into a park, and shown that energy and taste may fill even a wilderness with artistic beauty. It is from this lake at "Camp Mangum" that water may be obtained for the supply of Raleigh. There are several hills a short distance from "Spring Lake," as it is called, and the water could be forced up one of these hills into a reservoir. The distributing reservoir could in that case be at the Central Railroad, thereby giving the water a fall of 156 feet. It is not yet sure whether the city will be supplied in this manner, or by artesian wells, or in some other way. The citizens realize the importance of a good water supply and it is sure that we shall have it sometime in the not very far distant future.

The water-works of St. Mary's are already completed. Just behind the school is a field and back of that is a pretty wood. After reaching the woods you walk a short distance down a path, where violets, daisies, and forget-me-nots grow in the spring,

tempting you to stop and pluck them. A little way beyond is an open place from which a splendid view of Raleigh is obtained. It looks very pretty nestling in the valley below. A few more steps through a wood brings you to your destination. The lake, the green trees, the blossoming shrubs, and the sunlight form a beautiful picture. The lake is made by the damming of a stream whith runs through the woods. The pipes are placed below the surface of the water so as to allow a free flow. The ram is double, one chamber at the edge of the lake, the other three or four steps away. Standing over the ram, you hear a sound like a man hammering, which is caused by the opening and shutting of the valves in the air-chamber. The pipes from the ram pass through the woods, following the hill for some distance, then through the field and garden up to St. Mary's School. The water is conducted over the entire building and we should have no fear even in a severe water famine, for our pretty lake in the wood supplies us bountifully.

Then we have our glorious well, and I will not forsake the old for the new. The little lake is lovely, but it has not the associations of our well. What crowds of girls have stood around the moss-covered bucket and sent their merry laughter to echo in the depths below! Those depths are very far down, and it was with great difficulty that they were reached. The workmen had to blast through ten or twelve feet of rock; but it was worth the trouble, for now we have excellent water with the very same properties as the famous Paris water; that is, lime and iron. It comes from forty feet under ground. Our old oaken bucket will always be among our pleasantest recollections.

THE WORLD'S EXPOSITION AT NEW ORLEANS.

A small spot of ground on one of the many curves of the swift flowing Mississippi, now attracts the interest of the world. And when we look upon the collection here gathered from many nations and mark the height civilization has attained in each, our thoughts must needs wander back to the time when these grounds were not so occupied, and farther back still to the years when no busy circle of human life was close at hand, when solitude and silence reigned supreme, broken only by the voice of the wandering savage. There are still representatives of that time, grand oaks covered with grey moss. Three hundred years ago these had companions like themselves, no doubt, and with them formed one of the great primeval forests of Louisiana. The clear, rushing waters of the noble river often lashed these monarchs of the wood in windy rage, and again quietly receded as though remorseful for the harm done, regardless of the good. Then came relentless civilization, destroying in part the beauty nature had wrought. Some of the trees were felled to bar the river's progress in his annual visitations. Later still, this became the fate of many and now the few remaining, though many for these times, form two splendid avenues, their arms lovingly interlaced, as though determined not to be separated in their old age. A few stand defiantly alone and stretch forth their strong, gnarled arms, covered with clinging moss, to the protecting sky. Silent spectators of changing scenes have these venerable oaks been and, could they speak, how many wondrous tales they might unfold. They have been faithful sentinels of the Prince of Rivers. Perhaps they stretched their first leaves to catch a glimpse of mere rough logs, bearing human burdens on the rippling waves. Perhaps they saw the first frail canoe launched and later watched the rafts, burdened with exiles, float aimlessly down the stream. After the first shock of shouting, puffing steam-boats, the most alarming sight was the approach of the booming, smoking man-of-war in 1862. All this and

much more could the old oaks tell, and the climax of the tale would be a description of the World's Exposition. The trees now look calmly down on smoothly laid out grounds covered with soft, velvety grass and beds of bright flowers, and crossed by streams spanned by rustic bridges.

But as regards the buildings, the penetration of the oaks fails. They leave these to us. So taking up their tale, we begin with the exhibits of the States, most interesting in our opinion. Each has vied with the others in presenting to the world its rarest possessions and products. Days, yes, and weeks could not be better or more pleasantly spent than in looking over the numerous and well arranged displays from all parts of the Union. The Government Building is by no means so large as the Main Building—wherein are placed the exhibits of foreign countries, and a display of machinery, and also of firms—but it is filled with many interesting things, and with the specialties of each State. Here are no trifles for sale, no advertisements of new, and, is it necessary to add, useless articles. Over it are not scattered in every direction stalls with Indian curiosities made in the North. Turks—salesmen, at that—learned in regard to the American language, are not calling the attention of passers-by to relics from the East. Such, however, is the case in the Main Building. The Government Building is devoted entirely to the affairs of the United States. Bright-colored flags and streamers hang among the rafters, and everywhere electric lights are suspended. But let us inspect the exhibits. Judging from these, the North-western States must literally be covered with fields of waving, golden grain. Minnesota, Nebraska, and Dakota are most prominent in this respect. Pretty grassy pagodas adorn the squares of nearly all these States, and in Nebraska the native grasses form a figure of "Liberty enlightening the world." On one of the screens devoted to corn is a crowned head, and above the inscription, also of the grain, "Corn is King." Minnesota has a representation of the "Falls of Minnehaha." Piled high are rocks and grassy soil, and over these a stream of water falls constantly. Little gold-fish inhabit the lake below, and

dart about as though frightened by the continuous throng. Minnesota's specimens of flour are good, as are the fish from her Fish Commission. Dakota has arranged a park, with her wild animals therein. Among the number are a white buffalo, American antelopes, mountain sheep, and other and stranger animals. The heads of two deer locked together, show that they died so, fighting, no doubt. We see that all this country abounds in grain, and the greater part of it in gold and silver, as well as the baser metals. The quantity and quality of Dakota's vegetables are praiseworthy. Many fossils and Indian relics, too, have been found. Oregon's exhibit speaks in strongest language of her richness of soil. The number of pounds which some of her vegetables weigh is astonishing; for instance, there are rutabagas of fifty-eight pounds, and many of the carrots are thirty-two inches long. A stump has been preserved under which a man discovered a mine worth five millions of dollars. Is it any wonder that the ugly gnarled piece of wood occupies so prominent a place in Oregon's display? The principal and most attractive productions of New Mexico, Colorado, Arizona, and Nevada are the ores. Many of these are of great value. There is a display from Cedar Creek county, Arizona, where silver was first discovered. It is said that this mining territory, fifteen miles long and six miles wide, has produced thirty millions of dollars. The interest of most of these States seems to be mining. Large nuggets of gold and silver are shown,.also photographs of the principal mines and models of mining instruments. Many of the above mentioned States and Territories have a good many petrifactions. Nevada has a particularly pretty instance, a nest with birds' eggs in it; and there are also casts of enormous feet, found far beneath the ground.

California's vegetables, grains, and grasses are famous. But the most wonderful of her specimens is the section of the first big tree discovered. It is a species of cedar, I think. The section was taken 110 feet from the ground, and even at that height measured seventeen feet in diameter. Thirty-two couples can dance on the stump, so they say. California may be proud of

her variety of grain-seed. One firm alone presents six hundred and forty samples. Her minerals of course are good. The schools of Illinois brighten up her section, also photographs of Chicago and other prominent points in the state. Wisconsin's Women's Work is notable, and the inmates of the Blind Asylum have here lent a helping hand. Indiana's Encaustic Tide Display serves not only to show her wealth of soil, but also the ingenuity existing within her bounds. This state also stands foremost in vegetables and salt. She has over six hundred kinds of potatoes, the largest variety of the states. Massachusetts, as usual, is not without interesting relics of the Revolution and memoirs of Washington's inauguration. Besides her industrial resources she has displayed the efforts and accomplishments of her educational and charitable institutions. Her sister states have somewhat similar exhibits. Arkansas is noted for her fine apples, and her exhibit at the Exposition fully verifies this reputation. The large Shannon apple is wonderful in size, and the "Maiden's Blush" is exquisite in color and shape. These and other fruits make it evident that she is a first-rate fruit state. Of course she has other products not unlike those of the states surrounding her. Curious mound-relics form a part of this display, and it is a strange fact, worthy of notice, that the small vessels and figures were found with children's skeletons, and the larger ones with the bones of adults. These were discovered a few miles from Little Rock. All the figures are in a sitting position. Georgia does not come up to her sister states in quantity, but excels in quality. She exhibits the whole process of making turpentine; the still and a section of pine tree, the latter cut so as to collect the rosin, which is also shown in its different forms. Her specimens of timber are prettily put up in book form, the bark making the back of the binding, which pretty idea reminds us of the fact that back and book were once synonymous. Maryland abounds in models. The first locomotive ever run in America is one, and it is a strange affair when compared with the modern engine. The first passenger car is another, and is equally primitive. There are many relics of the Revolution, and others that date

farther back than that. An old bell, perhaps the oldest in America, is shown. It is said to have been brought over by the Jesuits to Maryland, and was used by them as the Vesper bell that pealed through old "St. Mary's City," the state's first capital. Nothing stands to mark the site of this ancient city, founded in 1643. A bomb is to be seen which was fired by the British in their attack upon Baltimore in 1814. Maryland has many other objects of like interest, as oil paintings of all the Presidents, down to Lincoln. The state's resources are not to be overlooked. Her marble is fine, also her other ores. Different species of owls are prominent among the birds, and geese are not lacking. Corn stands foremost among the vegetables. Virginia has many fine samples of tobacco from Richmond, and a large display of corn and ores. Minerals take up the greater portion of the department, and would be thought more than satisfactory by one interested in mineralogy. The Old Dominion State utterly ignores the many relics she might present, and from her exhibit it would be rather hard to think of her as the most ancient Commonwealth in the Union. Coal seems to have entirely monopolized the attention of West Virginia, and her specimens are not to be equalled. New York's schools have done much for her, and the art-work shown is as beautiful as select. Her specimens of marble and granite are excellent. Here, too, the "Cleveland gem" shines brilliantly, as well as other diamonds. It is the largest ever cut in America and is said to be sold to Minnie Palmer for forty thousand dollars. South Carolina's centre figure is a large monument of Phosphates, which at at present seem to be her principal product. Last year were mined four hundred thousand tons, at $2,500,000. The "Palmetto State" has other products, but they are like those of the states already described. Balmy Florida has shown us many of her tropical resources. Quite a number of bright, feathery ferns grace the department, and there are not a few trees peculiar to that state, among them the Yew-tree, and the Indian Fig or Rubber-tree. Florida's famous oranges are abundant, grape fruit and citron also. She has, too, an excellent display of art from the University of Fine Arts.

But *the* exhibits of the Government Building are those belonging to Texas, and Louisiana, and North Carolina. These are universally considered the best. Texas is making up for her former neglect in regard to expositions. Her display is one of the largest as well as one of the most interesting in the house, and full of peculiar things from the "Wild West." The ladies of Galveston, Dallas, and San Antonio have exerted all their talents in arrangement. In the pavilion devoted to beatiful embroideries and paintings, is a set of parlor furniture. The arms and legs of the chairs and sofa are made of the highly polished long horns of the Western Texas cattle. There are, too, quite a number of good paintings. One, very pretty and natural, is of the San José Mission. This is a picturesqe ruin, just a few miles out of San Antonio. Of course there is a portrait of General Sam. Houston. A wonderful table, or rather a desk, is the chief attraction. It is very long and slants on the sides. It was made by a convict of the State Penitentiary in ninety days, and is inlaid with one hundred and fifty kinds of Texas woods in figures of native birds, animals, and insects. This is such a remarkable work that some think the having made it will gain the workman his pardon. A large case displays many insects, some very poisonous, as centipedes and tarantulas. There are many wild animals, among which is a beautiful stuffed jaguar, which deserves particular mention on account of its size and fine skin. Several immense bales of cotton occupy one corner, affording great satisfaction to cotton seekers. On the whole the "Lone Star State" need not be ashamed of her exhibit. Neither need Louisiana, for that matter. In a glass-case King Cotton and his wife, Louisiana, sit side by side. The figures are made entirely of cotton in its raw and manufactured state, and are as grotesque as good. Several bales, too, are shown. So much for Louisiana's cotton. Her section is large and in one part is a high tower built of native canes, and growing narrower as it nears the roof of the building. Some of the bamboos are thirty feet in length. The Avery Salt Mines present a tall, well-cut column of salt, with the base surrounded by many loose lumps. Louisiana's

animal products are not to be overlooked. A stuffed alligator, fourteen feet long, looks alarmingly natural, and beside it a huge turtle has been placed. Silk is shown in the different stages, as well as rice and sugar. The wax-work is so beautiful and wonderfully natural that more than one have been deceived. The fruits are especially realistic. Although North Carolina's exhibit is extremely different from those of her competitors, she ranks as high as either. Her fish display seems most attractive and is very complete with many different kinds of fish, from Beaufort and Elizabeth City principally. Under a shining pagoda covered with mica, are the richest gems of the "Old North State." Among these, be sure, are the Hiddenites. Diamonds, too, form a part of the collection. There are nuggets of gold worth two thousand dollars. The samples of tobacco are many and varied, and corn, wheat, and other grains are not to be missed.

The Smithsonian Institute has sent a display to the Exposition, and it has been placed in the Government Building. Some things shown are not unlike those presented by the states, but there are many other things. Included in this number are the queer Indian relics, among them the sacred dance shields of the Moki Indians; also, the Esquimaux masks made of drift-wood and the feathers of sea-birds. Some of the masks are used in fêtes and dances, others in covering the faces of the dead. Beautiful basket-work of the Alaska Indians forms a part of this collection, as do their implements of war.

In another part of the building are many interesting things used by the Greely Relief Party on their expedition. Dummies in Arctic apparel are surrounded by the boats, tents, and arms employed. Even the provisions are not missing. There are the two large whale-boats that carried the dead from the Bear. Also an Esquimaux Hyack.

One side of the gallery, which extends all around the Government Building, is devoted to women's work. Nearly every State has taken part in this, and each has succeeded in making an artistic and attractive display. Painting and embroidery form

a large part, but feminine skill has been exerted in more than one direction. The success of this undertaking is largely due to Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the President of the Society of Women's Work, who, by her lectures and other labors, has added not a little to the required fund. The educational department occupies another part of the gallery, and consists of exhibits from different schools, universities and missionary societies of the United States, and some foreign countries. The commendable efforts of the little Kindergartens are displayed, as well as those of the higher schools and the universities. A large number of colored schools is represented.

In quite another part of the grounds is the Art Gallery, built of sheet-iron, in Gothic style. In it are four divisions. The first and central room contains sculpture and some paintings. The hall to the right of the entrance is filled with Mexican pieces, some of which are three centuries old. Here the prevailing style gives an impression of grandeur. Quiet beauty is not treated so often as majesty. In the hall to the left is the Belgian collection. This is somewhat different, but in its way as good. In the last hall, which extends the whole length of the building, are hung the works of American artists, together with some French, English, and Italian pieces. They are altogether beyond description, and long hours could be spent pondering over each.

The Horticultural Hall is entirely of glass and, when lighted with electric lights, resembles a crystal palace. In the centre is a large fountain, whose numerous jets shed their spray on the surrounding Mexican palms and lofty Arizona cacti. Tables extend the length of the building, covered with fruit. Numerous strange plants from the tropics are to be found in the hot-house. Among them are over a hundred species of Orchids. Stuck up here and there, and everywhere, with their odd little blossoms, they are the objects of much interest. In every possible nook are light feathery ferns, or others whose size forms their attraction. Among the Jamaica plants are the ginger plant, from which our extract is made, cinnamon, cloves, and vanilla

trees. The different species of cactus are interesting, especially the cochineal cactus, having upon it the insect from which the cochineal is obtained. Some queer Mexican fruits are in this exhibit, and there are cocoanuts in every stage of growth.

In variety of interest, the Main Building stands first. In it are contained the Music Hall, the foreign exhibits, the machinery, and the firm exhibits. The last show almost everything manufactured. The building is the largest ever erected under one roof, and the size of it never looks so great as when you stand on its tower. The roof seems never-ending. A splendid view may be obtained here of the "Crescent City" and her surroundings, and by the aid of a field-glass on a bright, clear day, you may see Lake Ponchartrain in the distance. The Music Hall is in the centre of the building, and is capable of seating eleven thousand. Forming a background to the stage, is the second largest organ in the world, made by Pilcher and Brothers. It is called a very fine instrument, and though it does not show to the best advantage in the large, open hall, it will swell magnificently through the Jesuits' Church, where it is to be placed after the Exposition. Doubtless it will add not a little to the fine reputation which that church already has in music. The grand Mexican Band fills the hall, and with its powerful as well as sweet music holds an audience entranced for hours.

On either side of the Music Hall are the foreign exhibits, the majority of which are neither extensive nor good. Some few excel, and in a way make up for the defects of others. Russia has not only an entertaining, but a rich display. Exquisite furs and fine skins, from the far north, surround stuffed white wolves, and rather small bears. Her bronze work is particularly attractive. Life-like peasant scenes are finely carved, and the expressions on the minute faces are wonderful. There is a variety of brass vessels in which the Russians make tea. The fire is in the centre and the water around it. The plan reminds you somewhat of an ice-cream freezer, though it seems a pity to compare the shining vessels in which the next finest, some think the finest, tea in the world is brewed, with the uncouth

freezer. The hot water is drawn off by a faucet and poured directly on the tea. This constitutes the making. Some of the sleighs shown are beautiful, but chiefly in their trappings of heavy fur rugs. A piano from Moscow is made half of ebony and handsomely carved. There are many ornaments of malachite, and some entire tables of this beautiful stone. Belgium, too, has no lack of rich and rare articles. Her dazzling mirrors speak well for that class of her manufactures. But better still does the display of linen and cotton goods tell of her thrift. The Vernier's Chamber of Commerce shows five hundred different styles of goods, neatly arranged in panels. Last and chief is her hand-made lace. Italy offers most of her work for sale, which takes from the effect. The beautiful land of song and poetry presents filigree, coral, and tortoise-shell at so much apiece. True, her Pompeiian bronzes and her Mosaics are beautiful, and the shell-work striking, but the entire effect is hardly like our dream of Italy. The French exhibit is principally artistic. There is a good deal of painting and statuary. Exquisitely tinted china flowers are a novelty, and the immense hand-painted vases are rare and costly. The bronze work is elegant. Most deserving of mention are two life-size figures of Sepoy slaves. England and Ireland have small exhibits. Jamaica's presentation is characteristic; a goodly show of cocoanuts, also the "coir" from which the cocoa-matting is made.

Japan has mostly ornamental articles; vases of china, metal, and bronze inlaid with gold. They are rich and rare. Indeed one pair is valued at one thousand six hundred dollars, and it is worth it, representing six years of steady labor. She has silks and laces too. The latter some have thought equal to Brussels lace. China has some of the same products, but her exhibit is principally cotton, it having been prepared for the cotton centennial. The mode of raising and manufacturing cotton is certainly primitive. The plowing is done with a crooked bough, having a thin iron piece at the end. The other implements are on the same order. A three-pronged hoe does the tilling. Specimens of all the cotton machinery are given, and

even figures placed in the position to work it. Dummies are clothed with the dresses the Chinese wear on state occasions, and one has on the apparel of a Buddhist Priest, another that of a bride.

Mexico has by far the largest, as well as the most entertaining of foreign exhibits. Antiquities, consisting of queerly shaped bowls and figures, strangely marked and painted, evidently gods of the ancient Mexicans, resemble Egyptian relics; which fact serves to make them only more interesting. In her marbles there is great variety, both in regard to the color and qualtity; but among all her stones, none are so beautiful or so varied as her onyx. Nature has even gone so far as to paint a landscape in one piece, and the effect is striking. In some of the glass-cases are the famous Dulces or sweet-meats; from Guadalajara perhaps; and I do assure you they are tempting. In coffee, Java and Rio Janeiro had better look out for Mexico; she might step before them in furnishing it to the United States. Her display is not only large, but fine in quality. Mexico has brought out most prominently all her exports, but principally sugar, tobacco, and cochineal. She can well afford to send out the first, as Morelia alone frequently furnishes 50,000,000 pounds yearly. We are glad that this country, so rich in natural resources, has at last taken its place in commerce. True, it will have bull-fights outside of the grounds on Sunday; but we must make some allowances. Mexico is not behind in manufactures; there is quite an amount of silk and cotton goods, and elegant saddles unequalled in any other Spanish-American country. In one portion of the roomy section is a street-car like ours, only larger and more highly furnished. These never run single. Three generally run together, with a policeman on each. The Mexicans are always armed. Pistols form a part of their attire.

I shall not attempt to describe the machinery, for it is beyond my comprehension. The engine exhibit is full of monsters from all parts of the United States. Three large wheels in the centre of Machinery Hall turn everything that turns in the

building, and it is wonderful. Most of the manufactures are from home firms, but some are foreign.

The question arises: Is the "World's Industrial and Cotton Centennial Exposition" a success or not? All know that financially it is a failure. Many complaints have been made of mismanagement and carelessness in regard to the finances, and throughout the North many bitter and also untruthful notices have been published. These largely account for the small attendance from the North. Not a few have gone to the Crescent City expecting nothing and returned agreeably disappointed and fully satisfied. In one of the derogatory articles above mentioned the statement was made that, being financially a failure, the Exposition cannot be a success in any respect. From this I beg leave to differ. How can the means of bringing together more than one once hostile nation, of establishing commercial relations between countries far and near, and of forming a kindlier link between North and South be termed an utter failure? Even so, how can an ingenious display, rich and varied, and artistically arranged, from every State in the Union, and from foreign countries too, be of no use? There has been much talk of opening the Exposition again next winter. We hope that this will be done, and that financially it may yet be as great a success as it already is in every other way.

RAMONA.

H. H.'s latest work is "Ramona," a thrilling and exciting story, in which the authoress soars above all that she has heretofore attempted. She seems to strive to reach the better part of man, his sense of justice, his hatred of wrong and injury, and above all, his unbounded sympathy.

The story opens with a graphic description of Mexican and Indian life on a ranch, and throughout every page is full of interest. The style is very forcible and the book might, by some, be called prejudiced.

The accounts of the outrages done the Indians, after New Mexico became a possession of the United States, are vivid pictures of the cruel course pursued. Mrs. Jackson carries the reader with absorbing interest through fearful scenes of bloodshed, to witness at one time whole villages of Indians driven from home and friends and rewarded with a death-shot for attempting any resistance; their houses molested, their heirlooms and old relics, some of which they held in the greatest reverence, utterly destroyed, and almost in their very presence, families of whites moving into their prized homes.

The gentle, loving Ramona, with her child-like faith and simplicity, was herself half Indian, while her lover, the noble and spirited Alessandro, was entirely so.

Her flight with him from her home of luxury, his ever-growing devotion for her, never lessened by the many and cruel disappointments they underwent, and the unwavering love and loyalty of them both to God and their race give wide scope for interest. The authoress has also brought in many other charming characters and exciting events.

Of the Senora Moreno, one would say that she is a decided mixture of good and evil. While there are things about her character which one cannot but admire; as, for instance, her devotion to her only child, her adorable son, Felipe, and her constancy to her church; on the other hand, her dislike, almost hatred, for her adopted daughter, Ramona, shows her to be a woman of strong prejudice.

The young Senor Felipe is a character about which there is not much to say. A fond and tender son to his idolizing mother, an affectionate and thoughtful brother to Ramona, one could scarcely show anything against him, except, perhaps, his weakness in allowing his mother to rule his every action to suit herself.

The frontiersman, Jos. Hyar, his wife, "Aunt Ri," and his son, Josh, come up well to our idea of good old-fashioned country folks.

An objection which many bring against H. H., is Ramona's second marriage. They seem to think that after Alessandro's death nothing of happiness should come to his widow. But the authoress cannot be justly blamed for a happy ending of the book. No one likes to read a story that is altogether sad, and as Ramona's whole life had been one of trials and sorrow, why should she not seek refuge in a second love, which though, perhaps, not so fervent and unselfish as the first, was true, and offered every hope of a happy home?

This book has been published very recently, but it seems to have met with popular favor, and has added so much to the reputation of Mrs. Helen Jackson, that whenever one sees either prose or poetry over her signature he feels well assured that he has something worth reading.

THE LEGEND OF THE NARCISSUS.

NOTE.—The work of the Preparatory Department is published without correction.

A gentle spring breeze is playing softly among a bed of narcissus and buttercups, while numberless butterflies flit in the glad sunshine, or poise themselves gracefully on the deep cups of the trailing woodbine. All is gay and happy except the narcissus; and it droops pensively over a crystal fountain at the end of the garden.

"Why are you always so sad"? asks a golden buttercup of the narcissus, "everything around you is happy, and why are you always hanging your head above the fountain"?

"Ah! replied the narcissus," [with a sigh] "that would be a long story, and I fear you would not have the patience to listen to it."

"Oh yes indeed! I should like to hear it very much, I have often wondered why it is that you are always looking at your-

self in the fountain. Now if it were I," remarked the buttercup, proudly tossing her head, "there would be some excuse; for I am so handsome; so different from my little cousin of the meadows. She associates with daisies and dandelions while I am fit to associate with roses, lilies and tulips!"

And now amidst tears and groans, the narcissus proceeded to give the following account of himself:

Long years ago I lived in the famous country of Greece. I was a very beautiful youth and I had been so much flattered, that by the time I was nearly grown, I thought my-self perfect, and could think of nothing but my own beauty. I used to wander beside clear rivers and lakes, gazing at my beautiful countenance until one day, while I was as usual admiring my-self in a fountain I looked down and instead of beholding my own face, I found that I was transformed into this flower! For Jupiter, angered at my vanity, had changed me into a narcissus!" Here tears cut short his narrative, and the narcissus drooped lower over the fountain as the full weight of his afflictions rushed over him.

"Poor Narcissus" said the little hearts-ease which grew unnoticed at his feet. "I too have had misfortunes! Once I was pure white, but love's dart pierced me and I became the color which you see."

"What!" exclaimed the narcissus roused [for the time] from the contemplation of his own miseries, "are you then the little flower which Shakespeare calls "Love in Idleness"?

"The same replied the hearts-ease sadly" but it does no good to grumble, so let us cheer up and look on the bright side of things.

And there they are to this day. The narcissus drooping its head, the bright little hearts-ease smiling up from Mother Earth on every passer by, and the golden buttercup waving its head proudly in the breeze.

THE END.

EDWARD, OR THE LIAR PUNISHED.

[Translated from the French.]

Monsieur Dumont an honest merchant had two children, a boy named Edward, who was a young man seventeen or eighteen years old who had finished his studies, and a little girl five or six who had not yet commenced hers. Lucy [this was the name of the little girl] loved dearly to question her brother, who was to her a great scholar, but who, was not always in a very complacent humor, and to get rid of her importunities he would answer the first thing that came to his mind, and too often at the cost of the truth. In his eyes, it was not a question of falsehood but of simple pleasantry, which had no consequences, and it was then that he formed the habit of lacking sincerity, in spite of the wise observations of his father on this subject.

One morning [it was the first of January a happy day for children] Lucy came into her brothers room joyfully holding up a large doll which she had received for a New Years gift. "What has papa given you? said she to her brother, look on my table said Edward. Lucy saw two new pieces of gold, and after having examining them well, she asked her brother frankly where the pieces of gold came from. Edward to amuse himself, at the cost of his sister according to his bad habit replied that people sowed seed and afterwards trees shot upward which produced pieces of gold like cherry trees produced cherries. After this fine reply he went backward and forward in his room, to look for and dispose his effects to dress himself to go out. Lucy took from the table the two gold pieces, without being perceived by her brother and being persuaded in her naive innocence that Edward had told her the truth she descended to the garden, she went into the first square that she saw, dug two deep holes and then laid the two pieces of gold in the holes and covered them with earth.

Edward just before going out wished to take the pieces of gold from the table where he had left them: but he could find

none. He asked his sister if she had touched them? Lucy did not hesitate to tell what she had done with them. Then she said: Come my brother, you will soon have a good harvest of gold pieces. Edward owned in his turn that he had been jesting and that he had not told the truth, and he went quickly to the garden to find his property. But although he searched on all sides, Lucy could not remember in what place she had disposed the pieces of gold, and all of Edward's searching proved useless. Then he was angry, he grumbled, Lucy commenced to cry. Monseiur Dumont appeared and having learned what had passed, he said to his son: Of what are you complaining? Why have you reproached your sister when she did not deserve it? She knows nothing of falsehood, and was right in thinking that you did not know how to deceive. I hope that what has happened to you will teach you a lesson, do not regret the two pieces of gold, if you can correct a detestable fault which in future might cause you the most serious consequences. Edward was confused, but ever after submissive to the remonstrances of his father, he applied himself to amend his faults, and respected the truth in his least words.

A BEETLE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

Everything was in a bustle in the house, the maid was dusting the parlor, and the fat cook was trying in vain to catch Mr. T. Gobbler. As I stepped out on the porch, I saw a large decayed log, and from various places all sizes of heads peeped out. In front a large Beetle stretched her pincers and stepped out of her hole and disappeared in another, she appeared again and started at a fine pace to a jar where an old toad was sleeping idly, and after rousing him, she commenced her shopping (for the frog kept a grocery store for insects), and this was what she bought:

MRS. BEETLE,

B'ot of MR. TOAD & Co.

Item		Price	
1 Grubworm	@	20 cts.	
2 Jugs of Crocodile tears	@	20 "	a piece.
4 Cans of Gnats	@	10 "	a can.
2 Snake's Fangs	@	15 "	a piece.
1 Lizard Tail	@	15 "	
6 Cans of Humming-bird Eyes	@	50 "	a can.
FOR DESSERT.			
2 Sacks of Honey	@	50 "	a sack.
5 Cans of Calla Lily Juice	@	50 "	

And then she went home and while she is having it cooked and dressed, I will tell you the names of some of the guests. Mr. Flea, Mr. Mosquito (who was a dude), Miss Grasshopper, a Dr. Bumble Bee and Miss Butterfly, besides the Beetle family, with all their "sisters, cousins and aunts." Of course as they were religious people who yearly subscribed to an asylum for orphans, they went to church and Dr. Bumble Bee preached the sermon. After service was over, they walked on home and Mrs. Beetle stopped to call on Mrs. Ant whose baby had the croup (and had kept its mother from the party) she expressed much regret and then hastened home to have dinner which was served on a green oak leaf. After dinner everybody retired to their rooms to dress for the dance. Mr. Flea still dressed in black, Miss Grasshopper put on her eye-glass, Mr. Mosquito his ball pants, which fitted to perfection. Then Mr. Mosquito and Miss Grasshopper led of on the bouncing ball waltz (with Mr. Cricket to play his notions) Miss Grasshopper fell and broke her leg.

They were all very much distressed until Mr. Flea stepped up and said he knew something of medicine having often tested people's blood, and after giving Miss Grasshopper a smart pinch and binding up the broken leg he said she would soon recover if she would take some green persimmons which you know must have been very bad, quite as bad as the Quinine the Doctors give now. I dare say it stood for the same purpose. I know our Doctors would sneer at the idea of using Quinine for a broken leg, but after a while she declared she was well enough

to dance again. So as the medicine had the desired effect and it now being very late, some were appointed to sit up with the invalid, and the rest went to bed.

THE STORY OF THE HOLLY BUSH AND THE OAK.

A pretty Holly bush stood in the middle of a wood. It stood alone, and was bathed in sunlight, so that its branches spread out, and were covered with a thick foliage of fresh green leaves, and long full sprays of bright red berries. Not far off and also apart from the other trees, grew a tall handsome Oak. The sunlight, the open air, and the rich soil, gave it strength and vigor, and it spread out its branches thickly covered with leaves. One branch hung so low that it touched the topmost bough of the little Holly bush, as if condescending to notice and converse with it.

This little wood was a favorite resort of the village children. In the early spring they came to gather wild flowers; later on they would romp and play under the large Oak. And sometimes they would come on a picnic, bring their dinner, and eat it under the Oak. In the hot summer days they came to gather berries, and frolic on the soft green grass under the Oak, which sheltered them from the burning sun, and the passing rain, which overtook them on their holiday excursions. Neither the sun nor rain could reach them through the thick foliage of the large, tall Oak. Our little Holly bush envied the great Oak when she saw the little children gathered in happy groups, and thought, "I cannot do any good to the little children as the great tall Oak does, I am only a poor little bush which no one cares for." But soon the autumn winds came sighing over the open fields, and whistling through the trees of the little wood, and blew off the leaves of the large Oak and left it standing bare and unsightly, alone and deserted.

But the little Holly bush remained pretty and warm in her bright dress of green and red. And when the cold, cold winter came, and the little wood looked bleak and desolate with its leafless trees, still the little Holly bush was there in its beauty. And year after year at the blessed Christmas tide the little childred came to the wood, passed by unnoticed the old Oak, and came straight to the little Holly bush, and gathered its boughs, and berries to deck their little church in its Christmas dress, and as they sang the Christmas carols the little Holly bush was comforted, and knew that though she was so small and humble, she too, had a mission to fulfil in contributing to the joy and love of the little children.

THE END.

EDITORIAL.

June 11.—To-day we have said good-bye to our graduates. We own that it was hard to part with *the four* who have so endeared themselves to us. They said to our readers in the Christmas number that they were neither wise nor gifted. Of that our friends may judge for themselves. We are glad to claim them and their works; and this is sure,—that no class has had better courage or has better proved itself worthy of St. Mary's. As the Rector told them in presenting their diplomas, to their obedience and steadfast example we owed the perfect order of the school in time of danger. Good-bye, dear girls of '85; you have attained that wisdom which shows one her ignorance; you have proved yourselves able to lead when called to leadership; in the words of the Rector, "You have never failed your Alma Mater."

Le roi est mort; vive le roi! As '85 was received among the Alumnæ, '86 took its place in St. Mary's. Those who know, say it is not unworthy so to do. Its press of Commencement work left no time for writing those sundry locals which our friends are so kind as to be pleased to read. Hence, three Junior sisters have offered their pens.

Of the success of Commencement-week what better proof could we have than the constant presence of our dear Bishop? His cheery face brightened every entertainment. We thank him for so kindly giving us of his valuable time.

Full programmes are printed in this issue, and readers of the Raleigh papers will know how perfectly each was carried out.

Our little Juniors have written you somewhat of The Children's Night, French Night, and Dramatic Night. But it seems to some that in fear of praising too much, they have not done justice. The Children's Calisthenics surpassed all previous exhibi-

tions. And the recitations in concert, while perfectly clear, lacked any of the strained sound usually heard. Of the music one can only say that it explained the remarkable skill of the Senior performers. The pupils are taught in the best manner from the beginning.

French Night, tho' it was not English, drew a large audience, and Shakspere Night, saw not only parlor, which can hold five hundred people, but hall, porch, and windows packed. Of the latter we echo the words of one of the audience in saying, "It was simply a perfect dream, a vision of loveliness." The feeling, grace, and power characterizing this presentation of our great poet, was such as could be looked for only where elocution is a patient, constant study of the masters in literature. It was the continued work of the year that culminated in the lofty simplicity of Theseus, the power of Demetrius, the extravagance of Bottom, and the tenderness of Hippolyta. This is the first time that we have given an entire play from Shakspere. Extracts from many of his master-pieces have from time to time delighted our friends, but the pleasure of an entire play has been reserved for this year. Perhaps the rendering could receive no surer praise than the difficulty found in trying to say who did best. Perfect as a whole first but because perfect in its parts, it was truly a reflection of the myriad-minded dramatist.

Commencement Sunday saw an unusually large number of graduates with us. Every class, since '78, '81 excepted, was represented. The Charleston twins and dear Mrs. Meares had come the week before. It was a happy reunion and we wished that Sunday many hours longer.

At the evening service the Rector read the annual report of the Missionary Society. It showed liberal contributions to Foreign and Diocesan Missions, and to State and city charities.

The Annual Concert, on Wednesday, the 10th, was full proof, if any were needed, of the ability of our Director. The Bridal Chorus from Lohengrin and Lassen's Gypsy Chorus showed the same masterly training which has made the Raleigh Philharmonic Society what it is. Most of the musicians and elocution-

ists were younger than those of last year. It may be truly said that they sustain St. Mary's reputation and promise brilliantly for the future. Perhaps the gem of the evening, in recitation, was "O Lassie ayont the Hill."

Of Thursday morning even to friends we do not care to write. It was the parting-day, and the ties of the year were too strong to be easily broken. We were glad to remember that so many of us were to return in September. The Bishop was so kind as to praise the efforts of our essayists, especially Sophia Thurmond's "The Good New Times." We reserve this for our autumn number, though we fear our readers, to whom its author is already well known, may grumble at us.

With Sophia's we reserve some of the examination compositions which, but for lack of room, would have had a place in this issue; notably those of Addie White, Bessie McLean and Helen McVea, in all of whom our kind readers are interested.

Our Valedictorian did not weep until the last; and then, as we bore her company, we can scarce blame her. In the Chapel, Marchetti's "O Blest Redeemer" was sung before the Bishop's address. We thought it the most beautiful of all the music of the week. The watch-word of the Bishop's address to the graduates was, Duty. May each bear it onward through her life.

The annual report of the Secretary of the Alumnæ will appear in our autumn issue. The meeting brought together members from States as far South as Louisiana.

The report of the Treasurer showed a fair sum in the treasury. The graduating class was received and heartily welcomed.

A FEW LOCALS FROM JUNIORS.

The last news you received from St. Mary's told you of all our doings up to the holidays. Early Christmas morning the house was awakened by enchanting music. Sounds of delightful harmony (so the serenaders thought) issuing from horns and combs were wafted on the frosty morning air. Doors speedily

unclosed, and a "Merry Christmas" was exchanged with the gifted performers, whom we were supposed not to recognize. The days glided by. Our dear Bishop sent us a glorious treat, boxes arrived from home, and every one felt jolly. But "*tempus fugit*" far faster in holiday than in school-time. Before we knew it Saturday clattered in on us with the returning girls. Inhospitable though it may seem, we were as sorry to welcome them as we had been to bid them farewell, since they brought the end of holidays. The first so hated day after vacation was over. Then came that horrible Monday night. Our Art Reporter has told of its events elsewhere, so no words are needed here. Now we have bright prospects in view. In the Art-Notes our great expectations are set forth. The "New Building" is rising rapidly from the ashes of the old. This might have been accomplised long since, though perhaps in a little less substantial manner, for immediately after the destruction of our beloved house, the calamity having been published in the New York and other papers, Mr. Smedes was overwhelmed with missives from architects, plumbers, glaziers, furnace-fitters, slaters, patent-holders of all kinds. Letters poured in from New York, Cincinnati, Columbus, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, etc., etc. One writes: "Dear Sir—In case you intend to rebuild, I am prepared to furnish you complete working drawings, including plans, elevations, specifications and details all complete, ready for mason and carpenter at about one-half regular office rates. I will come to Raleigh and make sketches and observations on the site, and consult with you about rebuilding, charging you only reasonable travelling expenses for this service." Another insists that he shall furnish an iron roof, a third a canvas roof, while a fourth volunteers the whole furniture. In a fortnight a most elegant house might have been put up. As that would have been all of paper, however, we are content to wait a little longer and have our brick building.

The very day after the events of the fire, all was as quiet and orderly as though nothing had happened. An Art-Room was provided, lessons went on in the usual routine, and in February,

examinations were passed with honor to both scholars and teachers. We had during this time one treat, duly appreciated by school-girls, lovers of the marvelous. A real conjurer visited us and displayed his tricks. Nothing very magical they say, but we thought them very much so.

Inauguration-day was greeted by us with joy, for we were to see the Governor-elect of the Old North State take the oath of office. For months our patriotic feelings had been fed by accounts of elections, speeches, and torch-light processions, and when the great day arrived our enthusiasm could scarcely be restrained. The waving of flags, which brightened the streets, and above all, the flag of North Carolina, which floated in Metropolitan Hall, were not calculated to check our feelings. Neither was the distant music of a band which announced the arrival of the Governor-elect and his escort. The inaugural address opened with a comparison between North Carolina to-day and North Carolina immediately after the war. It contained an account of the State University, and suggested that a larger sum of money be devoted to education. It is needless to add that the address was delivered with dignified eloquence.

Early in February the Bishop parted with the younger of his two lovely daughters, Miss Roma, now Mrs. Niles. To reward us for not being able to attend the wedding, she sent us a charming collation. A few of the teachers attended the marriage service, and brought us word that the bride, once a St. Mary's girl, was even fairer than ever before. Our most earnest wishes followed her to her new home.

Something that we all were delighted with was a chance to see and hear Sau-Ah-Brah, the celebrated Hindoo. He has been educated in this country and speaks English perfectly. In many respects his lecture was charming. Sau-Ah-Brah is rather a small man, with dark complexion and black hair. His eyes are sparkling black, his face truly intellectual, and he evidently enjoys life. He threw himself into his subject, acted various characters, and made himself generally at home on the stage.

Our special reporter says: "He is a fair specimen of his race, is tall (it seems opinions differ there) dark, and well-built, and still dresses in the costume of his country. His every movement is full of ease and grace, but nevertheless it reminds one of the slippery motions of a reptile. . . . . . His costumes are of the finest Indian silk, and are arranged in such a manner that it seems as if it must be very difficult for him to walk, but he moves around as quickly as possible." Sau-Ah-Brah's voice in speaking was at first a little hard to understand, somewhat harsh, too, but one soon became accustomed to it. In singing it was sweet, except when he attempted a high note. His lecture was an interesting account of oriental life and manners, but it was sometimes out of taste, a little coarse. This was chiefly shown in his seeming desire to propitiate an American audience by ridiculing his native country, its customs, and especially its religion. His manner of doing this sounded to our ears in some respects irreverent. Otherwise one could not but enjoy his ready language and little witticisms.

Among the pleasures of the winter was a lecture upon Benjamin Franklin by Carl Schurz. The matter was interesting, and the lecturer's eloquence added the last charm.

February 17th we had the pleasure of a visit from the Legislature and our new Governor. A mixed entertainment had been prepared. Our Primaries and Preps distinguished themselves, as they always do, in Calisthenics. There were a few pretty vocal and instrumental pieces, and the beauty of the Senior Class (not that they are not all beautiful) recited most sweetly Tennyson's "May Queen." But the chief interest was the selection from "As You Like It." We were proud of our girls' acting, though but one Senior was among them. Audrey brought down the house with laughter, and Rosalind's drollery was perfection. The audience remarked that everything was just right, even to the length of time occupied.

We enjoyed our entertaiment in blissful unconsciousness of the misery soon to overtake some of our number. In a few

days several were attacked by that enemy to lessons, Measles. As one by one the stricken ones were borne off to the horrors (we speak feelingly) of darkness and flaxseed tea, the philosophical side of our nature came uppermost and we reflected:

> "What's the use of always fretting
> At the troubles we shall find
> Ever strewed along our pathway?
> Travel on and never mind."

We followed this sage advice and soon emerged into daylight.

We came back to the delights of lessons and compositions just in time to be prevented from having a turn at them by the Easter Holidays. Blessed be the man who invented holidays! With them life is worth all, without them nothing.

First came Easter Day. The decoration of the Chapel was unique this year. It consisted chiefly of hyacinths arranged in straight rows. Here and there the pale pink and bluebells were divided by magnificent purple clusters. The perfume rose like incense and the music of the choral service filled the Chapel.

On Monday was paid our annual visit to the Asylum, where we were cordially received by Dr. Grissom. We were impressed by the air of order and care which pervaded the place. The patients seemed as happy as was possible under the circumstances. Our visit made us all the more ready to yield to the admirable arguments by which Dr. Grissom in his "Special Report of the North Carolina Insane Asylum," defends himself against charges of extravagance, and proves that a larger appropriation should be made for this excellent institution.

After coming from the Asylum we still had our visit to the Penitentiary to make. We did this on Easter Tuesday. The fine brick buildings have been almost entirely built by the convicts during the last few years.

On our walk home we saw many preparations for the early spring, who came suddenly with her delicate foliage, sweet birds, and bright flowers. The atmosphere was becoming warm and soft as if it feared to chill so delicate a creature, and the earth was wearing a dainty green carpet for her little feet. Spring showed herself grateful for this and seemed loath to leave

us. Until June had come, she continued to remind us of her presence by cooling winds.

THE RETURN of Dr. Kürsteiner to Raleigh and the revival of the Philharmonic were noticed in our last number, which also prophesied several good concerts during the winter. Our MUSE was not mistaken. The "Lovers of Harmony" brought out the cantata "Ruth" for the first time on April 17th. The music was excellent and the prominent parts were well represented. Ruth, whose voice is a rich contralto, delighted us by her graceful and natural acting, as well as by the accuracy, taste, and feeling of her singing. Naomi was distinguished by her skilful and powerful execution. Orpah had a less prominent part, but filled it well. The deep bass voice of Boaz was suited to Naomi's rich kinsman, the parts of the "Chief Reaper" and "The Messenger from Moab" were pleasing from the admirable way in which they were rendered. The choruses were rich and varied and evinced skilful training. The effect of the whole was charming. The large number attending the second performance, to which we had been kindly invited by the Director, proved the great success of the first.

MEMORIAL DAY fell on Monday, May 11th. As the *News and Observer* of May 12th says: "There never was a more perfect day than yesterday, and never was Memorial Day observed more appropriately or more interestingly. The plan of holding the exercises at Metropolitan Hall proved an entire success. The suggestion was made some time ago, and it was feared by some that it would reduce the attendance at the cemetery. But this was not true, for while the number of people there was no less than heretofore, in fact greater than on some occasions, the hall was entirely filled, and the audience had the pleasure of hearing every word of a notably beautiful address. The hour fixed for the beginning of the exercises in the hall was 4:30, and by that time every seat was occupied, the ladies being prominent in an assemblage which well represented Raleigh."

At about four, all who were able to take the walk—and we have not many disabled pupils here—set forth with our Princi-

pal for the hall. Either we walked at a very slow pace, or, which was more probable, our school-room clock was sadly behind-hand, for when we reached the hall we found to our sorrow that the greater part of the speech was over. Excellent seats had been reserved for us in the front. We enjoyed the remainder of the address more than anything we have heard for a long time. The speaker's delivery was good. The praises of General Anderson were not exaggerated panegyrics, but the expression of straight-forward, earnest admiration. He concluded with this final tribute: "If true manliness and an exalted sense of duty; if the strictest integrity and the most scrupulous regard for the rights of others; if a chivalric sentiment towards woman, and a delicate sense of personal honor; if a commanding reserve and cheerful spirit; if dauntless courage and gentle manners; if a brilliant intellect and extensive knowledge; and finally, if patriotic service, ending in painful wounds, heroic suffering and death—if all these combined constitute a theme worthy of commemoration by orator or poet, then the duty assigned to me to-day might well have been intrusted to the most gifted of men, and the people of North Carolina would have a juster estimate of the life and services of George Burgwyn Anderson.

Ascension Day the entire school attended the choral service. This year the Bishop was with us. His address was short, but earnest and solemn. The chapel was beautifully dressed and the music was very sweet.

We were honored on Wednesday, June 3d, by a visit from Miss Emery, Secretary to the "Woman's Auxiliary to the Board of Missions." She spoke to us earnestly and pleasantly, telling interesting anecdotes of missionary work, not only in our country, but in China and Africa, and giving us practical hints as to the best way of helping it on. Miss Emery was on her way home from the Convention at Asheville, and to our regret, she could not spare us more than one afternoon. However, each girl of us carries in her secret heart a hope that she may meet the lady again.

By June 5th Commencement time had come! Indeed, passed for some, leaving them free for the summer. Among these were our "Preps" and Primaries, who gave their entertainment on the 3d. Hours were spent by the older hands in getting the parlor ready for the little ladies and gentlemen. The flowers on the stage gleamed in the gas-light, contrasting brightly with the rich green of the dark oak leaves that wreathed every available ledge. When the sprites entered with their snowy dresses and light motions, the enraptured fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers could not contain their delight, but broke into enthusiastic applause. The programme in calisthenics embraced rings, dumb-bells, free-hand, and clubs. The first three we had seen before, but the clubs were both novel and wonderful! What was our amazement to see these heavy wooden things, which we could not easily lift at arms' length, whirled like the sails of so many wind-mills by the tiny magicians. How the older girls groaned to imagine themselves in the children's places! In the free-hand calisthenics Bessie Smedes, the pride and delight of the whole school, distinguished her little self.

The choruses were sung with a correctness remarkable in such young children. The piano solos by Misses Lula Holden, Nellie Murray and Mary Hardin were distinguished by their firm, light touch, and accuracy. The quartettes and duets were good, and the hearts of the small musicians were delighted by the tiny baskets of flowers. In the French play, "Le Repentir Efface Tout," the children became for the time *petites françaises.* At ten o'clock we regretfully bade good-bye to our little friends until next September.

Friday night, June 5th, we had our French Entertainment. In the evening a rain fell, which we feared would keep back our audience. On the contrary, there was a full attendance but no crush; almost every one had a seat. A quartette opened the evening. Then came the play "Le Malade Imaginaire." The prologue was read by Miss Julia Horner. The curtain rose on "Le Malade," Jennie Bingham, our healthiest-looking girl, reclining in Mr. Smedes' huge arm-chair. Eliza Skinner, as

Toinette, was nothing if not French. Béline and Angélique both did well. The gentlemen wore black with dude collars. Thomas Diafoirus particularly delighted the audience, while the scene with Louison and her "papa" was received with a thunder of applause. Every one declared that the only fault was the shortness of the play. An instrumental piece followed, and then a duet, "Les Compliments de Normandie," sung by Leilah Higgins and Affie Warriner in peasant costume. The dress, the manner, all was inimitable. With this the programme ended. But the audience, well pleased with their seats, refused to move until they were asked to adjourn to the school-room, where was displayed our Art exhibit. The entertainment was unanimously declared the greatest success in French that even St. Mary's has had for years, and we congratulate our charming Mlle. Pernet on the brilliant culmination of the year's work, wishing her a fair voyage to La Belle France, and a safe return to us in September.

On the ninth day of June we came to a certain place, where we fell asleep and had a dream. We dreamed that it was mid-summer night. Deep silence reigned, and a crimson mist hung over all like the red sun shining through fog. Suddenly we thought the mist rose, and we saw a vision. A throne appeared before us and on it sat Theseus and Hippolyta, surrounded by their court, clad in chiton and himation. Now the vision became darker. The anguish of Hermia and Helena wrung our hearts, and the anger of Egeus, and the fierce jealousy of Demetrius and Lysander filled us with terror. As we shuddered, the scene slowly changed, as is the manner in dreams, and Quince and his party were seen preparing the play to be performed before the Duke. First came Pyramus and wooed sweet Thisbe in a sturdy voice; next in the person of Thisbe, he answered in a nightingale's voice. Then he became a lion and roared till the surrounding rocks and caves shook and echoed with the noise; and he roared again so sweetly that the little birds in the trees mistook the sound for the call of their

mates and gave answering chirps. The real Thisbe next stood forth and rehearsed her part bravely, determined to say it "good and loud," cues and all. How Quince managed them! Meantime "the wall," "the man in the moon," and the real "lion" earnestly prepared their parts, seemingly unconscious of the silent dreamers. Suddenly the rosy mist falls and hides the party. When it again rolled away a vision of fairies burst upon us. We were carried back to the days when elves often appeared to men and rewarded and punished them according to their works! We were in the midst of a wood. Tall trees laden with odorous blossoms waved their branches toward the sky, where smiled the gleaming stars. Stately lilies woke and nodded their white heads, shaking out their perfume as an offering to the Fairy Queen. Before our wondering eyes a fairy dance took place. Round and round the tiny beings whirled or glided, now apart and now together. Soon a graceful sprite stepped forward alone. As she skimmed over the grass like a a zephyr or shot through air like a moonbeam, we trembled lest the vision should fade. And Puck! What words can describe this Robin Goodfellow? his lightness? his pretty tricks? He was simply Puck. Before our charmed eyes now passed rapidly the whole scene of Titania's quarrel with Oberon; his revenge; Puck's mistakes, and the mistakes rectified. Happiness is secured to the mortals, and peace (in the union of Oberon and Titania) reigns among the fairies. A time of jollity and general festivity begins. Quince brings forward his company, the prologue is addressed with a sublime indifference to expression, and the play is performed. Now, alas, the glowing mist rolled down again to rise no more, and we awoke sighing that our dream was over, but having formed a strong resolution to be at the same place at the same hour of the same day of the same month of the next year, to try and dream it again or something else as lovely.

Among the late improvements at St. Mary's is the new "ram" which supplies the house with water. It has been described in the article on water-works.

Ho! ALL YE DEAR FRIENDS, pity our Rector. Hardly had the arduous duties of the year ended, and the longed-for sweet rest of vacation begun, when he received the following summons:

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA, }
WAKE COUNTY. } Raleigh Township.

MR. BENNETT SMEDES:—You are hereby summoned to work on the road leading from R. S. Tucker's gate to House's Creek township line, and known as the Hillsboro road. You will meet at R. S. Tucker's gate on the 15th day of June, 1885, at 7 o'clock A. M., and bring the following tool: shovel. Should it require more than one day to complete the work, this notice will be deemed sufficient for each summons from day to day.

This 8th day of June, 1885. J. C. L. HARRIS, Overseer.

Lest you feel too grieved at the thought of the long hours under the hot sun, we add that a fit substitute has been found. Both man and shovel are ready.

THE LARGE BINOCULAR MICROSCOPE which received special commendation at the late State Exposition, has been added to St. Mary's Philosophical Apparatus. We wish you joy, classes in Natural Science for '86, and promise '85's Physiology Class a reward for their fearless dissection of brains, etc., in the form of various peeps through the wonderful glass.

ART–NOTES.

The MUSE Art-Notes for the last two years give, in brief sketches, the history of our new building up to the year '85, as the school-books would say. It is first alluded to in the following brief notice in '83: "A new Art-building is to be put up during the summer." In the spring of '84 we find it still incomplete: "How disappointed we were when we found that the new building would not be finished in time for the present Art exhibition," is the MUSE comment at that time. In the fall of the same year we are actually at work inside its walls, and now '85 brings us to the end of the chapter:

"At 12:30 o'clock Monday night the beautiful new Art Gallery at St. Mary's was found to be on fire. The building was of wood, 66x46 feet, two stories high, resting on a brick foundation. In the basement was the heater, from which the flues ran in all directions. It appeared to be not a minute after the discovery of the fire ere the entire interior of the building was a mass of flame. The alarm was given by telephone from Maj. R. S. Tucker's. The Rescue and double tank chemical engine responded to the alarm. The building was connected with the other buildings by a covered-way, the roof of which was tin. Along this the fire swept and endangered the other buildings. The chemical engine did some work in checking it until after the roof and timbers of the burning building fell in. The east "Rock-house" stands within sixty feet of the burned building. Luckily this is entirely of stone, with a brick cornice and tin roof, and though so greatly endangered did not catch and was not injured. The covered-way was not destroyed, the Rescue getting on her steam and extinguishing the flames. The loss of the gallery was entire. The structure contained several recitation-rooms, the Kindergarten department, and the art gallery. The art gallery contained all the models, casts, and art-work of the pupils. The entire building was furnished in good style. The loss is about $12,500. The good discipline, which is a feature of this admirable school, was shown during the fire. There was no excitement among the pupils, nor were any in any danger. The water supply came from the large reservoir on the premises. It should be mentioned that the fine collection of paintings which has so long adorned the large reception-room in the main building was not in the new one, and is of course intact."

The foregoing article has been borrowed from the Raleigh *News and Observer*, being an apt and brief description of our art building, the fire and its effects. To the majority of our readers the story is already an old one, and we must not dwell long upon it. It was a damp, rainy night, and the wind favored us, else even the well-directed and earnest efforts of the brave firemen could scarcely have saved the other buildings, much less the East "Rock-house." The next day was the feast of the Epiphany, and to the praises of the great Festival we added thanksgivings for the protection vouchsafed us from the dangers of the past night. The little folks went back into their old quarters; Mr. Burwell kindly lent some desks; and not one day's work was lost in the Preparatory Department. It has almost grown into a proverb that work at St. Mary's never stands still. We firmly believe that were there only one teacher and one scholar in school, that one teacher and that one scholar would go steadily through dormitory, study, and recreation hours, and write compositions at all spare times. Last spring, when we were disappointed about getting into the art-room, we put all our wits together—

a good many cooks, but we didn't spoil the broth that time—and made the best of things. The result, if we may quote our little paper once again, was to make our room "a 'most e'en as good as new." We never had a more charming reception. This year we had not even our old art-room to fall back upon, for it had been cut up into six small rooms. However, "nothing is so bad but it might be worse." Fortunately we had an extra dormitory, and on the very day after the fire a crowd of sober girls, headed by their teacher, her usually bright face somewhat long, resolutely turned their backs on the mournful pile of ashes and set about the unpromising task of making this dormitory take the place of our art-room. It was very hard, the empty room way up in the third story, after our taste of luxury. The old bureau, with its rickety, squeaking drawers, was a poor substitute for our beautiful chest; easels would not go round, nor were bare walls, piles of mattresses, beds, and chairs highly inspiring models. However, people can manage. The casts were immediately replaced. Necessity called into play many "artistic treasures" from St. Mary's, quite as interesting to us as those of the United States at large.

The first session's work was mostly in first principles, always tiresome, and the cubes, blocks, casts of fruits, and semi-faces found their object in their performance. But Gœthe's clear-cut features had stood forth with wonderful distinctness on paper. And if Don Quixote in beaten brass had a heart still susceptible to beauty's charms, he must have been sore perplexed as to which was most worthy his noble affections, the cast of Venus de Medici, that had from the first smiled upon him, or the face so like it that had daily developed on an easel near at hand. Many pretty knick-knacks had borne St. Mary's Christmas greetings far and near. These and Miss Julia Creech's screen, with its trellis of jasmine and magnolia branch, were spared the fury of the flames. We congratulate that young lady upon the opportune removal of her half-year's work to her own home. Adelene Wicks had, as usual, done the large amount that makes her less fortunate co-laborers wonder. A most wildering moon-

light scene out in mid-ocean, and in striking contrast, a well-built ship just leaving harbor, with all the attendant life and bustle of such a time, and some difficult studies of chrysanthemums were her contribution to the fire. Mary Osborne had also accomplished a great deal. Her last picture was a small boy steadying himself against a stone-wall, while snow-balls flew in all directions. "I bide my time" was the expression plainly written in his sturdy, rosy face and manly, self-assured attitude.

The faithful work done in crayon before Christmas has brought forth good fruit in our last term's work. Especially do Bessie McLean, Maud Mathewson, Maud Marshall, Inder Tucker and Mary Hinton seem to have profited thereby. Miss Young's little boy in straight, dark bangs and polo cap is pronounced "just the cutest thing." The parlor pictures have been in great demand. Mamie Amyette's copy of one of them, a water scene, with just enough bank to hint at plenty of nice picnic ground beyond, is delightfully suggestive in its lights and shades of mid-summer day's dreams. Perhaps pleasant memories of the Neuse and the Trent have given to the picture the individuality and seeming history which it possesses. Mamie has the gift of putting life into her pictures. A very pretty thing is her little cherub, though one of those tiresome casts, for into the face has crept a real baby-look that makes you long to pinch and kiss it. Perhaps the picture stole it from the twins. Our china exhibit is very small, the only workers in that department having been Adelene Wicks, Mrs. Kürsteiner, and Maud Mathewson. Vanity seems on the wane, for while last year every girl must needs have a mirror, this year only one young lady, Miss Wicks, has yielded to the temptation. Catching sight of her face in the glass the other day, peeping up beneath the sprays of wisteria that grew under her touch, the thought struck us that some very pretty picture might sometimes be seen from outside our "Rock-house" windows. Nan Roberts will also carry home with her a bit of our wisteria bower. She has painted it on one side of a screen, the other panel bearing a bunch

of magnolia leaves and a half-blown blossom. With this memento we dare hope that the dreamer's thoughts may sometimes, of a winter's evening, stray away even from home and wander back to old St. Mary's. Nan gives us a very pretty water scene. Not quite in the centre of a large tranquil lake, is set a tiny gem of an island; the foliage on each bank of the lake is beautiful; a castle, stiff and modern, with many turrets, cupolas, and towers blandly smiles upon the whole. But an inviting little wood-path, setting out in its winding course from a delightfully rustic stile, prevents this imposing structure from quite spoiling the simplicity of the scene. Jasmine has not been much the rage this year, in fact only twice does it appear in our exhibition, once on a little round ebony table of Mamie Amyette's. The pale-yellow blossoms, with their delicate shading thrown into strong relief by the black background, look as if nature's own hand had laid them there, while tambourines, plaques of brass, and porceline, panels, and canvas have been decorated with the present favorites—pansies, wild-roses and daisies. We have landscapes from every clime and at all seasons, from Alpine snow-storms to Venetian shore scenes. At one time we were very downcast about our success in faces, but since then Julia Hawks has painted a lovely child, standing in listening attitude before a half-open door. So natural is it that we can almost "hear" a face and "see" a voice outside the door. And Nan has "unwalled" the eyes and chopped off the wings from a flat-copy supposed to represent a celestial face, transforming it into one as bewitching as that of Mr. Boffin's "lovely woman." Our best we have reserved for the last, Miss Jones' picture of still-life. It is wonderful how she finds time to spare from those children of hers, the "sweetest children in the world," she says; but find it she does, and her peacock-feathers and sea-shells are beautiful. The play of colors on the shells is fine, and the temptation to try and pick them up is very strong. In this picture, as well as in one of Nan's, a large conch and a bunch of pansies, it almost seems as if the murmur of their ocean home must still be in them. Nan has another piece in

which an odd little figured vase, several other unique trifles, and a gay-colored fan come in very nicely in making up a Japanese effect.

On the whole we do not think our exhibition discreditable; but we beg that the public will remember the disadvantages under which we have labored, as we repeat our former teacher's prayer, "Don't view us with a critic's eye, but pass our imperfections by."

Just as we were putting the finishing touches to our last pictures and were daily expecting the frames, an urgent message called our teacher from us, and we were left to prepare our exhibit by ourselves. What a time we did have getting the frames fitted to the pictures; how our fingers ached when we had finished cutting the stiff pasteboard, tough as whit-leather, and doing all the necessary hammering! And how people did fuss because we ruined their scissors! In two days time this cutting and hammering was accomplished. The hanging, happily, was not for us. Those not busy with the Shakspere play assisted here, and the school-room was completely metamorphosed into as charming a gallery as a school-room could make. Lina Battle's work hung over the lower mantel, around the clock. At the other end of the room were Miss Jones' pictures, Nan's screen, two portraits, and Maud Mathewson's bewithing crayon. Adelene's mirror was opposite the lower door, near it her other work, farther up, Mamie Amyette's, and still farther, Julia Hawks'.

The crayon drawings were arranged along the blackboard and were perhaps the only things that showed for what they were worth. "Such a contrast to last year," some one said when all was done; the very clock says "Law!" But all comparisons are not odious; let us look forward and not back. Already the foundation of our new Art-building is laid. Before next June we shall be established even better than before. The scorched trees have put forth new branches. Among the many to return in September are our best artists, and all the outlook seems bright.

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following young ladies have maintained an average standing of more than 95 per cent. during the past school year:

IN THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

Anna Hartwell Lewis 98.6	Julia E. Horner..................96.3
Elizabeth W. McLean............97.9	Jane W. Bingham.................96.3
Carrie L. Mathewson.............97.7	Ada C. Humphrey (½ yr.)........96.3
Henrietta R. Smedes.............97.6	Helen F. McVea..................96.3
Sophia D. Thurmond.............97.5	Mary F. Walker..................96.2
Frances M. Hardin...............97.4	Mary H. Hinton 96.1
Nina Horner.....................97.4	Laura C. Barnes..................95.9
Adelaide E. White...............96.8	S. Adelene Wicks.................95.9
Laura Davis.....................96.8	Affie Warriner...................95.7
Leilah T. Higgins................96.7	M. Lula Battle...................95.3
Caroline B. Battle................96.6	Elizabeth R. Hamilton...........95.2

Maud M. Marshall...............95.1

IN THE PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Margaret Hinsdale...............98.0	Mattie Higgs.....................96.0
Dixie Murray....................97.9	Maud Harris.....................96.0
Janet Badger....................97.5	Mildred Badger...................95.5
Jennie Saunders 97.4	Lillie Hicks.....................95.5
Nellie Murray 97.2	Bessie Whitaker.................95.3
Etta McVea......................97.0	Laura Carter 95.4
Lula Holden.....................96.7	Martha Haywood................95.4
Janie Andrews 96.2	Mary Snow.......................95.4

Eliza Marshall...................95.0

IN THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Annie T. Wetmore...............95.3

The following young ladies though, from various causes, they have not attained the first grade, are to be highly commended for their diligence and marked improvement:

IN ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

Martha E. Ihrie,	Kate W. Poe,
Eliza M. Skinner,	Truletta Stunkel,
Elizabeth Platt,	Ada H. Rogers,

Addie B. Riddick.

IN PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Annie Busbee,	Mary Hardin.

IN PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Kate Badger,	Daisy Thompson,

Master Logan Harris.

The following are entitled to DISTINCTIONS in the ornamental branches of education over and above their rank in the regular course of study.

In Instrumental Music:

JENNIE W. BINGHAM,
ANNIE L. BLACKMER,
ELIZABETH W. MCLEAN,
HELEN F. MCVEA,
ANNIE R. ROBERTS,
HENRIETTA R. SMEDES,
ADELAIDE E. WHITE.

In Vocal Music:

First,— CARRIE L. MATHEWSON,
ADELAIDE E. WHITE.

Second,— LAURA C. BARNES,
ELIZABETH R. HAMILTON,
LEILAH T. HIGGINS,
AFFIE WARRINER.

In Drawing and Painting:

ANNIE R. ROBERTS,
MARY S. AMYETTE,
S. ADELENE WICKS,
MAUD M. MARSHALL,
ELIZA W. MCLEAN,
MAUDE M. MATHEWSON,

In Elocution:

First,— JULIA E. HORNER,
CARRIE L. MATHEWSON,
S. ADELENE WICKS.

Second,— LAURA C. BARNES,
JENNIE W. BINGHAM,
LAURA DAVIS.

In Composition:

Senior Div.,— Anna H. Lewis, Sophia D. Thurmond.

Junior Div.,— Nina Horner, Eliza M. Skinner.

The following young ladies are to be highly commended for diligence and improvement:

In Music:

M. Havens Cherry,
Ada C. Humphrey,
Leilah T. Higgins,
Nina J. Maxwell,
Maud M. Marshall,
Affie Warriner,
Ada H. Rogers,
Addie B. Riddick,
Mary F. Hastings,
Lula T. Holden,
Nellie M. Murray,
Etta S. McVea,
Fannie S. Carter,
Laura Carter,
Mary Hardin,
Mattie Higgs,
Janie Andrews,
Carrie Coke.

In Composition:

Jennie W. Bingham,
Adelaide E. White,
Laura Davis,
Henrietta R. Smedes,
M. Havens Cherry,
Elizabeth W. McLean,
Leilah T. Higgins,
Adelene S. Wicks,
Julia Hawks,
Helen F. McVea,
Margaret F. Busbee.

In Elocution:

Leilah T. Higgins,
Fanny M. Hardin,
Eliza M. Skinner,
Nina Horner,
Addie B. Riddick,
Flora E. Creech,
Inder T. Tucker,
Jennie Saunders,
Margaret D. Hinsdale,
Lula T. Holden,
Annie T. Busbee,
Janet Badger,
Josephine Smith,
Etta S. McVea.

ENTERTAINMENT

BY THE

PRIMARY AND PREPARATORY CLASSES,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 3D, 1885.

PART FIRST.

1. CHORUS—Fly forth, my Song, - - - - - - *Abt*
   Preparatory and Primary Classes.
2. PIANO DUET—Lucia di Lammermoor, - - *arr. by Streabbog*
   Eliza Marshall and Bessie Tucker.
3. CALISTHENICS—Free-hand.
   Primary Classes.
4. PIANO SOLO—Eole Mazurka, - - - - - *Ketterer*
   Mary Hardin.
5. RECITATION—Work, - - - - - - *Prescott*
   Preparatory Class C.
6. QUARTETTE—A Toute Vapeur, - - - - - *Gobbaerts*
   Nellie Murray and Mary Snow.
   Etta McVea and Laura Carter.
7. CALISTHENICS—Dumb-bells.
   Preparatory Classes B and C.
8. PIANO SOLO—Danse des Naiades, - - - - - *Leybach*
   Nellie Murray.

PART SECOND.

1. CALISTHENICS—Rings.
   Preparatory Class A.
2. QUARTETTE—Fledermaus, - - - - - *arr. by Strauss*
   Mary Hardin and Fanny Carter.
   Eliza Marshall and Maud Harris.
3. RECITATION—The Kitten and the Leaves, - - *Wordsworth*
   Preparatory Classes A and B.
4. PIANO SOLO—Valse, L'Éventail, - - - - *Streabbog*
   Bessie Smedes.
5. DRAME—Le Repentir Efface Tout, - - - *Mme. Narbel*
   Preparatory French Classes.
6. PIANO SOLO—Un Ballo in Maschera, - - - *arr. by Dorn*
   Lula Holden.
7. CALISTHENICS—Indian Clubs.
   Preparatory Class A.
8. PIANO DUET—Berceuse, - - - - - - *Rummel*
   Mattie Higgs and Janie Andrews.
9. CHORUS—Twilight, - - - - - - - *Abt*
   Preparatory and Primary Classes.

SOIRÉE FRANÇAISE,

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 5TH, 1885.

PROGRAMME.

QUARTETTE—Polka Rondo, - - - - - *Fowler*
Mlles. Gregory et Warriner.
Mlles. H. Smedes et Marshall.

DUO VOCAL—L'Eté, - - - - - - *Alexander*
Mlles. Barnes et Higgins.

LE MALADE IMAGINAIRE.

PERSONNAGES.

ARGAN, Malade Imaginaire, - -	MLLE. J. W. BINGHAM.
BÉLINE, second femme d'Argan, - -	" F. M. HARDIN.
ANGÉLIQUE, fille d'Argan, - - -	" A. E. WHITE.
LOUISON, fille d'Argan, - - -	" M. H. HAYWOOD.
BÉRALDE, frère d'Argan, - - -	" H. R. SMEDES.
CLEANTE, amant d'Angélique, - -	" A. L. BLACKMER.
M. DIAFOIRUS, médecin, - - - -	" M. M. MARSHALL.
THOMAS, son fils, - - - -	" M. L. BATTLE.
M. DE BONNEFOI, notaire, - - -	" A. F. GALES.
TOINETTE, servante, - - - -	" E. M. SKINNER.

PIANO SOLO—Les Cloches de mon Pays, - - - - *Zeise*
Mlle. Nena J. Maxwell.

DUO VOCAL—Les Compliments de Normandie, - - - *Puget*
Mlles. Higgins et Warriner.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

IN

A MID-SUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,

GIVEN

MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 8TH, 1885.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens, - -	MISS L. DAVIS.
HIPPOLYTA, Queen of the Amazons, - -	" C. L. MATHEWSON.
EGEUS, a Lord, - - - - -	" A. F. GALES.
HERMIA, his Daughter, - - -	" L. C. BARNES.
HELENA, her Friend, - - - -	" A. E. WHITE.
LYSANDER, - - - - -	" S. A. WICKS.
DEMETRIUS, - - - - -	" J. E. HORNER.
PHILOSTRATE, Master of Revels, - -	" A. L. BLACKMER.
QUINCE, the Carpenter, - - - -	" F. M. HARDIN.
BOTTOM, the Weaver, - - - -	" J. W. BINGHAM.
SNUG, the Joiner, - - - - -	" E. M. SKINNER.
FLUTE, the Bellows-mender, - - -	" N. HORNER.
SNOUT, the Tinker, - - - -	" M. M. MATHEWSON.
STARVELING, the Tailor, - - -	" M. A. BATTLE.

PRINCIPAL FAIRIES:

OBERON, - - - - -	FLORA CREECH.
TITANIA, - - - - - -	JENNIE SAUNDERS.
PUCK, - - - - - -	MARGARET HINSDALE.
FIRST FAIRY, - - - - -	MARY SNOW.

TROOP OF FORTY FAIRIES.

ANNUAL CONCERT,

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 10TH, 1885.

PART FIRST.

OVERTURE *to* LA DAME BLANCHE, ... *Boieldieu*
Misses Blackmer and White.
Misses McLean and Brown.

PIANO SOLO—Caprice de Concert, ... *Gottschalk*
Miss Mary P. Adams.

VOCAL SOLO—The Lark, ... *Taubert*
Miss Leilah T. Higgins.

RECITATION—The Hero of the Tower, ... *Carleton*
Miss Affie Warriner.

PIANO SOLO—Rigaudon, ... *Raff*
Miss Elizabeth W. McLean.

VOCAL SOLO—To a River, ... *Mariani*
Miss Adelaide E. White.

PIANO SOLO—Fantaisie, op 13, ... *Mozart*
Miss Helen F. McVea.

RECITATIONS—
a. Drifting, ... *Read*
b. O Lassie ayont the Hill, ... *McDonald*
Miss Carrie L. Mathewson.

VOCAL DUO—The Nightingale's Nest, ... *Bordèse*
Miss Waddell and Miss Warriner.

PIANO SOLO—Sonata, op. 26, ... *v. Beethoven*
Miss Henrietta R. Smedes.

SEMI-CHORUS—The Spanish Gipsy-girl, ... *Lassen*
Misses Mathewson, Hamilton and Higgins, 1st Soprano.
Misses Barnes, M. Mathewson and Wicks, 2d Soprano.
Misses Amyette, Roberts and Warriner, 1st Contralto.
Misses Aiken, Bingham and Horner, 2d Contralto.

PART SECOND.

OVERTURE *to* OTELLO, ... *Rossini*
Misses Bingham and Higgins.
Misses Amyette and Roberts.

RECITATION—The Forging of the Anchor, ... *Ferguson*
Miss Julia E. Horner.

VOCAL SOLO—L'Usignuolo Messicano, ... *Giorza*
Miss Elizabeth R. Hamilton.

PIANO SOLO—Gaieté, Rondo Brillant, ... *Moscheles*
Miss Jennie W. Bingham.

VOCAL SOLO—The Fog-bell, ... *Pontet*
Miss Eleanor W. Waddell.

RECITATION—Sergeant Buzzfuzz to the Jury, ... *Dickens*
Miss Laura C. Barnes.

PIANO SOLO—Quellenrauschen, ... *Spindler*
Miss Adelaide E. White.

VOCAL SOLO—Cavatine *from* Der Freischütz, ... *v. Weber*
Miss Carrie L. Mathewson.

PIANO SOLO—Rigoletto, ... *Liszt*
Miss Annie L. Blackmer.

RECITATION—King Robert of Sicily, ... *Longfellow*
Miss S. Adelene Wicks.

PIANO DUET—Trot de Cavalerie, ... *Rubinstein*
Miss Amyette and Miss Roberts.

SEMI-CHORUS—Bridal-song *from* Lohengrin, ... *Wagner*
Misses Mathewson, Hamilton, Higgins, White, 1st Soprano.
Misses Barnes, Horner, M. Mathewson, Wicks, 2d Soprano.
Misses Aiken, Amyette, Bingham, Roberts, Contralto.

COMMENCEMENT DAY,

THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 11TH, 1885.

PROGRAMME.

CHORUS—Morning Serenade, - - - - *Krug*

LATIN SALUTATORY, AND ESSAY—The Good Old Times.
Miss Sophia D. Thurmond.

VOCAL SOLO—For You, Dearest Heart, - - *Root*
Miss Adelaide E. White.

ESSAY—Mrs. Oliphant.
Miss Carrie L. Mathewson.

CHORUS—In Spring, - - - - *Bargiel*

ESSAY—Little Latin and Less Greek.
Miss E. Julia Horner.

VOCAL SOLO—Where Have the Swallows Fled? - *Buck*
Miss Carrie L. Mathewson.

ESSAY—Sculpture—AND VALEDICTORY.
Miss Anna H. Lewis.

EXERCISES IN THE CHAPEL.

PROCESSIONAL HYMN.

TE DEUM.

CREED—VERSICLES—COLLECTS.

ANTHEM—O Blest Redeemer, - - - - - *Marchetti*

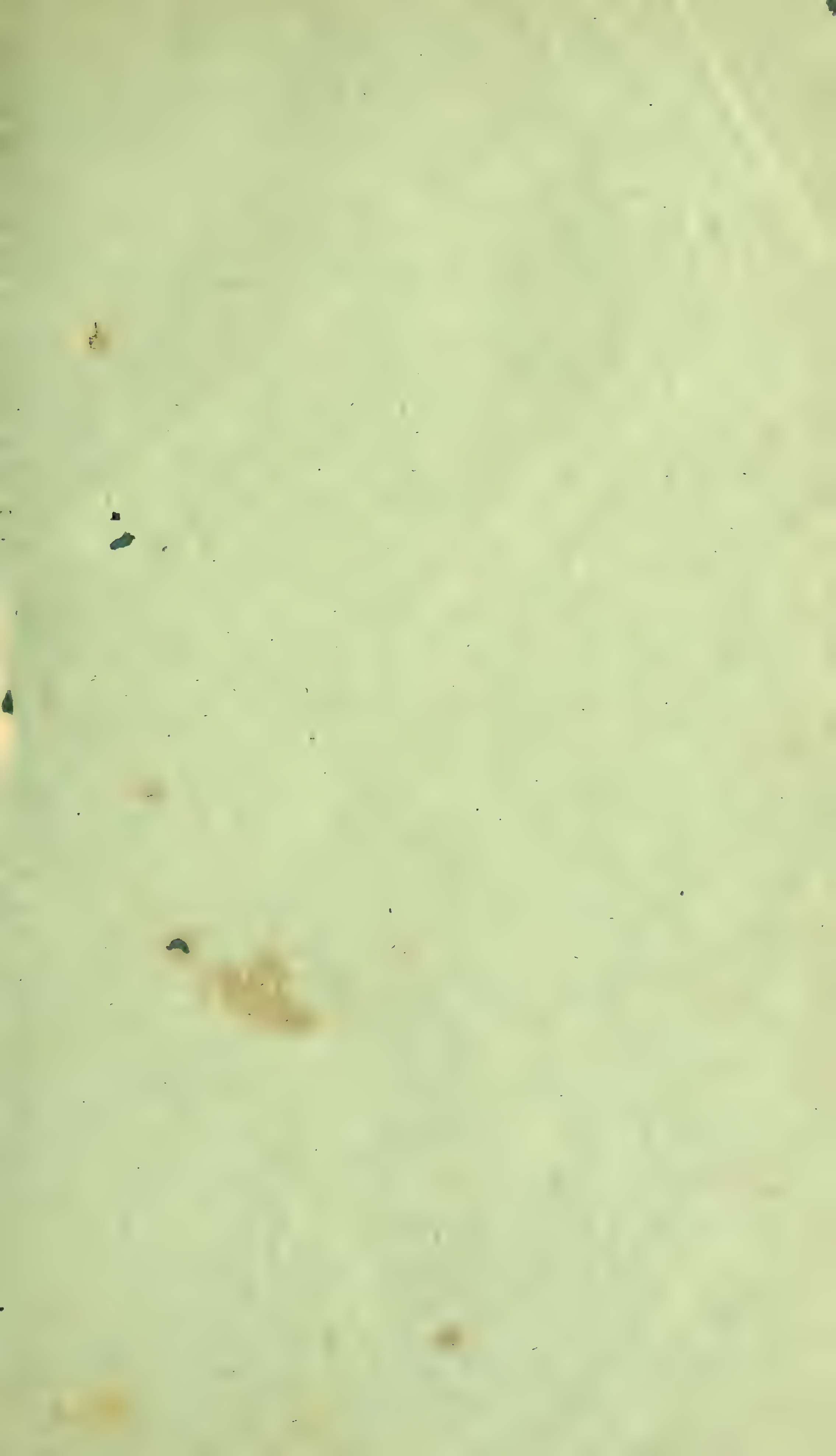
READING OF THE ROLL OF HONOR.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

PRESENTATION OF DIPLOMAS.

HYMN 497, - - - - - - - *Dudley Buck*

BENEDICTION.



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ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1896.

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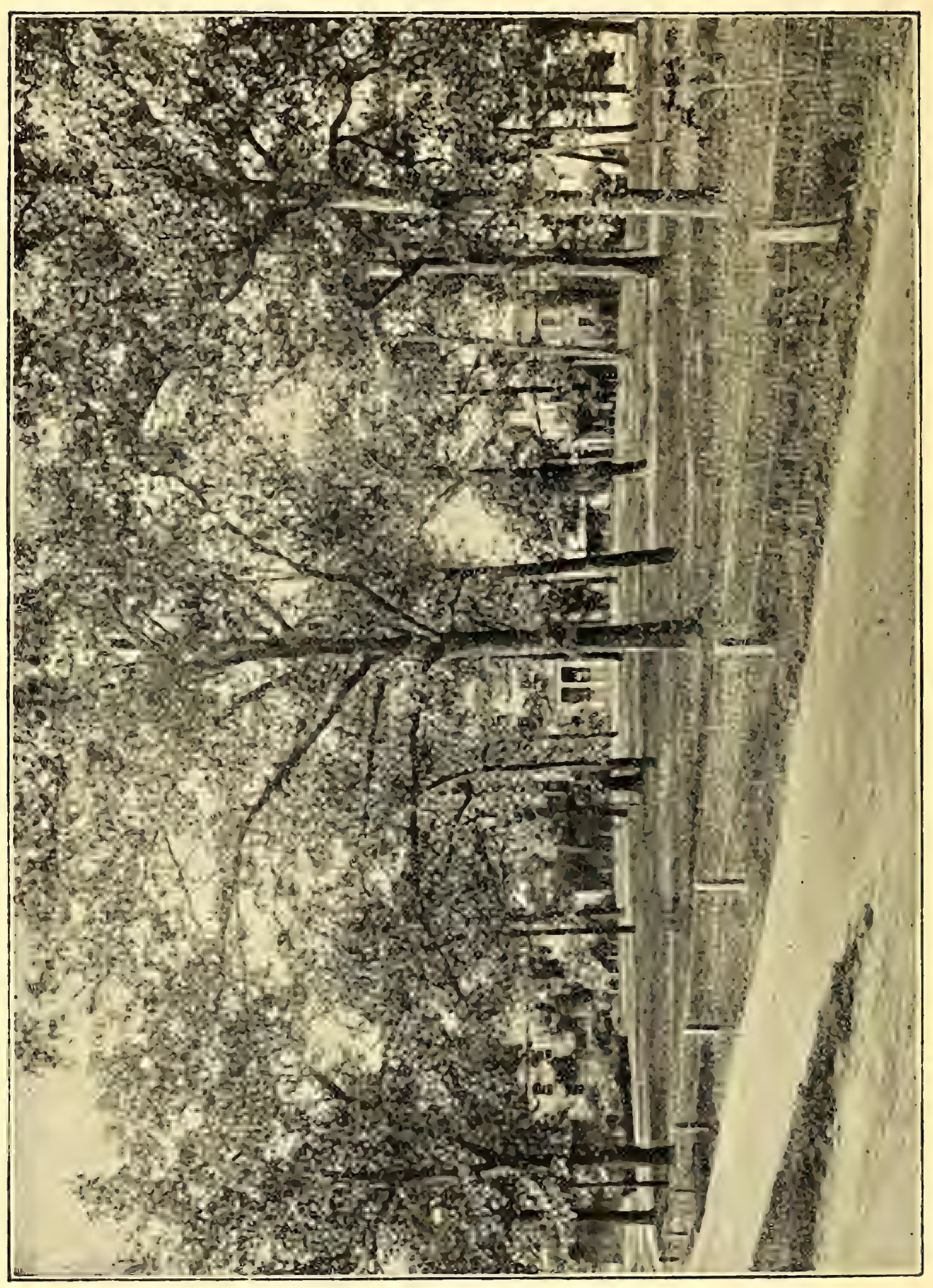


ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., OCTOBER, 1896.

OUR INCONSEQUENTIALITIES.

Mother Goose, as well as Proverbs, may be truly called the condensed wisdom of the ancients. Gratitude is not extinct in human hearts; we have the liveliest feeling towards any one who has expressed for us certain naughty impulses for which we cannot account. Very grateful are we, therefore, to Mother Goose, for the creation of that person of poetic renown who exclaimed:

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell;
But this I know, I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell!"

In our own selves this Dr. Fell principle is continually at work, and we are ever forming likes and dislikes unaccountable.

We love our heroes and heroines in fiction, not for their virtues, but for their inconsistencies. Simple Simon is most dear to our hearts because he once in the remote past was delightfully absurd enough to go a-fishing in his mother's pail; and because when

" He went to shoot a wild duck,
And the wild duck flew away,
He said, 'I couldn't hit it,'
Just because it wouldn't stay!"

We like the Three Wise Men of Gotham, because they went to sea in a bowl. Anybody can go to sea in a ship;

any one can catch a whale in the Polar oceans; but only the three Wise Gothamites would go to sea in a bowl: it required Simple Simon to seek a whale in a water-bucket.

But we have no need to look to fiction and history for the inconsequentiality of human nature. We find it all about us. In truth, the bump of contrariety is the first development on the infant's head, and all other bumps received seem only to increase its growth. Did you ever know a baby whose round eyes would not persistently stare at the ceiling for hours when its "natural protector" was especially anxious to attend a reception that night? Or what a deafening roar does the small cherub produce as the parent fondly observes, "He is the best baby! Such a little angel!" No wonder that such beginnings result in making man at full age an intricate bundle of irregularities and incomprehensibilities.

A long time ago, Chilo thundered out, "Know thyself!" But who has accomplished that feat? We urselves are the hardest people in the world to know. We may bring about an introduction and may then fondly imagine that we can always tell what we will like and what we will do, until some fine morning we find with amazement that what we really ought to like or do, that thing, above all else, we abhor, and will not do.

Who would ever have fancied, for instance, that Jack Sprat, thin, wrinkled, crabbed—for must not that inveterate eater of lean meat have possessed all these unpleasant qualities—and Mrs. Sprat, fair, jolly and stout, would have proved mutually attractive? It was the simple perversity of human nature that they liked each other. True, their union resulted in a happy and economic one, for as

> "Jack Sprat could eat no fat and
> His wife could eat no lean,
> So it was between them both,
> They left the platter clean!"

After all, a person's inconsequentiality is his most attractive quality. Certain it is that an individual utterly devoid of it, in real life as in fiction, is without fascination. Is there anything more tiresome than the "perfect being," the creature who always says and does the "correct thing?" Why is it that no warm, living affection stirs our heart at the mention of George Washington? If he were not such a carved piece of virtue, if he had not been so entirely admirable in the cherry-tree episode, would he not be more loved? Dr. Holmes, who, as Mr. Warner tells us, always has the capacity for saying the things we should like to have said ourselves, puts this for us aptly: "As the Model of All the Virtues is about to leave us, I find myself wondering why we are not all very sorry. Surely we all like good persons. She is a good person. Therefore we like her—only we don't!"

What a sigh of relief we heave when Washington and the Model of All the Virtues depart and leave us in peace and inconsequentiality!

We heartily sympathize with the Grecians in their desire to ostracize Aristides because they were tired of hearing him called "The Just." Those methodical, routine people, who do everything at a fixed time, who sneeze every morning at precisely six and sit down at precisely seven and get up at precisely eight and look out of the window at precisely nine, fret us beyond measure. Perfect regularity does not appeal to degenerate man. But though a certain amount of inconsequentiality is charming, yet we never fall in love with a person wholly inconsequent. A human Mrs. Nicholby is no more admired than the Mrs. Nicholby of fiction. One tires after a while of hearing stories of the death of two starved horses which happened to draw the carriage in which a lady rode who brought Mrs. Nicholby a spring bonnet, told as strikingly illustrative of the opu-

lence of milliners. After all, the charm of inconsequentiality lies not in words but in deeds, and it must be innate, not artificial. It is the happy medium between the two extremes which is so attractive. Our likes and dislikes are but one instance in which we display the inconsequentiality of human nature. Why is it that we become silent when we wish most to talk? We can sympathetically appreciate the story which is told of a well-known wit, who was invited to dinner by a fashionable lady just because he was witty. During the course of the evening, in a pause of conversation, she sent her little daughter to him with the request, "Mamma says will you please proceed to be witty now?"

Even scientific experiments fail because of man's perverseness. Our grandmothers and grandfathers did not trouble themselves about brown bread and oat flakes. They delighted in mince pie and plum-pudding. They were wofully ignorant of the whereabouts of their hearts and lungs; they did not analyze their food hunting for adulterations; they did not hesitate to breathe for fear of microbes; and yet these dear old people were hale and hearty at seventy and seventy-five. We know all about animalculæ and cholera germs and diphtheria bacteria and the organs of our bodies, and every one has an affected lung or a palpitating heart! So perverse, so inconsequential is man!

Another oddity of human nature is the way in which all of us insist upon imagining things in a light which reason and experience prove false. How we delight to think of going into the country! What dreams arise of fruit dropping into our mouths from the trees, of shady nooks and murmuring streams! In reality, if the chosen farm-house be shaded by trees, it is damp and full of fever and ague. It probably stands on a treeless expanse, however. You find that strawberries have been sent to market and

peaches haven't come. You discover that the "beautiful woods" are full of tramps and are not to be rambled in without the protection of something in a hat and coat; that the "river-side" is guarded by mud and mosquitoes; that the pretty places are surrounded by notices that you will be "shot," or "dealt with by law," or "caught in the spring-traps," if you "trespass thereon"; that nine o'clock is locking-up hour and that you can't take a walk in the morning on account of the dew and ague! And yet people fondly speak of a lazy, delightful summer in the country! It is much on a par with the poetical beauties of the "dappled morn, the dewy grass and the warbling birds" with which disappointed sages endeavor to lure people from their pillows at early dawn. These sages, however, preserve always a studied silence as to the fog, the raw air and the general undone feeling of the earth at that weird time.

What then is the conclusion of the whole matter? Whence are our inconsequentialities; wherein their charm? Unfortunately for our curiosity, all the wisdom and the learning of the day have not as yet solved the problem. What advance can argument make when the very fact that we think our irregularities attractive is itself the inconsequentiality of inconsequentialities? The whole world can offer none other than the conclusive woman's reason, "We think them so because we think them so!"

Certainly these inconsistencies are indigenous and peculiar to human nature. No other animal is the hero of such irregular actions. Truly, it is the inconsequent creature, man, for that's his specialty. What creature else conceives the circle and then walks the square?"

HOME-MAKERS.

Love of home is instinctive in every human heart, and where civilization is at its lowest ebb among mankind we find this same innate craving for home. Every nation satisfies this craving in its own way, and although to us the manifestation is often amusing and even pathetic in its crudeness, the impulse is noble. Even the Indian made some attempt at home-making, and enjoyed sitting in his wigwam, smoking and discussing the day's hunt; and on winter nights the big brave, with his squaw and little braves, gathered around the fire in the middle of the wigwam and listened to the thrilling tales of adventure as eagerly as his nineteenth century successor does to his family story-teller by the side of the good old-fashioned fire.

Is there anything more conducive to cheerfulness than the open fire with its ruddy light and dancing flames? Charles Dudley Warner says that it is impossible to bring up a family around a flue, and that in the banishment of the open fire the home-life is in a measure destroyed. The family, as an institution, he says, is gone, and though the people still gather around a register or an invented fire-place, the center is lost. No one will think of asserting that the deliciously lazy sensation produced by the blazing logs of an open fire is in any way associated with the feeling one has when sitting before an artificial fire-place, in which gas burns around painted logs. Then in this substitute the irresistible impulse "to poke the fire" is rudely thwarted, which innocent enjoyment is often the escape-valve for much ill-humor. Of course Mr. Warner is sweeping in his assertion, but the manner in which the assertion is made is so charming that we forgive its extravagance.

In former days the prevailing idea of home-making was proficiency in cooking. Women were supposed to devote their time to little else than the concoction of palatable dishes, but during the past century home-making, together with various other occupations, has made rapid strides. Women have reduced it to a science, and have given us a dignified name, "Household Economics," for what had hitherto been a somewhat scorned occupation.

In a late copy of the "Review of Reviews" excellent advice is given to the well-meaning home-maker. Architecture, the first item of importance, has been carefully considered. Men as a rule have little conception of what will be most convenient to a woman in the planning of a house, and women in studying this have been able to correct many mistakes.

No one will deny that a woman's conception of color is superior to man's. Men are proverbially color-blind, and this may excuse the lack of harmony so often found in the hues and tints of our homes. A woman would not dream of painting her house in the center of a city white with green blinds; the effect would be too dazzling. She would know that what was an anomaly in the city would be restful in the country, where the glaring white would be softened by dark, shady trees.

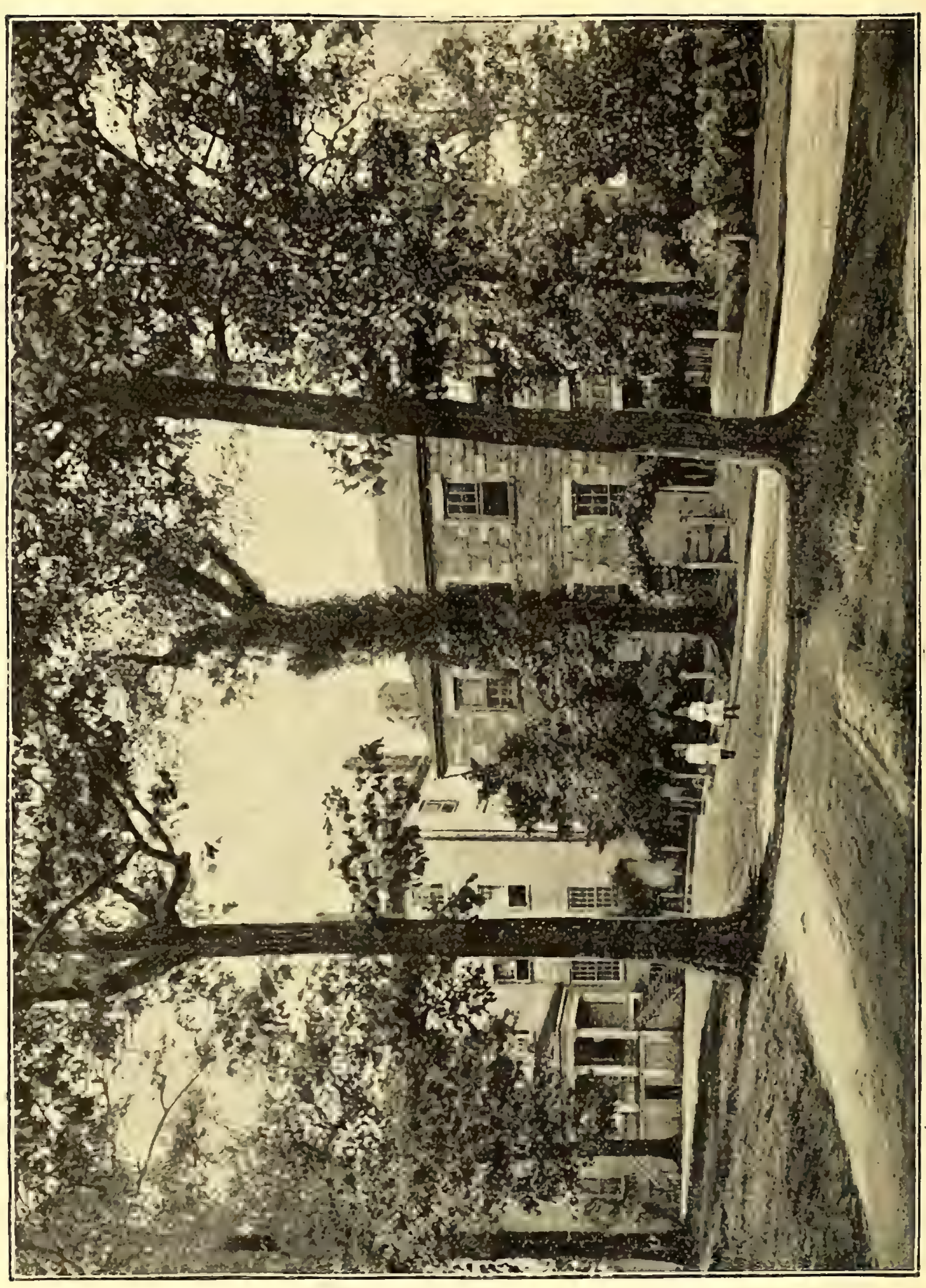
Women have also given attention to the plumbing and draining of a house, and the home-maker of to-day is not obliged to call in a workman to tell her that her sink is out of repair. Her practical knowledge has enabled her to discern the imperfection and to suggest the remedy.

But greater than any improvements in architecture and convenience are the changes in interior decoration. For the perfection of this art an æsthetic nature, cultivated eye and deft hand are required. In houses which are beautified by such women we no longer find the excru-

ciating parlors of "ye olden time," where trying shades of green and blue jarred on one's nerves, and where mohair sofas and straight-backed chairs stood in mathematical precision against the wall. Nor will the sensible woman persist in loading her house with Japanese fans, draperies and other Eastern fripperies, which seldom harmonize with the style of her own house. Wealth is not required for the adornment of a home, for the simplest articles are often productive of more restful enjoyment than gorgeous furnishing; the chief object is to make the distinction between simple elegance and tawdry tinsel.

While extremes are never desirable, they are particularly objectionable in the home-life. Every woman likes to have her house neat, but for any one to devote all her energies merely to exterminating dirt is sinful. None of us would enjoy the representation of Phebe Ann Little, the neat woman, of whom it was reported that her husband frequently had to rise during the small hours of a winter night to sweep the cellar stairs or back-door step because Phebe had awakened tormented with the remembrance of having seen dust somewhere about her house. If her husband rebelled against these nightly missions Phebe Ann would exclaim with tragic emphasis, "George Henry Little, suppose I was to die before morning, with those cellar stairs not swept down!" This reflection generally overcame George Henry's fatigue.

To our feminine ancestors cooking was only a series of experiments. If the recipe pleased the palate it was adopted, regardless of its hygienic value. We all remember the famous "pie," that combination of flour, lard, and fruit, which was agreeable to the taste but equally destructive to the digestive apparatus, and although we have been convinced of its disastrous effects there are some who still have a sneaking fondness for it. Now women learn at cooking-



schools not only how to make delicious soups and salads, but also the nutritive value of protoids and hydro carbonates, and it is rather disgraceful to be ignorant of carving and marketing.

In earlier days the anticipation of an entertainment filled the good housekeeper with apprehension and misgivings. Now receiving one's friends does not mean an edition of the "Sprowle Party," of which Mr. Holmes gives us a vivid account:

"There was much clinking of borrowed spoons, which were to be carefully counted, much clinking of borrowed china, which was to be tenderly handled.

"Every imaginable occupation was going on at once, roasting, boiling, baking, beating, rolling, pounding in mortars, frying, freezing—for there was to be ice-cream.

"Colonel Sprowle had been pressed into service, and had agitated sweetened and thickened cream in what was called an ice-cream freezer.

"Evening came at last, and all in fine array await the coming guests.

"Hark! They have come.

"Everybody in position, smiling, and at ease. Bell rings. Enter first set of visitors. The party has begun!

"When all have come they repair to the dining-room.

"'Make yourselves at home, ladies and gentlemen,' says the Colonel; 'good things were made to be eaten, and you are welcome to what you see before you!'"

A home should, above all things, express individuality. This is the distinguishing feature between a hotel and a private house. How could a hotel, which caters to the tastes of many people, have the cozy look of even the humblest home? The Waldorf, the acme of luxury, can in no way take the place of a home. The silent grandeur of the apartments chills one, and though all is as regular as clock-work, still we are not satisfied. 2

Of course we do not often see the ideal housewife, but it is the boast of our age that the higher culture of woman is constantly increasing the number of true home-makers, and we may hope that the next generation will have as the heart of every home the strong cultured woman, of whom we all love to think.

SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

Not long ago some American travellers were being shown over Chester Cathedral: one of them admiring the antiquities of the place, said to the clergyman, their guide, "This is something that we have not in our country." "Yes," the clergyman answered, "but then you have things that we have not." "What, for instance?" inquired the other. "Well, you have Mark Twain and 'Harper's Magazine.'" And so we have, and not only this great humorist, Mark Twain, but our delightful John Kendrick Bangs, Whitcomb Riley, and the memory of Artemus Ward, Eugene Field, and Bill Nye. America may be justly proud of this group of merry-makers, for even England, who has had Sydney Smith, can envy us the possession of such a wit as Mark Twain. Of course we have all read "Innocents Abroad," and we all remember the ludicrous picture of the tomb of Adam. On seeing the supposed grave of that ancient gentleman the Innocent exclaims:

"The tomb of Adam! . . . I leaned upon a post and burst into tears. I deem it no shame to have wept over the grave of my poor dead relative. Noble old man—he did not live to see me; he did not live to see his child. And I—I—alas, I did not live to see him. Weighed down

by sorrow and disappointment, he died before I was born—six thousand brief summers before I was born. But let us try to bear it with fortitude."

From the antiquity of his family one would suppose that Mr. Clemens would be president of some geneological society in this age of Colonial Dames and Sons of the Revolution. We have heard of daughters of Eve, so we would advise him to found a society called the "Sons of Adam." The humor of Mark Twain, like that of Eugene Field, is kindly and generous; he rarely leaves you with an unpleasant feeling. His mirth is comprehensive; but Mr. Field's humor is pleasing. Eugene Field was the poet of childhood; he loved the children, they loved him, and it was about them and for them that he chiefly wrote; but everybody cares for Mr. Field's poems as they do for Mark Twain's prose, and all little people sympathize with the boy who sees things in the night, and agree with him when he says:

> "I'd ruther let Starvation wipe me slowly out of sight
> Than I should keep a-livin' on an' seein' things at night."

Bill Nye, although not a native of our State, has lived with us so many years that we claim him as our North Carolina humorist. Mr. Nye was not so great as Mark Twain, or so beloved a writer as Eugene Field. His sketches are funny, but one grows a little tired after reading a good many of them. Mark Twain and Eugene Field never tire us; the former is always so witty, the latter is always so fresh and charming, that one can read book after book with delight. In the work of Field we find none of the coarseness which Bill Nye at times displays, and even in "Huckleberry Finn" we find more that is amusing than rough or coarse.

Like Cervantes in his "Don Quixote," Mr. Clemens had a purpose in writing about the chivalrous Knights of the

Court of King Arthur. Mark Twain is a true American in his love of liberty, but instead of writing high-sounding treatises on the subject, he attacks in his satire the higher classes who oppress the poor. "A Yankee in King Arthur's Court" is such a pleasing book that we like to read it at any time. A casual observer will no doubt discover nothing more than rollicking humor and a burlesque of "Morte d'Arthur," but this is only seeing what is on the surface, without comprehending the aim of the book or sympathizing with its spirit. No one is a more inveterate hater of sham and cant than Mark Twain, and he has torn the veil from the beautiful but shadowy picture which Tennyson has presented of King Arthur's Court, and shown us the sordidness and squalor of the people. Bill Nye and Mark Twain have both written historical works; the former's "Comic History of the United States" is characterized by keen satire and abounds in humorous incidents. "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc," the historical novel of Mr. Clemens, is entirely different from his other works, and, we are ashamed to say it, many critics have thought that it is too good to have been written by him. The real worth of the book may perhaps be more apparent a few years from now than at the present time; writers say that in this novel history and fiction are not properly fused: we have a slice of historical facts and then a slice of fiction.

The strain of pathos which we find in Eugene Field is wholly lacking in Bill Nye. There is a strking contrast in even the titles of their poems and stories. "Lullaby; By the Sea," "Child and Mother," "With Trumpet and Drum," are the titles of some of Mr. Field's dainty verses, while "The Forty Liars," "Bill Nye and the Boomerang," and "Bill Nye's Red-Pup," are specimens of Mr. Nye's work. "Bill Nye's Red-Pup" is a combination of all the meanness of which a canine quadruped is capable. Lem Lemmons, who is supposed to be writing to Mr. Nye, says:

"In matters of appetite he is easily pleased—will eat ordinary food, but is inclined to diet himself on fine boots, kid gloves, silk stockings, and any clothing that may come within the sphere of action. It may be necessary for you to go bare-footed until he outgrows this freak, or you might avoid this alternative by keeping such articles locked up in a pup-proof safe."

From such writings we turn with delight to the delicate verses of Eugene Field; but it is not in rhyme only that Mr. Field is so engaging, for his prose gladens us as much as his poetry.

His last book, "The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac," is an account by a charming old bachelor of his different book-loves, and the mania that possesses him, from his *affaires de coeur* with the little "New England Primer," through those with Beranger, Villon, Dr. Johnson, and Boccacio. He tells us that too few people seem to realize that books have feelings. "But if I know one thing better than another I know this, that my books know me and love me." He shows appreciation of people's love for their curios by his anecdote of Miss Susan, who provided that after her demise a number of her most prized possessions should be buried with her. "The list, as I recall it, includes a mahogany four-post bedstead, an Empire dresser, a brass warming pan, a pair of brass andirons, a Louis Quinze table, a May-flower tea-pot, a Tomb of Washington platter, a pewter tankard, a pair of her grandmother's candle-sticks, a Paul Revere lantern, a tall Dutch clock, a complete suit of armor purchased in Rome, and a collection of Japanese bric-à-brac presented to Miss Susan by a returned missionary."

Eugene Field wrote much to cheer men, to inspire them, to make them go about the toil and drudgery of every-day's existence with lighter hearts. He wrote much to touch the tenderer chords of men's hearts.

American humor is peculiar; it is different from the humor of all other countries, just as Americans are different from all other people. On account of our mixed ancestry our nervous organization is unlike that of any other people, and so the humor in our character is not an outcome of one race, with limited environments, but of many nations. There is just enough English blood in Americans to keep their humor from being too volatile, like the French, and just enough French blood to give it the champagne sparkle and effervescence along with the true wit inherited from our Irish forefathers. Englishmen do not understand our jokes even as much as we do theirs, but this is not strange when we remember that they are of one family, while Americans are heirs of the best humor and wit of many countries, yet it is a pity that our mirth is too cosmopolitan for our English cousins to enjoy. And although we may admire their witty (?) Mr. Du Maurier as an artist, we have not gone so far as to enjoy his heavy English jokes, and we still believe that America has the greatest humorists of the world.

THE AYRSHIRE PLOUGHMAN.

To the lover of nature no scenery can have more meaning than that of the Scottish Highlands. Here "boon nature scattered free and wild plant and flower." The primrose and violet find a bower in each cliff, foxglove and nightshade add their dark hues to those of the weather-beaten crags, and the streams are guarded by the harebell on the mossy bank. Nor is the sublime wanting in the "warrior oak," the steep promontory, and

> "Highest of all, where white peaks glance,
> Where glistening streams wave and dance,
> The wanderer's eye can barely view
> The summer heaven's delicious blue."

Over the heather-covered hills and crag-bound lakes is thrown a romantic glamour, and "the whole might seem the scenery of a fairy dream."

Not less interesting than the scenery are the people whose privilege it is to call their own these hills and valleys, among which are scattered the tiny stone houses with low thatched roofs.

Just a century ago, in one of these small, bare rooms, the greatest poet Scotland has ever produced, lay dying. Robert Burns, like Shelley and Keats, went from us in the glory of his manhood, before the full promise of his youth could be fulfilled, but "to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die," and though his work was early ended his lessons to us are not few. His poems first brought to light the beauty in the peasant-life and the truth that "grandeur of soul is not born in purple."

The small, clay cabin in which Burns was born is still standing near the banks of the "Bonnie Doon," within a short distance of the ruins of Alloway's "auld haunted kirk," the scene of the witch-dance in "Tam O'Shanter." Here he passed his youth, living the life of all around him, but the gayest, brightest, most fascinating being to be found, and so he walked

> "In glory and in joy,
> Behind his plough, along the mountain side,"

drinking in the beauties of nature, which afterward served him in his poems. Love first made him a poet. She, the "bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass," gave him his inspiration; as his partner she labored in the harvest, and it was then, he tells us, he "first committed the sin of rhyme."

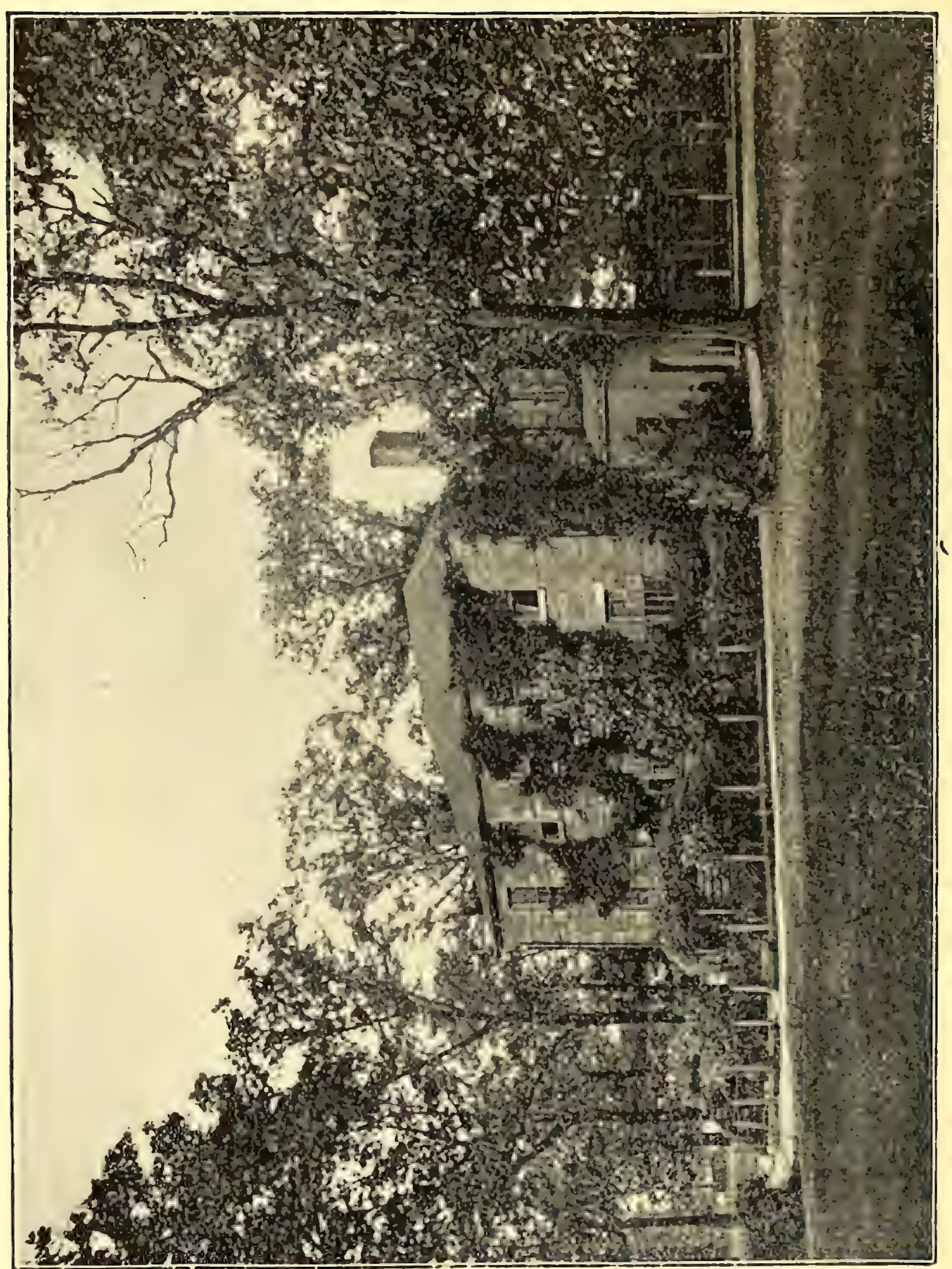
Certainly no one else has ever given to the world more beautiful love-songs. In "Aea Fond Kiss and Then We Sever" is concentrated the essence of a thousand love-poems:

> "But to see her was to love her,
> Love but her and love forever."

Burn's songs are like so many pastoral pictures, possessing all the beauties and none of the faults of his other poetry. In addition to the manly, heart-felt sentiment that pervades all his poetry the songs are not "set" to music, but flow as readily to it as if both had been created together. To feel the full force of these songs we must hear them not from trained singers. They are the songs of the shepherd lass in the mountain glen. His subjects take varied forms: good-fellowship in the revel of the drinking-song, the glad greeting of "Auld Lang Syne," and the patriotism of such national anthems as "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." Of this Carlyle says: "So long as there is warm blood in the heart of a Scotchman, or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode."

His lyrics alone are sufficient to have made him famous, but all his poems are characterized by the same freshness and simplicity. They are perfectly natural because he loved and knew all he wrote about. The mountain daisy grew in the fields he ploughed; the mouse built her nest there; the dogs are his own collies; the Scotch drink was distilled on the banks of the Doon; Tam O'Shanter was a merry farmer whom he knew; and even the "Deil Himsel'" was a well-known person who had given them much alarm by the marks of his cloven-foot. Everything around him appealed to him from the all-comprehending love he bore nature, and his, the true poet-soul, needed but to be struck and it yielded music. A deep tinge of melancholy pervades his poetry. With a sad fondness he delights in "the hoar visage" of winter and the scenes of solemn desolation, and he often speaks of the "November chill":

> "In sweeping blast the sky o'ercast,
>   The joyless winter day,
> Let others fear, to me more dear
>   Than all the pride of May:
> The tempest's howl, it soothes my soul,
>   My griefs it seem to join,
> The leafless trees my fancy please,
>   Their fate resembles mine!"



But his heart goes out to his fellow-men in sympathy and boundless love, and shows itself as he mingles with them and wherever he speaks of them.

To "the short and simple annals of the poor" he has paid a beautiful tribute in his "Twa Dogs" and in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," a picture of his own home-life. To them he says:

> "To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
> The lowly train in life's sequestered scene."

He sees them as they are in the rough scenes of Scottish rustic life, but their worth and nobleness shine out to make them beautiful. Not only to man does his love and tenderness extend. The "wee, timorous, cowering beastie" under his plough, and the poor little wanderer of the wood and field, the wounded hare, find a place in his heart. It is with the same feelings that he writes of beauties in the natural world; he sees them not with the contemplative eye of Wordsworth; nor does he see in them the emblems of higher things that Wordsworth sees, or the soul that to Shelley is there. All these are his friends—he has loved them from childhood.

Burns is Scotch to the core, and we see the importance he attaches to patriotism, when he says:

> "It's guid to be merry and wise,
> It's guid to be honest and true,
> It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
> And bide by the buff and blue."

His English works are the product of his later years, after he had travelled and seen something outside his Ayrshire home; but, though much polished, they have not the charm of the verses in his native dialect.

Though Scotland has given us other great writers, and to-day every one enjoys McLaren's Scotch stories, Burns' pure Scotch is unsurpassed, and in this age of craze for

dialect, it seems strange that he is not more read. Scotland has shown her appreciation of his genius by her love and reverence for his memory, and Coleridge, Campbell, and Swinbourne have embalmed it in verses almost as immortal as his own. No more beautiful tribute could be paid to one's memory than that by Wordsworth to him:

> Who showed
> How Verse may build a princely throne,
> On humble truth."

But thinking of the ways in which Burns is honored, the first is the imperishable monument he has raised in the hearts of all his fellow-men, and the world joins with Scotland in celebrating the centennial of one of her truest sons and greatest poets, "The Ayrshire Ploughman."

LITERARY FADS.

When a magazine devotes a page each month to the discussion of our "Latest Fads" we may safely conclude that these foibles, looked upon by the learned as whimsical and nonsensical, are surely of sufficient importance to deserve serious consideration.

The latter part of the nineteenth century is an age of fads; we have fads in dress—at present we admire large sleeves, and our women all look like animated balloons; this year we wear stiff collars—next year, probably, we will wear none. Sometimes we eat our ice-cream with a fork, and the unhappy one who inadvertently uses a spoon is scorned.

Of course we have literary fads, but this is not the only age which has indulged in them. We don't know very

much about the writings of Diogenes, but we know that he was a man of fads in everything else. His choice of a tub for a home, his search with a lantern in broad daylight for "an honest man" would surely in our day be called fads. Plato defined man as a "two-legged animal without feathers," whereupon Diogenes stripped a fowl of its plumage, threw it among the pupils of the great philosopher, bidding them "behold one of Plato's men." We can have no possible doubt then that Diogenes must have had numerous literary foibles, and probably formed a literary style of his own. The mediæval people had literary fads too, only they didn't know the proper name for them. Never has there been a more perfect illustration of this than the Euphuism of the age of Elizabeth, and never was there a more perfect victim of such a whim than the Queen herself. Besides indulging in her conversation in this high-flown and pompous language, she gave encouragement to "those men of fine—new words, fashion's own knights, who have a mint of phrazes in their own brains, those whom the music of their own tongues doth ravish like enchanting harmony." These courtiers "oftentime had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits," but sweet thoughts and hard conceits were generally overruled by a desire to "infinitely refine upon the plain and rustical discourse of their fathers."

The fashion set by Court was followed by the rest of the society world. Sir Percie Shafton, a diligent disciple of the affected, commends to a simple rustic "those-all-to-be, unparalleled volumes, those exquisitely pleasant-to-be-read, and inevitably necessary to-be-remembered manuals," so much read and enjoyed by people of fashion. "Peace, good villagio," he says, "let me prevail upon you to imitate the laudable taciturnity of that honest rustic, who sits as mute as a mill-post, and of that comely damsel, who seems

as with her ears she drank in what she did not altogether comprehend, even as a palfrey, listening to a lute, whereof, howsoever, he knoweth not the gamut."

Scarcely less remarkable was the Johnsonese Literary Fad. Perhaps Johnson's efforts to remove the traces of his humble birth account for his fondness for pompous words and Latin derivitives. "He described the frivolity of a coxcomb in the same swelling periods in which he thundered against fanaticism and rebellion." And a comparison between his original letters and those same letters revised for the press show amusing transformations. He writes in one of his letters: "When we were taken up stairs a dirty fellow bounced out of the bed on which one of us was to lie." He describes the same incident in one of his books: "Out of one of the beds on which we were to repose, started up, at our entrance, a man black as a Cyclops from the forge."

The Cranford ladies are good illustrations of the Johnsonese style, for Dr. Johnson was their hero, and it was but right that they should pay him the respect they could give by an imitation of his pomposity. In a heap of Miss Jenkins' old letters is one indorsed "Letter of pious congratulations, an exhortation from my venerable grandfather to my beloved mother, on the occasion of my own birth; also some practical remarks on the desirability of keeping warm the extremities of infants, from my excellent grandmother." Letters from her father to her mother were marked, "from my honored husband," and were sprinkled with Latin quotations. According to the novels of the day our forefathers never gave so mild a command as "Go." Persons who molested them were told to "Avaunt, thee knave," while their friends were begged to "come hither." The reproofs of maiden aunts to their small nieces and nephews were invariably accompanied with a gentle "fie."

Such are some of the fads of our ancestors, but what are our own pet literary foibles?

Something which is influencing current literature very much is the reverence which is given the "Young Person." The French and English writers have treated the subject in conspicuously different ways, for the French authors have divided their books sharply into two classes, one written for the full grown and the other for the Young Person. On the other hand, English books have been written with only the Young Person in view. Both these extremes have led to ludicrous results; the French have given to their school-girl readers editions of "Telamaque," with "friendship" carefully substituted for "love," while the English have gone so far as to forbid, in a popular magazine, the mention of wine in its pages. A reform is necessary, for even the French can see that the "Young Persons" will read what is not intended for them, and the Englishman knows that if the Young Person does not gain knowledge of the world through literature he will gain it through experience.

Some of our most abused words are atmosphere and environment. All stories must have an atmosphere or environment. They must in some impalpable way breathe an unusual aroma. In days when Mrs. Ann Radcliffe and Miss Burney wrote, no one thought of atmosphere; these writers wrote for Romance only, and if there was such a thing as atmosphere, it came by chance. Now, in Grace King's "Balcony Studies" we seem almost transported to the sunny towns of Louisiana. Miss Wilkins chills us with the bleak desolation of the old maid in New England-life, and Rudyard Kipling blasts us with the feverish winds of the jungle and frightens us with the hiss of the snake. When Holmes wrote the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" he had no idea how soon it was to be followed by stories dealing with a similar environment; we have "Coffee and Repartee," "Dream Life," "Reveries of a

Bachelor," and "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," all written in a graceful, easy style, and transporting the delighted reader to the breezy piazza, the charming break-fast-room, or the easy chair before a blazing fire.

Anything may give an environment, the few small buildings and circumstances of a tiny village, or the splendid surroundings of a New York ball. As a result of this fad for atmosphere, we have lectures upon how to harmonize ourselves with our surroundings, and essays upon the evils of improper environment. Many sentimental young women, on account of ill-health, or a feverish disposition, become dissatisfied with their homes, and feel that by a change they can find a place where they will be more appreciated. The summer trips to sea and mountains, the winter excursions to the South and constant emigrations abroad are all results of this yearning for proper environment.

The fancy for short stories has produced a number of writers who never attempt any other kind of literature. Some of the monthly magazines constantly publish stories rarely exceeding two pages in length. The main object seems to be to leave the reader in a delicious uncertainty; it is not at all the thing to have an ending. The most satisfactory arrangement perhaps is to leave two persons in midocean in a violent storm, somewhat after the pattern of Vilette. Olive Shreiner in her "Dreams" set the fashion for this sort of storiette and ephemeral writers have been quick to follow it. Now and then the stories are charming, but sometimes this whim for excessive brevity has led to absurd results. Society has adopted the fad for abbreviation, and its fashionable notes frequently have the curtailed air of a business correspondence. Far from charming, however, is a style made popular by the newspaper writers. Those articles are the most widely-read which are most "wordy," and he is considered to speak

best who has most completely forgotten the words which he heard as a child. We do not read of a fire, but of a "conflagration," or the "devouring element"; a will is a *will* no longer, but a "volition"; men are "individuals"; they are not buried in so humble a thing as a *grave-yard*, it is much more elegant to be "interred in a cemetery." A "residence" is more impressive than a house, a "location" than place, and a "sacred edifice" than church. We "converse" instead of talking, we "erect" instead of building; our towns are cities and our cities are provincial towns.

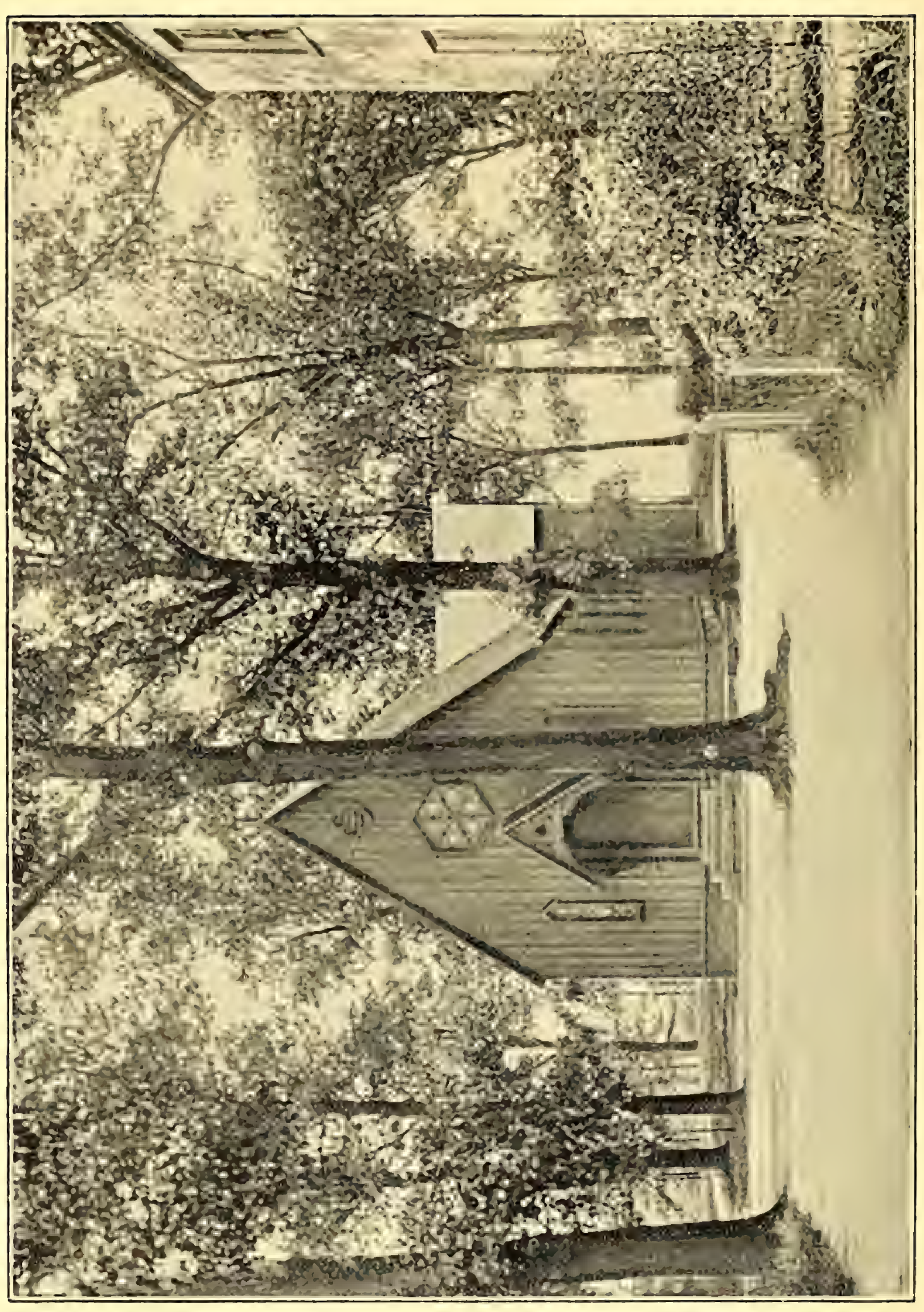
Of late years the dialect fad has made some of our books and stories almost foreign to us. We have labored to understand the Georgia Crackers, the Tennessee Mountaineers, and the Louisiana Cajuns. The negro has occupied a prominent place and has given us his *ante bellum* experiences in various degrees of intelligibility. In fact a new fad greets us at every turn, and when we consider the number, variety and prevalence of these fads it seems probable that in this, as in many other things, we seem destined to excel every other age.

DUNCES AND DULL PEOPLE.

We all like a genuine dunce; his utter lack of the sense of humor, his entire lack of appreciation of a joke, his want of self-consciousness make him attractive. Then we like dunces not only for their own sakes but because they are so essential to society. To be surrounded always with wits would give one the feeling that he would have continually to exert himself so as not to be considered a fool by them, but in conversation with the dull man a sense of security comes over one. He promises us nothing, we do

not expect him to make witty remarks, we have no anticipations that oracular utterances will proceed from his dull brain, his presence has a soothing effect upon us, and altogether we consider him a charming character when we are not in the mood for witticisms. Dunces are happy beings. They have the reputation of being foolish, and even if a glimmering of brilliancy should dawn on their folly the world need not know it, and they may go on in their foolishness. A dunce is a great solace to a person who has listened for hours to a dissertation on the subject of "The Tariff" or "Free Silver." He knows nothing about it, and one can impart to him one's ignorance without fear of being ridiculed. Charles Lamb tells us in his essay on "All Fool's Day": "I love a fool as naturally as if he were kith and kin to me. The more laughable blunders a man shall commit in your company," he continues, "the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants, the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told you, if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition."

It is the slow man who makes changes in this world. The profound thinker has such a wide scope of knowledge to draw from that it is difficult for him to make a choice, but the fool may have one object in life, something over which he has dwelt with eyes blinded to everything else, and which he finally, by his perseverance, introduces as a plan of reform. For instance, his "hobby" may be "exercise"; like the Romans of old, he subjects himself to the strictest bodily training, he walks mile after mile, laboring for the cause, he has a special routine of physical exercises to go through with every day, and nothing can induce him to



omit the least of these, but in the end he conquers, and shows to the world in the form of a healthy body, his triumph.

There is some consolation in being a fool, then: to be beneficial to the world, and to live in the hope of becoming wise, as some of our greatest men rose from folly to wisdom. "Newton ranked low as a scholar in his boyhood, so that his father used to say of him that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, as he was the least promising." If Newton was a dunce in his youth isn't there hope for the dull man of to-day? Sir Walter Scott had the credit of having the thickest skull in the High School of Edinburg. The younger Cato in his infancy was thought to have been an idiot, and some one has said that Lamb and Lowell were fools.

The wisdom of the present age is one of its greatest faults. We go too far into the mysteries of life. We analyze our food so that whenever we eat we are fearful of some newly-discovered poison; when we drink we think of the numberless animalculæ that we are imbibing; and since Doctor Roentgen's great discovery not even our bones are safe from prying scientists. The world is too wise. Fools are becoming less numerous every day, and for this very reason we are growing more and more attached to them.

Which of us would give up the folly of Don Quixote for all the learning of a man of more modern times? Do you remember the watch by his armour before he was dubbed a knight? How he braced on his target, "and, grasping his lance with graceful demeanor, paced to and fro?" And when the water-carriers removed his armour from the cistern on which he had placed it, he scorned them as traitors, and felled them to the ground with one blow of his rusty lance. Then there is that still more absurd picture of the

knighting of Don Quixote by the innkeeper and of the setting out of the formidable looking knight mounted upon Rozmante and accompanied by the more foolish Sancho Panza. As they were discoursing they came in sight of thirty or forty wind-mills, and as soon as Don Quixote espied them he said to his squire: "Fortune disposes our affairs better than we ourselves could have desired; look yonder, friend Sancho Panza, where thou mayest discover somewhat more than thirty monstrous giants, whom I intend to encounter and slay." And recommending himself devoutly to his lady Dulcinea, "he rushed upon the foe," Sancho all the while warning him that it was not giants, but wind-mills, that he was attacking. Where could one find a wit so amusing as this foolish Castilian, who for three hundred years has delighted the world? Dunces are often amusing whether they will or no. Even when they are taking themselves most seriously and imagining themselves to be the wits of their age, behold some man of genius pillories them and they become a laughing-stock for future generations. Such is the whole tribe of poetasters in the time of Dryden and Pope. His dullness is the only memorial of Richard Flecknoe, an insignificant Irish writer, whom Dryden has immortalized by his satire. He crowns Flecknoe "King of Dunces," "through all the realms of nonsense absolute," and introduces Thomas Shadwell as his successor.

"'Tis resolved," he makes Flecknoe say, "for nature pleads that he
Should only rule that most resembles me.
Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his early years:
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense."

The name of Colley Cibber would have long ago been

doomed to eternal forgetfulness but for Pope's mention of him in the "Dunciad."

Shakespeare shows us that fools were common in his day by the introduction of such characters into so many of his dramas. His fools are of two kinds: the veritable dunce, whose lack of brains is his chief characteristic, and the jester, whose vocation in life is to make witticism for the amusement of the Court, and who in reality is not a fool, but a wise man, with all his wisdom running in one channel.

The unconscious fool is amusing because he is so ignorant of the ridiculous character he presents. Malvolio little thought that his bewitching smiles and courtly airs, his yellow, cross-gartered stockings were a source of amusement to Olivia. We always associate Malvolio with inane smiles and love-sick looks and picture him reading the letter and rehearsing the part he will play when he shall appear before the Countess in the attitude of a lover.

Even Sir Toby, although amused at the idiotic behaviour of Malvolio, has a good deal of the fool in himself.

Then there is Sly, the Tinker, dressed up in the costume of a fine gentleman, surrounded by attendants, with a look of strange bewilderment on his face, asking for a "pot of sma' ale"; and Grumio staring at his master with round, stupid eyes when told to "knock him at the gate."

"Knock, sir! Whom should I knock, is there any man has 'rebused' your worship?"

"Villain, I say, knock me here soundly."

"Knock you here, sir! Why, sir, what am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir?"

What would Shakespeare's plays be without the second class of fools: his fools by profession? Lear's fool, Touchstone, the clown in the Winter's Tale, Falstaff? The jesters enliven the severest tragedy with the merry jingle of their bells; they come upon the scene at the time when they are

most needed and give to it a happy character which it would otherwise lack. We could scarcely bear the horror of Lear were it not for the quips and jests of the fool. What would the poor old king do without his clown! He admires his ready repartee, he likes to have him with him, and misses him when he is absent; the old man clings to him through all his misfortunes.

Touchstone is one of the most entertaining of all Shakespeare's characters. His humor enlivens the long, weary journey of Celia and Rosalind to the Forest of Arden. He is especially amusing when he gives us an account of the Retort Courteous, the Quip Modest, the Reply Churlish, the Reproof Valiant, the Countercheck Quarrelsome and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Perhaps in all Shakespeare's plays there is no one else to equal that prince of professional fools, Falstaff. His aim in life seems to be to make people "laugh and grow fat," and he uses almost any means to gain his end. We tolerate in Falstaff what we could not bear in another. We follow him with the greatest interest through all his revels and delight in his jokes. Perhaps it is from Sir John that we draw that proverbial saying that "fat people are always happy."

But none of us need make vain attempts to attain to Duncism; like the poet, the true fool is born, not made. If the thing is not innate no struggles will bring it to us. Dunces and dull people are without question a great help in this too wise world, and the world has shown her appreciation of them by setting aside one day in the year in their honor, and for hundreds of years men have delighted to celebrate on the first of April the large society of All Fools.

A WRITER OF REAL ROMANCE.

There are now so many clever writers of fiction contributing their monthly or yearly articles to literature that the death of one of them would scarcely make a gap in the literary world, but not long since a rare spirit was taken from us all and the world mourns for Stevenson, the bright-eyed rover, who is sleeping so peacefully on the high Samoan mountain. This sense of personal loss is naturally most acute in Scotland, the land of his nativity. Scotland gave him to the world and to the end he remained her faithful son, preserving the traditions, traits and accents of his mother country.

> "At times I lent him for a game,
> To north and south and east and west,
> But no for lang, he soon came hame,
> For here it was he played the best."

She laments her gifted son through the tributes of her best living writers, who revered Stevenson as their master and loved him for his kindly, helpful welcome of their humbler works.

But not from Scotland only comes the sound of lamentation, wherever the English language is read and the story of adventure is loved it may be heard.

The incurable disease which developed so early in Stevenson, and which he fought so bravely, rendered it necessary for him to leave Scotland in search of a climate better suited to delicate lungs, where he could breathe without the pain that racked him. Long was the search and long and noble the battle with disease.

After trying the countries of the Mediterranean, the Adriondacks and California, and finding no relief, accompanied by Mrs. Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, his step-son,

he made a voyage among the South sea islands. Just in the rear of Apia, the capital of Samoa, on a narrow shelf in the mountain side, where there were three springs of water and where the view of the ocean was ever peaceful, Stevenson placed "Vailima," his home, and there in the roomy and airy house with broad verandas shaded with vines, sheltered by towering mountains and in sight of the blue waters of the sea he lived an ideal life. His home with its beautiful surroundings presents a marked contrast to the poor and comfortless stone cottage where he passed his childhood and early youth, and which was, as he himself tells us,

> "A naked house, a naked moor,
> A shivering pool before the door,
> A garden bare of flowers and fruits,
> And poplars at the garden foot;
> Such is the place that I live in,
> Black without and bare within."

From his beautiful retreat Stevenson's busy brain worked out the stories which have charmed the world.

Every romance writer reveals himself in his books, especially if he writes in the first person, and this is particularly the case with Stevenson. His writings show the same spirit which prompted him, when in a *cafe* in Paris, to slap a Frenchman whom he heard say that the English were cowards, and then to reply to the remonstrances of the surprised Gaul by telling him that he deserved the slap, a reply which restored the good humor of both. Stevenson's remarkable personality drew towards him every one who knew him, and inspired them with admiration and affection which grew as his success increased and his fame became more wide-spread. One of his friends has said that Stevenson possessed more than any other man he ever saw the power of making men fall in love with him. In his stories of adventure his fame will most surely live, and we lament his death

because he was a romantic writer in the midst of a realistic age. His treatment of life from the romantic, picturesque and adventurous sides makes him peculiarly attractive. Never does he weary us with the pedantry of modern problems, never does he dally with vices to serve the ends of purity. There is a wild charm about his novels as he leads us through the excitement and dash of adventure. Crockett, in referring to "Treasure Island," says: "Our hearts dance when Mr. Stevenson lands his cut-throats with one part of himself as hero and the other as villain." His insatiate love for the unusual darkens into lurid horror throughout "Thraun Janet" and "Ovdala." Of the longer stories, the most tragic and in some respects the strongest is the "Master of Ballantrae." The very restraint of Mr. Henry is terrible to think of, while the Master's villainy is more hateful and unmitigated than all the crimes which the stories of a rogue's gallery could tell. And yet so loth is Stevenson to leave his rascals in unremitting darkness, that here one faint ray is reflected on Ballantrae from the dog-like devotion of Secundra Dass. When that faithful Hindoostanee doubles on his tracks and digs under the cold Adriondack moon, with blows falling "like sobs" in the grave of his living master, the hatred we have borne through two hundred pages vanishes. We pray with all our hearts that the shivering Indian will breathe life into the waxen face, and we yearn for him when the day dawns and his task is fruitless.

But notwithstanding these thrilling adventures there is no lazy, careless work. Stevenson is deep, logical and careful of small incidents. He gives strong touches of truth to the external machinery, so that his descriptions leave no taste for questioning. In his romances the moon is carefully conducted through her phases—he wrote with an almanac before him—the clouds are gathered or parted asunder as is the nature of clouds to be. The plots of his

stories were barely outlined in his imagination and then he bent himself, regardless of obstacles, to obtain the exact local color which would enable him to tell the story "just as it happened." In "Treasure Island" he heartily wished Jim Hawkins to sail in a brig, according to the best piratical antecedents, but he gave it up for a schooner because he was not certain of his ability to manage a square rigger with glory and safety. All this care in details increases the wild charm of his novels because they make the reader feel that the stories are true.

So long as physical courage and adventurous chivalry are attractive qualities, and so long as our instinctive love survives for soldiers, ships, sailors, hair-breadth escapes, cruel hatreds and mighty friendships, so long will the novels of Stevenson enthral the world.

We feel that no one can fill the place which his death has left vacant, but there are a few novelists who are in many ways his followers, and chief among these are Weyman and Hope. Weyman, on being questioned as to his tastes in fiction, replied that he was fondest of Stevenson, and called him his master, and Anthony Hope suggests Stevenson's romantic manner in his mild tale "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The novels of Weyman and Hope, like those of Stevenson, possess that peculiar charm which we frequently find in stories written in the first person. M. de Barault, the hero in "Under the Red Robe," gives us his own account of his duel with the Englishman, of his interview with Richelieu, of his conversations with Mademoiselle. Likewise the hero of "The Prisoner of Zenda" takes us with him on his expeditions, we are present at his coronation, we follow him breathlessly during the time when he is the "play-actor," watching his repeated attempts to rescue the king, and rejoicing with him in the final accomplishment of his purpose.

Stevenson and Weyman are evidently attracted by the same type of woman. During Stevenson's stay in the Adriondacks an American lady asked him why women did not play a more important role in his books; at that time he had written of no love-making. The novelist replied with engaging frankness that the particular virtue which appealed to him most strongly and which he loved to celebrate in fancy was physical courage of the adventurous variety, and that women were wholly lacking in; but in his later novels he did portray women, but always women of strength and fierce courage. His men and women love at once, the wooing is done to an accompaniment of sword play and horse-pistols. Weyman's idea of woman can be readily seen from one short sentence from a single novel. The woman whom Gil de Barault saw from the attic window in the "Green Pillar" looked like a woman formed by nature to meet dangers and difficulties, and even there at midnight she seemed in place. It was possible that under her queenly exterior and behind the contemptuous smile with which she heard the landlord's story there lurked a woman's soul of folly and tenderness, but no outward sign betrayed its presence. Then he adds, "Secretly, if the truth be told, I was glad to find Madame de Cocheforêt such a woman. I was glad that she had laughed as she had, that she was not a little, tender, child-like woman, to be crushed with the first pinch of trouble."

Both Weyman and Hope make our interests one with their heroes as they draw us away from our surroundings to follow them through all their adventures, and we who are wearied with the discussion in novels of ethics and sociology, we who find the strong-minded woman tiresome rather than attractive, may enjoy in the future many a charming hour in company with a real hero and a real romance.

CORREPSONDENCE.

St. Mary's School,
Raleigh, N. C., October 18, 1896.

My dear Miss D———: Your letter, which I received some time ago, has been left unanswered until now, for the reason that I could not at once collect the material for the story of my summer trip, having this time really, and finally been abroad. You know I have contemplated this European trip for a long time, but have always postponed it for some reason or other until last summer, when the much-wished for opportunity of hearing Wagner's "Der Ring der Niebelungen" at Bayreuth finally decided me, and so on the 25th of June I left New York on the steamer "Bismarck" for Hamburg.

Of the ocean trip I need say very little, as you know all about the delights, the glories and the miseries which go to make up the history of a week at sea. Enough to say that the voyage was exceedingly fine, and the steamer a miracle of human ingenuity.

After spending a week or so with friends in Hamburg (a most beautiful and interesting city, by the way), I started for my grand tour of over 2,000 kilometres through Germany.

Cologne was the first stopping place, and here I received one of those rare impressions that last through life; I refer to that wondrous and beautiful Cathedral which, standing in glory and strength, almost on the banks of the Rhine, that river so intimately connected with all that is most poetic in the German mind, seems to say: "Behold me! Enter, look and wonder!" And indeed, on entering, the vastness of the building is almost awe-inspiring. The eye travels upward along those massive columns until they

appear to fade away in a dim mist. One turns towards the High Altar, and like a dream-picture appear to one priests, accolytes and kneeling worshippers; a ravishing and ever-varying net-work of color; curve melting into curve of the glorious Gothic windows; faint echoes; an atmosphere suggestive of incense; and over all a spirit of sublime peace which lays its spell upon one. This Cathedral was begun in the year 1248 and finished in 1880. Upon payment of a small fee, the visitor is shown the church treasures, among which is the shrine of the Three Kings. This is a marvel of the goldsmith's art; an art now counted among the lost. Then there is an immense piece of tapestry, upon which, during a period of three hundred years, the ladies of Cologne worked with untiring zeal. This evidence of their skill and patience, and above all, the spirit of devotion shown thereby, are things to ponder upon.

The fascination of climbing now laid hold upon me; nothing would do, but I must view the city from the highest accessible point of one of the towers. I took a guide—a very necessary precaution, as one can get lost in the perfect maze of passages leading in every direction. If, upon entrance, I thought the edifice large, my breath was fairly taken away, when looking down from a gallery only half way up to the roof, the people walking on the pavement below, looked like flies. From here one gets a fine view of the stained-glass windows, such as it is no longer possible to make. Now we continued our ascent, and after some time reached the belfry. This, in itself, is an enormous dome; nine bells hang here, the largest of which, the "Kaiser glocke," was made from canon captured from the French in the year 1870. This bell is rung only five times a year, and requires twenty-four men to set in motion. Finally we reached the top, but the view was a disappointment, as the rain and fog had settled over the city. Most

wonderful is the beauty of the stone-carving that one sees at every turn. Even things so placed as to be rarely seen are perfectly finished to the very smallest detail. What work, what patience! Never will such a church be built again. It stands absolutely without an equal.

From Cologne, I now took the steamer for the Rhine trip. This part of the general tour was a failure, in so far as rain and fog followed us the whole time. Occasionally an old ruin peeped out for a moment to gladden one's eyes, but these glimpses were few and far between. Only once did the clouds lift, and that was as we neared the legend-haunted Loreley rock, so famous in German song and poetry. Just here the river is very narrow, and the rock rises abruptly out of the water to a great height.

But alas for the poetry of the scene! At night, drifting alone in a boat on the river, yes! But in the day-time one hears and sees too many things modern and disillusionary. Trains are running on either side of the river; a tunnel has been bored through the rock; heavy tugs are puffing along the stream, and to crown all, just as we rounded the rock, some fool on the steamer sang at the top of his voice: "The Sunshine of Paradise Alley!"

O ye shades of Heine and Silcher!

The hill-sides are a sight to remember. Everywhere is planted the vineyard. In every sheltered nook one sees the grape-vine carefully tied to stakes, and where there is no vine one sees yellow patches of wheat, so that the whole landscape appears like a beautiful piece of patch-work in green, yellow, grey, and dark blue.

We passed, in due time, Bingen. I forgot all about the celebrated poem, "Fair Bingen on the Rhine," in the enjoyment of the lovely landscape now opening before us.

But I must hurry on and pass over the impressions made by visits to Mayence, Heidelberg, Baden-Baden, that gem,

the pearl of all European baths. Here I remained a week, enjoying long walks in the pine forests which stretch for many miles in all directions.

A week was spent in Stuttgart, where I passed my former school-days. Among the many visits made to old teachers and friends none was more pleasant than that to Professor Speidel (the director of the Stuttgart Conservatory of Music), my former master of music. Although now 75 years of age, he expressed the liveliest interest in my professional work, and had me tell him all about St. Mary's, Raleigh, and the United States in general.

While in Stuttgart I attended a concert of the Vth German "Saengerfest," and heard a chorus performed by some five thousand singers.

Short stops were made in Munich (where I heard a splendid performance of "Tannhauser" and saw many celebrated paintings), and also in Nuremberg, a grand old city full of interest, which brought before my mental eye the scenes described in Weyman's "Lady Rotha."

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The dream of my life has now been realized, for on the 9th of August I reached Bayreuth, that place made famous by the great Poet-Composer, Richard Wagner, who here built a theatre fit for the ideal performance of those colossal Music Dramas, which have revolutionized the musical thought of the whole civilized world. As has been well said in a recent English magazine: "The choice of this dull town with the departed fragrance of its little court and its fast fading souvenirs of Jean Paul Richter, was eminently a wise one." In the year 1876, just twenty years ago, the first performance of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" marked the beginning of these so-called "Festival plays," which have taken place at short intervals.

Opposed on all sides, thwarted in all his plans, the Master,

at the suggestion of his royal patron, King Ludwig of Bavaria, left Munich and made his home in the town of Bayreuth.

It is now a matter of history how the funds necessary for the building of this theatre were raised; how singers and orchestras were trained to interpret this music; how the art-theories of Wagner were finally accepted, and a glorious victory of a mighty intellect was ultimately achieved.

This year five performances of "Der Ring" took place. Each performance lasted four days and consisted of the following works: "Das Rheingold," "Die Walkuere," "Siegfried" and "Die Goetterdaemmerung."

Before giving you a detailed account of these splendid performances, let me attempt a description of the theatre itself.

It is, by no means, a structure architecturally beautiful, all the art of the designers being displayed in the interior arrangements, which are so unlike those of other large continental opera-houses, as to be a matter of great surprise. In the first place, there are no galleries; in the second, the seats are all placed on a gradual slope, the number of seats in each row increasing towards the back. Every spectator gets a complete view of the stage, and the acoustic properties are perfect. The one great feature is the complete concealment of the immense orchestra of one hundred and thirty-five performers, which causes its sounds to blend with the voices of the singers on the stage in a way impossible to describe.

Built upon an eminence which commands an extensive and beautiful view over the town and the surrounding country, the theatre is made still more attractive by being placed in the midst of a well-kept park, thus offering abundant recreation after the severe mental strain of listening to the mighty works performed within.

The first act of each drama begins promptly at 4 P. M. The signal for the audience to take their seats is a trumpet call, consisting of a short musical phrase taken from the work to be performed. After a second signal the auditorium is darkened; only a faint shimmer of light hovers over the "Mystic Abyss," as Wagner designates the space allotted to the hidden orchestra. A few moments only, and death-like stillness has settled over the vast audience, one imagines oneself absolutely alone in the house. Then, faint but clear comes the sound of a deep-toned instrument; the music swells to wonderful power. This orchestra, right from the beginning, enchants, enthralls you. A mighty spirit is speaking, one feels it, knows it, and sits in wonder. I cannot begin to describe the beauty of tone, the technical finish, the exquisite shading, the blending of tone-colors, the ethereal pianissimos, the terrific crescendos, produced by this body of musicians led by the great composer's son, Siegfried Wagner. Then, without a rustle, the curtain parts, and the depths of the Rhine are disclosed to view. The three Rhine daughters moving gracefully about are singing, as they keep watch over the fateful treasure confided to their care.

This first scene (as well as many others), is a triumph of stage mechanism.

The music in the orchestra goes on without ceasing, and when the end came—it was nearly half-past seven—one left the theatre in a sort of dream. It was all so different from an ordinary operatic performance.

The mornings I spent walking in and around Bayreuth, and found many places of interest to visit; as, for instance, the "Hermitage," a palace of one of the former Margraves of Bayreuth. Nor did I fail to visit the graves of Wagner, Liszt, and of Jean Paul Richter.

The second day, as I have said before, brought "Die Walkuere." This drama is divided into three acts; after

each act an intermission of a half hour was given. The wisdom of this is very apparent, as the closest attention must be given at the same time to the music in the orchestra, and to all that takes place on the stage, by no means a simple matter, especially when I tell you that each act lasts one hour and a half!

And so it went on, day after day, until the final scene of "Die Goetterdaemmerung" was reached. As the curtain closed, and marked the end of this, the fourth cycle, the audience would not leave, but kept up a veritable Pandemonium of applause; but it was of no avail. The strict rules governing the artists at Bayreuth will not allow them to acknowledge any applause, for, "The *Work*, first; the performer, second," this is the motto.

The leading spirit in all things is Madame Cosima Wagner, who rules with an iron hand. I caught a glimpse of the lady, and she looks the woman she is.

It was with great regret that I had to say good-bye to Bayreuth; even had I wished to stay longer, the rainy, cold weather was against me, and then the time of my departure for America was drawing near to a close. I therefore had to make haste to reach Berlin, a city new to me, and where a very fine Exhibition was being held.

You who have been to the World's Fair at Chicago need no description of what I saw in Berlin, all Exhibitions being pretty nearly alike, but I must tell you about a very practical use to which the Germans have put the "penny-in-the-slot machines." This is an automatic restaurant. Hot or cold meats, salads, cakes, tea, coffee, etc., etc., all can be had by simply dropping the requisite coin into the box, pulling a handle, and you are served! No waiters are to be seen far or near; one need only follow the directions plainly printed everywhere, the most conspicuous of which is: "Serve thyself."

But here I must stop. You know I have still a great deal to tell you: how I went from picture-gallery to picture-gallery; saw churches, palaces, monuments, so much in fact that I really felt relieved when I found myself again on board the staunch "Bismarck," and reached New York the 11th of September, much benefited both in mind and body by my trip.

Hoping to hear from you again, and especially in regard to the discussion we once had concerning the worth and the enduring qualities of Wagner's work,

I remain, sincerely yours,

ALBERT A. MACK.

EDITORIAL.

THE YEARS that have passed since the last number of our magazine was issued have been so many that we are afraid some of our friends may have forgotten that our dear little paper ever existed, but we are very sure that all the girls who read and helped to make it will gladly welcome another copy of our old MUSE, and that the welcome will be all the heartier because each year of absence only makes St. Mary's dearer to them all.

And now, what do we all most wish to know about our school and its progress? The grove still seems as beautiful as ever, even though the wind-storms have once or twice played havoc with our trees, the old tree now covered with the ivy planted years ago by Mr. Sanborn is still a joy to us, the grey rock-houses covered with roses are just as pretty and picturesque as of old, and above all the chapel, about which our tenderest memories always cling when we leave St. Mary's, is still the heart and inspiration of the school. Our chapel has been made most beautiful of late years by the brass altar-rail, vases, cross and altar-desk, all of them thank-offerings and memorials, and by the exquisite brass lectern given by the daughters of St. Mary's in memory of Dr. Aldert Smedes.

But the years have made some changes for us; the Class of '85, which issued the last MUSE, would never recognize "Margaret" and the "Twins." Can you believe that Margaret is almost a young lady and that the Twins are actually in the "big school-room?" When you left Mary and Helen were just toddling about the house on their short, unsteady feet, and occasionally exclaiming with charming smiles after a tumble, "I like to fell down and broke my crown."

The lovely white iron beds have been put in so recently that they are still a wonder and delight to us. In time we may become used to them and treat them with the same familiarity with which we misused the ugly yellow wooden beds of "ye olden time," but we doubt it. You can't imagine how pretty they look in the blue-painted dormitories. And then our dining-tables! Dear, cosy square tables, which will just seat seven girls and a teacher! Mrs. Smedes has made the dining-room very attractive this fall with flowers and autumn leaves, and the new pictures and furniture add greatly to its appearance.

The buildings are the same, but we are sure you would be delighted to see the progress St. Mary's has made in all her departments during the last few years. Do you know that we have a large and separate violin department and that in all the basement-rooms you might hear during study hours the wail of much-practised fiddles? Never mind, fiddle-practising is not particularly pleasant for the listeners, but if you could have heard our beautiful orchestra in chapel last Easter and Thursday morning of Commencement week you would not have objected to listening to any amount of practising. We are proud of our violins and we feel that we have every right to be.

For several years the school has been growing more and more interested in Science work and this year our laboratory has been greatly enlarged and refurnished. We are making good use of our two fine compound microscopes, and the class in Biology will do excellent work during the winter. The small children, to say nothing of the large ones, are intensely interested in bug and reptile-hunting, and the other day one of the teachers was horrified to discover a small scorpion disporting himself upon her table. "One of the girls brought that to Miss Slater" was however an all-sufficient excuse. But indeed it seems to us poor ignorant ones as if Miss Slater had already in her

large and beautifully mounted collection every possible variety of bee, moth, ant, butterfly, bug, and so forth. We have four hundred microscopical slides, ranging from those that show the wonderful creatures that live in a drop of water to the histological mounts of the human body. Then we have for our art-class a fine stereopticon with a hundred slides of all the master-pieces of painting, and we have passed several pleasant evenings looking at the beautiful pictures.

By the way, the art-class is doing exquisite work in water-colors and original designs; and if you should happen to go to the State Fair you will see a fine collection of our pictures and designs. But not only will the art-department be represented at the Fair. We shall have specimens of all kinds of work in Literature, History, English, Science and Mathematics. We are trying hard to make our exhibit interesting and representative, and, although we are modest, we believe that we shall succeed.

One feature of our school course this year, which we all especially like, is the Wednesday work. Then we poor seniors, who were a trifle stupid about arithmetic, have the opportunity of learning, with the juniors, the practicalities of buying and selling, interest, measuring rooms, air, and so on. We understand why we should know how much carpet to buy for our parlor, and we certainly don't wish to be like the woman who, when asked what she should do if eggs were 16⅔ cents a dozen, answered, "I should *never* buy eggs at any such ridiculous price," but sometimes we *should* like to know why it is necessary for us to dig ditches and excavate wells. Then most charming of all we have, too, on Wednesdays, lectures on geography and zoölogy. Miss McVea lectures on geography in the morning and Miss Slater on zoölogy in the afternoon. *Our* geography does not begin as the old timey ones did, "The earth is round and shaped like a ball"; we have had interesting talks on

the nebulæ theory and the geological periods of the earth's history, and we are coming gradually from the origin of our planet to the climate, physical features, industries, customs, religions first of our own country and then of the other countries of the world.

The lectures on zoölogy are simply charming. Never before did we realize how stupid man is in comparison with ants and bees!

Now perhaps you long-absent friends might like to know a little of our amusements and recreations. We still have the same All Halloween festivities, and all of us, little and big, are already looking forward to the 31st of October, when we shall "bob" for apples, try our fortunes, eat as much candy as we want and have a good time generally. This is also the great opportunity for the girls to show their histrionic powers and we have had several most creditable plays given on All Halloween. Great secrecy is required, however, of those who take part, and so we don't know yet what the play for this year will be. Every evening during recreation hour we dance as usual, and about four times a year we have an elaborate "German," led usually by Miss Slater and one of the senior girls. The Germans are very pretty and very pleasant, too, and often Mrs. Smedes surprises us with one of her delightful chicken salad suppers. Then in the afternoons we have tennis or some of the teachers will take us for a long walk in the country. This fall the air has been so delicious that we could scarcely walk enough. Lately we have had a new and altogether charming treat. Miss Such, our singing teacher, has a beautiful voice, and she is as good as possible about singing for us; we are only afraid we may wear her out by our constant requests for songs in the evening. Next Monday night we are all going to hear Rhea in Marie Stuart, and soon after that the first of a series of musical evenings will be given at the hall.

During the past year one of the most important events in the history of St. Mary's has taken place. Our beloved school, which for more than fifty years has been carried on by the unassisted and faithful efforts of two men, Dr. Aldert Smedes and his son, the present Rector, was made a part of the regular work of the Church in North Carolina. It will soon be an incorporated institution and we feel that this will be an advantage in many ways. Liberal Churchmen will, we are sure, be glad to aid in endowing this school which is such an invaluable aid to the Church in North Carolina. Until the present time it was not altogether a simple matter to leave or give money to the school on account of certain legal technicalities which make it difficult to bestow any considerable sums upon incorporated institutions. Now of course that difficulty is entirely removed. The best aid that our Church receives, whether in Parish or Missionary work, is from the men and women who have been trained in Church schools. Now, all denominations, realizing the importance of early training, are making strenuous efforts to build and endow schools and colleges all over the country, because they know that without endowment no private school can stand the competition with the various public institutions. Our Church people cannot afford to be behind any others in this matter of education, and surely no school North or South is more deserving of confidence and substantial aid than is St. Mary's. For over half a century it has done a noble work for the Church in the South, and in many States hundreds of noble women bless the holy influence of this their *Alma Mater*. Notwithstanding almost insurmountable obstacles St. Mary's has kept abreast in methods and in appliances with the best educational thought of the times, and to-day she stands as one of the most thorough College Preparatory Schools in the country.

PERSONALS.

We regret that Mary Pride Jones' Essay did not reach us in time for publication. It will appear in the June number of the Muse.

It was good to see Kathleen Bryan again in her old place in the senior dormitory, even though it was only for a day and night, on her way to New Berne after a summer in the mountains.

"Miss Katie" is still Secretary and Treasurer of "The Society" and of the Alumnæ. She annually resigns and is annually re-elected by a unanimous and clamorous vote. Dear Miss Katie!

We had the pleasure of a glimpse of Mrs. McLean, who looked in upon us while we were in study-hour last week. We have heard many expressions of regret that her visit to Raleigh was so short.

We send our best wishes to Lucile Murchison and Mary Bridgers, who are in Baltimore, at Madame Lefevre's, and to Lulie Hawkins, Floreda Settle and Isabel Busbee, who are at school in Washington.

Bessie Barnes brought her two sisters to school this fall, and she is now in Raleigh on a visit. We hope she will remain a long time and come often to St. Mary's. It is always a pleasure to see her.

The best time of all the week is Sunday evening after tea when Miss Such sings for us. Her voice is beautiful always, but we think we like it best in "Consider the Lilies" and in "The Holy City."

Mrs. McVea and Etta are enjoying "Woman's Suffrage" in Denver. They have voted several local tickets and will vote for the President in November. We feel sure they will vote the right ticket (whatever that may be (?))

Addie Riddick of the Class of '89 (Miss Riddick we should say now) is a new member of the Faculty. Teachers and girls are alike delighted. Miss Riddick is one of St. Mary's true daughters and St. Mary's appreciates her heartily.

Dr. Smedes looks just the same. The passing years have wrought no change but to make him dearer to the hearts of his pupils. His picture, which will appear in the next edition of the Muse, will be welcomed gladly by all St. Mary's girls.

Mrs. Lanier and Miriam are to be with us during the Fair. We are delighted, and are "saving up" things to tell them, for we are sure, from last year's experience, of their ever-ready sympathy and interest both in our pleasures and in our troubles.

We are looking forward to a visit from Mrs. Meserole ("Miss Carter") this month. We who remember "Miss Carter" can never think of her but with the feeling that it has been a privilege to know her and to feel the sweet influence of her character.

We cannot sufficiently regret that Adèle Martinière made her visit to Raleigh during the summer vacation, so that we did not see her. We are glad to hear, however, that though her curls are gone, and she wears long dresses, she is the same charming little Adèle.

We regret that lack of space in this number forbids us entering into detail concerning the excellent work some old St. Mary's girls are accomplishing in their several lines. However, we cannot forbear mentioning Mary Johnson's beautiful violin playing, "Jimmie" Dunlop's painting and Kate Cheshire's exquisite wood carving. We are much indebted to Kate for the loan of carved panels and some lovely etchings for our exhibit at the Fair. Those who see her work cannot fail to admire it.

The goats, "William the Great," "William the Less," and "Little Billee," are still alive and well, but they feel, since the children have forsaken them for the horses that their life-work is over and the remainder of their days is to be spent in resting and in eating all the rose-bushes and honeysuckle vines they can possibly reach.

All our friends will unite with us in welcoming Miss Slater back to St. Mary's. She has had a happy, busy, and successful year at Cornell, and has returned so bubbling over with knowledge and energy that she rouses even the least ambitious of us to feel there is much to be learned and no time to be lost. Indeed it is an inspiration to look at her!

We thought Miss Czarnomska knew everything long ago, but we hear she has resumed the chair of Literature at Smith College, after a delightful summer abroad at the University of Göttingen, where she has been studying for the degree of Ph. D. We hope she is not too busy to feel an interest in the Muse, which has not forgotten how much it owes to her.

Their many friends at St. Mary's send through the Muse loving remembrances to Miss Stone, Miss Devereux, and Miss Tappan, who were with us last year. Miss Stone is taking a rest at her home in Saxonville, Mass.; Miss Devereux has a school of her own in Raleigh, and Miss Tappan teaches Science and is General Assistant at the State Normal School, Oneonta, New York.

The "tourists" (Miss Shipp, Mrs. McBee, and Mr. Mack), report a most enjoyable summer abroad. We have had such good times listening to Miss Shipp's and Mrs. McBee's account of their trip. Mr. Mack entertained the Faculty one evening with a talk about the Bayreuth Festival. We have that pleasure in store (we hope) and the music class has been promised a study of the Wagner Operas this winter.

Everybody's sister is here this year, and there is a strong family likeness, so there was hardly any need for introductions at the opening. The old girls went about exclaiming, "Why, this is Beck's sister," "This is Louella's sister," "Howdy do! I am sure this is Nannie's sister," etc.

Anna Dunlop ("Jimmie") surprised us with a very welcome visit last year. The boyish "Jimmie" has developed into a dignified, womanly woman, and her talent for drawing has developed, too; she has been for several years a member of the Art League in New York, and now her dream is realized and she is studying in Paris. She writes charming accounts of her work and of her quaint experiences. We may publish some of her letters in the next Muse.

Annie Kidder writes from Berlin, September 20th: "I feel rather home-sick to-day, for it is just a year since I became a St. Mary's girl, and I will always have the most loving recollections of that year as being one of the happiest of my life. I do not know whether we shall spend the winter here or in Paris or in Dresden; but wherever I may be, you may be sure I carry with me the most loving thoughts of St. Mary's and of my friends there." A happy, happy winter to you, Annie. We shall look forward to your return to us next fall, for we miss you sadly.

Annie Moore, our Valedictorian of '90, was graduated last year from Vassar College. In a class of one hundred and twenty she was an honor girl, and was one of the five selected to read a thesis. One year she stood entirely on her examinations, having no term marks to help her, as she had made up the work while teaching here at St. Mary's. She won the Wood's Holl scholarship last summer and she has the scholarship in biology this year. All this—and we are not surprised—for we always knew Annie could do anything she chose to do.

We hear that the "Hodgson Sostenuto" has been put in the organs of the leading churches in New York and Boston. Those who know say it is a great invention and a wonderful advance in the art of Organ-playing. We offer our hearty congratulations, Mr. Hodgson.

Miss McVea is to have a cooking-school. She is in her element as much in the kitchen as in the library. We who know how delightfully she leads through literary paths, confidently give ourselves up to her guidance through the mazes of the culinary art.

> "We may live without poetry, music and art,
> We may live without conscience and live without heart,
> We may live without friends, we may live without books,
> But civilized man cannot live without cooks."

"The Ravs are coming!" This is an announcement usually made the latter part of October, and never fails to bring a glad expression to every face at St. Mary's, and it means that Alice and Jennie Ravenel, our dear Charleston twins, are coming to make their annual visit to their *Alma Mater*. When they first arrive new girls rashly imagine that they can learn to tell the twins apart, but we old girls know better, and realize the baby-wisdom of the Smedes twins in calling them both "Jinnie-Alice." We wonder if "the Ravs" have any idea how glad we are to see them come and how very sorry to see them go.

Rumor says that Mrs. Iredell is coming back to Raleigh to live. Twenty-five years of loving work at St. Mary's has endeared her to many, many St. Mary's girls all over the country, and they feel they owe to her more than they can ever express. When her actual work for the school seemed at an end, she was called upon to render it yet another service, and all know how she responded to the call, and how eloquently she spoke in its behalf, before the Convention at Charlotte last spring, so that every one felt St. Mary's could not have chosen a more fitting represen-

tative. St. Mary's girls who do not know her ought to, and we are pleased that they are to have the opportunity this year. We hope to see her often when she comes to Raleigh; at any rate, we will know and feel that she is near, and that is a comfort.

THE BICYCLE craze has attacked the Faculty and the secluded path from the kitchen to the infirmary has recently been the scene of valiant and persistent efforts which might serve as an example for us in our school work. The twins lent their aid, and though their method seemed to the victim rather severe (after the approved manner of teaching swimming), still the results were excellent, and now as soon as the suits are ready and the wheels come the Faculty will venture into the street. We girls with bicycles are very glad, for we hope they may take us for some long rides. The grove is large enough for ordinary purposes, but fails to satisfy the longings of a wheel-woman.

MRS. GILLETTE (Emma Pearley), who was at St. Mary's in '56, made us a short visit last spring on her way from Florida, where she had been spending the winter, to her home in Chicago. It had been her cherished wish for years to see her *Alma Mater* once more, and the influence of the dear old place made her a girl again. She told us many interesting stories of her school-days, when our Rector was quite a boy and not altogether as dignified as he is now. She was not satisfied until she had been through all the rooms in all the buildings from the kitchen to the up-stairs dormitories, noting the changes since her day; and during recreation-hour in the evening it was delightful to dance to the same inspiring music which she used to play for St. Mary's girls forty years ago.

IT IS hard to believe that "Runt Harvey" is only a dog! The twins would resent such an idea, and "Runt," like many another, whatever his real nature may be, tries

to live up to his friends' belief in him. He listens attentively with his head on one side and his hair in his eyes, when matters of moment are explained to him, he will climb a ladder when he is told, though he does not care for it, but he does like an out-door life of excitement and adventure, and he wears his most beatific expression when seated in the buggy between the twins, ready for an afternoon drive. What he can't do—is ride horse-back, so he stays at home and looks wistful when Mary and Helen gallop off on the ponies. But then he has never had lessons—and he is not so old that he cannot learn! He celebrated his third birthday not long ago and had many tokens from friends and admirers, among other things the conventional birthday cake, with three lighted candles. He received in the children's dining-room, stood up and shook hands with his guests with a patience and dignity of demeanor which would have done credit to The Four Hundred.

Miss Battle spent her vacation at her home in Tarboro and at her brother's in Asheville. Some of us saw her during the summer and were with her; those of us who had not that pleasure were very envious of the more fortunate ones, and demanded of them a repetition of every word she said. Miss Battle left St. Mary's last year to take charge of the department of mathematics in Dr. Sachs' School for Girls in New York City. In a short time she won from Dr. Sachs and from all connected with the school that high respect and admiration which her intellect and personality never fail to command. Dr. Sachs has given the strongest evidence of his appreciation of her worth in his determination to keep her in New York this year, and she begins her work this fall with bright prospects. We congratulate her on her success and we are very proud of her, but we can't rejoice as much as we should because we want

her too. We know you have a large circle of friends, as you will have wherever you go, but, dear Miss Battle, we feel that you belong to us, for *we* love you best. Your desk is here and your cat, and we *will not* believe that you have gone from St. Mary's forever.

ART NOTES.

M. SUSAN MARSHALL.

We are all very busy in our beautiful studio just now, painting in oils and in water-colors, sketching, drawing from casts and from life, and making "time sketches," and in our spare moments we have even begun to think and plan our Christmas presents. To a Northern friend an "Uncle Remus card," arriving through the mail some cold Christmas Eve, will bring many happy recollections of the hours spent "'Way down South in Dixie." The black old man in the corner surrounded by the cotton will remind him of the days on the plantation when he watched the "darkies" pick the cotton or listened to the plantation songs at the corn-shucking, and will make him long for the "days that are no more."

Another invention of the water-colorist is the inimitable painted blotter, which is always acceptable and quite pretty; the wall-pocket for letters, or the picture-frame designed in "nodding violets" or bewitching daisies, each of which, although simple, requires the touch of a real artist. Have you ever compared the work of a true artist with that of a mere copyist? If you have, you will see that the latter, although it may be perfectly executed, lacks the originality of the work of the real artist, which has about it something peculiarly his own, certain characteristics which are dis-

tinguishable in all his paintings and by which he is known. Take, for instance, a house painted from Nature. In the work of the copyist we see a bare cottage of no particular color surrounded by grass, a tree here and there and a path leading to the door. Perfectly true to Nature, one can easily recognize the house, but lacking the life which the work of the artist possesses. The artist idealizes. His house is of brown, with a touch of red now and then; his trees and grass are green, but not wholly green—he puts here a daub of blue, there of yellow; his path is not a waste of sand, but has sprigs of grass in it or rocks; he finds color everywhere, color which entirely escapes the untrained eye, but which gives to the picture the animation of Nature.

Among our most difficult problems of Art at St. Mary's are the Original Applied Designs. Original Design! The very name frightens us! But when we come to work it out we find it is not so bad as one might think. The design does not have to be made entirely from airy nothingness, mixed with a fertile brain, as one might suppose from the name, but an idea may be gotten from books or art magazines or the works of contemporary labourers, provided that the student gets only an idea. The result of intricate weaving of lines and varied geometrical measurements may be a design for hearth-tiles or oil-cloth; then comes the task of following out the lines with the various colors, a task which is fully paid for in the end when one sees with the eyes of imagination her design in use. Very pretty wall-paper may be made from our designs, dimities, carpets, iron fences, brass knockers or triumphal gates.

In the oil department the students spend most of their time on still-life groups or landscapes; while in the department of charcoal the casts of heads, hands and feet are decidedly the most difficult if not the most interesting subjects for the student in chiaroscura. In china-painting the

Dresden patterns are pretty and quite popular with the dainty-loving public, but the newest thing, the very "latest fad" for decorating china, is the Delft work. A plate, pitcher, jar, jug, anything made of china is ornamented with a little Dutch scene, which would be incomplete without the necessary wind-mill—and this scene, in order to be fashionable, must be done in blue monochrone.

From our own little studio at St. Mary's we turn to the famous great foreign and American galleries of art.

The art circle of England is at present in a state of uncertainty as to the future president of the Royal Academy. It will indeed be difficult to find a successor worthy of the two late presidents: Sir Frederick Leighton and Sir John Millais. The works of Lord Leighton are especially admired by both the English and American picture-loving public; his "Day Dreams," "Wedded," and "Summer Moon" are very popular, while the "Princes in the Tower" and the "Huguenot Lovers" of Sir John Malais will always be favorites. The honor of the presidency of the Royal Academy lies now between seven men: Burne-Jones, Alma Tadema, Princeps and others, some of whom may be barred from the acceptance of it by their foreign birth.

Among the works of the French artists the latest conception of Joan of Arc, that favorite of artists, by Bastien-Lepage, is one of the most interesting. Lepage is the peasant painter. Born in the very province that Joan of Arc lived in, he is especially attached to her. He shows her not as the commanding officer mounted on a magnificent charger, but as the peasant girl of Domrémy, dreaming of the work she is to accomplish. In the background we see the vision which appears to her, the figure of Saint Michael urging her on to the duty which she must perform. With Bastien-Lepage we always associate Marie Bashkirtseff, that most quaint and peculiar authoress and painter,

and lament to think what might have been given to the world had not the genius of these two youthful artists been so early blighted.

Our own country is well represented in the art world by the numerous fine galleries she possesses: the Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia, the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, the Peabody and Walter's Galleries in Baltimore are worthy imitators of the great art galleries abroad.

Those of us who visited the World's Columbian Exposition remember with pleasure the wonderful things we there saw. The marvellous sculpture was a special feature of this great Fair. One piece of work that made a striking impression upon me was the head of a woman with a veil drawn over her face, so exquisitely chiseled that the marble features could be distinctly seen within. Who that has once seen the true, exquisite pictures of Bougerean, the "Wasps' Nest," "Woman at the Tomb," and his Madonna can ever forget them? The latter reminds one forcibly of those glorious old masters of the Italian school, painters who may once in a century be paralleled, but who will never be surpassed. Altogether it is difficult to overestimate the value of the World's Columbian Exposition as a factor in the growth of the art feeling in America.

ST. MARY'S ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION.

"St. Mary's Alumnæ Association" was organized in the '80's, by Mrs. Kate deR. Meares, who was then Lady-Principal of the school.

The object of the Association is to found a scholarship at St. Mary's, in honor of Dr. Aldert Smedes, founder and, for thirty-six years, rector, of the school.

At first the funds of the Association were used to defray, in part, each year, the expenses, at St. Mary's, of a daughter of some former pupil. In later years, however, it was decided to put at interest all money received until the desired amount $2,500 should be obtained. At present, the amount in bank and in sight is between $1,200 and $1,300.

In 1892, in honor of St. Mary's Semi-centennial, the daughters of our school assembled in Raleigh to do honor to their *Alma Mater*. The "Jubilee week" was marked by many very pleasant social events both at St. Mary's and among the Alumnæ in Raleigh, and all present returned to their homes refreshed by the renewal of former friendships and associations. On All Saints' Day of the same year a handsome brass lectern was placed by the Alumnæ, as a memorial to Dr. Aldert Smedes, in St. Mary's Chapel.

The meetings of the Alumnæ are held annually at St. Mary's during "Commencement" week in June. At the meeting for '96 it was proposed that each member have a mite-box and send its contents with the annual fee ($1) to the Treasurer next June. The present officers are Mrs. T. C. Harris, Raleigh, President; Miss Kate McKimmon, St. Mary's, Raleigh, Secretary and Treasurer, and ten Vice-Presidents, chosen from the different towns in the State.

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July 2 '97

ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1897.

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ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1897.

VERSES (O BRAIN, THICK-CROWDED).

O brain, thick-crowded with your throbbing thoughts,
which yearn
For utterance in vain;
Mere words cannot express the inexpressible,
O burning brain!

O hands which tingle music to your wistful finger-tips,
Yet cannot make it here,
The silence of the everlasting hills is song,
And yours, my dear!

O eyes that see great pictures of what others cannot see,
Yet cannot make them known;
They are but faint reflections of the great Original,
And not your own.

O voice that knows the wildness of the tongue within
the heart,
And yet is tame;
Where there is no speech nor language, God hears the
voices still,
And yours the same!

O thou soul so full of beauty wrought into thy life, be
still,
Thy work is done,
And, wing-like, thou hast raised thy cloud-high wishes
higher,
And reached the sun!

THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ROBERT PRUTZ BY L. MACK. PUT INTO VERSE BY M. C. BYNUM).

I.

In the silent night do the stars move round
Through the heaven in silent pow'r;
And I heard a murmuring, tinkling sound
Through the hush of the midnight hour.
'Twas not a rustling among the leaves,
Nor nightingale's song from the shore.
I hark from the depths of my soul which heaves
To the music ne'er heard before.

II.

Oh! it seemed as if there were ringing
From the rocks a flute-like quiver,
As though the sirens their charms were singing
From the ripples of the river,
As field and meadows were dreamily locked,
Soft sighing in slumber's sweet snare,
Like a half-asleep child who is tenderly rocked,
Still lisping its evening prayer.

III.

As if the moon in her silvery bark
Sang a melody soft and light,
Or stars were whispering unseen in the dark
In a thousand tongues through the night;
As if all the light-winged choir of Dreams
Descended the heavenly steep,
Sang elfin songs and melodious gleams
In the ears of mortals asleep.

IV.

Oh nature! that is thy beautiful song,
Thy night-hymn of peace in the air,
Which clear as an organ-note floats along
Through the universe like a prayer.
And when mortals hear the song float aloft
The spirit with kindness doth fill,
And its sorrow changes to sadness soft,
Its anguish to hopefulness still.

V.

Sound on thou melody soft and low,
Angel voices so clear and pure,
Like healing pine-balm gently flow
Over crushed, bleeding spirits to cure,
Where a soul all bereaved of its loved ones,
Watches in sorrowful plight,
Bid it in tenderest, exquisite tones,
A lovingly, tender "good-night."

THE WORK OF TWO WOMEN.

At the beginning of this century any woman who was bold enough to brave the opinions and customs of her time in order to take up a literary career was regarded with contempt and looked upon even by other women as a disgrace to her sex.

Both Jane Austen and Maria Edgeworth concealed their identity for fear of the verdict of the world. But in the last thirty years the influence of women has succeeded in broadening the minds of men sufficiently to force them to recognize the fact that genius is genius, even when found in a woman.

In this noble work two of our greatest women have played a prominent part. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mrs. Humphry Ward have made literature their life-work, and have succeeded in raising the ideals of women as well as the opinions which the world held of them. Although the days of the "Higher Education of Women" had not then come, Mrs. Humphry Ward, on account of her father's position as professor in various colleges, received an education equal, if not superior, to that of the cleverest men of her time. She comes of a long line of educated, literary people, and the culture and learning of a grand-daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby and a neice of Matthew Arnold could almost be taken for granted.

Mrs. Humphry Ward has been frequently compared to George Eliot, on account of the co-called masculinity of her treatment; but while her characters are exquisitely finished portraits they lack the living, breathing humanity of George Eliot's. The latter belonged to the people of whom she wrote. Dinah was her aunt, Adam Bede was her father. She shared their daily life, and so Adam Bede stands among us a stalwart carpenter whom we know and respect.

Mrs. Humphry Ward never lived among the lower class, hence she is unable truly to represent them, she portrays them as they appear to the deeply interested but highly educated of the upper circles. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, though not from among their ranks, for many years lived among the Gloucester fishermen, and knew them as they were; therefore she gives us true portraits of such men as Job Slip and Jack.

Although in calm study and weighing of human nature and in the perfect polish of her English, Mrs. Humphry Ward is superior to Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, yet the latter has given us characters instinct with the life which is lacking in those of Mrs. Humphry Ward.

The sense of humor also is wanting in the works of Mrs. Humphry Ward and almost entirely so in those of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: indeed the only scene into which the latter has thrown the slightest humor is that in "A Singular Life," in which the two B's and the one C take tea with the Professor. In strong contrast to both of these we have George Eliot. Every one knows "Mrs. Poyser" and her delicious sayings, and will agree with her that "it's all very fine having a ready-made rich man, but may happen he'll be a ready-made fool"; and also with this: "There's no pleasure in living, if you're to be corked up forever, and only dribble your mind out by the sly, like a leaky barrel." Can any one ever forget the Dodson sisters? Aunt Pullet with her eternal ailments and her equally eternal pills and powders? Mrs. Tulliver with her weak wailings and her adoration of her blue china? Aunt Glegg, who always wondered *at* you, and who read Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" on special occasions, "on wet Sunday mornings, or when she heard of a death in the family, or when her quarrel with Mr. Glegg had been set an octave higher than usual."

Mrs. Humphry Ward began her work at a much later period of her life than did Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and her works are consequently more mature and more finely developed than those of the American writer. They are properly constructed, evidently at the expense of infinite pains; their characteristics are diligently elaborated; they are all finely made—but they are evidently *made*—they do not live. We admire them as creations but we do not love them as people.

When Marcella began her socialistic work she was young and, like every inexperienced person, thought she could reform the world by one act of Parliament. She, like others of Mrs. Humphry Ward's characters, was governed entirely by intellectual impulses.

The artistic perfection of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is marred by a sentimentality in her choice of words, as is its strength by the morbidness of much of the thinking; however, she is mistress of great pathos and vivid descriptive power. Her fine dramatic force is shown in "The Story of Avis," and also in "Jack the Fisherman." The former story, while morbid and full of crudities and eccentricities, is essentially a woman's story, and was intended as such by Miss Phelps, who said of it that though she recognized its faults, she was sure of obtaining pardon for them because of its entire womanliness. Avis in many respects is somewhat like Marcella, a highly organized artistic nature struggling with the commonplaceness of life. The struggle began in early childhood. When Avis's aunt told her father, "I should like to have your little daughter love me; but I am afraid she never will," the Professor found that the trouble was "nothing very new," but "the same old story." "Avis, don't you love your Aunt Chloe?" "Why, yes!" said Avis, with wide eyes. "I like Aunt *Chloe*. It isn't Aunt *Chloe* that I hate."

"What do you hate?"

Her father looked at her across the great black Logic, as a depressed garrison might look at the progress of an enemy whose movements it was utterly unable to forecast.

"Aunt Chloe says it's unlady-like to hate," said Avis. "If it is, then I'd rather not be a lady. There are other people in the world than ladies. And I hate to make my bed; and I hate, hate, to sew; and I hate, hate, *hate*, to go cooking round the kitchen. It makes a crawling go down my back to sew. But the crawling comes from hating; the more I hate, the more I crawl. And mamma never cooked about the kitchen. I think that is a servant's work. I'm very ugly to Aunt Chloe sometimes, papa. And then I'm sorry. But I don't tell her unless I think of it. On the

whole, papa," added the child gravely, "I have so many sorrows in this world that I don't care to live."

But the two women, Marcella and Avis, alike in their struggles and ambitions, had very different lives. Avis's life was wrecked by an unhappy marriage, but perhaps if Miss Phelps had written this after her own marriage she would have seen that the statement which "Avis" made when she said: "Life is behind me too. It was before my marriage that I painted the sphinx," is false, and that women can at the same time fulfil their duties as artists and still pursue their home work. Marcella was blessed with a happy married life, in which many of her dreams were realized.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is the more cultivated woman of the two, and in her culture she resembles George Eliot; but the learning is almost too apparent. We are interested in "Sir George Tressady," and we realize that "Marcella" has developed into a far finer woman than we had hoped for, but we grow rather weary of committees, reports, bills, and elections, in fact the whole detail business of Parliament.

The different ways in which the two women would reform the world is very apparent in "Sir George Tressady" and in "A Singular Life."

Both Elizabeth Stuart Phelps and Mrs. Humphry Ward have dealt with the great problem of suffering humanity, bringing to bear upon the subject a clearer insight and a deeper feeling for human nature than any man could possess. Taking "Marcella" as the best example of Mrs. Humphry Ward's work in the line of social reform and "A Singular Life" as the most perfect work of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, one finds the motive of the former to be philanthropy, using Parliamentary Reform as a means to a great end. This work shows scholarly thought, deep research, and the womanly instinct in aiding her fellow-

creatures; but one does not find the deep religious fervor of Miss Phelps or the young enthusiasm which so appeals to our hearts. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps works mainly from a religious stand-point, using the gentlest and most loving means to accomplish her designs.

Mrs. Humphry Ward's power lies chiefly in the ability to draw a calm, middle-class character, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps can best develop the more elevated and spiritual natures.

These two women, alike in their desire to help mankind, differing only in their points of view, have done much to arouse our interest in the struggling poor and to suggest practical methods for their relief. Men and women in England and America thank them not only for their earnest effort but also for what they have accomplished for literature and for humanity.

NANNIE G. CLARK.

GREETINGS AND FAREWELLS.

All nations, even savages and barbarians, have their peculiar forms of salutations, for men are social animals, and do not wish to pass each other unseen and unheard. They naturally like to express in some way their good-will, and the expression of this good-will has given rise to the various forms of their salutations.

These forms are numerous, for we have not only the words of salute but the conventional gestures and many "Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles." Many scientists have contended that the kiss is an instinctive gesture, but this is not the case, for it is unknown to a large part of the world, where the prevailing salute is that commonly called by travellers rubbing noses. Much fun has been poked at

this primitive custom, but it is really no more comical to rub noses than to embrace or shake hands, everything depends upon one's point of view. This rubbing noses though not used in the highly civilized countries still belongs to the Malays, Indo-Chinese, to the Eskimos, and to the Laps.

Every Japanese is a great stickler for the niceties of etiquette, and shows his various shades of respect by the lowness of his bow. To an exalted superior he abases himself to the ground; no sign of submission is too humble for him. To one somewhat above him he makes a respectful salaam; to his equal he gives a polite bow; to one slightly inferior, a stiff and trifling inclination of the head. In Japan one has no doubt at all as to the social standing of those about him.

The European bow is interesting from its having been given mutually by the two saluters, each making the sign of submission to the other, which must have been absurd until it passed into mere civility. The bow in Europe, as well as in America, varies from the courtesy to the slightest inclination of the head. The courtesy however is considered a little antiquated. We look upon it as a relic of "ye olden times," and call to the mind in connection with it Lady Washington and the stately minuet. These were the days when the dancing-master flourished, for it needed a "Model of Deportment" such as Mr. Turveydrop to teach a complicated affair like a courtesy.

The most popular of the civilized salutations is that variety called in English "shaking hands." Hand-grasping is a gesture which makes its appearance in antiquity as a legal act symbolic of the parties joining in compact, peace or friendship. This is seen in marriage; the hand-grasp was a part of the ancient Hindu ceremony, and has passed on into the Christian rite. But the idea of compart soon passed into mere salutation, and in this form became

usual during the Middle Ages. The English traders and missionaries of late years have introduced hand-shaking far and wide, so that even such rude people as the Eskimo and Friegian now unite with us in practising this modern civilized custom.

The digital arrangements with reference to our custom of "shaking hands" are many and varied. First, there is the one-finger variety—this is significant of extreme condescension and high mightiness. When an exalted individual permits you his forefinger he distinctly says you must not presume on the slightest familiarity. You are in the presence of Augustus, and the delicate little ceremony is to impress you with the important fact.

Then there is the two-finger variety. This is condescension also, but of a milder type. It is leavened with a touch of kindness, still you must not presume. This variety is much affected by aged parsons to their parishoners and other dependents, old uncles to their nephews and neices.

Captain Marryat gives us an illustration of these two varieties in his "Peter Simple." When Lord Privilege shook hands with his son, with whom he was not on good terms, he gave him two fingers, and to Peter he gave only one, for Peter was a child, and the child of a son who had gone against his father's wishes.

The third-finger hand-shake adds an increment of favor, condescension having almost vanished, but not quite. The finger hand-shakes were used almost altogether by the court ladies, and are still used to some extent.

Every one will agree that the hand-shake is an index of character. Much depends upon the vitality of the touch in the hand-shake, whether alive, hearty and conscious or flabby. If the first, it may be trusted; if the last, trust it not. Talking of flabby hand-shaking seems slightly con-

tradictory, for no possible shake, not to say shock, can come out of such a salute. In perfection the flabby sort consists of all four fingers laid flatly together and held forth with about the same amount of significance as the paw of a rabbit or the fin of a sea-dog. The correct way of meeting this variety is by accepting it in precisely the same manner. Two flat four-fingered fins thus meeting each other must be thrilling in the extreme. But when this sort is more overclammy it is the very abyss of cold-blooded formality, absolutely insulting and sickening in its very touch.

How hearty and conscious do we find the political hand-shake. This is well called a shake. Watch two politicians, and see what a hand-shake should be. How glad the office-seeker is to see his friend—and every one is his friend; how cordially he grasps his hand, how fervently he shakes it, with what eagerness he listens to his jokes, with what diligence he inquires after the health of the dear elector's family, even to the remotest member.

Words of salutation are found even among the lower races, for among the Tupis of Brazil, after a stranger's arrival in the hut a short period is spent in silence, then the master, who has hitherto taken no notice whatsoever of the stranger, suddenly says: "Art thou come?" to which the proper reply is, "Yes, I am come."

To the Chinese question, "How is your father," is the answer, "The unworthy father of your unworthy servant is well."

Mathews tells us that the salutations used by the different nations are indicative of the characters of the people. "How clearly is the innermost distinction between the Greek mind and the Hebrew brought out in their respective salutations, 'Rejoice' and 'Peace.' How vividly are contrasted in the two salutations the sunny, world-enjoying

temper of the one people with the profound religious feeling of the other." In the expression, "If God will it, you are well," is betrayed the fatalism of the Arab, while the greeting of the Turk, "May your shadow never grow less!" speaks of a sunny clime.

The dreamy, meditative German, dwelling amid smoke and abstraction, salutes you with his vague, impersonal, metaphysical "Wie gehts?" "How goes it?" Another salutation he uses is "Wie befinden Sie sich?" "How do you find yourself?" A born philosopher he is, so absent-minded, so lost in thought and clouds of tobacco-smoke, that he thinks you cannot tell him of the state of your health until you have searched for and found it.

In the modern civilized world everywhere appears the old inquiry after health in the "How do you do?" So constant is its use that a stranger might imagine that we English and Americans were really most solicitous for the well-being of our merest acquaintance, or else that the whole population was in danger of being afflicted with some plague. But he would soon discover that the questioners have not the remotest interest in the persons addressed, for usually two people on meeting ejaculate at the same moment, "How do you do?" and neither one waits for an answer.

'Tis often all on the same principle of

"One misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
Clothed all in leather,
He began to compliment,
And I began to grin,
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?"

And yet, as George Eliot tells us, "I suppose all phrases of mere compliment have their turn to be true. A man is occasionally grateful when he says "Thank you," and so it is "How do you do?" and other words of salutation. Hardly less wide in range is set the phrases "Good-day," "Good-night," and others, varying of course, with the hour.

Phrases corresponding with our farewells and welcomes are found among all the European countries. Some people prefer the French "*Au revoir*" and "*Adieu*" to our old Anglo-Saxon word "Good-by." But no other word can take the place it occupies in many hearts, and I think we can all unite with the poet in saying:

"This seems to me a sacred phrase
With reverence impassioned,
A thing come down from righteous days,
Quaintly but nobly fashioned;
It well becomes an honest face,
A voice that's round and cheerful,
It stays the sturdy in his place
And soothes the weak and fearful.
Into the porches of the ear
It steals with subtile unction,
And in your heart of hearts appears
To work its gracious function;
And all day long, with pleasing song,
It lingers to caress you.
I'm sure no human heart goes wrong
That's told "Good-by—God bless you!"

MARY M. HANFF.

FORMATIVE POWER OF NATURE-STUDY.

Ever since the days of Dean Swift the world has laughed at the inhabitants of the flying island of Laputa. These people went about with their necks bent and twisted, with one of their eyes turned outward and the other directly towards the zenith from gazing at the stars. So absorbed were they in the heavenly bodies, that instead of inquiring about each other when they met, they would ask, "How is the sun this morning?" or "How have you found the comet to-day?"

No power of ridicule could exaggerate the absurdity of some of the projects they were engaged in, for instance, "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers, which were to be put in phials, hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers, to calcine ice into gunpowder, and to employ blind men to mix paint for the artists."

We laugh at them, but are we not somewhat like them? We go around in this world with our heads high up in the air, admiring the conspicuous things in nature, while our eyes are closed to some of the most beautiful and interesting things that are upon this earth.

There has always been from the earliest ages a fascination for man in the celestial bodies. The ancient shepherds spent much of their time at night watching the stars, which served as their time-pieces, and long before the dawn of modern civilization the Chaldeans and Chinese made some remarkable observations about the heavenly bodies. Undoubtedly the study of any phase of nature must give breadth and dignity to the mind, and the great laws which astronomers have given to the world have been of inestimable value; but there is also much to be gained from the

tiny, almost invisible organisms, and this for centuries men overlooked.

But within the last fifty years scientists have devoted their lives to teaching men the beauty and wonder of the tiny leaf and flower, and to showing them that the laws, which, to create worlds and hold them in place, are not more wonderful than those which control the being and development of the microscope insect or flower. We cannot too highly honor such men as Audubou, Agassiz and Apgar, who have opened for us the door of a new and beautiful world. There is a grand simplicity in the character of these men, who have lived so near the heart of nature; they give up their lives to the study of these small things, refusing all the honors that the world would bestow upon them. Agassiz could have enjoyed all the honors that could have been given him, but always he remained the same gentle, unostentatious man; just before he died requesting that nothing should be put upon his monument but "Agassiz—Teacher." Longfellow has most appropriately said of him:

> "And nature, the dear old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, 'here is a story-book
> Thy father has written for thee.'
>
> 'Come wander with me,' she said,
> 'Into regions yet untrod,
> And read what is still unread
> In the manuscripts of God.'
>
> And he wandered away and away
> With nature, the dear old nurse,
> Who sang to him night and day
> The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long
  Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing him a more worderful song
  Or tell him a more wonderful tale."

These men are indeed an inspiration; but we wish to see what this nature-study is to each one of us personally and practically, what it is developing in the children and men and women about us.

In the first place so much precision and delicacy of touch is necessary to the preparing and proper mounting of the specimens that even this detail work does much to develop the accuracy and careful work for which the Sloyd system, of Sweden, is especially noted; for a slip of the hand might break the delicate wing of an exquisite butterfly, and careless mounting often ruins a long-sought-for and carefully cherished specimen. Besides this, the constant drawing of the specimens while under the microscope trains the perceptive powers, and we gain new and more correct ideas of beauty of form. Things that to the naked eye seemed nothing more than a shapeless mass, when put under the microscope appear to be a thousand little stars, each striving to be more perfect in form or more brilliant in color than the other.

When we begin the study of these small creatures we begin for the first time to use our eyes, and the world seems a new world to us, more beautiful than ever before, full of new pleasures and charms. The rock which was before barren is now covered with moss, with patches of bright color here and there and marvellous organisms, which are as "frail as the ash of the cigar," but which are able to stand the winds and rains, the scorching suns and biting frosts. Then, too, we notice color in the newly-turned furrow in the ploughed field; and in many of the flowers, which

we before thought ugly, we will find the most delicate shades of color. The chickweed, to which we never before gave a passing glance, now has beautiful white flowers which look like little stars in the green grass, and this grass which we find mantling hills, fields and meadows has flowers, and some of them have the most delicate shades of pink and lilac when examined under the microscope.

All these things we get from our nature-study, and going a step further, we shall find that not only do we acquire accuracy, perception and a keen sense of color, but that from our small insect friends we learn many lessons of order, industry and kindness.

If we would study a perfect communistic society, let us throw away our history of poor human attempts and study the nearest ant-hill. Here we find not only love for friends and family, but for every one, and everything is done for the good of the whole community and not individuals. There government is carried on with such smoothness that I am sure it would not be necessary for the ants to call a legislature every two years, and I suppose it could not be said of the ant lawyers what our Governor said of our lawyers: "Our grave and reverend seignors make the unwritten law by writing it in countless pages of confused and conflicting reports."

In their family relations we often see their humane feelings manifested, for if one ant finds another in distress she shows the greatest activity and solicitude in giving it relief.

There was once a gentleman who had an ant born without antennæ, and one day while she was out walking she was attacked by another, and of different species, and seriously wounded. When one of her companions, who happened to be passing, saw her, she examined the wound closely and then gently took her up and carried her back home.

Although we do not often realize the fact, these humble friends of ours are great architects, and even creatures who could plan the Boston Library and Brooklyn Bridge need not scorn their valuable lessons in this direction.

Neat rows of hives on a sunny slope, with an orchard on one side and a wide, stretching meadow on the other, the hum of the busy inhabitants of this city of cities, the odor of honey weighing each passing breeze, constitute one of the most home-like possessions of an ideal country home. The honey-bee exercises great architectural skill in building his house, for the hexagonal cells of the honey-comb represent such a compact arrangement that it seems as if the bees were skilled mathematicians, and had fully planned to secure the most room in the least space. Here this little creature has accomplished by instinct what man would have had to spend many years of toil and study on, and I doubt if he could accomplish it then.

So much nature-study has done for us practically, and *more* than this, the truth about this world of ours is gradually weaving itself into the literature of our day, and we have literature and science united in such books as "Walden," by Thoreau, "Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen, and the "Pepaction," by John Burroughs. The love of the real naturalist for the small things in nature shows itself in the devotion of Adam Moss to the beautiful red cardinal, and the whole book is full of the prettiest scientific truths. John Burroughs has given us delightful essays on "A Summer Voyage," "Springs," Birds and Bees, and a number of other such subjects. He loves the little things in nature, and he makes us love them too. We never see him frightening a bird by trying to cage him or catch him, but he is so gentle and kind to them that they all love him.

Nature to the scientist is full of definite meanings and laws and a store-house of powers; it is thus and so, and not

otherwise; but to the poet it is what he chooses to make it; he sees it through a colored glass, sees it truthfully, but there is a charm added to it. A tree, or flower, or bird, or bee, has a hidden meaning the poet is to open for us, and every poet shall interpret them differently. Burns' daisy is not Wordsworth's; Emerson's bee is not Lowell's; nor does Turner see nature as Tantorret does. Nature is all things to all men; to each one of us she speaks her various language, and yet more and more to each one of us, as we study deeper into her mysteries, does she say ever new and ever more beautiful things. LILY E. KOONCE.

"*THE BOY IN FICTION.*"

What are little boys made of, anyway? We all know the old-timey distinction between little girls made of sugar and spice and all that's nice, and poor little boys made of snaps and snails and puppy dog tails, but in spite of their antiquity we cannot quite believe these rhymes, for if they were true boys could not be such interesting creatures as we sometimes find them.

Jerome K. Jerome, in his book on stage characters, wonders why real little boys cannot be more like stage boys. "The stage child," he says, "is nice and quiet, and talks pretty. It speaks of its male and female progenitors as 'dear, dear Papa,' and 'dear, dear Mama.'" But in real life he thinks the child is quite different, for it is usually "dirty and gritty and sticky," asks a thousand questions, and not infrequently alludes to its father (if he is not present) as "the old man." The stage child is much superior to the live infant in every way. He does not get up at five o'clock in the morning to practice playing on a

whistle. The stage child does not ask twenty complicated questions and then wind up by asking why you don't seem to know anything, and why wouldn't anybody teach you anything when you were a little boy. He comes down stairs on his feet. The stage child does not even wish for a bicycle, and drive you mad about it. Nobody—on the stage we mean—ever gets tired of the stage child.

Now this stage child strongly resembles the boy of old-timey fiction; never was there such a model of thirst for learning, of well brushed hair, of spotless trousers, as this boy in fiction in the time of our grandfathers. He might be imbibing knowledge at home as was Tommy in "Sanford and Merton," he might, like Rollo, be questioning his father or following Jonas around the farm, or he might, like the youths in "Swiss Family Robinson," be cast upon a desert island, but always he was the same.

Tommy in "Sanford and Merton" is taught to find out things for himself in the most philosophical manner. He uses the longest words, that a boy of to-day would not know how to pronounce, much less the meaning. Tommy is described as standing in the midst of danger, perfectly still, "sobbing piteously, and cannot find words to speak." We cannot imagine any twelve-year-old boy of to-day acting in that way, and from what our grandfathers have told us we do not believe that they were that kind of boy. Indeed, from their own stories they seemed to have been as full of fun and mischief and as fond of practical jokes as our own boys. So we are forced to the reluctant conclusion that the authors of the "Rollo Books," or "Sanford and Merton," and of "Swiss Family Robinson," were not realists, and that they have depicted for us ideal little boys.

The goody boys of long ago are forever held up in ridicule by Mark Twain in his model boy in "Tom Sawyer."

"The model boy took as heedful care of his mother as if

she were cut glass. He always brought her to church, and was the pride of all the matrons. The boys all hated him, he was so good. And besides, he had been 'thrown up to them so much.'" The well regulated mind, however, cannot but prefer Tom Sawyer himself; for we have heard of real boys who carried cats by the tails, ran away from home, and did various other mischievous things, but never yet have we seen that boy who carried his mother to church as if she were in a glass case.

These goody boys should certainly have been the ones to have worn white duck trousers, for we are sure they never would have gotten them soiled. What a contrast to the foot-ball players of to-day, whose main object seems to be to get themselves as dirty as possible.

Dickens' boys, even, are wholly unnatural. They are interesting, they are pathetic, but they are ill and worn, they never romp and play, they never have good color or a hearty laugh. Some of them like Snuke and Oliver are quite bowed down with the world's misery. Occasionally they are born in comfortable circumstances, like little Paul, but even he at the age of six was sent to the sternest of school-masters to study Latin and Greek. He has been sickly and delicate all his life, and one-half year of the work breaks him down, and so his father's hopes and plans of the future firm "Dombey & Son" perish. Paul has been brought up with grown people, he knows nothing of child-life.

But of late years the child character has been studied to a great extent, and we find the modern writers the most successful in depicting the boy's character as he really is.

This reform began with Thackeray. Thackeray understood boys, and so did the author of "Tom Brown at Rugby." Thackeray says of one: "What was it that so facinated the young student as he stood by the river shore?

Not the Pons Asinorum. What book so delighted him and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit or (more tempting still to the sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple cheeks, who laughed and prattled 'round the fountain! What was the book? Do you suppose it was Livy or the Greek grammar? No; it was a novel that you were reading, you lazy, good-for-nothing, not very clean, sensible boy!"

And who could help loving Tom Brown? He is just what we imagine the ideal English boy would be. He is hale and hearty and happy, with his bright, sunburned face, his brave heart, his sense of humor and love for fun. His protection and love for defenseless little Arthur is very boyish, and when he is finally won over to Arthur's opinions he wishes his friend East to be so too; when he tries to bring him over to a serious talk, how like a boy he is.

Then come Captain Maryat's sea stories, with their wholesome, breezy boys, who delighted in good, honest adventure, not the false, foolish romance of the dime novel style. Even some of dear Miss Young's nice English boys are not to be despised, for although they are a little too proper they are brave and hardy, they scorn a lie and are ready to fight some pretty hard moral battles very manfully.

Kipling's boy-life, too, is interesting. Sometimes he transports us to India, the land of illness and heat, where the boy lives, with his ayah, surrounded by valiant English regiments. There he grows to be the brave fellow we afterwards find in England. How delightful we found "Wee Willie Winkie," "Baa, Baa, Black Sheep," and Dick in the "Light that Failed."

The woman who excelled in everything—George Eliot—also excelled in painting the character of the real boy. Tom Tulliver, in "The Mill on the Floss," is the true boy.

Tom thought his sister Maggie "a silly," all girls were silly, they couldn't throw a stone to hit anything, couldn't do anything with a pocket-knife, and were frightened at frogs. Still he was very fond of his sister, and meant always to take care of her, make her his housekeeper, and punish her when she did wrong. Tom had more than the usual share of boy's justice in him—the justice that desires to hurt culprits as much as they deserve to be hurt, and is troubled with no doubts concerning the exact amount of their deserts. One incident is especially true to life. Tom and Maggie had a jam tart which had not been divided into two even halves. Maggie wished Tom to have the best piece, but he insisted upon her shutting her eyes and choosing.

"You've got it," said Tom in rather a bitter tone.

"What! the piece with the jam out?"

"No; here, take it," said Tom, firmly handing decidedly the best piece to Maggie.

"Oh, please, Tom, have it; I don't mind—I like the other; please take this."

"No, I shan't," said Tom, almost cross, beginning on his own inferior piece.

Maggie thinking it was no use to contend further, began too, and ate up her half puff with considerable relish as well as rapidity. But Tom had finished first and had to look on while Maggie ate her last morsel or two, feeling in himself a capacity for more.

"O, you greedy thing!" said Tom, when she had swallowed the last morsel.

Maggie turned quite pale. "O, Tom, why didn't you ask me?"

"I wasn't going to ask you for a bit, you greedy. You might have thought of it without, when you knew I gave you the best bit."

"But I wanted you to have it—you know I did," said Maggie in an injured tone.

"Yes; but I wasn't going to do what wasn't fair, like Spouncer. He always takes the best bit, if you don't punch him for it, and if you choose the best bit he changes his hands. But if I go halves, I'll go 'em fair—only I wouldn't be greedy."

But of all interesting boy characters that of "Sentimental Tommy" could hardly be surpassed. Tommy was a young man of five years, who was clothed in sexless garments, and whose knowledge of the world was somewhat limited, but like most boys of that age he found it difficult to stand contradiction, though it was a subject about which he knew nothing. Shovel, a man of seven, was Tommy's most intimate companion, and as both were given to boasting, they sometimes came to blows. On one occasion they had entered into a heated discussion as to which was the better place, Thrums or London. The younger, whose imagination was used recklessly, insisted that the former was.

Shovel had said: "None on yer lip. You weren't never at Thrums, yourself."

Tommy's reply was: "Ain't my mother a Thrums woman?"

"The Thames is in London," said Shovel.

"Cos they wouldn't have it in Thrums," replied Tommy.

"Amstead Eath's in London, I tell yer," Shovel said.

"The cemetery is in Thrums," said Tommy.

"There ain't no queens in Thrums, anyhow."

"There's the Auld licht minister."

"Well, then, if you jest seed Trafalgar Square!"

"If you jest seed the Thrums town house!"

"St. Paul's ain't in Thrums."

"It would like to be."

After reflecting, Shovel said in desperation: "Well, then, my father were once at a hanging."

Tommy replied instantly: "It were my father what was hanged."

There was no possible answer to this save a knock-down blow, but though Tommy was vanquished in body, his spirit remained stanch; he raised his head and gasped: "You should see how they knock down in Thrums." It was then that Shovel sat on him.

And just such a fascinating, perverse imp Tommy continues to the end of the story. His affection for his little sister is one of his chief charms—that same little sister whom he tried so hard to keep out of his home when Shovel said she was coming. He was such an imaginative little chap that he could make himself anything he wished. He could assume the crape and mourn equally as much for his friend's father as his friend could himself. His sympathy was so easily aroused that he sometimes cried without knowing why. He was sometimes Prince Charles, sometimes the leader of the rebels, and almost at the next moment he could become himself again. And yet this same boy, with the instinct of real genius, could lose a prize and spend two hours trying to think of one correct word for his essay.

Such are some of the boys of fiction, and I am sure that to the modern taste, Wee Willie Winkie, Tom Tulliver and Sentimental Tommy will appeal as they of the spotless trousers, long words and irreproachable behavior never could. THEODORA MARSHALL.

LE DRAME DE L'ESPAGNE ET DE LA FRANCE.

Quoiqne l'Espagne et la France ne soient séparées que par les Pyrénés les moeurs, la langue, et les ideés des deux nations different beaucoup Cette différence est fort marquée daus le drame des deux nations, fondé sur la religion, et ayant son origine dans les moralités et les mysteres du moyon-âge.

Le drame francais est distinctement classique, le drame espagnol, purement national. Le drame existait en Espagne avant que cette nation se mêlât à d'autres nations et adapté au goût, aux manieres, aux coutumes et aux singularités de la nation à laquelle it était destiné, la forme etait plus irregulière que dans le drame française. Son but était de toucher le coeur du peuple, de s'accorder avec ses sentiments et ses contumes et de flatter sa vanité nationale.

Les dramatistes français observaient nue regularité rigonreuse dans les formes et leurs pieces, surtout celles de Racine (Esther seule exceptée) sont soumises à la fameuse loi des troi unités.

Les dramatistes de l'Espane ecrivirent pour plaire à la masse, ceux de la France pour plaire aux lettrés. Les française ont plus de politesse et de goût, mais l'énergie et la liberté de'expression et d'opinion qui caracterisent le drame Espagnol leur manque. Dans le drame espagnol nous trouvons une complication d'affaires de coeur, de combats et de galantrie qu'il est difficile à suivre. Chaque nation a glorifié son auteur favori, si la France est fier de Racine, l'Espagne montre une égale véneration pour Calderon de la Barca. Le style de Racine est energique, sa langue est magnifique, simple, variée, harmonieuse et touchante. La tragédie de Racine est nue representation aussi exacte que possible des sentiments et des passions qui

peuvent agiter l'homme. Son chef d' oeuvre, "Athalie," n'est pas senlement la plus parfaite des tragédies mais encore le chef d' oeuvre de la poésie franscaise Toutefois cette admirable tragédie ne fut pas jouée en public et eut fort peu de lecteurs. On a donné plusieurs raisons pour expliquer cet insuccès qui sans doute était dû à une cabale analogue à celle qui fit échouer Phèdre.

Calderon de la Barca sacrifiait tout à l' interêt de son intrigue, ses personnages sont des heros placés dans des situations exceptionnelles, ceux de Racine sont des hommes, non pas des héros.

Molière est universellement reconnucomme la plus haute expression du génie comique dans tous les temps et dans tous les pays.

Daus "Les Pricienses Ridicules" il attaque un travers alors bien commun, la préciosité qui consistait à vouloir à tout prix se distinguer du vulgaire, daus sa toilette, dans ses manieres et surtout dans son langage. Molière est admirable de verité jusqu à dans ses moindres oeuvres, il est d'une profondeur étonnante, son style est brilliant et vif. La plupart des caractères de molière sont devenus d'impérissable types, de personnages dessinés avec tant de perfection qu'ils semblent avoir eu une existence réele.

A coté du grand nom de molière il faut placer le nom de Lope de Vega d'Espagne, dont le but principal était d' eveiller l'interet par les situations dans lesquelles ses caracteres étaient placés et par le devoloppement de son complot. Il nous donne un portrait fidéle des coutumes, et des moeurs de son pays, et du caractere espagnol dont le trait le plus frappant est l'extrême susceptibilité en tout cequi touche l'honneur.

Le dix huitieme siecle était un âge de scepticisme en France, Voltaire ètant la personnification de sa temèritè, de sa raillerie, de sa vivacitè et de son zèle. Il avait un grand

amour pour l'humanité et aurait gagné l'estime universel si l'absence de toute foi religieuse n'eut paralysé souvent les nobles qualites de son âme. An commencement du dix neuvième siècle un grand mouvement romantique bouleversa le théâtre français, Victor Hugo entre prit de renouveler de fond en comble la littérature dramatique, il affranchit la tragèdie des règles rigides, et inutiles qui l'avaient si long temps limitée.

Le théâtre espagnol fondé sur les traits du caractere national avec toutes ses fautes, conserva durant plusieurs siècles et est encore anjoured hui l'une des figures les plus frappantes et les plus intéressantes de la littérature moderne.

ISABELLA WILLIS PESCUD.

THE PRINCE OF POETS.

At the end of the eighteenth century the din and confusion of the French Revolution, which began in the storming of the Bastile, was still resounding in men's hearts, and men were sending forth shrieks for liberty, fraternity and equality. With the sound of the Marseillaise began also a revolution in art, in science and in literature. As nearly as England had approached a literary renovation in the romantic poets she still had not attained it. In vain was the foundation of poetry changed. Men clung to the form of the artificial school. They wrote too well to be natural, they adhered too strictly to the Greek rules and draped their poetry with too much stateliness. But the time had come for a real revolution, and form was to become subservient to sense. When Roland, the Minister to France, appeared before Louis XVI. with no buckles on his shoes, the master of ceremonies raised his hands to

heaven, feeling that all was lost, and, in fact, the bent of the human mind was also changed. This reversal of affairs was confused and turbulent, but it was from the noblest impulses that could inspire the heart. Men had seen their countrymen oppressed and wronged; their hearts were sickened by the horrors and bloodshed of the French Revolution, and they longed to help and uplift their oppressed and downtrodden brethren, to show them that true liberty did not mean lawlessness and bloodshed. The three great poets of the first part of the century were the finest exponents of this noble movement. Shelley was in fiery revolt against all conventions and institutions, but it was not, as in Byron's case, from the turbulence of passions which were held in check by no restraints, but rather from an overflowing, intellectual impulse which it was impossible for him to control. His pure and beautiful character was in strong distinction to Byron's sensuous and passionate nature. Shelley in his life and poetry was as nearly a disembodied spirit as a creature can be. He is like the dew-drop, which he says:

"Becomes a winged mist and wanders up the vault of the
blueday,
Outlives the noon, and in the sun's last ray,
Hangs o're the sea, a fleece of fire and amethyst."

From his earliest boyhood he was a dreamer, a mystic, ever searching for ideal beauty in character, in nature and in intellect. He was one of

"God's prophets of the Beautiful,
Who died for beauty as martyrs do for truth."

Though a dreamer, he was not incapable of being roused to avenge any injustice, and in his early college-life his sensitive nature revolted against the outrageous system of fagging,

by which the older boys oppressed the freshmen, and his exertions and example were effectual, in a way, in abolishing the indignities and physical pain inflicted upon them. This is the first manifestation of his intense hatred of tyrany in any form, which became the key-note of his after-life. Liberty was his adored religion, and his first poems, written during his college-life, show his burning zeal to do something to aid it in its noble efforts. They embody his social creed of perfectionism, and contain a vague system of belief in a spirit of love in nature and man. This was the period of life in which he was so bitter against the existing forms of government. Temperament and circumstances conspired to make him a reformer at a time of life when few are bold enough to go beyond prescribed bounds. He was thrown upon society (at a time) with a vehemence and precipitancy which startled men rather than made them appreciative of his love and zeal. He was too sensitive to be a happy man, and it was his constant, insatiable longing for the unattainable which he thought he found embodied in so many people, and his final disappointment, that was the cause of so much of his unhappiness. What he says of the sensitive plant, truly applies to himself:

> "For the sensitive plant has no bright flower,
> Radiance and color are not its dower,
> It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full,
> It desires what it has not, the beautiful."

His tremulous nature quivered at every breath of emotion, and his nerves ever craved newer shocks, to thrill, to grow faint in the spasm of intense sensation. He felt that all which kept him from soaring to higher things was his unsubstantial body, which was literally burned out by his overflowing spirit. In moments of despair he utters words like these:

"I could lie down like a tired child, and weep away this
life of care,
Which I have borne and yet must bear."

There is that etherealism and idealization about him which places him above this world. It is strange how often he uses the metaphor of wings: of the winged spirit, soaring like his skylark into the infinite realms of heaven, till lost in the music of its own sweet voice it falls again to earth. The bird is a poet,

"In a light of thought, singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought to sympathy with hopes and
fears it heeded not."

The skylark is Shelley himself, and in his ode he expresses the successive changes in the temper of his own mind, which we find in so many of his poems, longing for the beautiful, ecstacy at the thought of finding it, and utter despondency when he finds his hopes disappointed. In his longer poems he becomes intoxicated with the music of his own singing, he gives full scope to his imagination and the song goes on by its own inspiration, like the enchanted boat in "Alastor" with no one at the helm. Vision follows vision in glorious but mystifying profusion, ideal landscapes and cities of cloud rise in pinnacle after pinnacle.

Shelley was truly Greek, and embodied more than any other poet of his age the beauties of the Hellenic revival. All of his subjects are not classic, but the poetry that was in the man's soul, the elevating and exciting quality which pervades all of his poetry, made chaste and elegant the most ordinary theme. He professed to be an atheist, but it is almost impossible to credit his unbelief in a Divine Author after becoming enthused with the ideal beauty of his poetry. In his "Adonais," the most beautiful tribute ever paid to the memory of a friend, he likens life to "A

dome of many-colored glass which stains the white radiance of eternity." The Greeks made gods of everything in nature and, like them, Shelley was idolater of nature. She was the only thing that revealed to him perfect divinity of any form. Of the beauties of nature "He made a gorgeous Pantheon full of beautiful, majestic and life-like forms. He turned atheism itself into a mythology rich with visions as glorious as the gods that live in the marble of Phidias, or the virgin saints that smile on us from the canvas of Murillo." We recognize in his lyrics the elegance and simplicity which characterize the Greek masterpieces.

Shelley's descriptions of nature, glittering and shining with iridescent sheens and glorious colorings require the genius of a Turner to reproduce on canvas. Perhaps it is because of Turner's strange mixture of colors, the feeling that his scenes are vague and beyond our view, that they have such fascination for us. They seem to have something more than what he puts on canvas, and so it is with Shelley's poems, they lead us on to higher things. His colors, as himself, never rest. They move and flit from one beauty to another and seem to flash before his eyes and in an instant give place to others more resplendent. Like Turner's colors, they make "a tapestry of fleece-like mist," or "woven exhalation, underlaid with lambent lightning fire." He was passionately fond of fire, and says: "Men scarcely know how beautiful fire is. Each flame of it is as a precious stone dissolved in ever-moving light."

After his early death near Venice his body was cremated according to the quarantine laws of Italy, a fitting end for the soul that so passionately loved the flames.

The lyrics of his last years are the gems of all he has written, and too plainly do they show that his poetic life had just begun, and his full glory was reserved for better things than those of earth. No poet uses more beautiful

figures, which he pours forth in stream and torrent till we are dazzled with their shifting glory:

"The sanguine sunrise,
With his meteor eyes, and his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead."

With him figurative language, which was a fit drapery for his idealistic thoughts, was an essential. One of his poems, written upon the conditions of England, contains a most vivid and terrible figure. Hope, the maniac maid, cries to the oppressed:

"My Father Time is hoar and grey
With waiting for a better day.
See how idiot-like he stands,
Trembling with his palsied hands.
He has had child after child,
And the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me.
Misery! Oh Misery."

He was truly the poet's poet, and it is only for their truly poetic beauty that his poems arouse the thrilling sensations, for they tell us nothing of men and women, but are abstract and fanciful; the West Wind, the Sensitive Plant, and the Spirit of Solitude, Liberty and Justice, were the goddesses whom he adored, whom he is ever striving to behold in their perfect form.

After reading Shelley how can we wonder at the idolatry bestowed upon him. Shelley outsang all poets on record, but two or three, throughout all time; his depths, his heights of inner and outer music are as divine as nature, and not sooner exhaustible. He was alone the perfect sing-

ing god. His thoughts, words, deeds, all sang together. The master singer of our modern race and age, the poet beloved above all other poets, in one word, and the only proper word, divine." Truly we can say of Shelley what he has said of Keats:

" He is made one with nature,
There is heard his voice in all her music,
From the moan of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird.
He is a presence to be known and felt in darkness,
And in night from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that power may move,
Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath and kindles it above."

MARY P. JONES.

WHAT A NORTH CAROLINA GIRL SAW IN THE WEST.

We reached Denver in August, and our first impression as we stepped on the platform was that it was one of the hottest places we had ever been in, and we were five thousand feet above the sea-level! The sun poured down and, of course, there was not a tree in sight. As we walked into our boarding-house, however, presto, change! we felt that we had stepped into a refrigerator. This is one of the many peculiarities of Colorado. On the sunny side of the street you are literally scorched, cross to the shady side and you feel chilly. The sun is a distinct feature of Western life. The Coloradians are sun-worshippers, they glory in their sun, and there is not a house in town or country guilty

of blinds or awnings in summer or winter. In the East the sun is mild and retiring; here it is bold and aggressive. It is guaranteed to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to, and every day you may see countless invalids, on the piazzas and in the public squares, bathing themselves in the sunlight.

The first question that greets the tourist is: "And what do you think of the West?"

You must be wary and diplomatic if you would not give offence, for these Westerners are well aware how often they are quoted as wild and woolly, and being all of them really Easterners, they are extremely sensitive to the slightest criticism. You must tell them with enthusiasm how lovely their country is, how grand their mountains, how exhilarating the air. You must wax eloquent over their wonderful enterprise and energy; you must extol the Western hospitality, and when you cease, exhausted, they will beam upon you and open their hearts and homes to you. "Of course there are a few drawbacks," they will then say, affably; but you must utterly repudiate this.

Denver is a beautiful, sunshiny city. In the distance are the Rocky Mountains—first the blue foot-hills and behind them the lofty peaks which, summer and winter, are always covered with snow. Literally encircling the city, they stand grand, immovable and abiding, the sun pouring down upon their golden summits. The streets are broad and in the business portions well paved, but in the suburbs they are not paved at all, and when it rains Denver is one of the muddiest cities in the world. If you remark upon this the reply is: "But it is never supposed to rain in Colorado." That it does rain (and when it does it pours) doesn't matter at all.

Nearly every one in Denver came originally to "prospect a little and take a look West before settling down." To this day they all speak of some place back East as "home."

There seems to be a fascination about the country and life—a certain sense of freedom—a feeling, as one old Ranchman expressed it, of "roominess." "Only," he remarked, "Colorady was getting a'most too full for him; there was a man had come lately and settled not three miles from him, and he hated bein' crowded."

A Ranchman is the most free and independent of mortals. His chief cultivation is alfalfa, a cheap and good food for horses and cattle. As he cannot depend upon rain at all he irrigates extensively. Even in the streets of Denver you will find streams running by the sidewalks in a vain endeavor to coax into something like growth the stunted trees. Every week the lawns are "flooded" at the city's expense. I remember my sensation the first time I ever saw the flooding process. I was sitting on a piazza at Colorado Springs, quietly reading a book, when suddenly, to my horror, I saw a rushing torrent of water literally flooding the yard. It rose as high as the first step, and in about ten minutes, to my great relief, slowly began to subside.

I never met but one person who after having once lived in Colorado wished to go East. That was an old Ranchman who complained that "You couldn't grow nothing no how in Colorady but alapacky, and you had to irritate that to raise it."

In the West one pays for unexpected things. You find your board bill the most trivial of your expenses. You pay for the view, you pay for the sun, you pay for the water (you buy water in Denver), and you pay for the air. O beautiful, world-renowned, exhilarating Colorado air, how expensive thou art!

"Board's high," says your landlady, "but think of the nice air you're a'breathin', and the sunshine you're a'gettin', and the lovely view you're enjoyin', and the nice Artesian water you're a'drinkin'." We retire without a murmur.

We had not thought of these expensive things; somehow they seemed so natural and to be expected.

We enjoyed our visit to the Ranch more than any other part of our sojourn in the West. Of course it was very new and interesting to us. The vast stretch of prairie all around, the hundreds of grazing cattle and the distant "foot-hills" made a beautiful background. Then it was so much fun to don jacket and leggings and every afternoon, in company with Joe, the interesting, handsome, real cow-boy, gallop away after the hundred or so cows. And what a conglomeration of gallantry and rudeness, culture and roughness Joe was. A regular type, and accordingly dear to our hearts. Joe was one of the few real cow-boys left. There is many a "would be." It is a fad with the tourist to array himself picturesquely in cow-boy costume and have his photograph taken in fierce, Western, effective poses. This he sends home to his admiring friends, who then fancy him always dashing o'er hill and prairie in this most fetching apparel. Alas, that a near acquaintance with these things takes away the glamour. The costume is rented for fifty cents a sitting, and the stable-keeper is with difficulty persuaded to rent a horse for one dollar per hour. These "would be" cow-boys, however, are preferable to the average genuine article. He is rather dirty and disappointing.

Of course I must not forget one important feature of Western life—the Rocky Mountain canary—the burro; the patient, sad, long-eared and fearfully stubborn burro! He is cheap; for a quarter you can hire him and a small boy to beat him. The boy goes in for the quarter. The initiated one hires a burro by the number of miles he wishes to travel, not by the week or month. Thus sometimes he gets a burro (and the boy) for a whole week and only pays a quarter.

With the rashness of youth and the extreme confidence

of ignorance, I volunteered one morning to go for the mail for the rest of the boarders. They were sitting listlessly on the piazza, but they all brightened up immediately and applauded my intention. They asked if it were not a long walk. I told them no, that I was going to ride Kate. Kate is a broad-backed, fat burro. The enthusiam seemed to subside suddenly, and one man said he guessed I needn't bother about his letters, he was going on a tramping expedition about ten miles up the canon, and he would pass by the post-office on his way home that night. He thought he would probably be there before me. I smiled at his joke. I was inexperienced with burros in general and with Kate in particular. But, ah! Kate, dear, stubborn, obstinate Kate, little did I know what mighty power lay dormant in you! We started out gaily enough; that is one of Kate's little ways; but as we reached the summit of the first hill she stopped. Blows, kicks, entreaties were of no avail. Little cared she that the sun was shining with the malignity which only a Colorado sun possesses. I wept, I stormed. I remembered the boarders' bright, anticipating faces, and, goaded by the recollection, I administered a last, vicious kick. Kate budged not, and the small boy burst into tears. He did not see the faintest prospect of earning his quarter. We had not gone half a mile.

The worst thing about burros is that they are so deceiving—they look so willing, so gentle, and they are so stubborn, so vicious. Not that they do not excite a certain kind of admiration, for before such extreme determination of character, such rocky force, one feels puny and insignificant.

As the man from the canon distributed the mail that night I gave him privately, but forcibly, my opinion of Kate. He said it was wrong to indulge such feelings; he

could show me, he said, that it was not so mch innate meanness as a natural result of the education of a burro. He said he could sympathize with the burro; that after a thirty years' or so tussle with life he was beginning to feel just as mulish.

At night we would often hear the coyotes howling around the Ranch. And one morning we awoke to find two fierce, snarly-looking specimens in the corral near the hen-house. Even in death they looked dangerous. "They're the meanest things agoin'," said Farmer Hutchins, revengefully. "Coyotes and Indians is pizen." The coyotes are particular and dainty, and eat only the very young and tender spring chickens. The little prairie-dogs are very cute. As you whirl through the prairies on the train they scamper out of their holes, stand on their hind feet, and gaily wave their little paws at you.

I heard rumors of buffalo at one place called Buffalo Park, but the name seemed to be only a reminiscence of past glories.

There are a great many people here for their health, but they do look so well. It is strange to you to hear the most stalwart specimens, men who seem so unusually well, weighing about two hundred pounds or so, say cheerfully, "Oh! yes; I've only one left, the other lung's gone entirely, been gone fifteen years." You wonder apprehensively what they would look like if they had two. You feel that they would be scarcely presentable.

While in Colorado Springs we visited the beautiful canons, the celebrated "Garden of the Gods" and "Helen Hunt's grave." The last is a lovely spot situated in the Cheyenne canons, from whose summit you can see Colorado Springs, Denver and Maniton. No wonder that she herself chose this as her last resting-place.

The scenery here is utterly different from that in the

East. "How sweet and pretty," said a young lady of the party, as we looked down one morning from Pike's Peak. Pretty or sweet are just the last adjectives you could apply. Magnificent, grand, bare or rugged, but pretty! Imagine huge mountains of rock without a single tree or green growth of any kind; wild canons, and below mile after mile of boundless prairie, and then think of our feelings when the young lady murmered, "How sweetly pretty." We felt that the "pillars of Hercules," through which we drove, ought to fall upon her.

On Pike's Peak we saw the first wagon which had reached the top of the mountain. On it was written, "Pike's Peak or Bust." It expresses the prevailing sentiment in the West, and explains, perhaps, their remarkable success in all their undertakings.

While in Colorado I voted. It was at the last Presidential election. I will not say for whom I voted. Suffice it that my candidate was not elected. The ladies in the neighborhood had found out that my mother and I were voters, and that day, to my surprise, I beheld four carriages drawn up in front of the house. Feeling very important, I descended and discovered that they had all come to take me to the polls. My mother had decided not to vote; being very conscientious, she admitted that she did not know a thing about politics, and was therefore not qualified. I, however, feeling myself fully qualified, and much pleased with the attention, entered the first carriage and was driven off. "Of course you vote our ticket," said the lady whom I had never seen before. "What is yours?" I asked. She told me. "No," I said, innocently, "I promised to vote the other." "Oh!" she said, and then, "James, you may drive back." And back we went to the house.

The three other carriages were still in line, waiting in the vain hope of catching my mother, who was keeping well

out of view. Having ascertained without doubt what party belonged to which carriage, I was rolled away to the polls. There I was solemnly taken to a room, left by myself with my ballot, and the key turned. It seemed almost a solemn or funeral occasion. I had imagined something like frivolity at the polls, a little jesting or mirth. I had heard traditions of the cup which inebriates but does not cheer. But no, everything was perfectly quiet and orderly. There was nothing exciting and scarcely anything interesting about it. I was bitterly disappointed. I did not crave a riot or much disorder, but a little more excitement would have seemed appropriate. In its air of solemnity it reminded me of the examinations at our school.

I can safely say that it does not hurt any woman to go to the polls, it only makes her take a more serious view of life for a time.

They will tell you that they do not have cyclones in Colorado, but to the uninitiated ears of the traveller the fearful wind-storms which rock the brick houses like cradles are alarming. The first night that you are awakened by this soothing lullaby you see the great virtue of the dug-outs.

You realize that these Coloradians are reckless creatures, and ought to have a danger that they perhaps have become too familiar with pointed out afresh. But after awhile, as the wind continues to rage and nothing happens, you get used to it.

They will tell you too that they never have rain-storms, and they do not, but they have every other variety; hail-storms, snow-storms, wind-storms and sand-storms. And they do come up so unexpectedly!

You are sitting on the porch. All is serene and calm. The sun shines brightly, and you have trustingly brought your work and books and settled yourself and your friends

comfortably for the morning, when suddenly you hear a terrific roar, and look up to see men, women, children and baby-carriages whirling down the street like leaves before an autumn wind. The invalids, who are enjoying the air, are hastily snatched in-doors by their friends, and soon there is not a soul in sight save a few poor, belated bicycle riders huddled up against a fence, desperately clutching their beloved wheels, the ruling passion strong in death.

But with all its cyclones and sand-storms, with all its many peculiarities, I bid farewell with regret to Colorado. Kinder, more hospitable people I never met. They are thoroughly advanced; their schools are fine, and all the teachers get excellent salaries. In the high school they teach drawing, French, German and music free of charge. The manual training school is complete in every department. They keep up with all the latest topics and fads of the day. I have even seen a horseless carriage in the streets. At present they are much interested in the South, and have strong hopes of a new power built up by the combined interests and energies of the West and South against the Northern capitalists.

With all this I am not prepared to say "Go West, young man." There is a sad lack of confidence in the Eastern youth, and the slight superiority he displays when he first arrives is speedily subdued by the lack of attention he receives.

The society both in Denver and Colorado Springs is composed of wealthy and, for the most part, cultivated people. The residences in both places are handsome, and some of them are magnificent. Between Denver and Colorado Springs there exists an intense rivalry, although there is no reason why there should be, as the two places are totally different. Denver is a large, busy city, and Colorado Springs a small, fashionable summer resort, largely

inhabited by Englishmen, and called often "Little London." With its frame houses, broad streets, and, O wonder of wonders, many trees, it reminds one of a Southern town. Here the curfew tolls every evening at eight, and all the children under fourteen are compelled to be in their homes. As the town is principally a health resort, no bells are allowed to ring on Sundays, and the noise of the factory is never heard.

And now farewell, Colorado, bright, sunny, glorious Colorado. They tell me that I shall yearn to come back; that my own land will seem dark and cold, but I will risk it—à la Richard Harding Davis—little old North Carolina is good enough for me. HENRIETTA S. McVEA.

THE LAND OF THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

Until the great Centennial, held at Philadelphia in 1876, Japan was to Europeans and Americans almost an unknown land ; then she began to reveal her secrets to the world. Every year our interest in the little island country has increased, and since her recent troubles with China she has become the object of admiration to all nations.

With Japan this is the age of danger and confusion, for the old nation is passing away and a New Japan, with its railroads, telegraphs and electricity, is arising. Certainly it gratifies our pride to see this Oriental nation so rapidly becoming westernized, but it is the old nation, the land of surprises, that excites our interest. Thanks to Isabella Bird, Sarah Duncan and Sir Edwin Arnold, we have delightful accounts of the country, with its profusion of flowers, its tiny, dainty houses, and its queer little people, with their dances, their garden parties and their tea-drinkings.

We have wandered with Arnold among the purple mountains; we have seen the shores gay with scarlet lilies, the hill and road-side covered with the azaleas and amaryllis of spring, and with the camelia blossoms of autumn. Above all, we have discovered through all these travellers a thousand new beauties in that wonderful national flower of Japan, the chrysanthemum.

For a true picture of the country and its people we leave the larger towns as Yokohama and Tokio, which have already become westernized, and turn to the village, for one could not find a more enticing place, so our fireside travels tell us, than a Japanese village. The queer little houses, with their thatched roofs projecting like big umbrellas, and their little paper windows, look more like doll-houses than the homes of people. Every house has its garden, and this, however small, is laid out in landscape style, with diminutive mountains, lakes, water-falls, dwarfed trees and bridges for fairies to cross. This intermixture of verdure contributes greatly to the gay appearance of the town.

On a dark night every village, town or city is ablaze with lanterns of an ornamental character, and at the mid-summer lantern festival all the graves and the little straw boats, in which the spirits of the deceased are thought to take their departure, are decorated with paper lanterns of every hue.

Fans may be found everywhere, in the shops or in the houses, for these are indispensable articles. Among the men the fan answers a variety of purposes—it serves the dandy instead of a cane, the pedagogue instead of a rule for the offending school-boy's knuckles, and is more frequently used as a screen from the sun and a protection from the rain than the familiar Japanese parasol. A fine lady would no more appear without her fan and hair ornaments

than a Western belle would appear without mammoth sleeves and a skirt eight yards wide.

But these little people are interesting not only from their daintiness and freshness, but because Japan, although young to us, is really one of the old civilizations of the world and, like all other ancient civilizations, has its own peculiar literature and art.

For the art of Japan we do not have far to seek ; it is all about us, on the fans, scrolls and screens which decorate our sitting-rooms and the dainty little tea-cups in which we serve tea or chocolate to our friends after that pretty custom of the Japanese. Mrs. Bird, Sarah Jeannette Duncan and Sir Edwin Arnold can tell us scarcely anything about these which we do not already know. What comfort we have derived from a Japanese fan on a summer day—its funny ladies and impossible reptiles seem almost beautiful to us then! How dainty the tiny parasols and screens have made our homes, and how many hours we have spent in elucidating the pictures on them.

Beautiful flowers, ugly monsters and playing children are jumbled together in that happy, careless fashion, characteristic of this people, and the gossiping ladies smile complacently from under their parasols, utterly regardless of the grinning monsters near them. The Japanese imagination has formed an endless variety of brilliant designs, all bearing the stamp of the purest and most ingenious taste, and the artist has set aside all restrictions by rule or method and taken Nature for his sole and constant guide. He investigates all of her intricate mysteries ; it is in the spider's web that he loves to study geometry ; the marks of a bird's claws furnish him with a design for ornamentation, and to him the ripple on the surface of the water is the most perfect curve. Nothing in creation, not even a blade of grass, is unworthy a place in his art.

In literature, as in art, is expressed the sentimentality which characterizes the Japanese. The beautiful, the strange, the grand, even the grotesque in nature excite in them feelings of sympathy, longing inspiration and awe; and the walls of the tea-houses are adorned with poems in praise of nature. The poetry, like the people, is delicate and graceful, expressive of their feelings either of pleasure or of sorrow. Lyrics and odes are numerous, but there are no great epics or didactic forms, for with them poetry was a pastime rather than an art. Some of their poetry is written in figurative language without rhyme or rhythm, and many of the couplets contain more truth than poetry:

> "An arrow aimed at a private soldier sometimes slays a general."

> "A chance word is often more effective than a premeditated speech."

But not all of their poetry is written in this style, for the greater part of it is devoted to love. One unfortunate lover exclaims:

> "I met my love and talked with her until the moment of parting,
> No sooner had I quitted her presence than I remembered a thousand things I had left unsaid."

Many an American lover, we fancy, will echo the sentiment of the unlucky Japanese. Nor could anything be more tender than these lines addressed by a devoted husband to his absent wife:

> "The years have come and gone and I am still weeping for thee, my beloved,
> My tears fall day and night like the waters of the Nonobike."

But the genuine light-heartedness of the Japanese is expressed in a little love-song the maiden sings to her three-stringed guitar as she gaily trips along, her body swaying from side to side with that amusing but graceful movement peculiar to these fresh-looking little girls:

"First 'twas all a jest,
  Then 'twas daily duty,
Now 'tis at its best
  True love tender beauty:
Both quite love possessed."

With a people so addicted to love-poetry, we might fancy that the novel would play an important part, and from the earliest times we find this form of literature popular; as in European works of the same description the reader is introduced to a hero and heroine whose adventures make up the romance. The best known of these is "The Loyal Ronins," based on the story of "The Forty-seven Ronins," the oldest of their dramas. From "The Loyal Ronins" we learn much about the queer customs of the Japanese. Very pathetic to us is the submissiveness of the wife, who always addresses her husband as "Honorable husband," and who has not a single complaint to make when that honorable husband chooses to divorce her on the plea that she "talks too much," but quietly leaves her home and feels under many obligations for being permitted to keep her children.

But the value of the book is due principally to the picture it presents to us of domestic life in every detail. We are carried with them into their houses; we see the different articles of the lady's toilette, and hear the conversation between husband and wife. We see expressions of the love and respect the son feels for his aged parents, and are not a little surprised at many things which this book reveals to us of the character and manners of the Japanese.

The women of Japan especially deserve notice. They are small but attractive, and some of them even pretty, with such charming manners and gentle voices, that we wonder how they could have developed so much sweetness in their disadvantageous surroundings. Nowhere are wives more faithful, and no country possesses more moving love stories than Japan.

When reflecting on the many hidden beauties contained in the art and literature of this wonderful country, we cannot but echo the sentiment of Sir Edwin Arnold, who asks: "Where, except in Japan, can be found such a conspiracy to be agreeable; such pretty picturesqueness of daily existence; such lively love of nature and such delight in the beautiful and artistic?"

MARGARET V. HILL.

IN HONOR OF TASSO.

Sunny Italy, the Land of Dante and Beatrice, of Petrarch and Laura, Italy, the treasure-store of song and story, is the fairy-land of the English people. To those smiling skies, to that paradise of birds and flowers, to that home of music, sculpture and art, the poets of a less famous clime have ever turned with inexpressible longing.

From Italy Chaucer drew the inspiration of his "Canterbury Tales," there Shakespeare found the scene and plot for some of his masterpieces, and even Milton, stern Puritan as he was, caught the echo of the great Italian Dante's mighty poem. Then, too, our poets have not been content to gaze from far across the waters toward this sunny land, but many of them have made their homes beneath these summer skies. There Shelley spent the last years of his brilliant, yet saddened life; there Byron made a lull in his

stormy career; there Robert Brownnig prepared a happy home for his poet wife.

No wonder that for us even the name has magic, and that we English and Americans have entered so heartily into the celebrations in honor of Italy's great masters. In 1831 and 1874 we joined Italy in celebrating the fifth centennial of Dante and Petrarch; in 1820 we raised our voices in commemorating Raphael; and in 1895 we helped to do honor to the quadra-centennial of Tasso's death.

Almost every country, in which literature rises to any height, is the proud possessor of an epic, and Italy, brilliant in music and art, rich in sonnets and lyrics, brought forth in Tasso, the poet destined to make the name of Italy more famous by crowning all her literature with a great religious epic.

The composition of an epic on the adventures of Rinaldo gained the admiration of the Duke of Ferrara, who invited the young poet to the court, and there the seed of Tasso's misery, loneliness and unjust suffering was sown. For in those days no Italian was without his lady-love, and Tasso was no exception. But alas! he aimed too high. Dante and Petrarch loved, and were content to gaze from afar on the object of their affection, but love, which lighted their hearts and lives, was to Tasso the cause of all his sufferings. He could not be satisfied to think that the princess was to be *only loved*, and that he could never posses the jewel of Ferrara. In Goethe's beautiful poems Tasso exclaims:

> "I'm hers: possessing she shall fashion me.
> For her my heart hath garnered every treasure.
> Oh! had some heavenly power bestow'd on me
> An organ thousandfold, I scarcely then
> Could utter forth my speechless reverence."

Driven from the court, he wandered in disguise, and under the lashes of misfortune, his mind, scarcely balanced,

gave way. Restless, disappointed, weak, sensitive, suffering from wounded pride and lost hopes, he found peace only in his literary efforts; but to add misery and vexation to his sad lot, while suffering most from his mental malady, his poems were seized, and given to the world without his consent.

While languishing in a dungeon, despised, neglected, deafened by the shrieks of his insane companions, he poured forth most of his beautiful minor poems.

Tasso, strong of genius, weak of will, suffering from the bitter pangs of an unjust imprisonment, rouses our sympathy and draws us near to him, but in his works the oppressed Tasso disappears, and in his place is a man full of the fire of genius, but Italian to the core of his heart. The *popularity* of Tasso lies in the fact that he chose for the subject of his epic "Jerusalem Delivered," for at that time Europe was burning with the fire and zeal caused by the Crusades; she was glowing with enthusiasm, and full of the war between the Christian knights and the "dark powers of enchantment." The scene of the "Jerusalem Delivered," so rich in recollections, so dear from its associations with all our religious feelings, is one in which the poet's imagination might well delight:

> "On two bold hills Jerusalem is seen,
> Of size unequal face to face opposed;
> A wide and pleasant valley lies between,
> Dividing hill from hill: three sides the coast
> Lies craggy, difficult, and high, disposed
> In steep acclivities: the fourth is cast
> In gentlest undulations, and enclosed
> By walls of height insuperable and vast."

The magnificence of the plan strikes us at our first glance, and the whole poem is unfolded to us in the first few lines:

"The illustrious chief who warred from Heaven, I sing,
And drove from *Jesus' Tomb* th' insulting king."

"The whole course of the poem is entire, simple and grand," but the magnificence is here and there relieved by delicately tinted pictures, which contrast strongly the awe-inspiring portraits of "Pluto," his companions, and the heathen hosts. As we read the poems we see in the distance the host advancing, the clouds of dust rising, the fiery flashes of their polished arms, and the onward, steady march of the Christian knights.

We hear the glad shouts of the Crusaders as the towers and turrets of the Holy City come in sight, and we rejoice with them as they press toward the goal of all their hopes:

"Lo, tower'd Jerusalem salutes the eye!
A thousand pointing fingers tell the tale,
'Jerusalem!' a thousand voices cry,
'All hail Jerusalem!' hill, down and dale
Catch the glad sounds and shout,
'Jerusalem, all hail!'"

We, too, as inheritors of the rich stores of English literature, have our great religious epic, and in speaking of the glories of Italy and the quadra-centennial of Tasso's death, our minds naturally revert to Milton's "Paradise Lost."

Like many of the masterpieces of northern literature, its cold majesty contrasts strongly the warmth, the fire, the light of the great Italian epic. In a sunny land, beneath the glowing, southern summer skies, colors vie with each other in brilliancy, nature infuses her gay spirit into man and gives him a love for gorgeousness. The Italian operas, full of brilliancy, lightness and life; Italian art, with its flashing, rich coloring, and the vivid Italian poetry, make a sharp contrast to the majesty, sublimity, coldness, and

fainter coloring, so characteristic of the art, music and literature of the less fortunate northern land. Milton is a striking representation of the north, and Tasso of the tropical genius.

Milton's fondest dreams were realized in the "Paradise Lost." The meditation of long years and the revelation of old age had prepared the soil and seed, and the beautiful flower budded and blossomed and unfolded its beauties to mankind, when *our* epic poet was in "darkness and with dangers compassed round—and solitude."

The two great hindrances which fettered Milton are his dealing with superhuman beings, and the sad end to which the poem tends.

Mournfulness inexpressible fills us as the delicately tinted picture of our first parents, their paradise lost, is unveiled to us. All hope, all dearest to them lost, and—

> "They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
> Through Eden took their solitary way."

Very differently does the "Jerusalem Delivered" end; excited by the Christian triumphs, our interest and enthusiasm kindling, kindled and blazing forth, we rejoice and raise our voices in the glad shouts of the victorious knights as the heathen host is trodden down, as our Lord's tomb is rescued from Pagan hands:

> "And as yet there glowed
> A flush of glory in the fulgent West,
> To the freed City, the once loved abode
> Of Christ, the pious chief and armies pressed,
> With all his knights in solemn cavalcade
> Hung up his arms, his bannered spoils displayed,
> And at the sacred Tomb, his vow'd devotions payed."

For pleasure we love to roam over hills and revel in their wild beauty, but to behold the majestic works of

nature we scale the lofty mountains, we climb to the summit.

So it is with the epic. It justly deserves the highest rank of all classes of poetry, of all the varied productions of the human mind, for it is the noblest, the grandest, the most lasting of harmonious creations.

LOULA HALL BRIGGS.

A PEEP INTO OUR WORK-ROOM.

(UNCORRECTED).

A very pleasant work-room it is with its large windows, long table, numerous chairs, its book-cases, its blackboards; and pleasant though sometimes hard work has gone on within its walls. Here our Biology class of ten girls has spent many interesting hours, listening to lectures, dissecting specimens, making drawings from nature, and, best of all, having talks. "Nothing but scientific language," is our motto, but mottoes are not always kept, by any means, and much talk that is *not* scientific goes on at every meeting. The lectures we hear are always interesting, well illustrated as they are by blackboard and microscope; but often these lectures merge into talks which, although not scientific, contain something within themselves worth a great deal to us. We all have a chance to make ourselves famous, so our teacher tells us. Will any of us do so I wonder?

We often make excursions into the woods to obtain specimens for study, and what good times we have to be sure! The usual preparation consists in the donning of abbreviated skirts, and the collection of tin buckets, nets, chlo-

roform bottles of course, and all the other articles necessary for such a journey. We trudge along happily, climb fences cheerfully, and tear our dresses indifferently, never thinking of the poor mothers at home who will groan over the many stitches to be taken. At last we reach the goal of our ambition, a small stream—for most of the insects we desire live in the water—there we stop and begin our search. Many things we find; but some are of no use to us, so these we put back in their pleasant home, while the rest we consign to new quarters not quite so pleasant: namely, the tin buckets. At last we turn our steps homeward, tired indeed but successful!

I do not think there is one girl in our class who will not look back, in after years, upon the hours taken up with Biology work, in-doors and out, with the greatest heartfelt pleasure.

But the Biology meetings only occur once a week, and in the meanwhile work of a very different kind is going on. What next? Isn't Botany a pleasant study? Work in that class goes on in much the same manner, only its meetings are oftener, and therefore more can be accomplished. That the blind see might well be applied to any one who has studied Botany for a few months. It is really surprising how little one notices who has never had his attention called to the beauties of nature. How often we pass about this world with our eyes close shut to the many wonderful things growing at our very feet; and then, when our eyes have been opened, what a marvellous change has passed over everything, it seems almost as if we had slipped on rose colored spectacles, and were gazing upon a world of new and beautiful colors.

Botany work is quite as pleasant as the Biology work; the only difference is, in the one we study flowers, in the other insects, including the lower organisms of plant life.

But one great attraction Botany has which Biology has not, is the delightful occupation of pressing and mounting specimens of the flowers we study. To get these we take long tramps in the woods, just as we did in Biology, and the result is often surprising even to our teacher. How many, many beautiful flowers do we find hidden in damp, mossy places, lifting their heads in modest grace from the cool, dark verdure around them, and listening, no doubt, with sincere pleasure to our cries of delight, when we at last happen upon them; the feathery fern waving its green pinions gracefully in the breeze; the fragrant heartleaf, with its dear little pitchers, soon to become perfect flowers; the dainty solomon's seal, showing its head of small white blossoms in such pretty contrast to its large green leaves. And then the pleasure of mounting them! How pretty they look upon the clean white paper, and what fascinating work it is, pasting the white strips across them which hold them in place. With how much pride we exhibit our "herbarium" to our friends, listening complacently to their warm expressions of approval. Certainly Botany work is very delightful; we would advise any seeker after pleasure to find it at once by taking up that study.

Even the children are not left out in our science course, for they have their Botany, or Nature Study, as they call it, also. Although they do not go as deep into the study of the flowers as we older girls do, nevertheless they are taught to keep their eyes open, and lose nothing of nature's great beauty. They enjoy it with the strength and intensity natural to children, and as they grow older enter more and more deeply into the study of God's wonderful and mysterious works. FRANCES V. WOMBLE.

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(UNCORRECTED).

"The Education of Women" is a much disputed point. Whether women should be as highly educated as men, what kind of education a woman should have and what a woman's place in the world should be, are questions that have been argued since the beginning of civilization.

Should not woman be as highly educated as man? A woman's education should be different from a man's, but should it not be as perfect in its way? Men and women have each their place to fill, and each should be educated in the way which best enables them to perform their duty thoroughly. In ancient days the education of girls was almost entirely neglected, but great attention was paid to training the boys both mentally and physically. No wonder that the men were superior to the women in all respects, for the women had no chance to show their true worth. But the colleges for women are gradually becoming more and more like the colleges for men. Women are rising to their proper height, and are offered all the advantages that men have. Let them make the best of their opportunities, which the woman of early days did not have, and let them develop their minds and character by means of the best education that it is in their power to gain.

Of what nature should a woman's education be? Ruskin is inclined to think that a woman requires no particular knowledge of anything, but a general knowledge of all important subjects, so that she may be a helpmate to her husband, and fulfil her duty as a wife and mother. But Ruskin lived in England, where people who are born wealthy, remain wealthy, with few exceptions, all their

lives, and people who are born poor, have to look forward to a life of poverty, and where we can tell from childhood what our position in life will be. Here in America it is different. People who are poor one day, are rich the next, and one whom we have always looked up to only because he was so rich, we suddenly hear of as a ruined man. Accordingly, we must be ready for emergencies. A general knowledge will not be sufficient for us.

I have heard the story of a girl who was married. She did not love her husband, and she married him only because her father had said that he was tired of taking care of her, and she had no way of supporting herself. What her end was, I do not know, but it must have been a miserable one. Therefore, it seems to me, that it is better for a woman to prepare herself, so that she will be able, if necessary, to make her own living, and be entirely independent, not obliged to ruin her life by a marriage without love. Men do not learn a little about medicine, law, the ministry, etc., but they choose one profession, and study it carefully. Why should not women do the same? Why cannot women employ all their faculties, and perfect themselves in one direction? Why should they be obliged to learn a smattering of everything, which can be of very little use to them, and to cramp their minds, simply because they are women?

I do not think it is necessary for girls to study Higher Mathematics and such studies, unless they are preparing to become teachers. "*Cui bono?*" They puzzle their brains, sit up late at night, perhaps endanger their health, and then go away from school and forget it all. Often a girl can obtain a kind of education from flowers and birds and nature, that nothing else can teach, and that she will value far more than any other knowledge. I do not mean taking a book and learning the long names of hundreds of flowers, or learning the different classes of animals, the warm-

blooded and the cold-blooded, the feline tribe and the canine tribe, etc. This can do a girl no good. But I mean really studying nature, going in the woods and listening to the voices of the brooks, flowers, trees, birds, and all the other voices of nature. And if we will go with love of nature in our hearts, and if we are in sympathy with bird and brook, tree and flower, we can find a beauty and a tenderness that will teach us more than all the schoolbooks we can study.

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

And now what is a woman's place in the world? Woman has her place as well as man, but what is it? A woman's place in the world varies, but in all cases she should make the home and be man's guide and helpmate. A woman's place is more important than a man's, for a woman can support herself and be entirely independent, but can a man make much progress in the world without the guiding comfort and sympathy of woman? A man comes home, troubled with the worry and work of the day, and then the office of woman is to cheer and elevate him. One of her most important offices is to alleviate pain, pain of mind as well as body. She should prepare herself for these duties. She should begin, even in childhood, to cheer and comfort and to relieve pain.

But whatever a woman does, let her keep her own place. When a woman begins to vote, and becomes a man in everything but name, although a very inferior order of man, she degrades the name of woman and gives up her proper sphere. To me, however, the "New Woman" does not suggest bloomers and voting, but a woman who, still possessing all the tenderness and delicacy of the sex, is not weak

and dependent, but is strong in her own dignity and the knowledge of her position, and who is able to do her duty without hesitation and without complaint.

CHRISTIANA BUSBEE (Junior A).

THE EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

(UNCORRECTED.)

Care is always taken that the future queen of a nation is well educated in all arts and sciences, that she may make a wise ruler, a success of her reign, and a prosperous nation.

Every woman is to be a queen and she must be trained and fitted for her position. She may be the queen of a nation, she may be the queen of her community, or she may be the queen of an humble home; yet she is some day to be queen of something, so she must be educated and trained for her queenship.

But which of these queens she is to be we do not know, so she must have a training to fit all of the positions.

Shakespeare's idea is that woman is to be peerless, courageous and faultless, but his woman is not the human queen we want.

Scott's women are graceful, dignified and tender, dying if need be to elevate a worthless lover, but not the queen who lives to encourage and lead man to a higher and nobler life.

From Dante we get the idea that women are nearer the angelic sphere, and that they may be worshiped and admired from afar off, yet acting as inspirations and guides, even through the Realms of Shadows, Purgatory and Hell,

and at last into the glories of Paradise; but our queen is not to be superior to her king—man.

As we approach the Greek idea of women, we see something of what a modern woman should be. In Andromache, the wife of Hector, there is a motherly and wifely influence spread everywhere, and in Hector a true devotion towards her. Listen to his parting words:

> "Sorrow not thus, beloved one, for me,
> No living man can send me to the shades
> Before my time; * * * *
> * * * * * * * *
> But go thou home and tend thy labors there—
> The web, the distaff,—and command thy maids
> To speed thy work." * * *

Now that we have seen the ideas of some of the greatest men of the world concerning woman's value to man, let us consider what our queens are to be. They are to be courageous and pure, like Shakespeare's women; they are to be like Scott's women, for what is character without self-sacrifice? They are to be like Dante's Beatrice, guides and inspirations, not through Hell and Paradise, but through this troubled world to a higher life. And to be like these, the girl must be given a general knowledge of the things of this world and of the better world.

Teach her to know the human heart that she may be the queen of a nation. Teach her some special branch of education that she may be queen of her community. Teach her love, patience, obedience and piety that she may be the queen of an humble home.

Annie Shaw (Sen. B).

AN IDYL OF SCHOOL-LIFE.

The fall of the rat is accomplished,
It came to a crisis last night,
When tired of victory below stairs
He boldly ascended a flight.

After annoying the inmates
With his mad and freakish "lark,"
He became the victim of a shower of shoes,
Hurled wildly into the dark.

Then followed a shriek of terror,
The rat had jumped on the bed
Of a timid and nervous maiden,
And she almost lost her head.

The sound of a match struck quickly,
Then a giggle, but half suppressed,
And out of her alcove the teacher
Came, in a red wrapper dressed.

Then up sprang the valiant maidens,
Except those to slumber inclined,
And armed themselves for the battle
With everything they could find.

Umbrellas, rugs and curtain-rods,
A towel, a bottle, a shoe;
Madly they seized these objects,
And as madly the objects flew.

Hours and hours the battle raged,
The rat his audacity rued,
But still he dodged and eluded their grasp,
And still they hotly pursued.

Till at last he was caught in a curtain,
And held there firmly and tight,
While he was beaten soundly,
Then the poor thing took his flight.

But, alas! for my wounded hero!
He will trouble our slumber no more,
For when daylight crept through the window
He was lying dead on the floor.

EPITAPH.

Here lies the rat,
Not killed by a cat,
But came to his end
By the hand of a friend.
She pummelled him well
With a wine bot*tle*,
Then pitied his fate,
Which was generous, though late.

ANNIE K. BARNES.

EDITORIAL.

Our Commencement is over and well over, and we all feel that we have reason to congratulate ourselves upon the excellent results of the year's work, which the Concert of Wednesday and the exercises of Thursday clearly showed. First in order for Commencement week came the large and enthusiastic meeting of the Alumnæ, held on Tuesday afternoon. This meeting was especially called by Mrs. Iredell, the President of the Association, and was most pleasant and profitable. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, and at five-thirty the meeting was called to order. The graduates of '97 and the specialists who will not be with us another year were invited to be present and the attendance of the former pupils in Raleigh was large. All our girls love their *Alma Mater*, and it is always pleasant to them to meet at the dear old school to discuss plans for furthering the best interests of St. Mary's. Mrs. Iredell in her beautiful address gave a graphic account of the work she had done in the Eastern part of the State, and told of the great encouragement and the loving welcome she met everywhere. Particularly delightful was it to her to meet such hosts of her school-mates and so many of the pupils whom she had taught during her long connection with St. Mary's. We who know so well Mrs. Iredell's influence over her pupils, and their strong affection for her, can imagine what this meeting must have been to them. In her talk the President explained her plan of work in regard to raising funds for the endowment. She wished to form in every Parish a St. Mary's Guild to work for the endowment. Each Guild is to take up a note and liquidate it in a given time, so that those who feel that they cannot

sign for one hundred or for five hundred dollars can, by co-operating with the Guild, raise the amount in a short time. The business meeting was very successful financially. After the business meeting the members of the Alumnæ adjourned to the Studio, where afternoon tea was served and a delightful social hour was spent in chatting over old times and old friends, St. Mary's past, present and to come. All the visitors were glad of the opportunity of seeing the beautiful art exhibit and of seeing the real collection of papers and of work in Science, Literature, Mathematics and French. The herbariums were beautiful, the variety of specimens and their careful and tasteful arrangement reflected great credit on both the classes in Botany and Biology, and on their teacher. The examination papers in Literature, French and Mathematics were of the highest grade in penmanship, composition and substance, showing to good advantage the results of the advanced methods pursued in these branches. The members of the Alumnæ at last regretfully said good-bye, and separated, carrying with them the pleasantest recollections of the meeting and looking forward to an equally enjoyable reunion next year.

On Wednesday evening the parlor was rapidly filled, so that after eight o'clock many were unable to find seats, and many chose to stand rather than miss the music. Never had a school more appreciative and more attentive audience, and with such listeners we could not fail to do our very best. Concerning this Concert, which we are glad to feel was one of the best ever given at St. Mary's, we quote from the *News and Observer* of the following day:

"'Brilliant' is the only word that accurately describes the exercises last evening. Such a superb musical feast has seldom been accorded the people of Raleigh. It has been the aim of Prof. Albert A. Mack, the Director of the Department of Music, to gradually raise the curriculum to

the highest possible standard. That his efforts in this line are bearing fruit was most abundantly shown by the Concert last light.

"It was an unqualified success. From the time the orchestra struck up the opening number on the programme—a Turkish March by Beethoven—to the closing song, 'Forth Into the Meadows,' by Misses Such and Patrick, soloists, and a well-trained chorus, it was one great flood of deep, rich, pulsing music—full of thought and feeling always.

"It was all very beautiful, and the young ladies on the programme acquitted themselves with great credit and with honor to the institution which has so carefully and thoroughly trained them.

"Notwithstanding the great crowd and crush last night everybody was in a good humor, and the exercises throughout were thoroughly enjoyed.

"Following was the programme for the envening:

BEETHOVEN, ... *Turkish March*

ORCHESTRA AND PIANO.

GRODSKY, ... *Barcarolle*

Piano—MISS MAUDE WILCOX.

NEIDLINGER, . . . *"The Stars are Shining"*

Mezzo-Soprano—MISS FLORENCE HOLT.

ALARD, ... *Sevillana*

Violin—MISS ETHEL NORRIS.

SCHUBERT–LISZT, . . . *"Thou Art my Rest"*

Piano—MISS MARY BYNUM.

GREGH, ... *"Open thy Lattice"*

Mezzo-Soprano—MISS LOULA BRIGGS.

EICHBERG, ... *Serenata*

Violins—MISSES FLORENCE BOYLAN,
SARAH CHESHIRE,
R. V. WARD.
Piano—MR. A. A. MACK.

GODARD, ... *Bolero*

 Piano—MISS ETHEL WAITT.

GURLITT, ... *"Overture Marionettes"*

ORCHESTRA.

Piano—MISSES EVA LEE,
MAUDE WILCOX.

SHELLEY, ... *"Love's Sorrow"*

Mezzo-Soprano—MISS FLORENCE HOLT.

RAFF, ... *Villanella*

Piano—MISS EVA LEE.

DANCLA, ... *Petite Symphony*

Violins—MISS HELEN SMEDES,
MASTER JAMES THOMAS.

GOUNOD–JAELL, ... *"Faust" Waltz*

Piano—MISS PATTY LEWIS.

SCHUBERT, ... *"Forth to the Meadows"*

Soloists—MISSES OLIVIA PATRICK,
JULIA SUCH.

CHORUS.

ORCHESTRA.

Piano—MISS EVA LEE,
PATTY LEWIS.

Organ—MISS FLORENCE SLATER.

ORCHESTRAL CLASS (VIOLINS).

MISSES FLORENCE BOYLAN,
PAULINE CAMERON,
SARAH CHESHIRE,
ETHEL NORRIS,
BELLE PESCUD,
HELEN SMEDES,
WINDHAM TRAPIER,
EDNA WATSON,
R. V. WARD,
MASTER JAMES THOMAS,
MR. W. H. KING.

Cymbals—MISS ANNIE CHESHIRE. *Drum*—MISS ANNIE ROOT.

Triangle—MISS MARY SMEDES.

"The violin and orchestral class has been under Miss Ward, and Miss Such has had charge of the vocal department. Prof. Mack was assisted in his piano instruction by Miss Dowd. Last night's Concert gave evidence of the best and most thorough instruction and training in all these departments. In time, tone and phrasing the results could hardly have been better."

Seldom have we had such beautiful weather for the Commencement exercises, and seldom have the parlors of St. Mary's been so thronged as they were on Thursday morning, June 10th. Everything was most favorable, the essays were good, varied in subject and interesting in style, the music was well selected and well rendered, and above all the service in the Chapel was wonderfully impressive and inspiring. Nothing could have been more appropriate and more beautiful than Dr. Marshall's address, which spoke direct from his heart to ours. All of the music was fine, and the Cantate by Goss, and the Processional, "We March, We March to Victory," composed by Mr. Mack for St. Mary's girls, both sung with organ and orchestral accompaniment, were glorious.

In speaking of the exercises of Thursday morning we again quote from the *News and Observer:*

"The young ladies who graduated and received their diplomas at St. Mary's School yesterday were:

"Miss NANNIE G. CLARK, of Tarboro.

"MISS MARY M. HANFF, of Raleigh.

"Miss LILY E. KOONCE, of Raleigh.

"Miss THEODORA MARSHALL, of Raleigh.

"Miss ISABEL W. PESCUD, of Raleigh.

"Things which repeat themselves are apt to pall; but this is not always true. It is not true of Commencement at St. Mary's. Graduating Day there is always simple, ever fresh, and therefore interesting. There is no pandering to popular applause. Always there is the ease and assurance born of modest merit and a cheerful absence of the unnatural in these exercises.

"This was especially true of the exercises there yesterday. They could not have been simpler, sweeter, better. Every friend of the school must have felt proud of what he there saw and heard.

"For fifty-seven long years this institution has been in existence—during all this time the exercises have been held in the same little Chapel, nestling among the stately oaks. During this time thousands of North Carolina's noblest women have been educated here and sent out to bless the world and make it better with their influence. But never, during all this long and honorable career, has this famous institution shown to better advantage than during the Commencement exercises just closed.

"The programme yesterday morning began with the reading of essays by members of the graduating class.

"To Miss Lily Koonce, the Salutatorian of the class, fell the very pleasant duty of welcoming those who were present. This she did in a most pleasing manner.

"In the discussion of the main subject of her essay, "The Formative Power of Nature-Studies," she said the study of any phrase of nature gives breadth and freedom of thought and action. There is a grand simplicity, unostentation in the man who lives near to Nature's heart.

"In the child in school nature-study cultivates closeness of observation and accuracy of details. The eyes are opened to the beauties of the world as never before. The ugly and commonplace take on a new beauty and a new glory. If you would study a true communistic colony then go out and watch the lower animals—spend a day near an ant colony. See how these little creatures accomplish by instinct what man spends so many years trying to do—and then, perhaps, never does. Nature is all things to all men. To each one of us she speaks a varied language and always and ever she tells us something new.

"In her essay—"Greetings and Farewells"—Miss Mary M. Hanff said that all nations—both civilized and barbarian—have some form of greeting and farewell. The most common is the kiss; in some other countries it is by rub-

bing noses. The bow is everywhere. The most popular mode of greeting in civilized nations is hand-shaking. So common has it become that it is to-day spreading to savage tribes, and to-day the Esquimau is shaking hands.

"The hand-shake is an index of character. Different forms of hand-shake were prescribed and the heartiest and most heartless of all was declared the political hand-shake. Words of salutation are used in all countries—inquiries after the health and the like. Sometimes they mean something, most often they are mere formalities. And yet, the greeting and farewell are sacred things—what could be more so—the "Good-bye, God bless you."

"Le Drame de la France et de l'Espagne was the subject of the essay read by Miss Isabel W. Pescud. It was written in French and was most admirably read by the fair young writer.

"'The Boy in Fiction' was Miss Teodora Marshall's subject. 'What are little boys made of any way?' she asked. We all know the old saying that little girls are lumps of sugar, spice, powder and perfume; while the boy is made of snaps and snarls and little dogs' tails—dirty, sticky, thoughtless and quarrelsome. This can hardly be true, however, for if it were, boys would not be so nice as we sometimes find them.

"Nor can we believe that the boys of long ago were such boys as that—certainly if we believe our fathers and grandfathers they were not. They never got their clothes dirty or dragged cats around by their tails. Oh, no. They went to church with their mother, sat up straight, sang like a siren and never got sleepy and tumbled off the seat. They didn't even look around at the pretty girls.

"The boy characters in modern fiction—Thackeray's, Captain Maryat's, Mark Twain's and George Eliot's—were discussed and criticised. Tom in the 'Mill on the Floss,'

the essayist declared the true boy—true to life and true to nature. But of all boy characters 'Sentimental Tommy' is perhaps the most interesting and hard to be surpassed.

"'The Work of Two Women'—Mrs. Humphrey Ward and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps—was discussed by Miss Nannie G. Clark.

"Both of these writers, Miss Clark said, were highly educated, having received the most thorough training possible. Both are writers of great power, and both are working along the same line, dealing with the great problems of the human race. But Mrs. Phelps possesses one advantage. She is perhaps not so highly educated as Mrs. Ward, but she is from the people, and can draw them and their characteristics with a more deft and faithful pen. Mrs. Ward, on the other hand, possesses the superior training, and began her work later in life, therefore it is more mature. Mrs. Ward is an Englishwoman, and writes from a European stand-point, while Mrs. Phelps sees the world through American spectacles. Both are alike in their desire to help mankind, they differ only in their point of view. Both have done much for the world, and there is many a woman on both sides of the ocean that can rise up and call them blessed.

"At the conclusion of her essay, Miss Clark, as Valedictorian of her class, bid a loving adieu, on behalf of the graduates, to their beloved *Alma Mater*, its Rector and teachers and their school-mates. It was a sad duty, simply and touchingly performed.

"The programme for the day was as follows:

1. SALUTATORY AND ESSAY—The Formative Power of Nature-Studies.

MISS LILY E. KOONCE.

2. THE MILKMAID, ... *Coombs*

Soprano—MISS MAY JENKINS.

3. Essay—Greetings and Farewells.
Miss Mary M. Hanff.

4. Turkish March, ... *Cooper*
Violin—Miss Florence Boylan.

5. Essay—Le Drame de la France et de l'Espagne.
Miss Isabel W. Pescud.

6. La Sarrentina, ... *Mack*
Piano—Miss Annie Shaw.

7. Essay—The Boy in Fiction.
Miss Theodora Marshall.

8. Essay and Valedictory—The Work of Two Women.
Miss Nannie G. Clark.

"The exercises in the Chapel began at 12:30 o'clock, with Processional Hymn 514, the music of which was written by Professor Albert A. Mack, Director of the Department of Music, especially for this occasion, and dedicated to St. Mary's by the author. It was very beautiful, and was the subject of much admiring comment.

"Then came the reading of the Roll of Honor by the Rector, Dr. Smedes. It was as follows:

"ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.

"Jennie G. B. Trapier (98.7), Cecye R. Dodd (98.6), Janie S. Pearson, Martha B. Lewis, Frances V. Womble, Isabel Busbee (half term), Christiana Busbee, Nannie G. Clark, Lily E. Koonce, Sarah S. Root, Nannie Belvin, Olivia B. Patrick (half term), Julia H. Harris, Eliza N. Simmons, Mary C. Thompson, Rosa Ashe Battle, Annie Webb Cheshire, Bettie D. Windley, Margaret N. C. Trapier, Annie Gales Root, Isabella W. Pescud, Mary M. Hanff, Ethel S. Dorsey, Margaret N. Smedes, Elsie N. Walker, Jessamine M. Higgs, Paul Pittinger, Theodora Marshall, Louise Pittinger, Mary Smedes, Helen Smedes, Alice Love, Marion H. Virnelson, Mary P. Ashe, Fannie S. Sams, Annie Louise Shaw, Ethel

Worrell (half term), Lena Whitfield, L. Kate Cannady, Bessie Trapier, Mariam Allen (half term).

"PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

"Josephene Engelhard Boylan (97), Juliet Crews (96), Catharine Boylan (95), Katie M. Smith, Hannah Ashe.

"HONORABLE MENTION.

"*Honorable mention for good work and improvement:* Edna E. Watson, May L. Jenkins, Caroline M. Means, Olive L. Armstrong, Kate McK. Hawley, Annie R. Barnes, Sallie Harris, Mary G. Smith, Rosa K. Dughi, Annie M. Dughi, Josephine Brown, Nina Green, Myrtle Underwood, Louise Urquhart, Belle Moncure, Belle Hay, Ethel Shaffer.

"*Music—Piano:* Olive Armstrong, Charlotte Britt (half term), Annie Cheshire, Margaret Clayton, Kate Cannady, Ethel Dorsey, Fay Glaser, Eliza Hodges, May Jenkins, Allie Lee, Caroline Means, Ethel Norris, Janie Pearson, Annie Root, Fanny Sams, Mary Smedes, Margaret Smedes, Louise Urquhart, Bessie Woodward.

"*Volcal Music:* Eliza Busbee, Adelaide Snow, May Jenkins.

"*Honorable mention in French:* Fay Glaser, Elise Walker, Margaret Trapier, Mary Thompson, Bettie Windley, Fannie Sams, Mary Smith, Sadie Root, Belle Gulley, Olive Armstrong, Elizabeth Montgomery.

"*Honorable mention in Science:* Lily Koonce, Mattie Redford, Kate Hawley, Laura Tonnoffski.

"DISTINCTIONS.

"First Distinction in Vocal Music: Loula Briggs.

"Second Distinction: Florence Holt.

"First Distinction in Music—Piano: Pattie Lewis, Eva Lee, Maude Wilcox, Ethel Waitt, Mary Bynum.

" Second Distinction: Annie Shaw.

" First Distinction in Violin: Ethel Norris, Florence Boylan, Sarah Cheshire, Helen Smedes, James Thomas.

" First Distinction in Water-color Painting: Elizabeth Briggs, Susan Marshall.

" First Distinction in Science: Sadie Root, Margaret Clayton.

" First Distinction in French: Kate Hawley, Jennie Trapier, Janie Pearson.

" First Distinction in Charcoal Drawing: Lucy West.

" Certificate in Drawing and Painting: Pattie Lewis, Sadie Root.

" Certificate in Mathematics: Cecye R. Dodd.

" Certificate in History, Literature, Latin and Botany: Frances V. Womble.

" Certificate in Mathematics, History, Literature, Latin: Pattie Lewis.

" PRIZES.

" For Best Examination in Musical History: Eva B. Lee.

" For Special Work in English Literature: Mary L. Jenkins.

" For Best Collection in Natural History: Mary Smedes.

" After the reading of the Roll of Honor the address to the graduates was delivered by the Rev. Dr. M. M. Marshall, Rector of Christ Church. It was a strong, thoughtful talk—ornate but terse, full of suggestions enriched by long experience. A glowing tribute to St. Mary's and the work there being done by Dr. Smedes it was, and at the same time it was a fatherly talk to the graduates and students and a polished, scholarly address, whose every word was worth the close attention and consideration of even the most careless visitor.

"DR. MARSHALL'S ADDRESS.

"'*My Reverend Brother, Young Ladies of the Graduating Class, Teachers, Pupils and Friends of St. Mary's:* It is no small privilege to to be enabled to participate in the interesting exercises and sweet services of this day and place; nor am I using the language of mere conventional courtesy in saying so. It is no small privilege to quit for a while the cares and toils of this work-a-day world and on a bright June day like this, when all nature is in her most gladsome mood, and the very air is redolent with the fragrance of flowers and musical with the notes of singing birds, to wend our way under the deep shadows of these venerable oaks to this hallowed little House of Prayer and to enter into the spirit and joyousness of this occasion. It is no small privilege for those of us who are older and have longer 'borne the burden and heat of the day' to have our hearts gladdened by the happiness and hopefulness of these innocent young faces and fair forms, and to sit under the spell of the sweet voices that lift us to the contemplation of higher and holier things. We recall our own youthful days. We share with you the bright hopes and innocent joys of this red-letter day in your calendar.

"'We can even understand the keen anticipation of delight that comes to you at the prospect of an early reunion with loved ones at home; and we would feign dispel, if we might, for this day at least, the slightest shadow that might mar the serenity of such sunshine with the thought of the severance of the ties that for years have so closely bound you together as class-mates and as pupils and teachers and friends, or with the still more sober sense of responsibility incident to the end of one's school-days and the entrance upon the severer duties of life.

"'But these experiences, in a measure at least, might have been ours elsewhere. The exercises might have been

held in Metropolitan Hall or the Opera House, and so under circumstances perhaps of greater éclat, of more show and parade and popular notoriety. Yet, to my mind, at least one of the chief charms of the annual closing exercises of this dear old institution is that they have never, in all its fifty-five years' history, taken place elsewhere than on these grounds and in this sweet little Chapel.

"'St. Mary's has always stood for modest merit and not popular show.

"'Like a halo of glory the precious influences of our holy religion are thrown around her children at their first entrance into this modest little sanctuary, and day by day—on Sunday and holy day and every day—are they led here for prayer and praise to the loving Father and taught the beauty of holiness. And at the end, when they are to go forth into the busy battle of life, they are again summoned here, as on this day, to receive, with their countless tender associations, the parting benediction of these hallowed walls.

"'This, to some, may seem a small matter. I think it means a great deal. It means that St. Mary's is, first of all, a school for Christ. It means that while the highest culture is not wanting for the mind and body, that while music and art and all the other accomplishments that adorn and beautify true womanhood, 'that our daughters may be as the polished corners of the temple,' that while these things receive their due share of attention, still they are held as subordinate to the 'ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is, in the sight of God, of great price."

"'It means, in short, the difference between a Christian education and a mere secular education.

"'The question of the day is education with God or without God, a creedless school, where the young may believe anything or nothing, or a Christian school, where they

are brought up 'in the nurture and admonition the of Lord,' and grounded in the faith of their fathers.

"'I believe there was never a time in the history of this country when the outlook was more critical and ominous than the present.

"'Outside enemies are clamoring at the doors of the Church, crying 'Down with it, down with it, even to the ground.' It is impossible to misread the leading tendencies of the age. Let the franchise be practically placed in the hands of every one—as is now well-nigh the case—and what will the future of the Church and the State be, when this great power is wielded by those who have been brought up without any definite religious faith?

"'Is it not true that much of the policy of the day is to shut God out of our schools as in some quarters He has been shut out of the Legislature and commerce? Is it not true that in certain schools and universities that pupils are taught by those who openly profess unbelief and talk of the incarnation and kindred doctrines as 'beautiful myths?' And is it not true that if God is left out of our education, if the brain is taught and the soul forgotten, we are training recruits for the revolutions, the atheism, and the anarchy of the future?

"'Matthew Arnold tells us how he heard children questioned in a French school, and asked to whom they were indebted for their comforts and advantages, their books and pictures, their schools and beautiful city. And the answer came, 'My country is my benefactor.' God is shut out of the schools of France, and we see the result. Said a famous French Bishop at a critical period in the history of that unhappy country, 'The hope of France is in our mothers.' My friends, it is true of every country and at all times.

"'Every good man owes the best part of himself to his earliest and best teacher—his mother.

"'In every age women have mainly made the history of the world. Men for the most part have done the deeds, but women have made the men and led the men.

"'And the sphere of her mighty influence for good or for evil is the Home Circle. This is her kingdom. Here she has no rival. She reigns supreme. And for the first of all she should be educated and trained. Not to enter the lists with men in their headlong pursuit of wealth, or power, or place; not for the hustings, nor the platform, nor the Legislature, nor courts of law, nor the pulpit, nor even for the right of suffrage in parochial elections; but rather for those holy influences of the cultured Christian home, where as daughter, sister, wife, mother, she sways the moral world as no other force does or can.

"'To you, my reverend brother, I tender my most respectful and affectionate congratulations, that these sound principles of female education, for which St. Mary's has always stood, are to-day better understood and appreciated by her friends everywhere than ever before. The Church in the Diocese and State seems at last to have awakened to a more adequate sense of its obligations to your sainted father and to yourself; and every indication points to an early realization of hopes long deferred, that the heavy pecuniary burden which, with self-sacrificing devotion, you have for long years so uncomplainingly borne, will soon be lifted—and thus resting on a more substantial and permanent foundation, this dear old nursery of the daughters of the Church will go on in its glorious career of untold usefulness with accelerated pace and ever-increasing scope and power. Certainly it must be so if I do not greatly overestimate the love and loyalty of two generations of her children who rise up and call her blessed.

"'And to you, also, young ladies of the graduating class, I offer my most sincere and heart-felt congratulations. As

I have stood here on occasions like this, year after year for a quarter of a century, and witnessed the award of these modest diplomas to the graduating class, the thought has invariably occurred to me, I had rather be a Dr. Smedes, the instrument and agent of such meritorious awards, than to decorate the breast of the most successful warrior that lives or has lived. And why? The jewels and stars and crosses and badges and decorations that glitter, amid a profusion of gold lace, upon the breast of a soldier, mean courage and bloodshed and desolate homes, wives made widows and children fatherless, countless untimely graves, untold suffering and sorrow and sin and crime, and all forsooth that some fellow mortal or puny power may toy with the bauble fame for their little day and then pass away. What is all earthly glory at such a price?

" 'Now, on the other hand, what do these little rolls of parchment mean? They are meant to accentuate those eternal principles of right, of mental and moral discipline, and of duty faithfully done, that are at the very basis of all that is good and wise and holy, of all real human progress and blessing and happiness.

" 'They are a token of industry and diligence and self-denial, of obedience to authority and of conscientious faithfulness that bespeak for you severally careers of happiness for yourselves and of usefulness and blessing to all about you.

" 'The great Erasmus, first scholar and teacher of his age, taught his pupils to say: ' We boys will always remember our Master, Jesus, the Boy of boys.' If I may venture to paraphrase this wise counsel of a great man, I should say, young ladies, that you cannot adopt a better class motto for your subsequent guidance than: 'We girls will always remember St. Mary, the patron Saint of our *Alma Mater* and the Woman of women.'

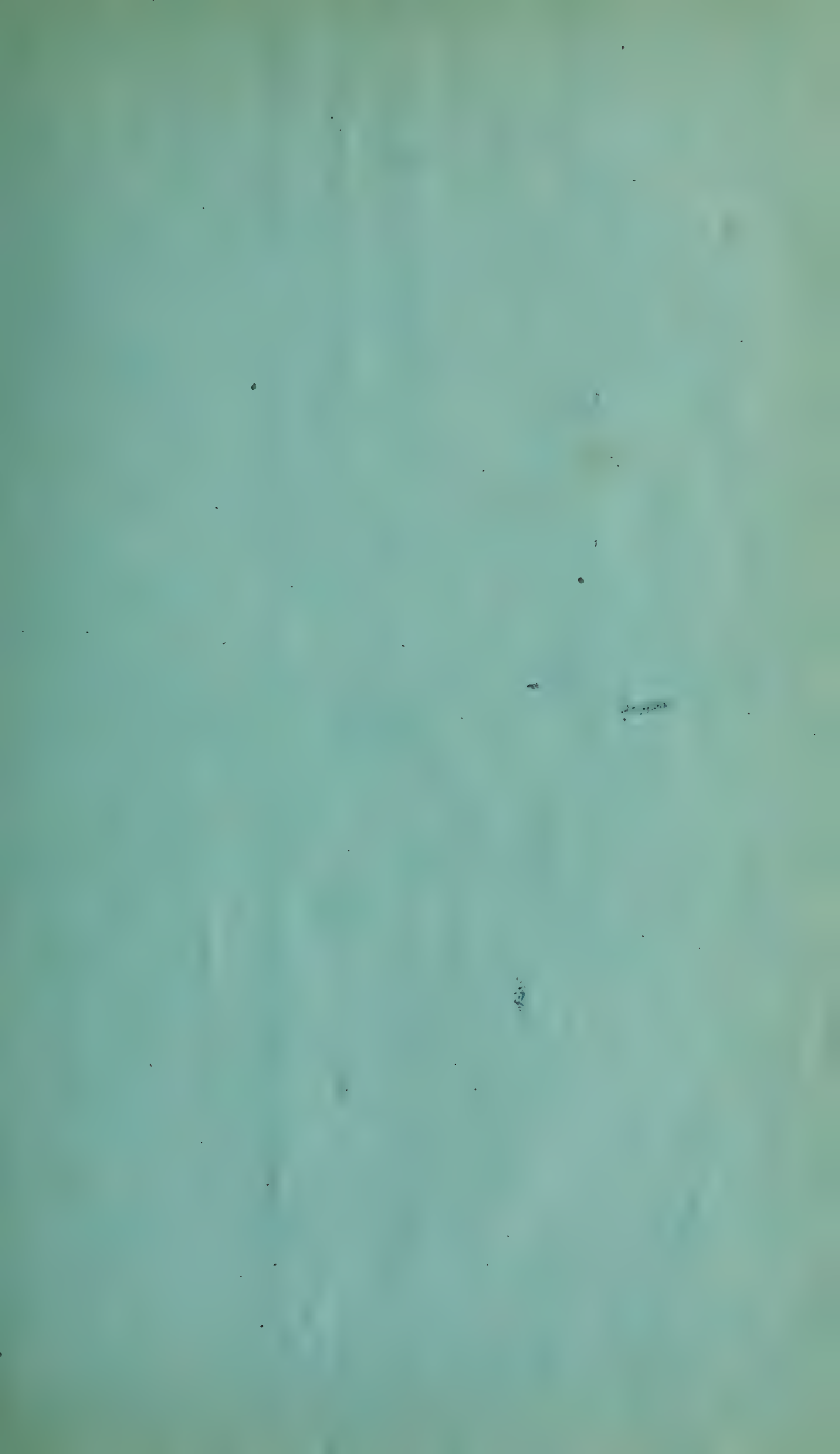
"'How dear that name to every Christian heart! What a perfect model of all that is pure and holy and of good report! And yet how little we hear of her in the gospels! Honored and blessed as never woman was in being the chosen mother of the Son of God, she was content to abide at home; pondering God's messages in her heart, ministering to her Divine Son as in her humble home He 'increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man'—last at the Cross, first at the empty tomb, looking ever unto Jesus and making her whole life subordinate to His love and service.

"'Young ladies, never forget the glory and dignity of womanhood. 'Heaven's last, best gift to man'; and never forget from whom you get this dignity, even from our Lord Jesus Christ.

"'It was on a woman's breast that the Son of God found earthly refuge. It was to a woman that Jesus gave the first news of His resurrection.

"'And this, young ladies, is the true mission of every Christian woman to teach those around you, the household, the busy men, the gospel of the higher life—the Gospel of the Resurrection. And better far than the most gifted preacher's voice from the pulpit is this done with the still small voice of love and gentleness, and sweet temper and purity—by that most powerful of all sermons—a good example.

"'Young ladies, I bid you Godspeed. I pray for you God's blessing.'"



ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1898.

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THE USE OF FOLK-SONG IN MUSIC.

As the voice was the earliest way which people had of audibly expressing their feelings, it is natural that the first steps of musical progress should be traced to folk-songs.

We cannot truthfully say that there is any music in the barbaric stage of these songs, although some have thought that there are musical tones in the howls of a savage warrior, but as civilization advances, here and there spring up strains short and almost unintelligible, which gain in symmetry and meaning with the growth of the nation.

Music is closely akin to language, in fact it has been called "the language of the world"; to each nation it expresses feeling in its own tongue, to each individual it means more than words. Music and poetry develop together—one is hardly complete without the other,—both depend upon the character and climate of the country to which they belong. It is as Wagner has said, music must not claim precedence of poetry, nor must poetry exclude music, because music is capable of vastly intensifying the emotional effect of the words."

Folk-songs come from the heart of the people—from those who sing as they toil, who sing as they rest; perhaps no one piece is produced by one man; one person invents a beautiful strain, another adds to it, and so it is handed down through the ages, touched with the feelings of thousands, each of whom has made it his own, having added to it his heart-felt joy or sorrow.

"Thus," as it has been said, "the simple voice of song travels onward, from mouth to mouth, from heart to heart, the language of general sorrows, hopes and memories, strange and yet near to every one, centuries old, yet never growing older, since the human heart, whose history it relates in so many images, remains forever the same."

Two things, language and scenery, give character and color to folk-songs, for instance, the people of the Highlands show in their songs a different spirit from those living on the sea-shore. The songs of the hunter are as varied as the songs of the sailor. The rugged, somber and oft-times uncouth folk-songs of the north stand in strong contrast to the gay, melodious and rythmically simple songs of the south.

No people could make folk-tunes without having a musical impulse, for the likings and tastes of the people, as well as their sensibilities, are shown by their musical utterance, for instance, the music of a savage people is wild and like themselves, fierce and barbarous; of a gay, lively people spritely and light; of a demonstrative people, full of rythm and loveliness; of an earnest or poetical people dignified and noble.

A large number of folk-songs were brought into existence by connection with stories, poems, and ballads, and, according to the nature of the people, music was set to them.

But, whatever the people, we will find by close study, that folk-songs are at the basis of all truly national music, and that in these simple songs one great master after another has found his inspiration.

The German choral developed from the "Volkslied" (for in times long passed into history there was no difference in the so-called secular and sacred music), was the firm rock upon which the giant Bach built his vast cathedral of tone. Beethoven and Mozart, Schumann and Schu-

bert, each in many of their master-pieces, plainly show the influence of the peculiarities of the writers.

Another illustration of the people's songs is found in the art work of the great Chopin. Especially in his Mazurkas and Polonaises the national element is very pronounced. In order to do full justice to these compositions, and, above all, to the capricious Mazurkas, the interpreter must be of Polish or related nationality, and to this characteristic must be added a grace and subtilty essentially French, making altogether a combination at once unique and far-reaching in its effect upon the art music since Chopin's time.

Chopin recognized every beauty of his native songs. "It seems to have been his vocation to express the complaint of the soul of suffering Poland in the language of his art."

The weirdest element which we find in national music is that trace left by the strangest of all people, the gypsies, and Liszt, the chief exponent of Hungarian music, has clearly seen and seized this distinctive note.

As the Hungarian language is corrupted by foreign races, so its music is robbed of its pure nationality by the gypsies. The ancient Hungarian melody, full of characteristic rythm, lacks ornamental runs and trills, but the gypsy influence has made itself felt in a love of decoration and finery.

Unlike French, German, Italian or English gypsies, who take to tinkering, hunting, and fortune-telling for a living, the Hungarian gypsies cultivate and make a profession of music. They are, however, merely clever imitators, seizing upon any music their ears may catch and enveloping it with their own ideas, introducing here and there extra notes, runs and shakes, and adding their own peculiar bases. They wrap music which is not their own with their nationality. Their nervous temperaments, their flashing natures do not allow anything simple or classical; their music, like their dress, is full of the brightest colors, dashed here and

there with runs and trills, which dangle throughout the piece like the coarse metal ornaments they wear.

Every city, town or smallest Hungarian village has its gypsy band. Sometimes their leaders do not know their notes, and the best of them are usually trained by a wandering musician of another nation, each member learns his part by ear from the leader, and then adds his own entrancing music to the part. Their songs contain great power, they can bring the hardest-hearted Hungarian to tears by their music, and each song tells of the character of the individual who plays it.

Liszt, that wonderful master of the piano, has done for his own country, Hungary, what Chopin did for Poland. He has utilized the music of the gypsies, their style and their love of glitter and show in that world-known set of piano pieces, called by him "Hungarian Rhapsodies." But not alone, here, does this strong influence show itself; even in some of Liszt's church compositions the Hungarian looks forth, and as Lizst was a man of cosmopolitan mind and habits, we often have a strange mixture of French, German, and Hungarian elements.

The gypsy leads us naturally to the Indian. We are accustomed to look upon the Indians as a barbarous and savage race, so we cannot imagine that there is much music in their natures. As we hear them singing around their camp-fires, their voices seem to us altogether harsh and unmusical, but when their music and musical natures are studied, we are surprised to find that some of their songs and melodies are well worth comparison with the folk-songs of other nations. Their rythm is as complicated as that of Chopin, Mendelssohn and Schumann, their time varies from $\frac{2}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, from $\frac{4}{4}$ to $\frac{5}{4}$, two drum beats to one vocal sound. We cannot judge their music from what we know of the people, for to the white man, the Indian's subjector, they

are naturally reserved and foreign, and to make a study of Indian music is to be their friend, enjoy their pleasures, feel their pains and enter into the spirit of their lives; then, and only then, can we know of the music that lies underneath their hardened surfaces.

The folk-song, as it is known in older nations, is not easy to find in America. Some claim to see it in these songs of the Indian, others in the songs of the negro, but this much is certain, we do not have many songs laden with the joys of the generations long since gone. What such a song might be we see in "The Old Kentucky Home."

Thus we cannot lay claim to a national school of composers, although there are born in this country those who are, in the estimation of the best and severest critics, fully the equals of the foremost living European composers.

Such a one is Edward MacDowell, who is making the interesting experiment of utilizing Indian melodies in some of his latest orchestral works with the greatest success. Should he succeed in striking a new and hitherto unknown source of inspiration, and be able to turn the musical thoughts of the day in a new direction, we may proudly place him along side of those musical nationalists—Grieg—Dovrak—Remsky—Korsakoff,—and say that in Edward MacDowell we have a truly great American composer.

Of all the composers who have taken the folk-songs as the basis of many of their greatest compositions, no one has reached the height of Richard Wagner.

ANNIE L. SHAW.

F. H. BURNETT AS A NOVELIST.

Mrs. Burnett, before she became the famous author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," spent her earlier life like any other little English girl. She herself tells the story of it, as no one else could, in "The One I Knew the Best of All." Though she was surrounded by relatives and friends, this "Small Person" was cut off from the outside world by a high fence which enclosed the square in which she lived, for it was then customary for nice people of the same rank to live together in these squares.

Here, in a park, she played games with her little friends. Then, when all were tired of play, she would tell them stories: a youthful type of stories, in which the hero was always a tall brunette, with fierce black eyes, and the heroine a rather slender, fair person.

Then a house in the square was sold, and the square became a thoroughfare for the workers in a factory near by. Though this admitted a disagreeable element into the life of the inhabitants, *we* can never regret it, since it was among these factory-girls that Mrs. Burnett first saw Joan, "That Lass o' Lowrie's." She was a beautiful, stately girl; and after Frances had once been attracted by her she used to watch for her as she passed by, a little later they spoke to each other, then they talked and became really acquainted.

Frances was an imaginative child, a child like "Little Lord Fauntleroy," "Sara Crew," and "Little Saint Elizabeth," whose characters she describes with such truth and pathos. She understands child nature so well because her own childhood is such a vivid reality to her. Never before have we had so delicate an analysis of the mind of a child as that given us in "The One I Knew the Best of All."

In her preface she says: "I have so often wished that I could see the minds of young things with a sight stronger than that of very interested eyes, which can only see from the *outside.* There must be so many thoughts for which child courage and child language have not the exact words. So, remembering that there was one child of whom I could write with certain knowledge and from the inside point of view, I began to make a little sketch of 'The One I Knew the Best of All.'"

How many of us have had an experience similar to the one thus vividly described.

In a moment of extreme hunger the "Small Person" has fallen into temptation and bought a parkin, a spicy thing made of molasses and oatmeal and flavored with ginger. (It can only be found in Lancashire and Yorkshire). Immediately horror of her deed overcame her. She felt that she had disgraced her family. Her mamma was a lady, and her little daughter had gone and bought a half-penny parkin on trust. And the Body was mouldering in the sideboard, on the second shelf in the little cupboard. I think she would have faded away and perished with the parkin—but there came relief.

She had two brothers older than herself. The younger of the two was a combative little fellow, with curly hair, a belted-in roundabout, a broad white collar, and two broad white front teeth. In some moment of severest stress of anguish she confessed herself to him. That he berated her roundly it is not unlikely, but his points of view concerning the crime were not as disproportionately exalted as her own. His masculine vigor would not permit her to be utterly crushed, nor the family honor lost. He was a Man and a Capitalist as well as a Man and a Brother. He had a penny of his own; he had also a noble and Napoleonic nature. He went to the cottage of Mrs. Rimmer,

and paid for the parkin. So the blot was erased from the escutcheon, and the criminal breathed again. Like Sara Crew's, Frances' life was made up of "supposes." Sometimes, as in the case just mentioned, they made her miserable; but when the family came to America, for financial reasons, they not only made her life bearable but pleasant. She needed only a ramble in the woods to cheer her up when gloomy; to inspire her when things became prosaic; to make her feel young and happy always.

Into the work which their changed circumstances made necessary, she entered with her whole heart. She opened a little school, and as the whole community was poor, she was sometimes paid in cabbages, carrots or potatoes; which were acceptable just then.

She often looked at her faded silks and wished that they might be exchanged for the pretty, fresh calicoes which the American girls wore—but—no, she could not afford a calico. Gradually she began to realize that their poverty was real, and then she conceived the plan of sending one of her stories to a magazine. She could write the story easily, but on what? She had no suitable paper; and what about the postage? Of course she could have asked her "big" brother for both, but little Frances was too—well, not exactly proud, but she knew that he didn't have much money; and then she wanted it to be a surprise. So she and her sisters picked some wild grapes that grew near, paid a little colored girl to sell them, and with this hard-earned money bought the necessary articles.

The first story was accepted, but the young author received as her only compensation a request to be heard from again. Since this bold step her career has been one of almost unlimited brilliancy and success.

What has she done to attain her position? What does she write? She does *not* write social, religious or political

novels; neither does she write the summer novel, the novel which has been called, quite appropriately, the hammock or lounging novel, the kind that one reads in warm weather to rest the brain. She *is* a novelist who writes about real people and their real actions; like Bret-Harte, she writes of ordinary life touched with the pathos or humor which belongs to it.

As R. H. Stoddard says, "Mrs. Burnett discovers gracious secrets in rough and forbidding natures—the sweetness that often underlies their bitterness—the soul of goodness in things evil." She writes primarily for the story, as she herself tells us "The story is my best beloved who has staid by me all my life, making dull things bright, and bright things brilliant, who has touched the face of all the world with a tender hand, who has never deserted me." And though the story is not generally deep, it performs the good intended by the author, and leaves us in a kindlier humor towards mankind generally, and especially towards the particular class we happen to have been reading about.

We are not conscious of a distinct purpose in "Louisiana," but when we have finished the tender story we know very well that Mrs. Burnett wishes to show us *what* honesty and gentleness are sometimes hidden under the roughest exterior.

Mrs. Burnett delights in light contrasts. In "The Fair Barbarian" there is a ludicrous contrast between the free-and-easy, unconventional American girl and her prim, decorous English aunt, Miss Belinda Bassett, and others of her type. They are shocked and almost terrified at Octavia's utter disregard of conventionalities, but after awhile they learn rightly to value her sincerity and genuineness. Notwithstanding this, we are hardly more than touched at Octavia's trials.

In "Kathleen" we are more than interested from the first; with anxiety and hope we watch the complex character of Kathleen unfold itself; but we must believe that the pure, unselfish part, the real Kathleen, which was fostered by her grandmother, will, in the end, triumph over the worldly-minded part, which was chaperoned by her aunt.

Mrs. Burnett was indeed in her best mood when writing this book. She depicts with the gentlest touch the home-life of the hero's sister: a very sweet little lady she is, Barbara Armadale. Fair-faced, blond-haired and clear-eyed, and with three absorbing passions which fill up her bright, happy, busy life as a bright, happy, busy young wife and mother. The first of these passions is for "Alf," or, more properly, Mr. Armadale, who is as bright and cheerful as herself; the next for the children, whom Mr. Armadale calls the baby, the little baby, and the least baby of all; and the last, but not the least, is for her brother Carl, whom she regards as the most perfect being on earth—next to "Alf." Her life was one continued honey-moon, because the real honey-moon had been one whose brightness had been the reflex of her own sunny sweetness and affectionate temperament. And this is the lesson Mrs. Burnett teaches in all of her books, that character is character, no matter where it is, or in what environment. That rude and severe as the outside sometimes is, there is good in everything and in everybody.

What she herself says of "Vagabondia" may be said of almost any of her books. "It is the story of a light-hearted, easy-going, and perhaps light-headed people"; but, if this last is true, it is "very evident that their light hearts and light heads rose above their knowledge of their light purses."

Dolly, or Dorothea, the heroine, is not a beauty, but a fresh, wholesome little body, whose air of novelty was her chief charm. "It isn't the mere fact of being a beauty that

makes women popular," she would say, "it's the being able to persuade people that you are one—or better than one." But this self same Dolly was more of a person than you might think. She was the family contriver and nucleus, but a very loving and lovable person, and with her other qualities her power of love was predominant.

Mrs. Burnett's characters are real because they are taken from nature. They are people she has met, perhaps known slightly, and her vivid imagination supplied all that was lacking.

Joan was a real person—the Lancashire dialect is real. Here is an instance of it given to some one as a direction: Goo to'th loon eend, turn to'th reet, then spar-r, which means Go to the end of the street, turn to the right, then ask.

"That Lass o' Lowrie's" is a story of the development of a rude pit girl into a noble woman, symbolizing the possibility of all triumph over surrounding evil.

Around the figure of the heroine are grouped with artistic skill other characters, well drawn and life-like, yet subordinate. Joan is well worth being the heroine of any book; she is queenly, noble-looking and noble too.

There was an explosion in the mines; Derrick, the civil engineer, was in them at the time. She and a male friend of his brought him out, and Joan, by her careful nursing, saved his life. Then, when he came to ask her to be his wife, she thought it must be gratitude or some similar feeling that prompted him. So she said, "I cannot—I cannot listen."

"No, no," he said, "you will listen. You gave me back my life. You will not make it worthless? If you cannot love me," his voice shaking, "it would have been less cruel to have left me where you found me—a dead man—for whom all pain was over."

He stopped. The woman trembled from head to foot. She raised her eyes from the ground and looked at him, catching her breath.

Yo'are askin' me to be yo're wife!" she said. "Me!"

"I love you," he answered. "You, and no other woman!"

She waited a moment, and then turned suddenly away from him, and leaned against the tree under which they were standing, resting her face upon her arm. Her hand clung among the ivy leaves and crushed them. "I conna turn yo' fro' me," she said. "Oh! I conna!"

"Thank God! Thank God!" he cried.

He would have caught her to his breast, but she held up her hand to restrain him.

"Not yet," she said, "not yet! I conna turn you fro' me, but theer's summat I must ask. Give me th' time to make myself worthy—give me th' time to work an' strive; be patient with me until th' day comes when I can come to yo' an' know I need not shame yo'. They say I am na slow at learnin—wait and see how I can work for th' mon—for th' mon I love."

Mrs. Burnett's reputation was made by "That Lass o' Lowrie's." In her later works there is a marked departure from her previous line of thought, and a "Lady of Quality" presents a unique character in fiction, which the author has developed with unwonted power.

She is now gathering material for a new book which those who are nearer her say will greatly strengthen her reputation, and that in future she will be known as the author of this book, which she intends to call "The Willoby Claim."

Olive L. Armstrong.

SIDNEY LANIER.

"Promise touches us as finished success can never do! To the former the mind gives horizons rich and varied as sunsets—to the latter the clear light of the definite deed, splendid it may be but changeless."

These words, written by the biographer of John Keats, would apply equally well to our own Southern poet, Sidney Lanier. Both felt the fire of genius burning intensely within them, both struggled valiantly for strength and life to give to the world their noblest ideals, and both died before the promise of their youth could be fulfilled.

Lanier makes constant reference to Keats "With angel nerves," to him he dedicates some of his finest poetry, and in his heart enthrones him with Chaucer, Milton, and Tennyson. Although these two poets differ widely in some respect, yet they have many points of likeness. We would expect to find a difference in them from the difference in the ages and countries in which they lived.

Keats, coming at the very beginning of that revolt from the barrenness and ugliness of the eighteenth century, feeling that there must be more in life than the skeptical intellectuality offered by a Hume or a Voltaire, tried to satisfy his soul with an absorbing love of the beautiful:

> "'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
> Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'"

For his ideals of beauty he turned to the Greeks. We see his love for the ancient classics even in the titles of his poems, the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," "Endymion," and "Hyperion." He had the real delight of the Greeks in color as color, in form as form; because a thing was lovely was to him an all-sufficient cause for its existence:

"Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing."

Lanier did not have to go back into the past to find the beautiful, it was all about him. His love for nature was throughout Teutonic and modern, he wrote about nature as he found it in his own Southern land, the broad expanse of uncultivated country, the woods, the waving corn, the wide-spread, misty marshes were his inspiration. His love for the beautiful, unlike that of Keats, was not so much for the outward loveliness, but for its deep and hidden meaning. Everything, even to the tiniest flower, spoke from its own soul to his. As he lies in the forest he tells us:

"Somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground, and I looked, and my cheek lay close to a violet. Then my heart took courage, and I said:

"I know that thou art the word of my God, dear Violet;
And oh, the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads.
Measure what space a violet stands above the ground,
'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that."

Both of these poets glow with life and color; Keats, indeed, is sometimes almost tropical in his luxuriant wording, as, for instance, in the "Ode to a Nightingale," where he speaks of the vintage:

"Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!"

or of the bird that

"In embalmed darkness still sings on."

Could any phrase be more expressive of heavy, hot jessamine-scented night than "Embalmed darkness"?

Lanier writes entirely of his own more temperate clime. Of "Clover," the "Mocking-bird," "The Drowsy Bee." Only one who has lived in the far South can fully appreciate the delicious descriptions of the trees bearded with grey moss rising tall and reverend from the marshes, the "braided dusks of the oaks and woven shades of the vine." The

> "Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noonday fire,—
> Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire."

The live-oak seemed especially to appeal to him. Again in "Sunrise" he alludes to it:

> "In my sleep I was fain of their fellowship, fain
> Of the live-oak, the marsh and the main.
> The litle green leaves would not let me alone in my sleep;
> Up-breathed from the marshes a message of range and of sweep,
> Interwoven with waftures of wild sea-liberties, drifting,
> Came through the lapped leaves sifting, sifting
> Came to the gates of sleep."
> "I have waked, I have come, my beloved! I might not abide:
> I have come ere the dawn, O beloved, my live-oaks to hide
> In your gospelling glooms,—to be
> As a lover in heaven, the marsh my marsh and the sea my sea."

Sidney Lanier was passionately fond of music, and his knowledge of harmony and musical rhythm is the foundation of his peculiar poetic metres which so many persons find intricate. The instrument he cared most for was the violin, but he was forced to give it up because often he

was so overpowered by the tones he brought from it that he would lose consciousness for some moments. His musical talent had to express itself, so he turned to the flute, and the violin tones which he made from it were beautiful. His teacher says "His playing appealed alike to the musical learned and to the unlearned—for he would magnetize the listener, but the artist felt in his performance the superiority of the momentary living inspiration to all the rules and shifts of mere technical scholarship. His art was not only the art of art, but an art above art."

Lanier's gift was, truly, "Music wedded to immortal verse."

He believed that the foundation of metre was not the accented syllable, but time, just as in music, and with this idea in mind he wrote the "Science of English Verse." In this his theories are not perfected, but his suggestions are most valuable.

Lanier's privations during the war, in which he served as a Confederate private, undoubtedly sowed the seeds in a constitution naturally so weak of the disease from which he eventually died.

The whole of his married life was a struggle against poverty and his consuming illness. He felt that his life would be short, and that every moment was of value, for he realized that he had power to write, and felt that he must give to the world his best. He knew the genius within him, and to comfort his wife in the darkest hour of their uncertainty, he writes: "Now I know through the fiercest tests of life that I am in soul, and shall be in life and utterance, a great poet."

Somewhat of the courage with which he fought against hardships and disease is shown in these lines from "Sunrise":

"Old Want is awake and agog, every wrinkle afrown;
The worker must pass to his work in the terrible town:
But I fear not, nay, and I fear not the thing to be done;
I am strong with the strength of my lord the Sun:
How dark, how dark soever the race that must needs be run,
I am lit with the Sun.
Oh, never the most high run of the sea,
Of traffic shall hide thee,
Never the hell-colored smoke of the factories
Hide thee
Never the reek of the times' fen-politics
Hide thee,
And ever my heart through the night shall with knowledge abide thee,
And ever by day shall my spirit as one that hath tried thee,
Labor, at leisure in art,—till yonder beside thee,
My soul shall float, friend Sun,
The day being done."

Lanier's father wished him to live in Macon on his income, but the poet felt that he was called to something higher, and that he must not fail, so he settled in Baltimore, where he could devote all his time to music and literature. Several times he had to leave that city and go further South to arrest the cough which was killing him; each time he manfully returned, improved only enough to struggle on again for awhile longer, playing first flute in the Peabody Symphony, giving talks on Shakespeare, planning a more ambitious work on the "Science of English Verse," or delivering in a voice so faint from weakness that every ear was strained to hear those thoughtful and original lectures since embodied in the "Development of the English Novel." He was finally forced to abandon his work, and this time he went to the western part of North Carolina and camped

in the mountains. While there he was asked to write a description of that beautiful country, but the work was cut short by his death. What new beauties of that glorious mountain land might not have been revealed to us by the poet, who could touch with such splendor the "Chattahoochee" and the "Marshes of Glynn."

Lanier was a deeply religious man, his manner of expression was not conventional, but flowers, trees, clouds, all spoke to him of God. The lesson the clover teaches is this:

"God's clover, we, and feed His course of things;
The pasture is God's pasture";
"Kinsman, learn this:
The artist's market is the heart of man;
The artist's price, some little good of man.
Tease not thy vision with vain search for ends,
The end of Means is art that works by love,
The End of Ends, . . . in God's Beginnings lost."

To him, as to all true poets,

"When life's all love 'tis life;
Aught else 'tis nought, and love is God."
"God, whom my roads all reach, howe'er they run,
My Father, Friend, Belov'd, dear all—One."

Rarely by poet or artist has the night in Gethsemane been more tenderly touched:

"Into the woods my Master went clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame."

His poems of love are not numerous, but they are all full of the deepest feeling, and they are all inspired by one woman, and that woman his wife. Her love was an inspiration, her eyes his Lake of Dreams:

"In the heart of the hills of life I know
Two springs that with unbroken flow
Forever pour their lucent streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams."

"O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they—
My springs—from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams."

The world says that Lanier died young, but with him, as with Keats; it was "The life of a long life distilled to a mere drop, falling like a tear upon the world's cold cheek to make it live forever."

What he says of his ideal poet is true of himself:

"His song was only living aloud,
His work a singing with his land."

MARGARET H. SMEDES.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

For the most part in this world great men have been content to be pre-eminent in one direction, but sometimes we chance upon a man like Michael Angelo, painter, architect, sculptor, poet; or Leonardo da Vinci, sculptor, painter, musician; or Blake, poet and painter. Such a one is Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

It is a name to linger over, a name to conjure with; it brings to our minds all the flavor of that glorious Italian Age of the Divine Comedy, the conceptions of St. Peter's, the frescoes of Giotto, the Madonnas of the Bellinis, and the throbbing, enthusiastic Florence of the thirteenth century. A man with such a name could not have followed a beaten track; it is not surprising that he founded the Pre-Raphaelite school of painting and introduced a new and poetic element into the world.

The object of the new school of painting was to revive the purity, the simplicity and the richness of tone of Raphael, to cast aside mannerisms, to paint nature as it is. Holman Hunt, Sir John Millais, the two Rossettis, Stephens, the critic, Woolner, the sculptor, Madox Brown, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones are its worthy exponents.

In standing before the pictures of these men we are awed by the deep mysticism, we are held spell-bound by the brilliant coloring and the rainbow hues of the flowers, but above all we are charmed by the holiness and sweet purity ever shining from the faces on the canvas.

The wonder of Holman Hunt's picture, "The Triumph of the Innocents," consists in the bright, beautiful coloring, the rich bloom of the landscape and the brilliancy of the garlands of flowers, but through the feeling of mysticism and the intense realism, inspite of the fine detail, the joy-

ous radiance of the Infant Jesus shines clearly, as the Holy Child holds out to His companions the ears of wheat, the symbol of the bread of life. That same sweet purity shows itself in Sir John Millais' picture, "For the Squire," to a greater degree even than in Hunt's faces. As the little maid stands holding a letter for the squire, the light falling on the peasant bonnet and dress, on the sunny hair, on the upturned face of the child in its pure innocence, makes her seem no longer a picture, but such a living little one, that we involuntarily say, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the leader of this movement, was the son of an Italian poet, who wrote patriotic hymns, and who was asked to sing them elsewhere than in Italy. Rossetti, always obedient to the law, and especially so when an order for his arrest and execution threatened him, hastened to England. Here he met, loved and married the daughter of a Tuscan refugee, and settled on 38 Charlotte street, where were born the four illustrious Rossettis, Maria Francesco, Dante Gabriel, William Michael, and Christina Georgina.

This unusual family was a flavor of Italy in England; the exiled parents were happy in the success of their children, although occasionally the mother was heard to lament that all her children had nerves on the outside of their clothes, and that in spite of their talent they had no common sense.

While still young, the brothers and sisters learned to love and depend on one another for their happiness. The girls sang to their brothers and the boys dedicated poems "To my sisters," and when Dante had to choose a model for his Madonna he chose Christina, whose plain features he mantles with a divine gentleness and heavenly splendor such as only a loving heart can conjure.

The self-sacrificing Christina was the favorite sister of

Dante, and to her he was ever loving and tender. These two must have been constantly together, for her influence, her poetry, and her face ever float before us in his tender Madonnas.

One of the prettiest of these faces is that of the Virgin in the "Annunciation." The poet-painter thinks of the annunciation as coming like other angelic visits, in a dream. The picture is remarkable for the strange beauty of its color, "the lights and shadows trembling through the hue of purity and the hue of love."

Mary's fairness and spiritual loveliness is best described by Rossetti's own sonnet:

"This is the blessed Mary, pre-elect
God's Virgin:
Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's knee.
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity,
Strong in grace, peace, in pity circumspect.
So held she through her girlhood as it were,
An angel-watered lily, that near God
Grows and is quiet."

Of all these painters Rossetti's pictures are easiest to interpret, because his own poems give us the key-note of his meaning. How much better we understand his picture, "The Blessed Damozel," for the romance and description of it contained in his poem:

"The Blessed damozel leaned out
From the golden bar of heaven,
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is space begun;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

Heard, hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names;
The souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames."

Rossetti's heaven is a most earthly one, but did not Milton fail in depicting a heavenly Paradise? The poem, though simple, is full of that mystical feeling so characteristic of the author's work; a poem in which "wild longing, shame of life, despair of separation, and the worship of love are wrought into a palpable dream."

Through the endless space, through the great darkness, "For the sun was gone," the voice of the blessed damozel rang out piteously like the voice the stars had when they sang together:

"I wish that he were come to me,
For he will come, she said,
Have I not prayed in heaven? on earth?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
And shall I feel afraid?

The chief charms of the poem are its peculiar manner, its originality and its beauty.

Reared in the very atmosphere of learning, art, and song by his Italian parents, and in a "household over which the medieval spirit brooded," is it surprising that the nobleness

and purity of his great predecessor should have been continued in the works of his namesake?

No more congenial work could have been found for Rossetti than the translations from the early Italian poets, "Dante and His Circle." With his Italian nature, with his sympathy and love for the sunny home of his parents, this work could not but have been a success. Truly has the world said that as a translator Rossetti is unsurpassed. Everything that he has ever written speaks the true poet, but perhaps his greatest skill is shown in his sonnets. In the narrow limit of fourteen lines he has expressed the deepest feeling with great beauty, making no line barren or useless.

Like all lyric poets, Rossetti reflects his own life, his own love, and his own sorrow in his works. His passionate love for his wife and his deep sorrow at her death are the themes of many of his sonnets:

"When do I see thee most beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that love through thee made known?
Or when in the dusk hours—(we too alone),
Close-kissed and eloquent of still-replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

In Rossetti we find a new kind of poetic utterance. As Mr. Pater says, "With him indeed dawn, noon, night are full of human or personal expression of sentiment. The lovely little sceneries scattered up and down his poems, glimpses of a landscape, not indeed of broad open-air effects, but rather that of a painter concentrated upon the picturesque effect of one or two selected objects at a time, the "hollow brimmed with mist" or the "ruined wier," as

he sees it from one of the windows or reflected in one of the mirrors of his house of life, attest by their very freshness and simplicity to a pictorial or descriptive power in dealing with the inanimate world, which is certainly still one-half of the charm in that other more remote and mystic use of it."

Some poets personify with a verb an adjective, and even, sad to say, with only a capital letter, but Rossetti's world was alive with his personifications. Death is to him first an infant, then a veiled woman, then a cruel person taking away what he loved best.

"Love Enthroned" is attended by Hope, Youth, Truth, and Fame, and many other forms float by in a long procession, some veiled and beautiful, others mournful and in tears, many joyful, but oftenest do we see grim-faced Death hand in hand with Love, the beloved one.

Rossetti can never be a popular poet, because living within himself to the extent that he did, he could not know the outside world nor the interests, joys, and sorrows of men.

Many poets have been painters and many painters poets, since the days of Raphael and Dante, but probably none have perfected both arts as did Rossetti. His knowledge and love of color is ever apparent in his poems.

The hair of the blessed damozel was yellow, like ripe corn, "and over the golden hair of each spirit there floats a ring of fire." His lights are of golden and red, his fields are full of white lilies and red roses, and the sunshine about them burns and gleams.

As Mr. Pater says, "Each art reacts upon the other, the paintings are peculiarly poetical in conception and execution, and the poems have much of that pictorial quality, however abstract their themes or however idealized their motives."

Through all the vicissitudes of his life Rossetti still maintains purity, simplicity, and tenderness in his works and in his character, so that the truth that "The spirit of the Master, whose name he bore, clothed him as with a white garment, is fully recognized, and to his loved and revered memory men render that praise which is due to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter.

SARAH S. ROOT.

TWO GREAT ACTORS.

Actors are always interesting people. The glamour of the foot-lights is, for most of us, always over them; we can scarcely realize that the gorgeous princes, knights, and ladies are really in the day-time ordinary men in tweed or broadcloth, or women in serge or cheviot.

Literary lights come down to us in their poems or books, but usually tradition alone preserves the names of our great actors. However, tradition has been true to her trust, and the fame of such interpreters of the drama as Burtage, Mrs. Siddons and others lingers with us still.

Shakespeare as a writer is our familiar friend, but we also like to think of him as the ghost in "Hamlet," or as Adam in "As You Like It." We wonder if he made a good ghost? I think not—he is too real. In one sense he is a spirit, in that he is the embodiment of the dramatic spirit of all ages. No other writer has ever so depicted human nature. He believed in humanity, he studied humanity, he wrote about humanity, and in consequence his plays are as living now as when they were first written, and the actors of old and those of to-day who present his tragedies and comedies are those who, in interpreting his wise lessons, do most to elevate the stage. The very poverty of the theatres at that

early date was one of the conditions of the excellence of the Elizabethan dramatist; he could not depend upon the painter of scenes for any elucidation of his ideas, and therefore he was constrained to make his thought vigorous and his language vivid.

The social position of an actor even at the end of the sixteenth century was not enviable; but notwithstanding the discredit that attached to the profession under Shakespeare the drama reached great popularity and the employment soon became lucrative. Shakespeare's profession barred his right to a title, and until the past two generations in our own country and in England puritanical ideas and eccentricities denied the title of gentleman to the actor.

The actor was an anomaly: there must be something wrong about a man or woman who courted applause in so public a way. To most people living outside of the large cities the stage meant tinsel, spangles, paint, and artificiality; but gradually people are coming to a different view of this subject. They are realizing that men like Keene, MacReady, and Irving, and women like Charlotte Cushman and Mary Anderson have a true message for the world, to which the world would do well to listen.

No two men have done more in our day to elevate the stage than our American tragedian, Booth, and our American comedian, Jefferson.

If Shakespeare wrote tragedy, Booth acted it. His first appearance on the stage was as "Tressel," in 1840, and those who saw him then recognized a new force for the stage. Those who evening after evening hung breathless upon his every word and movement can scarcely think of him as one person; to them he was in turn the crafty Tago, the wickedly brilliant Richard III., the revengeful Shylock.

But above all Booth was Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, Hamlet the philosopher, the man of thought whose mind

must go to madness before he could do the difficult deed. It was an event in a life to see Booth play "Hamlet." Great minds to madness closely are allied, and as Hamlet at the very verge of frenzy seeks relief in ribaldry, so for like reason would Booth open the safety-valve of levity in some of his most impassioned moments. At the instant of intense emotion, when the spectators were enthralled by his magnetic influence, the tragedian's overwrought brain would take refuge from its own threatening storm beneath the gester's hood, and while turned from the audience he would "whisper some silliness or make a grimace."

His fellow-actors who perceived these trivialities ignorantly attributed his conduct at such times to lack of feeling, whereas it was extreme excess of feeling which thus forced his brain back from madness. It is only when we remember the great versatility of Booth's mind, which enabled him adequately to interpret each of Shakespeare's heroes in turn, that we realize how great must have been his intellectual powers. His good influence was not confined to those who saw him. His perfect rendering of those masterpieces of literature were so admirably discussed in all the leading periodicals that their good effect reached the whole reading world. *Fidelis in omnibus* was his motto, and surely it was a noble one.

In his autobiography he unconsciously shows us how perfect was his home-life, how much gentleness and pathos lay in his great heart.

Looking with admiration at Booth's profile in his portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence, we know that even had he never appeared on the stage he would have been great in some line, for genius such as his must find an outlet in one way or another, and in any capacity its greatness is instinctively felt and acknowledged.

Mr. Booth's gift of a club to the members of his profes-

sion and those who are in sympathy with it was the last crowning act of his life, and "The Players," as was his own wish, is his most enduring monument. He presented to the members the building and its contents, including his own rich dramatic library and rare portraits, in December, 1888, and thereafter it was his only home. Upon "Founder's Night," the anniversary of the club's inauguration, the foremost men in every walk of life gathered within its walls to do him honor. The passing of the "Loving Cup," once the property of the elder Booth, upon "Founder's Night" and other rare and festive occasions, was a revival of an old custom, beautiful in its observance, and very dear to Mr. Booth's own heart. Alas! they can only drink it to his memory now!

That genial soul with glad heart and merry voice! Do you know him? Have you heard that voice that seems at one moment to ring with laughter and the next to be full of tears? Have you heard him say, "Here's your good health and your family's, and may you live long and prosper!" If you have heard the voice you have seen the man, with his genial face, with his charming manner, and with that wonderful something that we call magnetism or individuality, but which in reality is sympathy, the strong sympathy that comes from a human being who has a heart full of loving kindness, and unconsciously extends it to every one he meets. Do you know him? Perhaps it was not as "Rip Van Winkle" that you met this "venerable dean of the American stage." Perhaps you saw him as Dr. Pangloss, or as jolly, mirth-provoking "Bob Acres," or as gentle, kindly "Caleb Plummer." Unless you have seen him as some of these people you can't know how unfortunate you are.

The first glimpse the world had of Jefferson was when as a baby three years old he played with infant wisdom the

role of the "Pizzaro." But we know him best as "Rip Van Winkle," and when he is "Rip" he is nobody else in the world, for in this role he is inimitable.

Every one whoever knew Jefferson knew Snyder. "My little tog Snyder" was his faithful shadow both on and off the stage. But Snyder is dead and his master is growing to be an old man—old in years, but not in heart. He is too sympathetic ever to become really old. He lives now at "Crow's Nest" on a bluff overlooking the beautiful blue waters of Buzzard's Bay, and there every summer he meets his genial companion, Sol Smith Russel, an actor of later date, but one whose smiles and tears, laughter and pathos are fast becoming noted, and whose influence in such good wholesome plays as "A Batchelor's Romance" and "The Poor Relation" is very much the same as that of his patron, of whom he is a worthy imitator.

Russel and Jefferson sit together on the broad veranda and talk over the days that have been, and Jefferson promises a bright future for his friend and for the stage in the perfecting of Russel's humorous genius. The tempers of the two men are so singularly alike that each finds a congenial companion in the other.

Every one loves Jefferson, every one confides in him, young actors deem it the greatest honor to talk with him. Is it not good for such a man to have lived? All the world is better for it, and truly we can say for him as he has said so many thousand times for us, "May you live long and prosper!"

Booth and Jefferson were devoted friends, each was happiest when with the other; old reminicences made them boys again.

The wonderful profile of Booth looks as if it were cut in ivory, while the expressive face of Jefferson changes so continually it would never suggest anything so firm. It is

more like wax, but wax with a soul. But there came a time when the dear friend was there no more, and none but Mr. Jefferson himself will know how much he has been missed.

Booth was not a perfect man, he was only human, and very human at that, but he was a credit to humanity, an honor to his country, and the foremost figure in the whole history of the American stage.

FRANCES H. CAMERON.

TENNYSON IN RELATION TO HUMANITY.

In trying to approach the mind of a man like Tennyson one almost feels as if he must "Tread softly and speak low," else the true spiritual part of the poet's nature and the delicate shades of his meaning will not be rightly interpreted. The history of Tennyson's life is singularly devoid of incident, but in his quiet home he was gaining experience, and beginning to reflect too the spirit of his time, and his spiritual lessons were tending to the upbuilding of a fine character. He lost his friend Hallam, and this sorrow gave to his poems a deeper undertone of meaning:

"I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,
For words like nature half conceal
And half reveal the soul within."

But through other friendships he was kept in throbbing sympathy with the social and religious fermentations of that eventful era, and his retirement was by no means marked by inactivity.

Tennyson was singularly alive to all the abundant beauties of nature, and whenever the beautiful touched him he ceased his ordinary trend of thought, no matter how weighty.

"I have known him," writes Sir John Simeon's daughter, "I have known him to stop short in a sentence to listen to blackbirds' song, to watch the sunlight glitter on a butterfly's wings, or to examine a field flower at his feet." She also tells us that the lines "Flower in the crannied wall" were the result of an investigation of the "love in idleness" growing on a wall in Farringford garden. He never willingly took any part in the destruction of life. "I can very well remember the look on his face," says his niece, "when he met me one day returning from his meadow with a wheelbarrow full of fading daffodils plucked by me with the lavish hand of a child."

Tennyson is thought by many to be the greatest English poet of this century, not excepting Wordsworth, Byron or Browning.

The scholar, the lover of nature, the thinking and reflective man delight in him. No poet has a broader or more exclusive constituency. He is undoubtedly the poet of moods, in touch with every sensation common to the heart of man, woman, and child. It is as though he had thrown all human hearts, with their passions and excitements, into life-pictures on the walls of some great gallery and bidden the spectators to look at them and behold the moods of the souls of men.

Mr. J. Marshal Mather says: "Next to the Bible and Shakespeare, I know of nothing so true, so full or so startling in their revelation of moods as the writings and poems of Tennyson." Through and through he is English. In his artistic creations the most English perhaps of traits, that reverence for law and order, stands out as a prominent characteristic.

For the most part he sings of every-day loves and duties of men and women, a goodly company with whom it is delightful to mingle. As some one has said, "He is the artist who saw the moral aspect of beauty and painted that beauty with a temperate, reverent hand."

During the age in which Tennyson lived social problems of all kinds were confronting the people, especially the upgrowth of the middle class. In an age of multifarious thought and feeling he is alive to all its questionings, and grapples with the darkest problem. He will not be "a tongue-tied fret in the feverous days of his century." He loves his age and sees always:

> "The fair new forms
> That float about the threshhold of an age;
> Like truths of science waiting to be caught.
> And taken by the forelock."

Amid all the mental and spiritual conflicts into which he is plunged, Tennyson never despairs. Through all he ever looks to the star of hope. He believed in a gradual but sure advance of the race toward higher and higher things:

> "This fine old world of ours is but a child.
> Yet in the go-cart. Patience, give it time
> To learn its limbs, There is a hand that guides."

Men toil, struggle, and achieve, and every gain opens to them wider, clearer vistas, till at last law, religion, and order shall be enthroned and bloodshed and irreligion be no more:

> "Men my brothers, men the workers,
> Ever reaping something new,
> That which they have done, but earnest of the things
> that they shall do."

"Till the war-drum throbbed no longer
And the battle flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the world."

This is the ideal, but Tennyson is no mere sentimentalist, and in the meantime, till the ideal be attained, men must strive even to the death for right and law:

Peace lovers we, sweet peace we all desire;
Peace lovers we, but who can trust a liar?
Peace lovers, haters
Of shameless traitors;
We hate not France, but this man's heart of stone:
Britons, guard your own.

When Wellington died he felt the loss England had sustained in the passing of her great warrior-statesman, and mourned for him deeply:

"Mourn, for to us he seems the last,
Remembering his greatness in the Past.
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambitious crime,
Our greatest yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common-sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

Tennyson seemed to have no patience with men who wished speedy reforms, who, instead of calmly awaiting the natural sequence of things, would clutch at the future. Such emotions are with him "the blind hysterics of the Celt." In all his works we are constantly but unintentionally shown, I think, the deep and earnest thought that

Tennyson gave to all things spiritual. Even in his youth he was impressed with thoughts of the possibilities of life by his mother's talks to himself and his brothers at their quiet Somersby home.

Mrs. Hamilton Mabie, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has a short sketch of Tennyson, showing the spiritual side of his life: "It was fortunate that the poet's biography was not prepared by a biographer who wished to minimize the religious element, on the contrary it was thrown into boldest relief, and the reader is let into three profound convictions which give the Laureate's poetry such depth and spiritual splendor. He refused to formulate his faith, but he has given it an expression which is at once definite and poetic, illuminating and enduring":

"On God and God-like men we build our trust."

A week before his death his son tells us he talked long of the personality and love of God,

"That God whose eyes consider the poor."

To a young man going to a university he said: "The love of God is the true basis of duty, truth, reverence, loyalty, love, virtue, and work," and he added characteristically, "but don't be a prig."

Through his verse, as through his life, there ran this current of faith, but the expression of it was free from dogmatic or ecclesiastical phrase. Says Mr. Welsh:

"Reading him, we may not guess his life and story so easily and quickly as that of Byron, nevertheless the essential qualities are in his works not of head only, but also of heart. From no other data than his verse we conclude with confidence that he is a tranquil, well-proportioned soul, possessing the rare combination of the metrical faculty and the producing power, and that he is endowed

with an earnest capacity for reflection, with a luxurious sense of color, rhythm, and form. How much personal purity and thought, fullness, delicacy of feeling, constancy of faith, ideality of conception are revealed in these touches alone."

The central idea of the Laureate's poetry is that of the dignity and efficiency of law in its widest sense, and of the progress of the race. The elements which form his ideal of human character are self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, the recognition of a divine order, of one's place in that order, and a faithful adhesion to the law of one's highest life.

Tennyson and Browning are the highest representatives of the Victorian era, each great in his own way, but Tennyson will live for his permanent qualities of magic, of music and of truth, for all the charm of the muses flows in his verse. One of the highest tributes paid to a poet is contained in these words to the dead Laureate,

> "But yesterday there was a hand
> That touched the harp with high command;
> From first to last its faultless strain
> Was resolutely clear and sane;
> No breath unholy swept the strings,
> No storm of passion soiled the springs,
> Even in its strongest, swiftest roll
> 'Twas subject still to self-control,
> As through the banks it poured along,
> No torrent but a tide of song,
> Full, liquid, deep majestic sound,
> That felt its purpose, knew its bound,
> With stately music, sovereign tone
> And sweetness, wisdom all its own."

JESSAMINE M. HIGGS.

FOUR MEN WHOM THE WORLD LOVES.

Many people naturally look to the past for what is grand and beautiful, and frequently overlook all that their own age has produced of worth or importance. To them the past always "gains a glory from its being far"; to them the "spacious times of great Elizabeth," the stately age of Queen Anne are still the halcyon days of literature. They would not, for an instant, have us return to the ruffles, puffs, powder, and wigs of the eighteenth century, but they would have us accept the writings of that day, especially the prose, as our standard, and, if, during the controversy, we should suggest the names of Macaulay, Curtis or Warner as writers of exquisite prose, will smile pityingly and quote as conclusive the adage, "If you wish to write correctly spend days and nights in the study of Addison." We do not, in the least, object to the high opinion of Addison and Steele, but we do ask that the almost faultless style of our own delightful essayists should not be undervalued. In the preceding century the number of these writers was somewhat limited, so, if we would reach any decisive conclusion as to the literary merit of the age, we necessarily have to make a study of all those who have attained any noticeable success. But, in our present day, so prolific in brilliant intellectual and scientific achievements, there is such an unlimited number of essayists and novelists that no one of these can really be considered pre-eminent. The most noteworthy and able essayists of the eighteenth century are, of course, Addison and Steele, while George William Curtis and Charles Dudley Warner are representative men of our own time. All four of these men were satirists, directing their weapons against the follies and excesses of their time.

Addison makes the London of his day relive for us. With him we walk through its streets, we enter its queer old-fashioned shops, we go by boat to the early markets, we hear the quaint cries of the brawlers, and later we see the carriages and liveries rumbling over the rough stone. In the evening Addison goes to the Italian opera, and the next "Spectator" contains reflections on the absurdity of pretending to enjoy a play when we cannot understand one word of it. At this same opera he notices how the court ladies ogled behind their fans, and writes in mock seriousness of the extreme usefulness of fans as a screen for coquetry. The applause is ill-timed and unseemly, and he suggests that the manager procure the services of a number of men who will form an applauding club and who will mingle with the audience and keep up the enthusiasm by applauding vigorously at stated intervals. He reads that a ring is to be grinned for at a country fair, and a paper in the "Tatler' immediately proposes a tournament in which "the frightfulest grinner shall be the winner."

He looks from the window of Button's coffee-house and sees a fashionable young woman pass; he laughs slyly at her patches and powder and writes his "Dissection of a Coquette's Heart." But the men did not go unchallenged, for seeing "Sir Fobling" stroll leisurely by, he gives us his "Dissection of a Beau's Head." We cannot help smiling at his description of the fops of the court, so ludicrously like the would-be dandy of our own day. What a vivid picture he gives us of the ladies with patches and powder, with enormous hoops, and high head-dress. We heartily sympathize with him in his attempt to persuade the women to discard the voluminous petticoat, for they must have looked absurdly, like small mountains moving rather ungracefully along, or like the old lady of Yarrow,

"Who went to church in a wheelbarrow,
She said with a smile as she stuck in the isle,
They make these here churches too narrow."

To correct this abuse, Addison instituted a court of judicature on the petticoat. In this he says: "Word was brought me that the prisoner had endeavored twice or thrice to come in, but could not do it by reason of her petticoat, which was too large for the entrance of my house, though I had ordered the folding-doors to be thrown open for its reception. Being asked by the judge why she wore it, she said she wore it for no other reason but that she had a mind to look as big and burly as other members of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, until she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintances."

These reasons given by the belle of Addison's time would, I am afraid, be echoed by many a fine lady of our own day. Crinolines are bad enough, but tight sleeves, demi-trains, and choking collars are even worse. Warner, like Addison, is a satirist, but of a much milder type.

Directing some of his works against the social fads of men of this enlightened era, he attacks them in a manner so good-natured, yet firm, that he produces an effect which is marred by little, if any, ill-will. He writes of the fad for the chrysanthemum, of the great burden Christmas is becoming to so many people, of the value of the commonplace, of the use of the broad A.

Noting the tendency of the nineteenth century woman to prove herself capable of undertaking many branches of man's work [in which she usually succeeds, too], he writes his article, "Shall Women Propose?" Speaking of the "Value of the Commonplace," he says: "The wisdom of our ancestors, packed away in proverbial sayings, may always be a little suspected. We have a vague respect for a

popular proverb, as embodying folk experience and expressing not the wit of one, but the common thought of a race. We accept the saying unquestioning, as a sort of inspiration out of the air, true, because "nobody has challenged it for ages, and probably for the same reason we try to see the new moon over our left shoulder." Again, "Great is the power of the commonplace, my friends," says the preacher in an impressive manner, "Alexander died; Napoleon died; you will all die!" This profound remark, so true, so thoughtful, creates a deep sensation. It is deepened by the statement, "Man is a mortal being!" The profundity of such startling assertions cows the spirit; they appeal to the universal consciousness, and we bow to the genius that delivers them. "How true!" we exclaim, and go away with an enlarged sense of our capacity for the comprehension of deep thought.

Connected with the editorial staff of "*Harper's Magazine*" at the same time as Warner was George William Curtis, essayist, orator, poet, and politician. It is for this reason that he, together with James Russell Lowell, represents the highest form of culture. His was the culture of a well-bred man, which is not so much that of the brain as to exclude that of the heart. A man of strong individuality, yet his most noticeable characteristic is his extreme tenderness. Here is an example of how gentleness may be combined with strength, and yet not in any degree impair true manhood. It is his unusual tenderness that places him so far above the other essayists I have mentioned, for only he and Steele can be said to have truly loved their characters. Curtis had learned his art perfectly, and consequently has succeeded in expressing himself so clearly, and at the same time so untiringly, that has elevated the sentiment of every subject he touched.

There is nothing romantic about New York, but what a

delightful veil of sentiment Curtis throws around even that city of brick and mortar, the old apple-woman, the broker, even the rich man himself! One cannot help loving these characters in his charming little reverie "Prue and I," they are so delightfully gentle and entertaining. They seem so much easier and nicer to love than the overdressed people of Addison and Steele. But Warner seems to have no desire to make us love his characters; he pokes fun at them, and we laugh at them good-naturedly, as we are expected to do. We love this good and wise old clerk who, knowing he too cannot go to a fashionable reception, fusses with himself for even wishing to go, and soliloquizes thus: "Had I been invited, I should have pestered Prue about my only white waistcoat, and in my natural impatience might have let drop a thoughtless word, which would have been a pang in her heart and a tear in her eye for weeks afterwards. I should have taken out the maiden aunt from the country, at dinner, and talked poultry when I talked at all. How much better it is that I am not invited to that dinner, but was permitted by a kind fate to furnish a subject for her wit."

We are told that if we wish to attain perfection in language we should refer to Addison, but Swift is quite as good an authority, and who could prefer the style of either to the ease and simplicity of Curtis' style, or the ease and colloquialism of Warner? Have we not just cause to be proud, very proud, of our late writers? We cannot for one instant think they are inferior to those of less modern times. Of these four essayists, each of whom occupies a well-deserved position among the list of great men, to me it seems that Curtis must appeal most strongly to every individual. Of him it has been truly said: "To know Curtis was in itself an education."

KATE McK. HAWLEY.

THE EARLIER ENGLISH LYRISTS.

The unparalleled splendor of the Elizabethan period had scarcely passed away, its echoes still lingered in Jonson, Drayton, Ford, Shirley, Webster, when a new class of poets came in to brighten the stern Puritan element which had already made itself felt. The reign of Elizabeth was indeed Europe's grandest age. It was a time when everything was bursting into life and color. In the east we find the revival of classical learning and in the west the discovery of lands hitherto unknown. It might be called a return of the golden age of wealth, poetry, and adventure.

But soon a great change had swept over England. We miss the passion of the Elizabethan time, its feeling of life, sympathy, and delight. To the Puritan the mode of life in which men of the Renaissance had revelled seemed not worth living. He was ever on his guard against any frivolity, was never idle, and hated to see any one else so. This feeling of restraint was manifested in the very apparel instead of the gorgeous dress and jewels of the Elizabethan age. We find men clad in sombre gray. All sense of humor died away and little things became great things. The Puritan shrank from the May-pole and mince-pie at Christmas as he did from any other impurity or sin. Life became hard and colorless. It is from such a spirit that we turn to the early lyric poets who still retain the lighter and more elegant side of the Elizabethan age.

Few have really fully appreciated these singers, coming to us as they do in the interval between two mighty eras. Herrick, Carew, Lovelace, Suckling, the gallant and frivolous cavaliers, represent the gaities of the court. They sing of things in lighter vein, they look on the sunny side of life and tell us of the charms of the court beauties and of all the "fleeting forms of fleeting love." They sing of

spring with its blossoms, of the woods, the thrush, the nightingale, of flowers, and of country work. These gallant cavaliers suffered in the royal cause and our hearts throb over their songs, battles, the glitter of war, and their gallantry to the ladies. These poets really anticipated the greater lyrics of Wordsworth, Shelley, Tennyson, which were to come to us in the latter half of the nineteenth century. Wordsworth gives us in his "Intimations of Immortality" higher aspirations. We feel that it contains not only sublime ideas, lofty thoughts, and a deep glow of humanity, but also philosophy. Many of the lyrics of Shelley are of inexpressible beauty. The "Ode to a Skylark" breathes the very rapture of the birds' soaring song, and "The Cloud" abounds in picturesque imagination. Our earlier lyrists by their own masterpieces in minature make a fit forerunner for these greater poets.

Sir John Suckling is remembered by us chiefly on account of his exquisite "Ballad Upon a Wedding." Leigh Hunt, a great critic in his day, said that had Anacreon been a fine gentleman of the age of Charles I. he would have written the "Ballad Upon a Wedding." What a delightful bride she was!

"Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they feared the light,
But, oh, she dances such a way
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison,
Who sees them is undone,
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Catherine pear,
The side that's next the sun."

Surely our brave cavalier Sir John, to have made such a truly rustic comparison, must have made his way to some barn and seen the little mice scamper in and our among the wisps of hay. We are inclined to treat Suckling in a careless manner before we know him well, for he is full of childish nonsense. But we regard him more soberly when we realize that his friends were Jonson and Hale. At his best, Suckling is delightfully animated. His love was no mere sentimentality. He says:

"Why so wan and pale, fair lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well, won't move her?
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Quit, quit, for shame this will not move her,
This cannot take her,
If of herself she will not love
Nothing can make her.
(The devil take her)."

Suckling may never be called tedious by any one, and he has the art of saying what he wishes in a few words. He seems to dread being thought melancholy, and as soon as he touches sentiment he relapses into reserve. His lyric, "A Soldier," is peculiarly adapted to himself:

A man am I of war and might,
And know this much that I can fight,
Whether I am in the wrong or right,
Devoutly,
No woman under heaven I fear,
New oaths I can exactly swear,
And forty healths my brain will bear,
Most stoutly."

He is comparatively free from the faults of some of his contemporaries, and the few conceits that he uses are so slight and elusive that they can scarcely be recognized as such. Unlike Cowley and Waller, who were continually upon stilts, he seldom mounts them, but is content to be himself and to use his pen with that child-like simplicity which endears him to all. One of Suckling's best friends was Sir Richard Lovelace. Some of his songs are inimitable for their grace and gaiety, and his language has an heroic ring about it which we find nowhere else. Perhaps Lovelace would have held quite an exalted opinion of himself, could he have known how many bosoms are now throbbing over that beautiful old rhyme of his, "Going to the Wars":

True a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

No one who admires the daintiness, lightness, and vivacity of these early singers can ignore Thomas Carew. He is very tender and natural and can reach the heart and stir our innermost feelings by his simple pathos. His best poem, the "Rapture," gives us his sentiments upon love:

Meanwhile the bubbling stream shall court the shore,
The enamoured chirping wood choir shall adore,
In varied tunes the deity of love,
The gentle blasts of western winds shall move,

The trembling leaves, and through their close boughs
breathe
Still music while we rest ourselves beneath
Their dancing shade.

He has devoted a great deal of his tune to exquisite trifles, and some of his poetry might be attributed to a writer of the eighteenth century, for instance his song:

"Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose,
For in your beauty's orient deep
These flowers as in their causes sleep."

Although Carew led a frivolous, butterfly life, yet we must never forget that his genius existed and made itself felt in his fresh coloring and tender passion.

Herrick is the most delightful of all these poets. There is not a sunnier book in the world than the "Hesperides." To open it is like entering a beautiful garden and inhaling odorous perfumes. We wander with Herrick through English lanes and meadows; we see the hock-cart creak slowly home; the harvest swains and wenches bound for joy to see it crowned. We see them making merry cheer, drinking to their lord's health, and we catch sight of the milkmaid tripping through the meadows. He tells us "how roses first came red and lilies white." We pause awhile with him beside the "Primroses filled with morning dew," and ask

"The reason why
Ye droop and weep;
Is it for want of sleep
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this."

Every one who loves the spring grass, the rosebuds, the meadows, the daffodils, and soft music is also a lover of Herrick.

He tells us of all the innocent pleasures of the people, of the bridal festivities and of the May-pole dance. A little poem in which he has given us all a fair warning has proved irresistible to many:

> "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
> Old Time is still a flying,
> And this same flower that smiles to-day
> To-morrow will be dying.
>
> Then be not coy, but use your time,
> And while ye may, go marry,
> For having lost but once your prime,
> You may forever tarry."

Though Herrick gives us many poems on wine, feasts, and flowers, yet we believe that he really took more pleasure in his love poems. The object of his early and constant affection was Julia, but we never believe that he really loved her, for we think she was his ideal. He certainly took great pleasure in her voice, which was

> "So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry,"
> As could they hear the damned
> Would make no noise,
> But listen to thee walking in thy chamber,
> Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

We always imagine Julia as walking gracefully and gliding into every one's heart, for Herrick speaks of the "liquefaction of her clothes." Again he rejoices at the recovery of his lady-love, and works out the charming thought that the flowers have been suffering in sympathy with Julia:

"Droop, droop, no more or hang thy head,
Ye roses almost withered,
New strength and newer purple get
Each here declining violet.
O, primroses, let this day be
A resurrection unto ye."

These earlier lyrists mean a great deal to us. They stand in direct contrast in their lightness, gracefulness, joyfulness with the stern, serious Puritan.

We go to these singers in our happy, light-hearted moods, when we see the world through rose-colored glasses. Their lightest trifles mean something to us, and have become

"The lyric
Ever on the lip."

SALLIE B. HARRIS.

TENNYSON'S LYRIC POETRY.

[UNCORRECTED).

"The poet in a golden clime was born,
With golden stars above;
Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."

Tennyson's early idealization, thus beautifully expressed, may be most appropriately applied to himself as an artist and as a man, for his art was so thoroughly identified with his personality that in contemplating the wonder and perfectness of the one it is impossible to ignore the truth and beauty of the other.

The art of Tennyson, which is a combination of clearness, simplicity and sincerity, is dignified by the reverence

with which the poet himself regarded his high vocation. To him the divine revelation of the beautiful and his exceptional power of embodying it were the most sacred gifts and duties of his life. "He whose eyes are steadily fixed on the beautiful," says Stopford Brooke, "always loves, and is always young." The later poems of Tennyson have verified this statement, for in the lines of the poet of three-score years there breathes the same life and joyousness as in those of the hopeful young author of "Poems Chiefly Lyrical."

Of all of Tennyson's poems his lyrics present the greatest variety of style and metre, and by careful correction and repeated touches he has given us in the songs from "The Princess," "The Lady of Shalott," and "The Palace of Art" some of the rarest gems of English song.

Tennyson is a master in the art of depicting the joyousness and brightness of youth. In his "Mermaid" and "Merman" gay glimpses are caught of the rollicking, throbbing life of the sea, a sea untouched by stormy wind or wave. "Lancelot and Guinevere" is filled with the sunshine of youth, while "The Departure of the Sleeping Beauty" awakens in us new sensations of life and love as we listen to its glad refrain:

> "Across the hills and far away
> Beyond this utmost purple rim,
> The happy princess follow'd him."

The same youthful delight runs through the songs of "Maud" and "The Princess," it babbles and chatters in the voice of "The Brook" and rises into ecstatic rapture in the song of "The Throstle":

> "Summer is coming, summer is coming.
> I know it, I know it, I know it.
> Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
> Yes, my wild little poet."

In describing real nature Tennyson is as skillful as in the portrayal of that mystic "land of streams" where the "charmed sunset" lingers and "sweet music" sooths the weary spirit.

In his descriptions of the English daisy and the little sea-shell with its "delicate spire and whorl" minute observation is united with the lightest, most exquisite fancy. What could be more beautifully descriptive of the hushed midnight stillness which pervades an English garden than this passage from "Maud":

> "There has fallen a splendid tear
> From the passion flower at the gate
> * * * * * *
> The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
> And the white rose weeps, 'She is late,'
> The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'
> And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'"

The silence is filled with the odorous breath of the roses and the quick, expectant throb of the heart of the lover, and his excited fancy transfers to the flowers its own varying emotions attendant on the maiden's approach.

In "The Lady of Shalott," "Œnone," and the "Mariana" Tennyson has given us a series of poems perfect from an artistic point of view, but filled with the hopelessness and despair of youth, when the first fresh enthusiasms are crushed by sorrow and the young life lies helpless beneath its burden, deeming no consolation possible. We find no such poems among Tennyson's later productions; his own life and experience had taught him that man can overcome what seems at first an utter failure, and manifested the truth:

> "That men may rise on stepping-stones
> Of their dead selves to higher things."

He learned the lesson of life bravely, through doubt and sorrow and pain, as his poems testify, but nobly and sincerely, and in his later poems there is the peace and serenity of a man that "is quiet at last, as he stands on the heights of his life with a glimpse of a height that is higher."

But Tennyson's art as a lyric poet does not confine itself exclusively to bursts of wild delight or dark despair, he is equally successful in the expression of tenderness, sadness, regret and other milder passions which are common to humanity. Among the earlier poems "Claribel" presents the quiet beauty of an imaginary regret; the "Idyls of the King" contain many instances of this type of poem in the songs of Enid, Elaine, and Vivien; "The Victim" is the embodiment of tender tragedy, while this little fragment from "The Princess" excels them all in truth and simplicity:

"As through the land at eve we went
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
Once fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.
And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!
For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears."

The brief life of Arthur Hallam is so entwined with that of Tennyson and the soul-affinity of the men so perfect, that one must feel deep awe and reverence in the contemplation

of their sacred friendship. The friends made frequent journeys together abroad, and once visited the valley of Cauteretz. Many years after the death of Hallam, Tennyson went alone to the same spot, now hallowed by tender memories, and the solitude, bereavement, and unquenchable love of his nature, his everlasting remembrance, yet perfect reconciliation to the will of Heaven, find expression in the reflections of this second visit:

"All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night,
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walk'd to-day,
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me."

The shock of Hallam's death left Tennyson benumbed with sorrow, and the purpose of his life seemed for a time arrested. When he again began to write we find a marked difference in the character of his poems. "The Palace of Art," which is the first poem of this new epoch, expresses most clearly the change in the poet's feelings. Inclined by nature to a life of solitude and contemplation, Tennyson reveals through this æsthetic medium his realization of the danger which assails every sensitive human soul at one period of its development, in the temptation to lead a self-centered existence. It is the protest of one who has learned the truth of the lesson which he teaches, that "He that shuts Love out, in turn shall be shut out from Love, and on her threshold lie

Howling in outer darkness."

Apart from its ethical teaching "The Palace of Art" is the most finished of Tennyson's lyrical productions, and contains a series of the most striking and delicate word-pictures that abound in the wonderful gallery of the poet's imagination.

Acute susceptibility to sound was a marked characteristic of Tennyson, and united with a vivid imagination, produced many beautiful creations like the bugle-song from "The Princess," and a later poem, "Far—Far—Away." In childhood the latter words were fraught with a peculiar meaning to him, and he wrote the poem to perpetuate their fading charm.

This deep, impressionable soul, this seer into the heart of nature, has revealed many glimpses of that "mystic gleam" which makes us all, at times, so flickeringly conscious of our close proximity to the unseen world. Who has not felt with an inexpressible wonder the sensation so exquisitely defined in these lines?"

> "Moreover, something is or seems,
> That touches me with mystic gleams,
> Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—
> Of something felt, like something here;
> Of something done, I know not where;
> Such as no language may declare."

This is undoubtedly the same "gleam" of which the poet later writes:

> "Not of the sunlight
> Not of the moonlight,
> Not of the starlight,"

But an undying radiance which illumined his path through all his blameless life, till near its close,

"There on the border
Of boundless Ocean,
And all but in Heaven
Hovers the Gleam."

ANNIE R. BARNES.

THE VALUE OF OUR CHIEF PERIODICALS.

In this age of indiscriminate printing of everything that happens, and ten thousand things that don't happen, it is gratifying to revert to the fact that there is a class of current literature that the unbridled drift towards fakism has not seriously affected.

There is of course more than one opinion as to the good or bad effects that the indiscriminate publication of every thing real or imaginable has on our moral and civil life. But there is among thinking people a universal desire that our leading periodicals may forever maintain that conservative and dignified standard that has made them of interest and pleasure and of edification in the inner circles of the best homes in America.

The contents of our American magazines are the cream of an age of remarkable clever thinking and writing. It is not unnatural that a well-directed periodical should contain the very cream of human thought and human action. The times demand almost momentary publications, and the race made by publishers to be the first to get before the reader necessarily results in inaccurate, and sometimes, unreasonable statements.

A fake is fleeter than a fact. It can keep pace with it on the wires or in the mails, while on the highways it can give a fact the real advantage and come in ahead at the

next station. Fakes and facts go along together into the columns of our daily publications, but true and well-managed periodicals have time to separate them, boil out the fake, and serve to the reader the secret of truth.

The value of our best magazines is a most important subject. It staggers one to approach it in so small a space. If phenomenal success established the value of a thing, the subject could be rested upon the world-wide circulation of our best periodicals and the great fortunes that have been made by their publishers, but this test would include all financially successful publications, whether they had been built upon truth or falsehood, upon science or sensation.

There must be a real value attached to our best magazines that appeals to the loftier attributes of our individual life. We know that "*The Century*," "*Scribner's*," "*Harper's*," and others of like character are valuable because their contents are by thinking men for thinking people.

They are valuable because they feed the mind on that which gives it vigor and strength; because they give a happier type of manhood and womanhood, when truth and principle are uppermost in the mind and heart. A periodical is not necessarily valuable because its contents are heavy, because its articles are so sublime with deep thought as to dazzle the ordinary mind. Not all of the magazine articles are treaters on intricate or intangible problems. Indeed, the best of the articles are from pens that write nearest to the seat of our every-day life.

The exquisite illustrations which come from the fingers of masters of the art of picture-making are really valuable, but the true worth of the magazine articles are the stories, the brain work which the pages contain, interesting, entertaining, and ennobling thought tersely expressed, weighty subjects dissected and discussed by brainy men and brainy women.

Harper's Magazine furnishes us with the delightful stories by Margaret Deland. We enjoy the "Old Chester Tales," "Mr. Tommy Dove," "A Rose of Yesterday" by F. Marion Crawford, and others of like character, which we all admire—stories that portray the characters of every-day life, and that have in them high standards of social and moral life.

History has a great place in our magazine literature. Good historical novels are so rare that the appearance of one becomes an event of importance. Our novels have been mere stories, lacking the true historic perspective, and above all the essential literary form. There are of course exceptions to this, such as the romances of Hawthorne, which are incomparably our best literary productions in fiction; there is Cooper's "Spy," a downright historic novel, but somewhat lacking in literary handling. But our magazines give us novels such as the "Hugh Wynne" of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, which contains notable qualities that distinguish it from anything else of the kind. In its manner and in its historic perspective it may almost be called a pioneer in its field. On every page is found the well-bred tone, which is the proper garment of good literature. The story is ample and unexaggerated in language, but it has that indefinable thing called "charm." This is both in the style and the manner and in the refined spirit. No wonder in reading it we often look up from the pages and exclaim, "How delicious this is!"

The periodical war papers are generally the best histories of national or international strife. Napoleon's war papers are among the most interesting features of many bound volumes of periodicals of former days. Our own civil war has been vividly portrayed by different periodical writers. There is value in the way they lead us through the exciting and dramatic scenes of the past, and make us familiar with

the actors whose names stood for the embodiment of financial daring and superb generalship.

The magazines give us reading of strong human interest and plenty of it—reading clever and timely. Dead subjects are good enough for dead people, but not for the wide-awake American, the American who loves an education, and loves to keep up with all the popular things of the day. Live subjects appeal to the man and the woman who live in the present.

We look forward each month with eagerness to the coming of our chief magazines, which contain all the popular topics of the time. We don't forget "*Harper's*," which gives us the instructing, yet interesting "Book Reviews" by Laurence Hutton. He reviews such books as Wells and Mitchell's Astronomy, relieves us poor unscientific mortals from the reading of them, but gives us interesting accounts of the views of these two men on the planet Mars that it is inhabited and that its inhabitants are trying to put themselves into direct communication with the men of the earth. Again, he mentions the authorized "Life of Thackeray," for which the world has waited and wished for so many years, and which is now given by his daughter, Mrs. Ritchie. In fact we couldn't begin to name the hundred of different books with which he deals, but we can say that they are encouraging and interesting to all classes of society, from the scientist to the youngest reader.

Our chief magazines are not class magazines, but for the people—the whole people, the great, broad, seventy million people. They have no hobbies of their own. Their thought is bent on determining our thoughts, our fancies and desires, rather than on the dream of an ideal magazine for an ideal people. Their aim has been to make a magazine for the people just as we find them—good, rich, healthy, buoyant human nature—not the pale porcelain variety.

The fiction found in our leading periodicals is of a very high grade. It entertains us without contaminating us; it gratifies the thirst for the unreal without exciting us to frenzy. We may not always become so intensely interested in reading it as to burn the midnight oil over it, but it will plant in the right kind of a mind a seed that will live and bloom and brighten our weary hours.

Among the most entertaining of the writers on fiction in our periodicals to-day we may mention W. D. Howells and Rudyard Kipling. They are each portraying characters with such vividness and acute imagination that the best of our magazine editors keep the doors of the editorial-rooms open to them.

We must all agree with the person who says "Our chief periodicals are exhilarating and satisfying with their delightful literary and artistic aroma and intellectual vigor. In a word, they are what the reader of to-day wants when he wants to read."

The periodical writers have covered the entire field of literature, and in nearly every instance completely mastered their subjects. Fashions and fads are not forgotten, and some of the smartest of the magazine contributors are advising us of the latest of each of these.

It would be risky to attempt to name the best periodical writer of the nineteenth century. It would be difficult to name the dozen best, and yet the number has a limit. They have been one of the strongest forces among literary activity of the century, and their foot-prints are traceable in every walk of life. They have written of economics until they have helped to found governments, meanwhile others have edified the world with thrilling fiction and lyric rhyme.

It is considered an education to have access to the writings of such a magazine editor as Charles Dudley Warner.

For years this man has in the pages of *Harper's Monthly*, through novels and short articles, given us the result of his varied experience, and now in his old age the Dudley Warner compendium forms a most fitting monument to his memory. Whether it be merely to while away the long summer evenings, or as a means of study and intellectual development, whether it be simply as a work of the greatest literature of the world, or as a means of education and culture, assuredly there never was such a work as Warner's and his associate editors. Think of what endless hours of recreation and enjoyment one might gain from their pages. What an inspiration and uplift, and what a widened mental horizon might come from devoting no more than an hour a day to its heaped-up wealth of literary riches.

There is a great deal of indiscriminate reading nowadays, and one of the particularly valuable things about Charles Dudley Warner and his associate editorials is that they help the reader to discriminate and furnish a safe guide to those who would like to go outside for a more complete and extended study of the writings of this author or that.

Then on law and matters of political economy we have periodical writers who have won distinction. The subjects discussed by them are, as some people say, years ahead of their time, such as government ownership of telegraph, telephone, and other public conveniences; and the intricate problems and weighty matters that find expounders among magazine writers may not find appreciation in all the magazine readers, but it must be remembered that the *menu*, so to speak, which a leading periodical prepares for its patrons is valuable largely because of its variety, so that each and every one may find something that gratifies his taste.

The best value of the leading periodicals is the high

moral plane upon which they rest, the high-toned manner in which they are conducted, the discriminating judgment exercised in the selection of thier contents, and the loyalty to truth and virtue that is yet awhile the best characteristic.

Our leading periodicals have advanced with the spirit of aggression that marks this age, but they have kept apace without catching too many of the tendencies towards abnormal and unwholesome progress. They are to-day what they have been for a century, our best, most reliable, most cautious and most entertaining current literature.

JOSEPHINE BELLE GULLEY.

TENNYSON AS A POET OF NATURE.

Nature is always full of life, the rising sun is as beautiful to-day as on the first dawn, the streaming floods, the multiplying flowers, "the forces which hurl onward the stormy whirlwind of existence aspire and strive with the same energy as at their birth," the immortal heart of Nature is not dead yet, it beats, and its beatings are felt on the heart of the poet. Tennyson felt this, and two or three times at least he has dared to make it heard. He strays through Nature with preoccupation, without fierce passion, bent on feeling, relishing and culling from all parts the rare and wild flowers whose perfume or beauty could charm him.

In the "Dying Swan" we forget that the subject is almost threadbare and the interest somewhat slight in the enjoyment of the scene in which

"Some blue peaks in the distance rose,
And white against the cold-white sky,
Shone out their crowning snows,
One willow over the river wept,
And shook the wave as the wind did sigh;
Above in the wind was the swallow,
Chasing itself at its own wild will,
And far thro' the marish, green and still,
The tangled water-courses slept,
Shot over with purple, and green, and yellow."

Tennyson has the unerring first touch which in a single line proves the artist, and it has been said justly that there is more true landscape in one stanza of "In Memoriam" than in the whole of "that vaunted descriptive poem of a former century, "The Seasons."

He looked for pretty, rustic scenes; he gave us the little real events of English life, such as we see in "The May Queen," "The Miller's Daughter," and "Dora." In each instance the scene lies before us, so careful is Tennyson in his sketching, so deeply has the picture sunk into his imagination. The human beings would be of no interest to us were it not for the nature that surrounds them; they have lived with it so long that they cannot be separated from it. In "The May Queen" we can see the maiden's cottage on the hill, which is covered with flowers:

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray."
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to Queen o' the May."

The scenery in "The Miller's Daughter" was familiar to Tennyson, for he constantly saw it in the fen-country, and it had left its impression on his soul. In one of his rapid sketches he lays the whole scene before us:

> "Arise, and let us wander forth,
> To you old mill across the wolds;
> For look, the sunset, south and north,
> Winds all the vale in rosy folds,
> And fires your narrow casement glass,
> Touching the sullen pool below:
> On the chalk-hill the bearded grass
> Is dry and dewless. Let us go."

In "Miriana" we have still more of true English landscape. In this poem, as in many others, Nature is made to correspond with the human feelings. Here is a bit of true landscape painting:

> "With blackest moss the flower-plots
> Were thickly crusted one and all:
> The rusted nails fell from the knots
> That held the pear to the gable-wall.
> The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
> Uplifted was the clinking latch;
> Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
> Upon the lonely moated grange."

Tennyson in his descriptions of invented landscapes has the art of selecting salient features and composing them into an artistic picture, such as that seen in the "Vale of Ida," where

> "The swimming vapour floats athwart the glen,
> Puts forth an arm and creeps from pine to pine,
> And loiters slowly down,"

or that coral reef where Enoch Arden heard

> "The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
> The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
> And blossom'd in the zenith."

The distinctness of his imaginery or invented landscape is not only vividness or truth, but the union of these with a certain dreamy and aerial charm. This is seen in "The Lotos-Eaters." In this poem men accompany Tennyson to the land of southern seas; they return with involuntary fascination to verses in which he depicts the compassion of Ulysses, whose boat is driven into a shallow bay opening into a valley surrounded by cliffs, "down whose sides thin streams of silken mists are falling, and at the head of the valley three snow-crowned mountains are rosy in the sunset. The vale is filled with the soft murmur of a river which glides through the yellow sand into the sea, over which the sun is setting." Everywhere the lotos blooms and "sheds its yellow dust upon the weary wind." We can get no better idea of the scenery of this poem than that which Mr. Brookes gives us. He says:

"The air is lanquid, and the moon has completed its waxing and is full-faced; and the streams fall in slow dropping veils of thinnest lawn, and their sheets of foam are slumbrous, and the snow on the rosy peaks is very old, and the amber-light dreams and the waves curve tenderly on the land, and the apple on the trees round to fullness and fall—full ripe, and all the winds and sounds are low."

This is the beautiful land of the lotos-eaters, which Tennyson paints for us as no other artist could; this is the land in which Ulysses and his companions, happy dreamers like himself, forget their country and renounce action.

Tennyson's other great quality as a nature-poet is seen in the treatment of detail, in vignettes, where the result of

minute, keen insight is made to rise before us in some magical phrase such as "The shining levels of the lake" and "The twinkling laurel scatters silver lights"; the shoal of fish that "came slipping over their shadows on the plain." But a still finer illustration of this is found in "The Gardner's Daughter":

"Night slid down one long stream of sighing wind,
And in her bosom bore the baby Sleep."

Among the English poets of the sea, too, Tennyson has a high place; he can describe, as in "Elaine," the wind in strife with the billow of the North sea, "glimmering toward the summit," but especially his verse can give back all the tones of the sea upon the shore, and can interpret their sympathy with the varying mood of the human soul. This is seen in "Locksley Hall," where the temper of the man is reflected by the landscape—"sandy tracks on which the ocean thunders and the curlews cry—the sea on one side, the moor-land on the other, and at the last the vapour blackening from the moor, with the blast in its breast, to fall on 'Locksley Hall.'"

This is again illustrated in the poem "Lucretius," in which Tennyson brings in a storm to represent the tempest in the soul of Lucretius.

Every poem has its own peculiar scenery, each one different, and yet each one unique.

Tennyson lived in the country, chiefly on the "Isle of Wight," amongst books and flowers, free from the annoyances, rivalries, and burdens of society, and his life was a beautiful dream, as sweet as those lively fancies which he has given us.

ETHEL WORRELL.

LA RENAISSANCE.

"Pour dix-sept siècles une pensée triste et profonde, pesait sur le coeur de l'homme: le surmoutant, l'exaltant, l'affaiblissant, mais ne perdant, jamais sa prise à travers les ecueils de la vie, et ce longue espace de temps." Cette pensée était l'idée de l'impuissance et de la décadence de l'homme. Cette croyance fut causée par la corruption de grèce et l'oppression de Rome; "ah!" disait les philosophes, ce monde est perverse, perdu, tâchout d'y échapper par insensibilité, étounement, et par transport." Depuis mille ans cette terrible conviction était profondément gravée dans le coeur humain, et si par malheur, une personne parlait contre l'autorité, il truvait son oeuvre détruite par l'idée que tous étaient soumis à l'obéissance des moines et aux rêves des fanatiques. Au quatrième siècle la "lettre morte" fut graduellement substitutée à la foi vivante. Ainsi à la place du christianisme, ce fut l'église; des ferveurs morales ce furent les pratiques religieuses; enfin, au lieu de pensées énergiques, la discipline extérieure et mécanique prit place. Voici, quels étaient les autres signes caractèristiques du moyen âge. Mais toute chose à son temps, change, et l'âge d'invention apparait.

L'amérique et les Indes sont ajontés à la carte; le monde prend une forme; l'art et la littérature j'aiblissent, sortent impétueusement, et nous donnent de nouvelles lumières. La religion est transformée, et l'action du pouvoir de l'esprit est illuminée et récrée par les longs efforts. Ceci fut le grand âge d'Europe, de son acroissement, de l'époque la plus marquée pour la gloire du genre humain, et heureux de dire que nous en subissons toujours les effets. On trouve encore les traces de la Renaissance dans l'Art, l'Architecture et la Science.

Nous admirons l'art Italien, et ces savants Italiens, et leur litterature se trouvent en contact avec lesdées Anglaises. Plus d'un siècle avant que d'autres nations commencent à s'éveiller, depuis Pétrarque et Boccacio, les Italiens recouvrèrent leur valeur d'héritage, en produisant leurs manuscrits ensevelit et en étudiant les anciens. La remise en vigueur des arts par les Italiens agitèrent le peuple; lui donna une nouvelle vie, et delà sortit des sentiments plus profonds. L'historie de la sculpture Italienne du temps de Michäel Ange à Conova, est une histoire de décadence jusqu'au style de la Renaissance.

Le sevère réalisme qui distingue les oeuvres Italiennes du quinzième siècle, est également remarquable dans les productions des artistes Allemands. De Pétrarche à Boccaccio les principaux écrivains d'Italic à cette époque, nous passons au premier auteur, Anglais, Chaucer. Dans tous ses ouvrages vous voyez les traces de l'influence Italienne.

Ce fut aussi de ces écoles d'Italie que des hommes tels que Colet, Moore, Erasmus tirent leurs inspirations. L'influence Italienne ne se faisait pas sentir seulement en littérature et art mais se répaudit dans toute l'Angleterre. L'agriculture commenca à faire de l'avancement. Ou prit plus d'intèrêt dans l'art de construire, ou se servit de verre pour les fenêtres, ou couvrit les mûrs de tapistries et des poëles furent inventés enfin tout se prèsentait sous un plus civilisé et plus grand aspect. Les étoffes de ce temps étaient manifiques, les robes richement ornées et doublées de satin, les mauteaux étaient engravés et les souliers de velours, les bottes avaient des neufs tombant et étaient brodeés de toutes sortes de figures d'oiseaux et d'aminaux, etc. L'esprit artistique de cette époque trouva dug oût dans l'art poétique et dramatique. C'était la joyeuse Angleterre alors, car elle n'avait encore rien sentie de la dureté de la vie. Les théâtres furent ètablis pour l'amusement du peuple, et les com-

pagnes d'amateurs qui ne jouaient seulement qu'à la cour alors voyagèrent dans toutes les contrées.

Les ideés progressives interessèrent le peuple, et graduellement les hommes s'élevèrent au niveau de grands et salutaires esprits. Ils comprirent non-seulement la langue mais la penseé; ils étaient polis, élégants d'une certaine éducation, et par-dessus tont avaient le don de la parole. La Renaissance anglaise est la Renaissance du gènie Saxon. C'est là que nous trouvons la grande amèlioration dans la poésie, car le peuple ne désirait rien d'autres qu'art, poésie, et plaisir. La surabondance et l'irrègularité les deux traits de cet esprit, et cette littérature ordinaire parmi tous les littérateurs de la Renaissance, était plus remarquée ici; car la race allemande préférait ressentir une impression ardente et forte à l'harmonie des formes Latines. Les anglais n'étaient pas capables d'anticiper l'influence de la Renaissance et de la Réformation par le poéte Chaucer, moutrant leancoup d'influence Italienne. Spencer à cette époque donna au monde sou épique romantique contenant la forme allègorique du moyen âge, ses dècorations embellies par la Renaissance Italienne et toute sa beauté et pureté pour la plus poétique des nations du monde moderne.

Les relations Italiennes aidèrent aussi à exciter la formation et développement du style Français. Commençant avec les vieux châteaux de Touraine, et passant plus loin nous arrivons aux Tuileries nous pouvons encou tracer l'entrée de la forteresse de Medival; donner un coup d'oeil aux modernes jardins anglais et alors nous pouvous voir aisément combien l'architecture était sous l'influence d'une nouvelle Renaissance; la civilisation, et la cour.

La littérature française répondit vivement aux influences de la Renaissance. Elle se dévelloppa elle-même, par leurs efforts de purifier la diction de la poésie. Ce qu'est Arioste pour l'Italie, Cervantes pour Espagne, Erasmus pour la

Hollande, Luther pour l'Allemagne, Shakespeare pour l'Angleterre (Luther pour l'Allemagne), et enfin ce qu'est Rabelais pour la France.

La Renaissance francaise était aussi riche en études classiques autant qu'elle l'était en "arts et en lettres"; mais c'est à l'Italie que la France doit ses premiers progrés de Renaissance.

Alors L'absolution, l'indépendence souveraine fut établit et servit de base au gouvernment français et ce fut un roi de France, Louis douze, qui, quand la nation fut ramenée à l'ordre, énonça ces famenses paroles "L'état c'est moi." La Renaissance termine le moyen-âge, et ouvre les temps modernes.

Ce fut en vèrité un esprit sévére qu'apporta l'éspée au lieu de paix, montraut ainsi aux hommes leurs fermes devoirs, et mettant à toute épreuve force morale et courage. On remarqua, dans toutes les parties d'Europe que les chanes de nature, les vieilles idées donnèrant places à de nouvelles, que la science se tint sur un pied ferme, et que la liberté politique lutta fortement. Si cela n'ent été la Renaissance "on forces renaissantes" d'Europe, servait un terme sans signification, sans vie!!

MARY G. SMITH.

EDITORIAL.

WHAT A DELIGHTFUL Commencement we have had, and how glad we feel that there was no jar or hitch in any of the varied exercises of the week! In the first place the meeting of the Alumnæ, held on Saturday, June 4th, was of great interest, and showed what good work is being accomplished for St. Mary's all over the South. Mrs. Iredell's report was very encouraging, for it proved still further to us how fresh in the heart of all our girls is the love for their school, and what sympathy and help they give us in every movement to extend the usefulness of their *Alma Mater.* This meeting was held in the Art Building, and during the informal reception, immediately after the business was transacted, the guests had an opportunity of seeing Miss Tenner's beautiful exhibit in art and a great deal of the work done by the girls in Science, Mathematics, Literature, History, etc. The variety and the beauty of the exhibit made by the little folks was really astonishing—drawings in pencil, clay modeling, relief maps, illustrated work in English, pressed specimens of flowers, colored crayon drawings. Why, you would scarcely believe the little tots could do so much, unless you had seen it all. And then, the art works! We feel great pride in sur Art Department, and we have had so many nice little compliments about it lately that one can scarcely wonder if we are somewhat elated; the work is so finished, so tasteful, and shows not only thorough training but real talent. The exquisite studies and copies in oil done by Pattie Lewis, Sadie Root, Lena Latta and Lucy West, the clear, beautifully toned water-colors of Susan Marshall and Georgia Wilkins; Caroline Means' faithful, well-defined charcoal studies, and Tempe Hill's pen and ink work were especially

worthy of mention. During the past year, too, Tempe Hill has made a new departure in Art, and has given us some exceedingly good casts from clay models. Our Studio has been recently kalsomined, and the soft tint of the walls bring out the pictures charmingly.

On Monday evening the children gave their yearly entertainment, and, as usual, late comers found not even standing room in the parlor. Our parlor, alas! seems so beautifully large at all times, except Commencement, and we can't understand why it should always shrink so then; so many of our fsiends are obliged to take uncomfortable places, and sometimes even, no places at all. The little folks did themselves great credit: the dumb-bells were good, the hoops lively, and choruses, piano and violin solos succeeded each other with commendable promptness and good execution; but in "The Ruggleses in the Rear" they all outdid themselves. For fifteen minutes the audience was kept in a constant laugh at the costume and the remarkably funny admonitions of Mrs. Ruggles (Jennie Trapier) and the absurd conduct of all the little Ruggleses.

On Tuesday we gave "An Evening with Tennyson." For the past half year the Senior Class has made a special study of Tennyson's poetry, and this "evening" was only the natural outcome of that work. The devoting of a whole programme to one author was an experiment, and we could not but be gratified at the success with which we met. Our audience expressed itself as much pleased, and said things which our modesty will not allow us to repeat, even under cover of an editorial "we." The two papers by Annie Barnes and Jessamine Higgs showed both originality and ease of expression, the readings were marked by real appreciation of the poetry and a lack of all bad elocutionary effect.

The Concert Wednesday evening was one of the best we

have ever had, and of that and of the exercises Thursday morning we will let others than ourselves speak. The *News and Observer* says:

A few additional words must be said completing the report of the Concert given at St. Mary's School last Wednesday evening. A marked feature of the programme was its diversity and comprehensiveness, and it was a pleasure to note that the young ladies rendered their selections with an ease, grace, and surety that at once put the audience in the condition of actual enjoyment. Not a single number was dull nor beyond the capabilities of the performer.

The violin department again carried off high honors, not alone in the solo work, but also in the *ensemble*-playing and in the accompaniments to the choruses. The tone and intonation of these young players was really good.

Some brilliant playing was done by the piano pupils; but one thing was especially noticeable in all, namely, the clearness in passage work and the intelligent phrasing. These two factors, combined with a singing touch, made the piano-playing a delightful feature of the evening's programme.

Among the singers of the evening we made the acquaintance of some lovely voices, not only sweet by nature, but showing in their method and expression the most thorough and intelligent training. The trio, "The Linden Tree," by Schubert, was one of the gems of the occasion.

The Concert closed with two choruses, accompanied by violins and piano. Some lovely effects were obtained by this combination.

The fact must not be overlooked that all the work shown at these Commencement Concerts (as well as in the Tennyson programme) is simply the legitimate outcome of the year's study, and little, if any, special preparation is made.

In the words of a visitor thoroughly acquainted with the work done in the most progressive Northern schools: "In all my experience I have never seen a more beautiful commencement; and the Concert on Wednesday night was worthy of the best pupils of any of our Eastern conservatories."

Of Thursday morning, the paper says:

That grand old institution, St. Mary's School, of Raleigh, closed its fifty-eighth scholastic year yesterday, held its fifty-eighth Commencement exercises, and added eleven talented young women to its already extended roll of graduates.

It was very fitting that the mothers, fathers, and friends of the graduating class who had assembled should be greeted in a salutatory address by a charming young granddaughter of the founder of the school, a

member of the graduating class, Miss Sarah Smedes Root, of Raleigh. The very happy and appropriate sentences delicately woven by her into a brief but touching salutatory, preceding her graduating essay, was one of the happiest numbers on the day's interesting and highly entertaining programme.

It was alike fitting that the exercises of this fifty-eighth Commencement should be closed by the awarding of diplomas and distinctions by so distinguished a son of so distinguished a sire, the present Rector, Rev. Bennett Smedes, upon whom has fallen the mantle of the founder of the school. There were mothers present, many of them, who saw class honors and distinctions and diplomas descend upon their daughters, who stood upon the very spot upon which they had stood in years gone by, and received like honors and distinctions. There were even grandmothers who could recall some summer day long ago, when they, too, had stepped out from the class-room and paused just long enough on this historic rostrum to be crowned with class honors, ere they turned into the paths that led into mature womanhood, and through the sunshine and shadows of after years.

Yesterday was a glad day for the friends of St. Mary's. It was the climax to the Commencement exercises of 1898. It was the grand finale of an eight-months' daily school routine, the ringing down of the curtain on one of the most fruitful and prosperous sessions the grand old institution has ever enjoyed.

I might insert here the programme of the delightful exercises and stop, but in that programme there was rhyme, music, beauty, logic, eloquence, admonition, sweetness of voice, of manner, of gesture, that the type can never reproduce.

There was not a hitch, no delay, not even an awkward pause. The young ladies were all happy in the selection of subjects for essays. The accomplished Musical Director was most happy in the arrangement of his part of the programme, and the reading of essays, the songs, the instrumental selections, were all charmingly rendered.

Generous applause greeted each number on the programme, and as each fair participant retired she went laden with rare flowers, appropriate tributes from appreciative friends.

The valedictorian of the class was Miss Katie McKimmon Hawley, of Fayetteville. Her valedictory was a gem and she delivered it gracefully and with charming ease.

On the rostrum sat Bishop J. B. Cheshire, Jr., Rev Bennett Smedes, Rector and Principal of St. Mary's School; Dr. John Smedes, Dr. M. M. Marshall, Mr. W. A. Erwin, Rev. T. M. N. George, and Rev. Dr. Pittenger. The rostrum was decorated with evergreens and trailing flowers. The young ladies of the school marched in, each one dressed in spotless

white. The hall was filled with the parents of the pupils and friends of the school.

The address to the graduating class by Rev. T. M. George was ornate, eloquent and full of valuable suggestions for their future guidance. Mr. George is a very pleasing speaker, and the kindly utterances and wholesome advice that fell on the ears of these young ladies will be valuable guides for them as they step out of the school into the broader walks of life. He was listened to with rapt attention not only by the graduating class and by the other pupils of the school, but by the large crowd of visitors present.

St. Mary's takes this year's vacation after a vigorous and successful session. Indeed, there seems to be a new vigor infused into the institution, not any forsaking of the high standard upon which the school has always rested, but a forward march in the line of modern-day progress.

During this week two distinguished visitors, Dr. A. Troomer Porter and Dr. Frost, of the South Carolina Diocese, have been in attendance upon the Commencement exercises and the meetings of the Trustees. They were sent by their Diocese to secure information, study the plans, curriculum and other features of the school with a view, if their report be a satisfactory one, of adopting St. Mary's as the college of the South Carolina as well as the North Carolina Diocese. These gentlemen have expressed themselves as highly delighted with the school, and there is no doubt but they will make a very favorable report on their return and that the school will be adopted by the South Carolina Diocese.

The business affairs of the institution are in good shape. The Board of Trustees have re-elected the following Executive Committee: Rt. Rev. Joseph B. Cheshire, D. D., Wm. A. Erwin, of Durham; Dr. F. J. Murdoch, of Salisbury; Charles E. Johnson, Esq., and Dr. R. H. Lewis, of Raleigh.

Dr. Bennett Smedes has been continued as Rector and Principal of the institution. The faculty has been arranged for the next session and the school will begin its next school year under most flattering auspices.

ENTERTAINMENT BY THE PRIMARY AND PREPARATORY CLASSES, JUNE 6, 1898.

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1. CHORUS—"Merrily Over the Ocean Spray," . . . *Richards*
2. PIANO SOLO—Waltz, ... *Lange*
   Bessie Woodward.
3. DUMB-BELLS.
   Primary and Preparatory Classes.
4. FRENCH SONG—"J'ai du bon Tabac," . . . . *Traditional*
5. PIANO DUETT—Polka, ... *Behr*
   Annie Cheshire and Annie Root.
6. CHORUS—"Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree," . *Barrowes*
7. VIOLIN SOLO—Mazurka, ... *C. N. Allen*
   Fannie Johnson.
8. FRENCH SONG—"A la mode," . . . . . . *Traditional*
9. PIANO SOLO—The Market Maid, ... *Bohm*
   Kincey Boylan.
10. PLAY—"The Ruggleses in the Rear."

Characters.

MRS. RUGGLES, ...	Jennie Trapier
SARAH MAUD, ...	Pattie Carroll
PETER, ...	Alline Young
PEORIA, ...	Bessie Trapier
CORNELIUS, ...	Hannah Ashe
SUSAN, ...	Katherine Boylan
MISS KITTIE, ...	Fannie Johnson
CLEMENT M'C GRILL, . . .	Josephine Boylan
EILY, ...	Juliet Crews
LARRY, ...	Nannie Hay

11. PIANO SOLO—By the Brook, ... *Tours*
    Annie Root.
12. FRENCH SONG—"Sur le Pont," . . . . . *Traditional*
13. HOOPS.
    Primary and Preparatory Classes.

Accompanist, MISS DELLA WELLER.

AN EVENING WITH TENNYSON, TUESDAY, JUNE 7, 1898.

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1. PAPER—Tennyson's Relation to Life.
   Miss Jessamine May Higgs.
2. SONG—"Tears, Idle Tears," . . . . . . *Blumenthal*
   Miss Emma West.
3. THE EAGLE—Musical Illustration, ... *MacDowell*

   He clasps the crag with hooked hands;
   Close to the sun in lonely lands,
   Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

   The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
   He watches from his mountain walls,
   And like a thunderbolt he falls.
4. READING—The Lady of Shalott.
   Miss Kate Hawley.
5. SONG—"Ask Me No More," . . . . *Tosti*
   Miss Florence Holt.
6. PAPER—Tennyson's Lyric Poems.
   Miss Annie R. Barnes.
7. READING—The Brook.
   Miss Mary Smith.

   Musical Illustration, . . . *Dolores and Lack*
   Miss Emma Huger.
8. READING—The Lotus-Eaters.
   Miss Sadie Root.

   Musical Illustration, ... *Schumann*
9. READING—St. Agnes Eve.
   Miss Margaret Smedes.
10. SONG—Crossing the Bar, ... *Buck*
    Miss Helen Willey.
11. READING—Transitus in Lucem, ... *Van Dyke*
    Miss Janie Pearson.
12. TRIO AND CHORUS—"Ring Out Wild Bells," . . . *Lahee*

ANNUAL CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1898.

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1. MOSZKOWSKI, ... *Krakowiak*
   Piano—Miss Allie Lee and Olive Armstrong.

2. { STRELEZKI, ... *Dreams*
   { NEVIN, ... *The Merry, Merry Lark*
   Soprano—Miss Helen Willey.
   Violin—Miss Ida E. Martin.

3. MOFFAT, ... *Ballade*
   Violin—Miss Helen Smedes.

4. GRODSKY, ... *Gondoliera*
   Piano—Miss Janie Pearson.

5. HORROCKS, ... *The Bird and the Rose*
   Mezzo-soprano—Miss Florence Holt.

6. MOFFAT, ... *Memories.*
   Violins—I. { Miss Helen Smedes.
   { Master James Thomas.
   II. Miss Florence Boylan.
   III. Miss Sarah Cheshire.

7. LISZT, ... *Rhapsody No. 11*
   Miss Margaret Smedes.

8. GOUNOD, ... *Sing, Smile and Slumber*
   Soprano—Miss Emma West.
   Violin—Miss Ida E. Martin.

9. SCHARWENKA, ... *Polish Dance.*
   Violin—Master James Thomas.

10. SCHUBERT, ... *The Linden Tree*
   Trio—Misses Helen Willey, Florence Holt, Emma Huger.

11. GODARD, ... *Espagnole*
   Piano—Miss Annie Shaw.

12. LACHMUND, ... *Lullaby*
   Violins—I. Misses Helen Smedes,
   II. Sarah Cheshire,
   III. Florence Boylan,
   IV. Master James Thomas.

13. LISZT, ... *Rigoletto*
   Piano—Miss Pattie Lewis.

14. { MARSHALL, ... *Barcarolle*
   { CAMPBELL, ... *Night Wind*
   Chorus.
   Violins.
   Piano—Misses Margaret Smedes and Janie Pearson.

COMMENCEMENT DAY, THURSDAY MORNING, JUNE 9, 1898.

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1. MOSZKOWSKI, ... *Waltz*
   Misses Eliza H. Simmons and Mary Cornelia Thompson.
2. SALUTATORY AND ESSAY—Dante Gabriel Rosetti, Poet and Painter.
   Miss Sarah Smedes Root.
3. KELLIE, ... *Douglas Gordon*
   Mezzo-soprano—Miss Louise Pittenger.
4. ESSAY—The Value of our Chief Periodicals.
   Miss Josephine Belle Gulley.
5. ESSAY—Two Great Actors (Booth and Jefferson).
   Miss Frances Hawks Cameron.
6. LACK, ... *Tyrolienne*
   Miss Mary Sherwood Smedes.
7. ESSAY—The Earlier English Lyrists.
   Miss Sallie Burton Harriss.
8. SCHUMANN, ... *Traumerei*
   Violin—Miss Florence T. Boylan.
9. ESSAY—A Modern American Novelist.
   Miss Olive L. Armstrong.
10. RUBINSTEIN, ... *Barcarolle*
    Miss Leila B. Philips.
11. ESSAY—One of our Chief Singers.
    Miss Margaret H. Smedes.
12. HAUSE—The Night has a Thousand Eyes.
    Misses Emma Huger and Florence Holt.
13. VALEDICTORY AND ESSAY—Four Men Whom the World Loves.
14. WACHS, ... *Mazurka*
    Miss Lois Holt.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1897–'98.

Christiana Busbee, Jennie G. B. Trapier, Sallie L. London (one-half year), Margaret H. Smedes, Isabel Busbee, Nannie Belvin, Janie S. Pearson, Kate McK. Hawley, Annie D. Hinsdale, Georgia M. Wilkins, Eliza H. Simmons, Sarah S. Root, Lily E. Dodd, Nina W. Green, Bettie D. Windley (half year), Mary Cornelia Thompson, Annie R. Barnes (half year), Kate B. Connor, J. Belle Gulley, Leila B. Philips, L. Kate Cannady, Julia H. Harriss, Josephine Ashe (half year), Sallie B. Harriss Annie Dughi, Mary S. Smedes, Annie W. Cheshire, Caroline M. Means Eugenia Roberts, Annie M. Walker, Mary A. Battle, Ethel Worrell

Helen L. Smedes, Alice Love, Eleanor C. Emerson, Martha Harding, Margaret C. Trapier, Olive L. Armstrong, Emma M. Huger, Annie B. Duncan, Ellen D. Hinsdale, Mary G. Smith, Louise H. Urquhart, Elizabeth Montgomery, M. Le Grand Cameron, Annie Love, Jessamine M. Higgs, Mattie N. Redford, Mariá Bain (half year), Anna Louise Pittenger, Annie L. Shaw, Windham Trapier, Josephine Brown, Frances H. Cameron, Etta D. Perry, Josephine Osborne, Julia S. Bowen.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

Pattie Carroll, Lena Whitfield, Bessie G. Trapier.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT.

Josephine E. Boylan, Fannie H. Johnson, Catharine Boylan, Campbell Jones, Katie McG. Smith.

For progress in the studies of Primary Department: Hannah Ashe, Juliet Crews, Nannie Hay.

Honorable mention and marked improvement: Mary Clark, in Academic Department; Eliza Harding, Allie M. Lee, Sarah Cheshire, Annie D. Taylor, Emma West, Nannie Jones, Emma Durham, Harriet Orr, Eliza Lamb, Conklin Carroll, Helen Moring, Elizabeth Nash, Mabel Powers, Myrtle Underwood.

CERTIFICATES.

In Mathematics, History and Literature—Leila B. Philips.

In Mathematics—Allie M. Lee.

In Stenography and Typewriting—Sarah Burkhead, Isabel B. Busbee, Margaret Susan Marshall, Margaret H. Smedes, Iva F. Upchurch, Mary Tonnoffski, Bessie Hines White, Jane Hinton Pescud.

In History and Literature—Janie S. Pearson.

FIRST DISTINCTION.

Piano—Margaret Smedes, Janie Pearson, Pattie Lewis, Annie Shaw.

Violin—Helen Smedes, James Thomas.

Voice—Emma West, Emma Huger, Helen Willey, Louise Pittenger, Florence Holt.

SECOND DISTINCTION.

Piano—Allie Lee, Olive Armstrong, Leila Philips, Eliza Simmons, Mary Cornelia Thompson.

Violin—Florence Boylan, Windham Trapier, Sarah Cheshire.

DISTINCTIONS IN ART.

First Distinction in Oil Painting—Martha B. Lewis, Sarah S. Root.

Second Distinction in Oil Painting—Lena L. Latta, Lucy West.

First Distinction in Water-color—M. Susan Marshall, Georgia M. Wilkins.

First Distinction in Clay Modelings and in Pen and Ink—Tempe B. Hill.

First Distinction in Charcoal—Caroline Mitchell Means.

First Distinction in Pencil—Josephine Ashe.

Distinctions in French—Kate McK. Hawley, Louise Pittenger.

HONORABLE MENTION.

Violin—Eleanor Emerson, Beulah Armstrong, Fannie Johnson.

Voice—Alice Makely, May Jenkins.

Piano—Mary Smedes, Lois Holt, Fanny Bost, Della Weller, May Jenkins, Lucy Leach (half term), Mary Parker Ashe (half term), Elizabeth Montgomery, Harriet Orr, Katie Cannady, Betty Windley (half term), Sallie London (half term), Annie M. Walker, Louise Urquhart, Eliza Hodges, Harriet Wilkins, Eliza Harding, Mabel Powers, Mary Philips, Eugenia Roberts (half term), Anna Kellogg (half term), Annie Taylor (half term), Eliza Lamb (half term), Loulie Walker, Josephine Osborne (half term), Kincey Boylan, Annie Root, Annie Cheshire, Bessie Woodward, Belle Hay, Lizzie Nash.

Certificates in Stenography and Typewriting were awarded for the first time. This business department was introduced last fall and has been eminently successful. It is in the charge of a thoroughly qualified teacher. The pupils have been enthusiastic and their careful training has advanced them rapidly.

REV. T. M. GEORGE'S ADDRESS.

Young Ladies of the Graduating Class: Your life as school-girls at St. Mary's is drawing to its close. The story of its occupations, its trials, its achievements, its friendships will soon have *Finis* written on its last leaf. Its experiences for good or ill cannot be repeated; they will now have to be stored in the chambers of memory, to be, through all of your future life, the failures no less than the successes, the most valuable treasures of that life. You will often take them out and handle them and keep them fresh in the mind. But not only that, they are also to be an unfailing source of wealth, which nothing can deprive you of, in price, "above rubies."

You are to take with you all the store of good things which you have here been taught; and I esteem it a very great privilege which your honored and beloved Rector

gives me in asking me to say to you the final word of advice and good cheer in regard to the employment of your talents. I am sensible also of the responsibility resting upon me to urge you to make the very highest use of your attainments, so that they may redound to the glory of God and the good of men, and so to your *own* good.

No place, it seems to me, could be more happily chosen than this sweet Chapel, with its sacred associations, as the place, where, amid your teachers, and friends, and loved ones, you should hear this word.

And from no less sacred a spot than this altar should the message be delivered which would bid you always to write upon your thoughts and words and acts "Holiness to the Lord."

The only way to live successfully is to have a true view of the purpose of life and of the way in which we can in the highest possible degree fulfill that purpose.

One idea of life is to get out of it for ourselves all that we possibly can, not necessarily in the low view of the Epicurean, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die"; but in the higher sphere of the intellect, and even in that of religion, the dominant thought is, *reward, self-enrichment, self-culture.*

But there is another conception of life which finds its fitting expression in the words of One who illustrated it in His own life and Person, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

To inscribe upon all our powers "*ad majorem Dei gloriam,*" and to employ them not for our own selves, but for the furtherance of the welfare and happiness of those around us, this is to fulfill the true purpose of life: this is to realize our high position as the kings and queens of creation.

Making thus a sacrifice of life, we take our places before

the altar of the High God with all the dignity and the joy of willing priests; and we find ourselves in full accord with the end of our being in rendering unto Him the grateful homage of all the powers, mental and material, with which He has endowed us, and in so doing we realize the purpose of our creation, and so live successfully and well.

The glory of life viewed as a sacrifice: this is the thought with which I would send you forth to-day, feeling sure that if you will but act upon it your life will be "a daily psalm of praise."

Let us look briefly at those various parts which, taken together, make the whole of human powers, which we are to lay in their entirety upon the altar of sacrifice.

Let us first look at that which is lowest in the scale of our being.

When you touch my hand, when you hear my voice you come in contact with the only means which I have of translating to you that which is in my thought. In a word it is through those physical powers and endowments which God has given us that we make ourselves intelligible to other people. Shut them all up, and one might be a genius in his intellectual gifts, but would be powerless to influence his fellowmen. Hence it is that the care and training of the body must have an essential place in all rational education. The day is past when men thought they could serve God best by neglecting the body; or when the main evidences of intellectual accomplishments were to be found in dyspeptic and debilitated bodies.

The body is the instrument with which the mind and higher man must work, and the power of the body as an instrument depends upon its being in a healthy condition, and, so to speak, well tuned. No one would think of trying to bring music out of an instrument all abused and out of tune.

Your *Alma Mater* has made it her care to look well to the physical side of your education. She has insisted upon the regular and temperate hours; she has provided wholesome and nourishing diet; she has encouraged the healthful and invigorating exercise in calisthenic drill and pleasant recreation in order to produce the naturalness and ease of manner and carriage which bespeak the St. Mary's girl. And her purpose in this has been to give due effect to the cultivation of the mind and heart.

And as you go hence let the lesson not be forgotten. And not only the health of the body should be looked to, but what we may call the "mint and anise and cummin" of adornment should not be beneath your care.

All should be looked to with the purpose of making the fullest use you can of these temples of the Holy Spirit, not only for service in useful toil, but for glory and beauty. Keep your health, keep your freshness, keep your beauty; but not for self; not to attract admirers, or to feed vanity; but for the good, for the happiness of those who love you, and those whom you would win to love God. The dissipated life grows prematurely old. Beware of the exhaustions and the exactions of so-called society. Nature always makes us pay the penalty for trifling with her laws. The ideal which I would set before you is to make the most of every element of your womanhood for the glory of God and the good of men.

We need to take every proper care of the body, not as an end in itself, but as an instrument.

Harsh and sour tempers are often the result of sickly bodies. Trouble and anxiety and distress to those about us come from neglecting this lowest, but essential part of our being.

We should cherish it with a view to prolonging our usefulness, that the mind and spirit may through it serve God and perform their ministries to men.

Then—whether we make the body bow in adoration, or labor in the trivial round and the common task; or yield it to brave the dangers of pestilence, or adorn it to grace an assembly,—all will be done with one idea, that it is not a master to be served, nor an idol to be worshipped to the dethronement of the higher and nobler part of our being; but an instrument to be used with all tact and meekness and courage in blessing the world.

And now we come to speak of powers higher and nobler than the physical.

You have an instrument infinitely finer than the body, something that says: "*Intelligo*," I know, I perceive, I understand.

The mind has been described as having three distinct powers, the *perceptive* power, the power of *comparison*, and the *reflective* power. By the first the mind recognizes a truth, discerns a fact. It is to the mind what the hand is to the body, and has a prehensile power by which it takes *hold* of that which appeals to the reason and intelligence.

And next, there is in the mind the power of *comparison*, by the exercise of which we learn to distinguish between great things and little things, and between things that are true and things that are false. And then binding these two other powers, the comparative and the perceptive, there is the *reflective* power, which seeks to know a thing by "thinking through it."

The purpose of an education is to develop and discipline these powers. Instruction, the impartation of knowledge, is necessary, but it is incidental and subordinate to this great end—the training and disciplining of the mind so that it may know how to take a firm grasp of the thoughts which are presented to it; to turn them over and skillfully detect little from great, true from false; to brood over them as it were, in deep and silent meditation, like Mary of old.

who kept the great mysteries which were revealed to her and "pondered them in her heart"—until we arrive at conclusions which are true and which are the offspring of our own mental efforts. So it is that men and women came to astonish and delight the world with the creations of their genius—and live the poets, artists, scientists of the world.

Of men who thus think deeply it must be said that it is not so certain that they possess their thoughts as that their thoughts possess them. But the result is the enrichment of the world by works of genius; it may be a viaduct thown across an impassable gulf; or it may be a Dome of St. Peter's, or a Sistine Madonna; or a Handel's "Messiah," or a great book or poem; or again, the application to a thousand purposes of the subtle properties of electricity.

But education is not so much intended to develop genius, though genius needs to be directed, pruned, trained. Education for the most of us is designed to bring us to the point where we can at least have sufficient fellowship with genius to appreciate its creations; to detect the meretricious and the shallow, and to adequately esteem that which is great and substantial and lasting; to value and enjoy the true, the beautiful, and the good, whether in the works of God or of man. It is intended to bring us into the goodly company of the choice spirits of earth. It labors to fit us each to have our own lower part in the great chorus of praise under the leadership of master minds, who compose and who direct, or at least to be appreciative listeners in the audience.

The work of the class-room, the quiet of the study-hour, the dreary practicings in the music-room, the dismal caricatures of our first attempts in art, the solution of problems which seem so impossible—all these are designed to contribute to such a drawing out of our mental powers as shall fit us to be imitators, not in a base sense, but in the sense of being true followers of the great and wise.

And we may here make an adaptation of the words of the wise man: "Seest thou a student diligent in her tasks she shall not stand in the presence of mean men, she shall stand before kings."

But let us not wander farther from our main thought, but let us apply it to what has been said is the true purpose of the instruction and education of the mind.

"The stores of every sort that you have gathered here—honey from the pastures of the literature of the world, the gathered gold of ancient wisdom, the ripened harvests of learning, the gems and jewels of music and art—they are the furnishings for your service; they are the offerings which you are to bring to lay upon the altar of a life of sacrifice. They are not to be hoarded as though they were miserly gains, gotten merely to gratify the pride of learning or to minister to selfish vanity. They are to be your contributions to the enlightenment of the world. To that end, if you would reap the true enjoyment of your treasures, you must be constantly bringing forth out of them for the benefit of others "things new and old." And, here I would have you make a vast distinction between the idea of using your knowledge to bless and edify the world and that pedantry which makes an ostentatious and uncalled-for display of knowledge and accomplishments. It is the same great distinction which underlies those two philosophies of life of which I spoke in the beginning—the one seeks to gain êclat and applause; the other seeks to give—to give help and pleasure, and so to employ to a high and noble end the gifts and graces with which it is endowed and adorned.

And in this connection let me speak of the folly of dreaming that the work of education is finished with the receiving of a diploma. Happily we have the word commencement as a protest against such an idea; and as a

reminder to us that our graduation is only the beginning of a broader life in which we are to use, and by use, to develop still farther what we have gained in school.

So far as in us lies, we should act upon the motto "*Ad perfectiora.*" When you leave behind you the opportunities for study which the school-life gives it may not be practicable or desirable for you to pursue many of the branches into which you have been initiated: their chief work has been finished, and their effect produced in the discipline of the mental powers.

But cultivation in some branch or branches should still go on. You should leave your studies as the spire leaves the foundation of the cathedral. Your reading should not all be light; it should still partake somewhat of the nature of study.

How often do we see the talent of a beautiful accomplishment, like music or painting, lying buried and useless because the pressure of other things was allowed, for lack of a little management and perserverance, to absorb the whole time; whereas the home might have been rendered attractive by those things which were needed all the more, as a relief to the prosaic and the menial duties which refused to be set aside.

We need to learn the lesson that our higher powers are given us not to please ourselves, nor to be laid aside when they cease to be interesting to us, but to be cultivated, and so kept and developed for the good of the world, especially of that little world of the villiage, and of the home where our lives must be lived and our work done.

The beauty of a life of sacrifice lies in this, that it may win its glory in every kind of field.

It is not given to many to live in the public eye; not many may go with Clara Barton and her co-workers to Armenia, or to Cuba; but there is another kind of heroism

no less great because less prominent: a retired heroism, which like an unseen force, upholds the world and blesses it. It is that which unselfishly remains at home to soothe and minister to aged and invalid parents; to perform the duties of mother and sister; to silently and bravely suffer while loved ones go to the front to battle for country and for humanity; to comfort the unfortunate; to lend the helping hand in the home, in the community, in the house of God. Such sacrifices sometimes demand far more courage, far more patience, than those which the world applauds. There is a phase of the box of precious ointment not always remembered: It was poured out in the sight, not of an admiring world, as in the anointing of an earthly king, but in the simple setting of a domestic scene to grace a loving and grateful hospitality.

So let us learn to think that there is nothing too good to be laid on the altar of domestic felicity. And now, before I conclude, I cannot forbear to speak of a still higher part of your education at St. Mary's.

This place, where you have been taught to worship God in the beauty of holiness, stands for that highest part. What are all the powers of mind and of body unless they be "directed, sanctified and governed" in the ways of God's laws and in the works of His commandments.

The highest culture, unless it may be employed in His service, is a doubtful gain. The idea of a Christian school and of Christian education is to develop to the full all our powers, in order that we may be made nobler instruments in the service of God. Cultivate the body, or the mind, or both, and neglect the soul, and you leave out of your education the most important element of all those which go to make up that *wholeness* which is the one great thing to be striven for in the development of the man or the woman, if success and not failure is to be written upon their life.

Here, this most essential part of training is given its due emphasis. Here, all those instructions which grow out of creed and sacraments and Holy Scriptures are faithfully imparted. Here,

"Through her round of holy thought
"The Church your annual steps has brought,"

and that "round of holy thought" has centered about Him who taught us by His own example that if we would find our lives we must lose them for others; we must make them lives of self-sacrifice.

Surely, those who worship here may appropriate to themselves the words of John Keble:

"And yet of Thee from year to year
"The Church's solemn chant we hear
"As from Thy cradle to Thy throne
"She swells her high, heart-cheering tone."

And, let me as a parting God-speed, make application to you to-day of these following verses:

"Listen, ye pure white-robed souls,
"Whom in her list she now enrolls,
"And gird you for your high emprize
"By these her thrilling minstrelsies.

"And wheresoe'er in earth's wide field
"Ye lift for Him the red-cross shield,
"Be this your song, your joy and pride,
"Our Champion went before and died."

And may God's blessing go with you.

PERSONALS.

St. Mary's has been particularly fortunate this year in having several visits from old friends. First of all came the Ravenels. We feel that we could not possibly pass a year without our Charleston Twins. We welcome them each year with renewed joy; each year we love them more and say good-bye with greater regret.

But the Ravenels were not the only friends we had from Charleston this year; Sada Hanckel stopped by on her way home from the mountains and delighted us with a little visit. This is the first time she has been to St. Mary's for several years, and she is the same dear, lovely Sada as of old, and we had but one quarrel with her while she was here—she would not stay long enough, and we felt when she left that we had not had our fair share of her.

During Commencement week Dr. Frost's visit was a source of unusual, and to us, unlooked for pleasure. He told us all about Susan and Mary, he came to our evening entertainments, and we only hope that he enjoyed us half as much as we enjoyed him. His visit, however, was not primarily a social one, for he and Dr. Toomer Porter came by appointment of Bishop Capers to discuss with our Trustees a plan for making St. Mary's the diocesan school for South Carolina. Both of these gentlemen expressed themselves as highly pleased with what they had seen of the school, and we hope that this new tie will soon be formed between the sister States.

St. Mary's has nowhere a truer friend than Miss Clement, and not only those who were her friends when she was here so many years ago were rejoiced to welcome her to Raleigh, but also those of us who knew of her through

the noble work which she has done in her school at Germantown. St. Mary's has never lost its place in her heart, and she is constantly showing her interest and appreciation of our work. We were glad that both she and Mrs. Lyman could be present at the confirmation service in the Chapel, for lovely as it always is, there seemed to us to be an unusual sweetness and solemnity about the service this year.

Mrs. Lyman does not come to Raleigh so often as we wish, for she was so thoughtful for St. Mary's girls while she lived here, and has since shown such an interest in the school that we never forget her.

Mabel Green really made us a satisfactory visit, and it was good to find her at odd times looking as natural as possible in the teachers' sitting-room. We had some delightful chats with her, reminiscing about old times. She is a great comfort to us; she can even remember "Uncle Nash," and still she isn't at all ashamed to tell her age, for she came to St. Mary's when she was almost a baby, not quite too old to fall out of bed!

Mary and Lizzie Bynum gave us a glimpse of themselves on their way to Philadelphia, but their stay was so short we scarcely had time to speak to them, and if they don't do better next year we shan't mention them in our June "Personals."

On Thursday of Commencement week we did have a glorious time. Mary Pride Jones and Rettie Bowen had been with us for several days, and what a help they had been, to be sure; then for dinner, Cary Davis (it *is* so difficult to think of Cary as Mrs. Donald MacRae), Fair Payne, Annie Stevenson, Mary Ferebee, Nannie Clark, Pattie Lewis, Susan Marshall, and Ethel Dorsey all sat at the same table, and renewed their school-days. They said they had as good a time as the dignified Trustees at the long table,

and we believe from the scraps of talk that we heard that they did not exaggerate.

We feel that we have seen a good many of the "old girls" this year, but when we hear Mrs. Iredell tell of the many, many St. Mary's girls she meets in her trips in North Carolina and the neighboring States, we can't help wishing somtimes that we might be with her. She has been this year to Georgia and Virginia, as well as to many places in North Carolina, and she says that every one evinces the liveliest interest in the work of the school. The Guilds which were established last year are proving very effective aids in carrying out the plans for the welfare and success of St. Mary's, and she feels very hopeful for the future. *We* know from experience how very glad the "old girls" always are to welcome Mrs. Iredell, for her little visits to the school during the past year have been a great pleasure to us.

Two of Miss Lee's pupils in Stenography and Type-writing were offered work in the town almost before they received their certificates. This department, which was introduced last fall, has succeeded so admirably that we intend to make it much more extensive another year. It will be a regular business department, separate from the ordinary school course, and will include Stenography, Type-writing, Grammar, Arithmetic, Penmanship, and Book-keeping.

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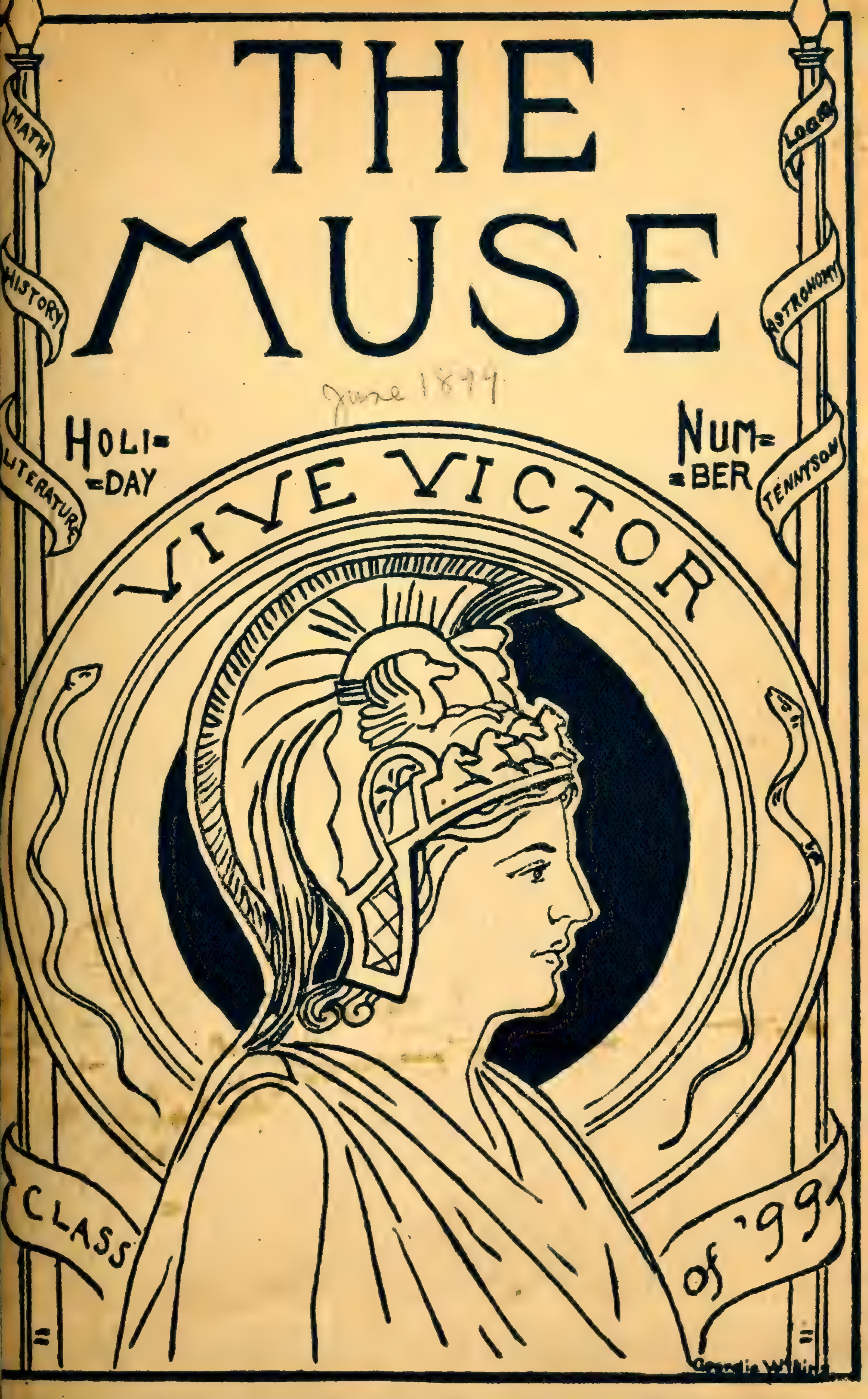
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REV. BENNETT SMEDES, D. D.

ST. MARY'S MUSE.

RALEIGH, N. C., JUNE, 1899.

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. BENNETT SMEDES, D. D.

BY J. B. C., JR.

If men are to be estimated by the purity and simplicity of their Christian character and by the value of their life-work to the church and to the community, few names deserve to stand higher than that which appears at the head of this article. The Rev. Bennett Smedes was the second of a family of nine sons and three daughters of the late Rev. Aldert Smedes and Sarah (Lyell), his wife. He was born August 7, 1837, in New York City, but in 1842 his parents removed to Raleigh, where he grew up. He was educated at St. James' College, Washington county, Md., under those eminent men, Kerfoot and Colt. He was graduated at the General Theological Seminary in 1860, and on July 1 of that year was ordained deacon by Bishop Atkinson in Trinity Church, New York.

He served for a year or two as assistant to Dr. Coxe (afterward bishop) in Grace Church, Baltimore. Feeling it to be his duty to return to Raleigh during the civil war, Bishop Whittingham refused him letters dimissory, but he succeeded in passing through the lines, and Bishop Atkinson received him, without letters dimissory, and advanced him to the priesthood in Christ Church, Raleigh, July 26, 1863. Upon his first coming South he served for a while as chap-

lain to a North Carolina regiment in the Confederate army, but was soon called to the assistance of his father in St. Mary's School, Raleigh. In 1877, upon the death of the elder Dr. Smedes, he became principal of this school, and so continued until his own unexpected demise, February 22, 1899. Outside the life of the school his activity as a clergyman was confined to diocesan affairs, or an occasional service rendered his brethren of Raleigh. He served for a number of years as one of the Bishop's examining chaplains, was long a member of the Standing Committee and other important committees of the Convention, and a trustee of St. Augustine's Normal School. Some years ago the University of North Carolina recognized his eminent services in the cause of education as well as his scholarly character and attainments by conferring upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

The work of his life was that of a teacher and educator of girls. His was one of those restrained and balanced characters which, having formed its sphere, keeps within it and wastes none of its energies in eccentric efforts or desires. Having been in a measure dominated by the more aggressive and masterly character of his distinguished father, he assumed with great reluctance the headship of St. Mary's School, when the elder Dr. Smedes died, twenty-two years ago; but having been induced to assume the responsibility for this great and beneficent work, he gave himself to it with an unselfishness and devotion which flowered and bore fruit in the many lives of beautiful and accomplished Christian women, whose opening minds and characters he impressed with something of the refinement and culture of his own.

In school his best work was rather that of a co-ordinator and inspirer of stimulating and guiding influences and of a faithful pastor than of a mere teacher of books. He gathered about him during his long administration a num-

ber of truly able and admirable teachers, and, with whatever of unavoidable changes as the years went by, he preserved the distinct and characteristic flavor of moral and spiritual culture which has made St. Mary's School under him and his father dear to the hearts of Southern churchmen. He commanded the respect and affection of all his pupils, and the name of Smedes will not soon be forgotten in the hundreds of households all over the South where his influence has been felt for good.

No one can know the opportunities the head of a school has for doing noble deeds of charity to deserving and needy young persons, and no one therefore can estimate the good thus done by Dr. Smedes; but he availed himself of these opportunities with an unstinted generosity which could not always be hidden. There are the best of grounds for believing that a large proportion of his pupils were more or less indebted to him for advantages they were unable to pay him for.

He was of a family singularly handsome in person, gracious in manner, refined in culture, and entertaining and attractive in all social relations. His death is felt to be a loss to the community in which he lived as well as to the Church at whose altar he served, and whose daughters he trained to be as the polished corners of the temple. His friends loved as well as honored him, and all who knew him desire to call themselves his friends. He leaves a widow and three daughters to thank God for the heritage of honor and of piety which he has left them, and the Church in North Carolina and the people of North Carolina claim a part with them in thus honoring and lamenting him.

BY W. B.

The entire South mourns with Raleigh over the death of Rev. Dr. Bennett Smedes, one of the best and purest men who has ever lived in North Carolina. Although he was not a native of the State, his life and work has been closely interwoven with the moral and intellectual development of the South, and his influence will live through endless ages. In his life were blended the two most divine and man-loving of all occupations, namely, the work of the minister and the teacher, the spiritual and the intellectual shepherd. Why should the two be separated? The intellect, which develops at the expense of the heart, leads to gross, cruel materialism, and the heart which softens while the mind dwindles, enters the frightful forest of superstition. In the life of this good and wise man the world has seen the sublime example produced by a warm, sympathetic heart, which time and trouble only made the more responsive to the wants of the poor and the cravings of the afflicted, united with a strong, active mind which was ceaseless in its research for truth.

What could be more noble than such a life? Who can estimate the worth of such a life?

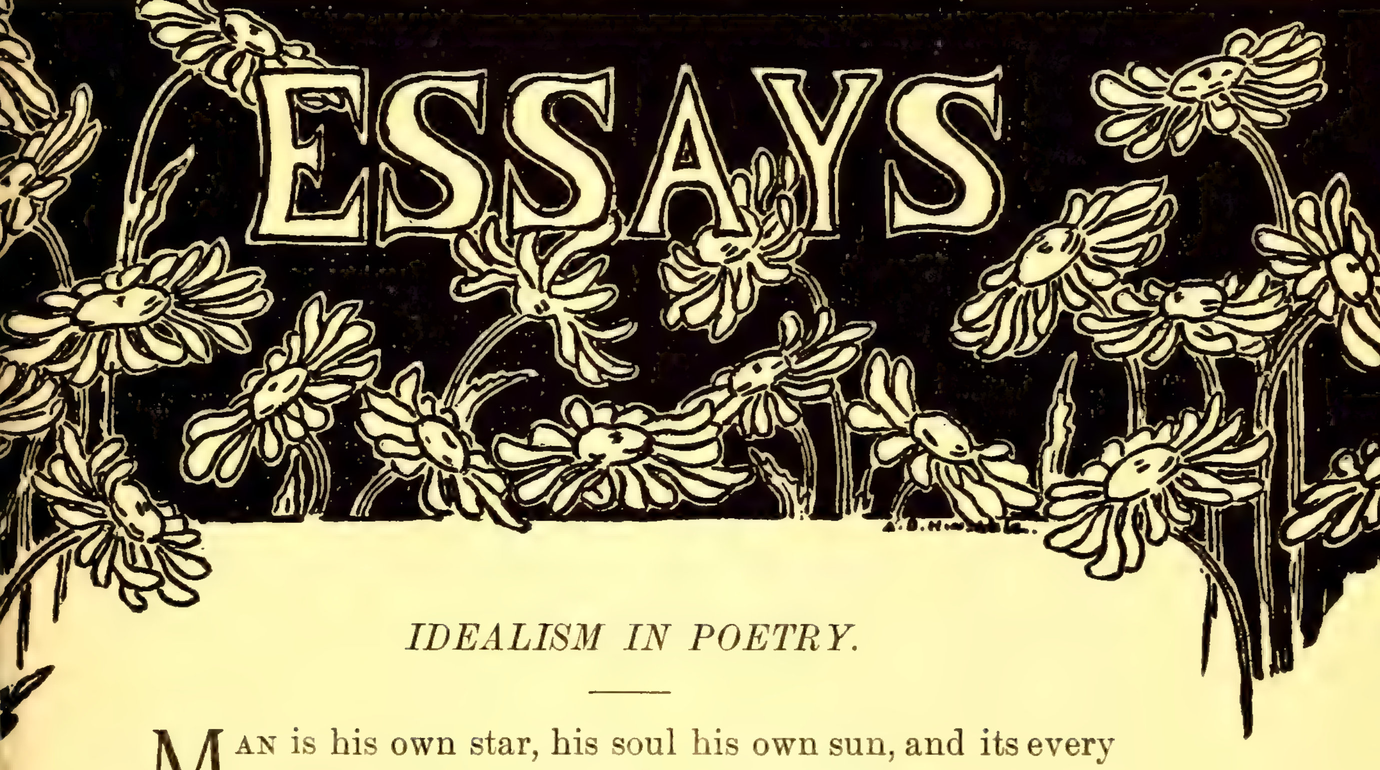
The warrior's name,
Though pealed and chimed by every tongue of fame,
Sounds less harmonious to the grateful mind
Than he who fashions and improves mankind.

THE ORGAN BLOWER TO THE ORGAN PLAYER.

HUMBLE? Perhaps; mean, too, perhaps; yet I,
Whose work-stained soul should grovel on the ground,
Lost in this gilded splendor, seem more nigh
That far away sweet shadow land of Sound,
Whose echoes come like voices from a world
Wherein you live. The great song-angel wakes
For you. His wide, unwavering wings unfurled,
Waft melody across the world that shakes
The heart of men like thunder. Yours the power
To make the world some brighter for your life,
To send a gleam of glory in an hour.
Heavy with heart-throbs, yours to calm this strife;
To lift the soul above the sordid things
Of earth to that dream castle where deep peace
Falls like a benediction from the wings
Of angels; where the haunting visions cease,
And one clear light shines always through the gloom,
Whose air is swift with steady, upward rush
Of spirit-wings, dull with the weight of doom,
Yet calm even in the sadness of their hush
Where lilies lift sweet faces up, soul-sad
In the deep dimness of the Easter dawn,
And pale with longing for the perfect, glad,
Gold light of that eternal Eastern morn.

The knowledge of all this is yours and more.
  More power lies in your little finger's touch
Than in my body, yet I hear the rush and roar
  Of coming music, with a gladness such
As comes to those who make it; my one power
  Is not a great one. Humble, every-day
Hard work, yet even bodily nearness every hour
  Draws me more near the thing for which I pray.
I fill the organ's mighty lungs with air,
  Giving it power to speak, but you inspire
The song that gives me, even in part, my prayer,
  Communion with music's soul, that sacred fire
Whose unseen halo wraps musicians round.
  And I so near, am yet so far away
From that warm, wistful world of whispering sound
  Where even I may enter in some day.

MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.



IDEALISM IN POETRY.

MAN is his own star, his soul his own sun, and its every window should be clear and stainless, that the prismatic light may stream through to unite in the broad white ray of spiritual perception. The dark wings of doubt and sin and sorrow have cast their sullen shadow across many a soul. A soul, which like the perfect ray, robbed of a single part, can thenceforth color, but never again illuminate its world. Its dazzling brilliancy is not absorbed, but refracted back into the soul, casting about it a glamour only pleasing when it blinds us to the truth. Do we forget that only God's pure sunlight and man's simple truth can give us the world in its perfect beauty and sincerity? It is truth for which we seek, and thus, "lest we forget," the destiny of every human being is directed and controlled by influences which guide it out of the dull-grey plane of every-day existence into the glory and beauty of a realm pulsing with the very heart of life itself. We are essentially soul and spirit, but with some of us the only life of any true and enduring interest is forgotten and suf-

fered to be smothered in the mass of details making what is called our daily lives. With many more the voice calling to the heart of man is ever heard, clear and insistent, through all the din of worldly voices which deafen us to its inspiring words; is heard as a thing apart, to be understood when the soul is alone with all the beautiful things of the unseen world of the ideal. It is only the few great souls who have learned life's mystery and fathomed its beautiful secret, who realize that the spirit of idealism must surround and inspire the heavy clay of the material.

The work of man is to bring the souls of men together. The greatest factor in this union is the greatest art, whether it be the steam-engine and electric car, or whether it be art, music, and poetry; the task is the same. There must be a co-ordination of force in whatever way it be effected. If the steam-engine, in bringing men's bodies nearer together, brings their souls likewise, that is the greatest art. If man's soul is best expressed in painting, music, poetry, these are the greatest arts.

Poetry is the activity of the soul in large. It consists in the "delight of the ego in taking cognizance of the spiritual rather than the material." The mind can never be satisfied with the literal exterior meaning of things. It must abstract from them a certain something not objectively supplied. As human capacity to read the secrets of the world continues, the ability to communicate these truths to other minds increases. Man learns truth through his own experience or that of others; for this reason the poet's burden is a heavy one. Heavy with the sight of those who cannot see, and for whom he must paint his vision, that they may see; heavy with the weight of hearing for those who cannot hear, and for whom he must make music, that they may hear; heavy with the thought of those who cannot understand, and for whom he must translate his mind, that they may say "that is my own thought." Poetry is there-

fore an art: first, because it must give pleasure through the perfection of form; without that it is vain. The world will never really care for it. "A man may be as wise as Solomon, as honest as Diogenes, as instructive as the encyclopædia, but unless he can learn to write without weariness or tediousness, unless he can lend to his verse that subtle charm of style which comes from the harmony of measured sound, the world will say to him with Heine, "Das haettest Du Alles sehr gut in guter Prosa sagen koennen."

Poetry, like all the creations of earth, even the most perfect, requires an outward form to symbolize its inward meaning. Originally one with music, it is even now separated only by actual tone. Its harmony is as perfect as that of the most beautiful chord combinations. It adds to all the richness of tone color and quantity, a picture more perfect than any which has ever glowed upon the canvas of an earthly artist. It is the prophetic art, because its object is to give to man the intimations of that immortality which we all feel without the power of expression. Prophet and poet are fundamentally the same, in that "they have penetrated, both of them, into the sacred mystery of the universe, what Goethe calls 'the open secret.' The open secret, open to all, but seen by almost none. That divine mystery which lies everywhere in all beings, 'the divine idea of the world, that which lies at the bottom of appearance.'"

The poet is compelled by the necessity of his being to share with the world that beautiful secret in which he lives. To him "the beautiful is higher than the good, the beautiful includes in it the good." His is the 'seeing eye' which perceives the inner harmony of things, whose reward is that "he is made one with nature." He cannot set his thought before us, but his thought as he could translate it into the language of another world than his. According to the depth of our dumb-greatness, we must

learn to know the inarticulate depths of the hero poet's heart.

Since poetry is the art of life, there is of necessity a multiplication of theoretical divisions, as in life itself. "The empirical thinker requires a mechanism to connect the Divine Spirit with his own." The realists live essentially in the world of form. Unlike the materialists, a spirit exists for them in everything, but an unspiritualized spirit, inseparable from the enveloping form. It is impossible to exhaust the significance of any object. "In the commonest human face there lies more than Raphael will take away with him," for the eye sees in all things that which it brought with it, the faculty of seeing, and no eye can see all the truth. But realism, untouched by any spirit of idealism, is degraded into a mere practical utilitarianism. "Can we ask the *uses* of a poet? We will not estimate the sun by the quantity of gaslight it saves us. The poet shall be invaluable or of no value."

There can be no truth in any unlovely thing. Beauty may be hidden behind a cloud of misery. Truth and falsehood may exist side by side, may exist in the same object, but they can never be one. Truth may be in an unlovely form, gloryfying it until it appears beautiful; yet, it is the beautiful spirit, not the ugly form, which is true. We cannot imagine that anything true will be lost, for

"No beauty nor good nor power
Whose will has gone forth, but each shall survive for the
melodist
When Eternity has affirmed the conception of an hour."

Yet, if these unlovely forms be true, shall they not exist forever? We cannot but believe that "The partial and temporary are always being taken away that the perfect and eternal may arise out of their tombs and bless us." "Only of those men who can bring a new meaning into

life, touch it with glory and link it with immortality, will the world say, 'these are my great poets.'"

The idealist, however, does not seek his beauty only in another world. There is beauty in all things, and the true idealist finds it everywhere:

> "A primrose by the river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him."

But far more an expression of the infinite as well. He detects the inmost mystery of melody lying in the heart of all things, whereby alone they may exist. "All inmost things are melody; naturally utter themselves in song. A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the infinite and lets us for a moment gaze into that. It seems, somehow, the very central essence of us. Song, the primal element of us; of us and of all things. Poetry, therefore, is musical thought. See deep enough and you see musically, the heart of nature being everywhere music if you can only reach it." That which a man's soul utters is changeless. That which is uttered by the outer passes in swift and endless changes. The outer is finite, the inmost infinite. The idealist does not long for beauty for its sake alone, but for something beyond to which it leads. When the soul learns that the material world cannot satisfy its desires it will revolt against the actual. But, "It is by the sweat of his brow" that man must eat also his spiritual bread. Environment must be conquered in the spiritual as in the material sphere. It is only after long and bitter struggle with the actual forces of the universe, that we rise to the consciousness that Being, not Doing, is man's supreme duty; that character potentially includes action. The idealist must find the human in supreme ideals, that their realization may be within the grasp of other souls. Poetry which makes concrete and tangible the thoughts existing potentially in our minds is

true according to the degree in which it translates into actuality the inherent idea. The ego must go beyond the outer manifestation and take cognizance of the spirit. The divine must be realized for humanity, for "The age of idealism is the age of sympathy, not alone of man with man, but with everything that God has made."

Men demand a new prophet, a fresh dispensation of spiritual truth. They have awakened to the fact that not the outer form, but the inmost transcendent experience is truth. They must fathom the depths of their souls. They must know the secrets of the world. Our greatest poets, therefore, have been idealists, that is, they have seen that the ideal and the real are one. Each and every poet has an idealism of his own. "Spenser was the voice of one crying to prepare the way for one greater than himself." His ideals were noble and genuine, but they were those of another age, and could not satisfy his own. Living himself in a Land of Shadows, Spenser ignored the beautiful world of sunshine and of life about him, and the thin, evasive forms of his creations flit by us spirit-like against the vivid background of his fancy. The abstract ideas of truth and of beauty were more to him than their concrete embodiment. In so far he had grasped the primal truth which all must know some day. But it is equally true that there must be some form "to hold that puff of vapor down, man's soul," and Spenser's fairy-like creations have only form enough to hold them hovering lightly in the cloud-land, where poets dwell—not enough to hold them in the sunlight of the visible world, and he is therefore the "Poet's poet," not the poet of the world and of men. Man cannot speak to man in thought, though to the spirit-world the dumb voice of his soul is glorious song.

Foremost among these idealists who separated ideal from real moved Shelly, "The Sun-Treader," "The Prince of Poets," spirit-like in a world which was spiritual. His

idealism is too exquisitely sensitive to breathe the air of earth. "Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun," he, with the sky-lark, "pours out his full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Himself "interpreter between the gods and men," "on tip-toe seemed to touch upon a sphere too gross to touch":

> "Within his subtle being,
> As light and wind within some delicate cloud
> That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
> Genius and death contended."

The idealism of Keats is an ethereal, many-hued, rainbow-winged spiritualism.

> "A thing of beauty is a joy forever,
> Its loveliness increases, it will never
> Pass into nothingness."

In these delicate souls the essence of idealism was supreme; no touch of any grosser element existed. But in Wordsworth the two forces were ever present, though unreconciled. He was either Wordsworth the Realist, or Wordsworth the Idealist, never the Ideal-Realist. In his inspired moments he reached a high, calm, meditative idealism which has never been more perfectly expressed by any other poet:

> "To me, the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Yet, to all this swarm of warm, bright souls, idealism was beauty; not beauty of form necessarily, but the truth of beauty. The idealism of Robert Browning is the beauty of truth. It has been the work of an age, called hard and practical, to unite the ideal and the real, that those who cannot see the ideal without the real may see the ideal in the real, and this work has been accomplished by two of the greatest poets the world has ever known.

To Browning, "the subtlest assertor of the Soul in Song," the real is perfect, though incomplete. His is the strong, decisive grasp that will not let truth go; his the firm, brave trust in the final triumph of good that makes him so essentially wholesome.

> "I never met
> His face before, but at first glance
> I felt quite sure that God had set
> Himself to Satan, who would spend
> A moment's distrust on the end."

The spirit of the age shaped the great realist, Shakspere, and the great idealist, Browning, in radically different molds. Each was the mirror of his time. The age of Shakspere was full of adventures and action; that of Browning, full of vast, Titanic struggles of the human soul to reach the truth. Shakspere created a world of "throbbing actuality of keenest living"; Browning, a mentality so passionately alive that "its manifold phases should have all the reality of concrete individualities."

The age of realism, like that of idealism, was true, but it was merely a phase in the great eternal character of the world. The spirit of realism consists in a broad *synthesis* of vivid vision. The spirit of our own age, combining the ideal and the real, apprehends that quintessential movement, or mood or phase, wherein the soul is transitorily visible in its lonely pinnacle of light. This spirit, so strongly found in Browning, by a more scientific abduction, "compels the complex varyings of each soul-star to a singular simplicity by an acute psychic analysis." "The profoundest insight," however, "cannot reach deeper than its own possibilities of depth. The phisiognomy of the soul is never visible in its entirety." No human being has ever seen even his own soul, save in a faint, deceptive silhouette. Browning deals with human thought evinced in human action, rather than hu-

man thought alone or human action alone. It is Browning's greatest glory that he *has* held "that puff of vapor down," for his poetry is a stage "where naked souls meet and wrestle as they play the great game of life for counters, the true value of which can only be realized in the bullion of a higher life than this." "Browning's music is oftener harmonic than melodic." He is the Wagner of poetry. He himself, "made up of an intensest life," chose deliberately to sacrifice that exquisite, overrapturing joy in beauty alone to that ideal of poetry which he has given to the world. Browning was the first writer of our age, or of any age, to combine the two unco-ordinated forces "of the uncommunicable dream," and to indicate "this transmutive, this inspired and inspiring underspirit, which is the deepest motor in the evolution of our modern poetry." Indeed, the difference in philosophy and theory, as well as in spirit and embodiment, is found in his own words: "Keep but ever looking, whether with the body's eye or the mind's, and you will soon find something to look on! Has a man done wondering at women? there follow men, dead and alive, to wonder at! Has he done wondering at men? there's God to wonder at."

"Sometimes do we not turn longingly, wonderingly, to the young Dionysos, upon whose forehead was the light of another destiny than that which descended upon him? The Icelanders say there is a land where all the rainbows that have ever been, or are yet to be, forever drift to and fro, vanishing and re-appearing like immortal flowers of vapors. In that far country it may be also the unfulfilled dreams, the visions too perfect to be fashioned into song of the young poets who have won the laurel." Yet Browning's work was greater in its wide, hopeful humanity than it could ever have been in the faint echo-like beauty of the rainbow glory. In his clear knowledge of the truth he has given us such songs as that from "Pippa Passes":

"The year 's at the spring,
The day 's at the morn,
Morning 's at seven,
The hillside 's dew-pearled,
The lark 's on the wing,
The snail 's on the thorn,
God 's in His Heaven,
All 's right with the world."

The earth is full of truth and beauty; no smallest thing without its significance, yet its perfect development is beyond.

"There shall never be one lost good: what was shall live as before.
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound.
What was good shall be good, with for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken are, in Heaven the perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist,
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,
Whose word has gone forth, but each shall survive for the melodist,
When Eternity has affirmed the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are voices sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once. We shall hear it by and by.

And what is our failure here but a moment's evidence
For the fullness of our days? Have we withered or agonized?
Why else was the pause prolonged but that music might issue thence?
Why rushed the discords in but that harmony might be purified?

Sorrow is hard to bear and doubt is slow to clear,
  Each sufferer says his say, his scheme of the weal and woe,
But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear;
  The rest may reason and welcome; 'tis we musicians know."

The idealism of Tennyson is as hopeful but not so trustful as that of Browning. His ideal of another world is as beautiful and high. His ideal for this is less joyful and less perfect. His is a slow, progressive meliorism, Browning's a glad, absolute optimism. Yet, Tennyson it is who would

"Follow knowledge like a sinking star
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought."

He it is who would follow the gleam of spirit-life

"Out of the darkness,
Silent and slowly,
The Gleam that had waned to a wintry glimmer
On icy fallow
And faded forest,
Drew to the valley
Named of the Shadow,
And slowly brightening
Out of the glimmer,
And slowly moving again to a melody
Yearningly tender,
Fell on the shadow.
No longer a shadow,
But clothed with The Gleam;
And broader and brighter,
The gleam flying onward,
Wed to the melody,
Sang through the world;
And slower and fainter,

Old and weary,
But eager to follow,
I saw, whenever
In passing it glanced upon
Hamlet or city,
That under the Crosses
The dead man's garden,
The mortal hillock,
Would break into blossom.
There on the border
Of boundless ocean,
And all but in Heaven,
Hovers The Gleam;
Not of the sunlight,
Not of the moonlight,
Not of the starlight!
Ere it vanishes
Over the margin,
After it, follow it,
Follow The Gleam."

His creed, his confession of faith in the ideal of the real is expressed in his "Flower in the Crannied Wall":

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you from the crannies,
Hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

The ideal of this age, whose exponents are Browning and Tennyson, has found no more perfect expression than in the "Bugle Song," where the soul of man speaks to man as it has never before spoken:

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul
And grow forever and forever."

MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.

METHODS OF TRANSPORTATION.

MOVEMENT, migration, is the natural instinct of man. Perhaps we derive from our Darwinian ancestor, the chimpanzee, a desire for constant motion; but however that may be, we find the rudest savages, not content with their own natural powers of locomotion, making for themselves various and artificial conveyances.

No art is more closely connected with the increase of civilization, and no art has made steadier progress in the world's history than transportation. The news which years ago took weeks to reach us comes now in a few hours. In ancient times sorrowing hearts received the news of peace days after it was declared, whereas in our late war the whole world knew a few hours after the last gun was fired.

The interiors of continents have always been comparatively closed to primitive man by the forests and mountains, and, as he had no artificial paths to follow, he used exclusively his natural roadways, the rivers, lakes and small seas. Therefore we expect to find the earliest means of transportation, conveyances whose chief characteristic was to float. How delighted must have been the heart of the Indian when this conveyance was given to him by Hiawatha in the shape of a bark canoe. The early Fins, too, recount among the greatest gifts of their benefactor, Waivamaven, the rough, rude boat in which they could traverse their small rivers and their dark blue lakes.

At the mention of marine navigation our minds naturally turn to that noted marine exploit of Jonah's. We nineteenth century people, degenerate with our notions of ease and comfort, will doubtless fix our minds upon the unpleasantness of his situation rather than upon its startling novelty. However attractive the consideration of this unique voyage, with the besetting sin of our later days to regard as of chief

importance practical things, we must turn our attention to crafts which are the handiwork of man.

Ages ago the conceptions of man were narrow. Each man's home was a little kingdom, and he was the king. Then why should he trouble himself about this vast world so far away from him? But he did trouble himself about the necessities of life, for which he was forced to look beyond the bounds of this narrow kingdom. The Phœnicians, who were the greatest navigators of this early age, became expert in making the boats and ships for transporting these necessities. The boats at first were rude canoes which could only accomodate a few, but as man's conceptions broadened and unsociality became a thing of the past, larger ones were made, some of which were propelled by as many as three tiers of oars. For many a generation these were the only boats; soon, however, there came a change when man came to realize that perhaps the wind was an agent to do his bidding. Naturally there followed the introduction of sails. Doubtless to the sailor of those days this discovery and application must have seemed the realization of all the dreams of Æolus. For now to his puny strength was given the guidance of the winds, from the fierce northern blast to the balmy west wind that swept from the Elysian Fields. A good row-boat or a good sail-boat must have given delight to a genuine sailor of olden times, but when the combination of these propelling forces was hit upon, his delight must have been unbounded. And during the later years of Phœnician supremacy such ships whitened the waves of the Mediterranean. The Phœnicians, great sailors as they were, ventured farther and farther out upon the sea, until at last they reached that world which had hitherto been a mystery to the Orient. Although these ships were convenient, they were decidedly untrustworthy, for they had that great inconvenience which every sail-boat has—the possibility of being becalmed.

One may stand on deck and whistle all day for the wind, but it does not blow until it chooses.

Passing hurriedly over the times of Mediæval history; when the three small vessels of Columbus made that voyage so interesting to the Americans, when the plucky Dutch ships held their own on the ocean, when the unwieldly Spanish galleons were put to flight by Drake's quick-moving fire ships; we come down to these present times, when "Brittania rules the wave," and when Dewey takes Manila. All of these difficulties and inconveniences have been overcome by Fulton's great invention, that funny little steam-boat, which showed its feeling of importance by puffing out clouds of black smoke, making as much noise as it possibly could, and splashing the water about in a knowing and consequential fashion. This wonderful invention has advanced rapid and convenient transportation marvelously, and the rude little steam-boat has been gradually improved until finally we have to-day great ocean steamers which plunge through the waves between the continents in a few days.

Steam and electricity have been recognized ever since their discovery as a force and power, but the world has always looked upon the throbbing engine and the powerful motor as the most prosaic of man's servants. What poetry could be found in the whir and dust of machinery? But he who can see their poetic possibilities has lately come among us, and we now have a "man like Robbie Burns to sing the song o' steam," its

"Interdependence absolute, forseen, ordained, decreed,
To work, ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed,
An' singin' like the Morning Stars for joy that they are made;
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrustblock says:
'Not unto us the praise, or man—not unto us the praise!'
Now a' together, hear them lift their lesson—theirs an' mine:
Law, Order, Duty, an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!'"

Row-boats and sail-boats are now used almost exclusively for pleasure and exercise.

Before the sixteenth century, on Venetian waters, gayly colored gondolas might have been seen flaunting the brilliance of their gaudy satin hangings. After this, however, lavish ornamentation was done away with by laws forbidding the use of any color except black, hence, at the present day, we see only the royalty using these lovely old-time gondolas. They are long, narrow boats with high, curved prow and stern, which rise up out of the water, and they are propelled by long poles which, when used skillfully, send them with a swift, smooth sweep through the water. In Japan the pleasure boats are sometimes drawn through the water by swimmers tied to the boat. To Japanese maidens this might seem pleasant, but to us it seems too cruel to be desirable. Sinbad the Sailor made a most novel trip on the back of a fish, and of all the charming adventures of this most charming adventurer, perhaps this is the only one whose insecurity overbalances its allurements.

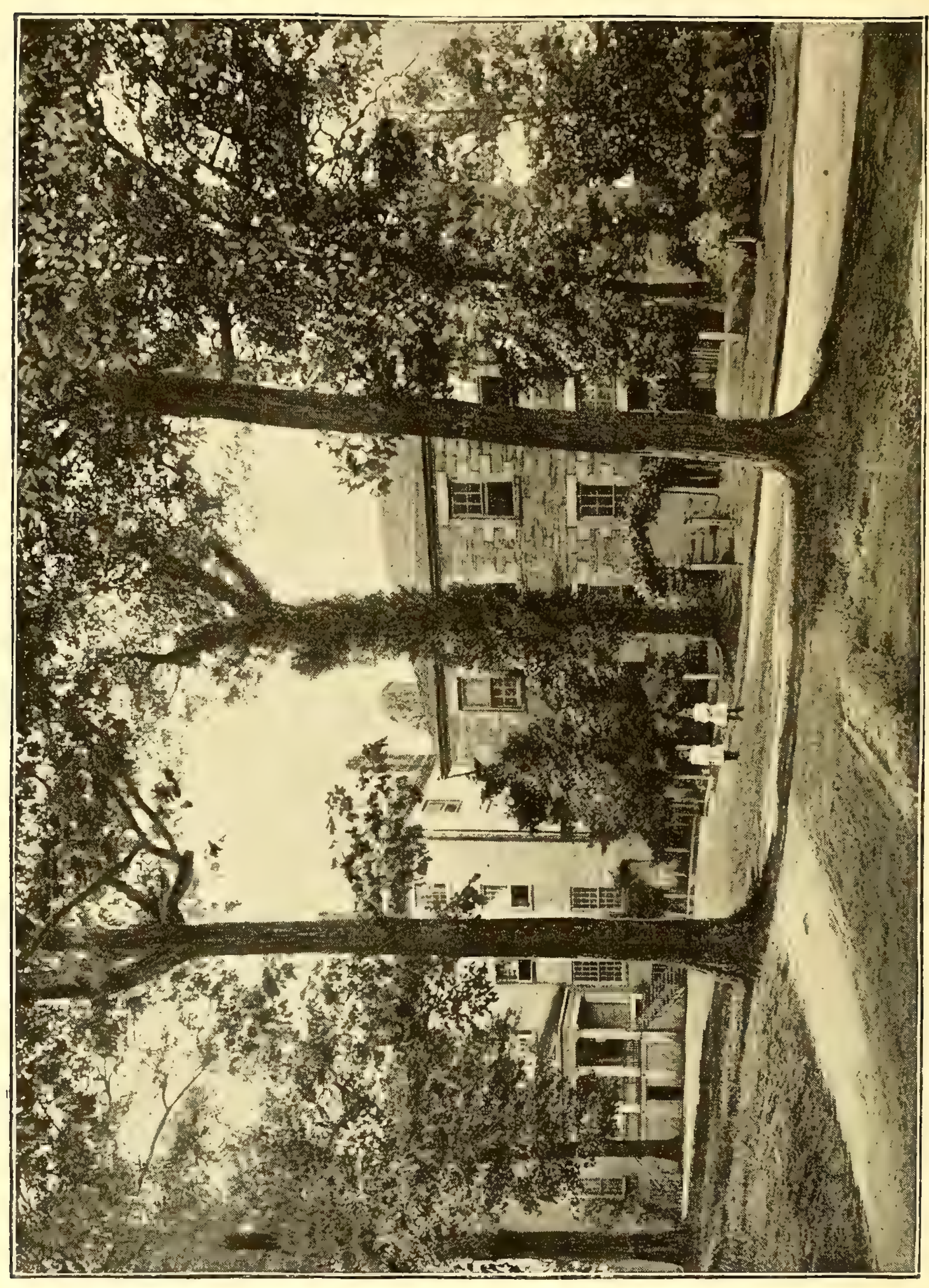
The first transportation on land was by means of wagons. The great roads which were used were built by the Romans for transporting their armies to and from their numerous colonies. About such movements to and fro Julius Ceasar has written so extensively that he has won for himself extremely well-defined opinions from all school-girls who do battle with him in Gaul. These rude conveyances have been gradually improved until we have our easy-going, horseless carriages which are creating such a sensation in the later years of our nineteenth century. The greatest improvement in rapid transportation for commercial purposes was the invention in the mining districts of England of the locomotive. How queer those little slow steam-engines must look now beside our great locomotives which run at the rate of 70 miles an hour, demanding respect and admiration from every living creature. These mighty mov-

ing monsters, loaded down with their burden of human souls, the beautiful, the good, the unsightly, the evil. Who does not stop to look and wonder? The old farmer, in his field ploughing, stands still and watches; the cattle even stop browsing and lift their soft sad eyes in fascination. What is it that holds us spell-bound? Though we see it every day we stop, look, and return to our occupation, bearing with us the influence of this fascination. Rushing to important and insignificant places, and yet reaching the remotest villages, these great steam-cars have proved an unparalleled blessing to man; they have carried work, education and wealth to millions, and yet sometime in the near future they will go, and electricity, that latest darling of our age, will take the place.

The electric-cars which now wind about our great cities are perhaps the most characteristic development of our present stage of civilization. Strange as it may seem, while men have invented steam-boat, steam-car and electric-engines, they have really only stumbled upon these while looking for that which has never yet become a practicality. Ever since the day when Icarus fell to earth with his wings scorched and useless, man has longed for the power of locomotion, which has ever been just beyond his grasp. We walk, run, drive, cross oceans, traverse continents, but alas! we cannot fly. Still the flying-machines fall to the earth or sway rudderless and meaningless in space. The attempts to form this ideal machine were made by the French round about Paris, but it still remains uncertain what may be the most promising direction of improvement in the rapid and practical navigation of the atmosphere. No air-ship, as yet, can be called a success; such a thing seems possible, though. It has been found that to get the desired effect we must have light weights, great power concentrated within the smallest possible compass, and the least possible weight per horse-power. Perhaps many of us have been

interested and amazed by the discovery which Mr. Tripler has given to the world, being the practical demonstration that air can be liquified. If this fact can be practically applied in the construction of air-ships it will doubtless prove the solution of one of the greatest difficulties of aerial navigation, and in the near future it may be possible to visit our cousins of England or confrères of France, or our very dear friends of the Philippines *via* the American Air Line Vestibule Limited. And at a further date, why may it not be possible to compare social systems, educational theories, doctrinal disputes, and indeed such vital points as the beef question in a nation's military policy with our friends across the way in Mars and Venus?

ALICE D. SMALLBONES.



TWILIGHT.

The Greeks, in one of their most exquisite legends, tell us how the sun-god Apollo, while hunting one day in the forest, beheld Daphne among the scented wild flowers. Attracted by her beauty, he approached to obtain a better view; but she, frightened at the warrior, fled in terror to the mists, and besought the protection of the river-god. By him she was transformed into a graceful laurel-tree, and felt the rough bark growing around her sides, while her trembling hands were filled with bright green leaves. Thus it is that the dawn ever precedes the sun, and ever escapes the light of his searching rays.

Although the same causes are at work at the appearance of dawn as at evening twilight, the two are vastly different in character and entirely opposite in effect. The clouds, gay attendants of the downward dropping day-star, unfurl for a moment their brilliant banner of hope, and then depart. The day is done, and, with all its opportunities, is gone forever; the colors are those of sadness, they are quiet, grey, and restful. Except for the cheery note of the cricket and the soft twitter of the sleepy birds, nature relapses into silence, whose voice speaks a benediction of peace and calm to the weary world. Dawn, on the contrary, is like a bird which "springs from sleep with plumage bathed in dew." "The lark at heaven's gate sings," and calls us to witness the fresh hope and beauty of all nature. Many are the possibilities of the new-born day; life, joy, and hope are before us in their fullness.

Twilight must, indeed, have played an important part in the history of the world. Austere Cæsar, after all, possessed a kindly heart with which the evening's glow might harmonize. Charlemagne, though a mighty statesman, was both gentle and good, and must have loved the quiet, thoughtful time between the lights. Under its subtle in-

fluence Napoleon, perhaps, planned the destinies of France. In his march across the Pyrenees we may fancy him seated in the door of his tent tracing out maps and answering the notes of his messengers. Now and then he leans against the tent, for he is weary with the day's travel, and unconsciously looks away across the gorges and ravines to the cloud-tipped peaks beyond; they mingle in changing shapes and shades of crimson, gold and purple. Their radiant softness enters into his soul, brightens the anxious cloud which hovers there, and dispersing the darker thoughts, makes place for the high and pure.

In the annals of the church it will be remembered how defiant Luther offered up his vesper song, and how Latimer and Ridley, galled by prison irons, prayed at the sunset bells for the persecutors of their martyr-flesh.

Twilight as a source of solace, and even pleasure, comes into the lives of those we meet in every path of life. In the days of the amorous youth it is all-important. Under the protection of its gathering shadows he grows bolder, and finds his words more readily, as he talks with the object of his affection. In the setting of the sun he sees a likeness to his faded hopes; he compares the clouds to the blackness of his frequent despair, but smiles as he notices that even the darkest gain a tinge of color from the setting sun.

This same gorgeous coloring of the western sky, contrasted with the characteristic greyness of evening which follows, has throughout all ages been an inspiration to musician, painter and poet. The French school of Barbizon painters has a worthy representative in John Corot. His principle work is an illustration of a scene from Dante's "Inferno." It represents the meeting of Dante and his guide, Virgil, in the shadowy gloom of the forest trees. Through the foliage the delicate tints of the sunset sky can be seen, and the rapidly descending greyness seems to have

already enveloped the figures. In Millet's "The Angelus" two peasants are pictured standing in an attitude of prayer at the sound of the vesper bell; they are on their homeward way with lunch-baskets and tools. The sun has set and darkness has begun to fall,

> "The holy time is quiet as a nun
> Breathless with adoration."

The artists of Scandinavia and Switzerland have also made a study of evening colors. A picture by Srenson, called "Twilight," is remarkable for its delicacy. A road winds among the trees and disappears in the distance behind the wooded hills; its indefiniteness and stillness produce the effect of twilight's shadows.

Twilight has been a favorite theme of musicians ever since the ancient Shepherd of Argos piped his evening songs. Of the great composers of to-day, Paderewski gives us in the delicious sounds of "Au Soir" the brilliant coloring of the sunset, mingled with the voice of evening bells. Schumann's dreamy nature has produced the "Abendmusik," or aftermath of sunset, whose gentle whisperings and minor murmurings give the peaceful state of mind which twilight brings, and we can feel the sweet sadness which comes with the deepening shadows. His "Night Pieces," too, are on this subject, and can only be rivaled by Chopin's "Nocturnes." In "Tanhauser" Wagner's "Song to the Evening Star" thrills us with its piercing tenderness, and as we soar with its ascending notes the curtains of the realms of etherealism are drawn aside for one brief moment.

In the literature of all times rhymers have made numerous attemps to express their petty emotions of the beauty of twilight; literary songsters have not yet ceased to warble its praise in their unpremeditated fashion, and poets have exerted their souls' strength to do justice to the subject. Shakespeare has used this mystical greyness to great advantage in several dramatic scenes. At evening the there

well-known witches appeared, chanting their magic runes, and prophesying Macbeth's rise. In the dusky morning Brutus and his followers conspire against the life of Cæsar:

> "Let us kill him boldly, not wrathfully;
> Peace! count the clock,
> The clock hath stricken three."

Then, as the morning's rays make their deeds seem blacker, they slip away to their homes like the inky shadows which flee before the sun.

Milton mentions evening many times, and when he said, "Now came still evening on and twilight grey had in her sober livery all things clad," he did not neglect to mention the accompanying fact that the sunset sky "glowed with living sapphires."

Sir Thomas Grey has rendered his name famous by a single elegy, that elegy which the hero Wolfe so admired, and with which he soothed his burdened mind before the storming of Quebec. In a long walk through the country, Grey came upon a church-yard, where nature's charms invited him to rest, and there he composed his immortal poem. Simplicity, tenderness, and love of nature are the combined elements in the poem which touch a responsive chord in the hearts of men:

> "Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
> And all the world a solemn stillness holds,
> Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
> And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

Shelley compares these evening colors to a "crimson pall," dropped "from the depths of heaven above," and in a lively scene he describes to us how

> "Twilight ascending slowly from the east,
> Entwined in duskier wreaths her dusky locks
> O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day;
> Night followed, clad with stars."

The stormy soul of Byron found restfulness in this quiet time, and we feel with him the peace of

"The cooling hour, just when the rounded
Red sun sinks down behind the azure hill,
Which then seems as if the whole earth is bounded,
Circling all nature, hushed, and dim, and still,
With the far mountain-crescent half surrounded
On one side, and the deep sea, calm and chill,
Upon the other, and the rosy sky
With one star sparkling through it like an eye."

George Eliot brings into prominence the two most important scenes of "Mill on the Floss" by presenting them at twilight. The "Red Deeps" was an extensive group of fir-trees which covered an old stone quarry, so long in disuse as to be overgrown with brambles and trees. This spot was to Maggie Tulliver's passionate eye enchanting beauty itself, compared with the monotonous level of the country around. Here at evening she and Phillip walked hand in hand in child-like happiness, thought of the future, made its plans and sought to solve the problem of their lives. Here her brother, Tom Tulliver, interrupted their pleasure and tore them heart from heart, victims to his cruel and unswerving "principle," thus plunging their lives into sorrow and longing again. When the flood came and filled the hearts of the village folk with terror, it was in the grey dawn that Maggie rowed through the storm down the turbid river to save Tom; and the golden sun was just driving away the shadows of night when the little boat which bore the sister and brother went down forever into the hurrying waters of the Floss.

The exuberant spirit of the chase in early English history is beautifully brought out in the hunting scene of "The Lady of the Lake." The description is familiar to

all, and the lost huntsman, separated from his companions, holds our deep sympathy. His courser has fallen and he has wandered all day, hoping to find some trace of his comrades, but in vain, and at evening he has come to Loch Katrine's cooling waters, and resigns himself to his lone condition :

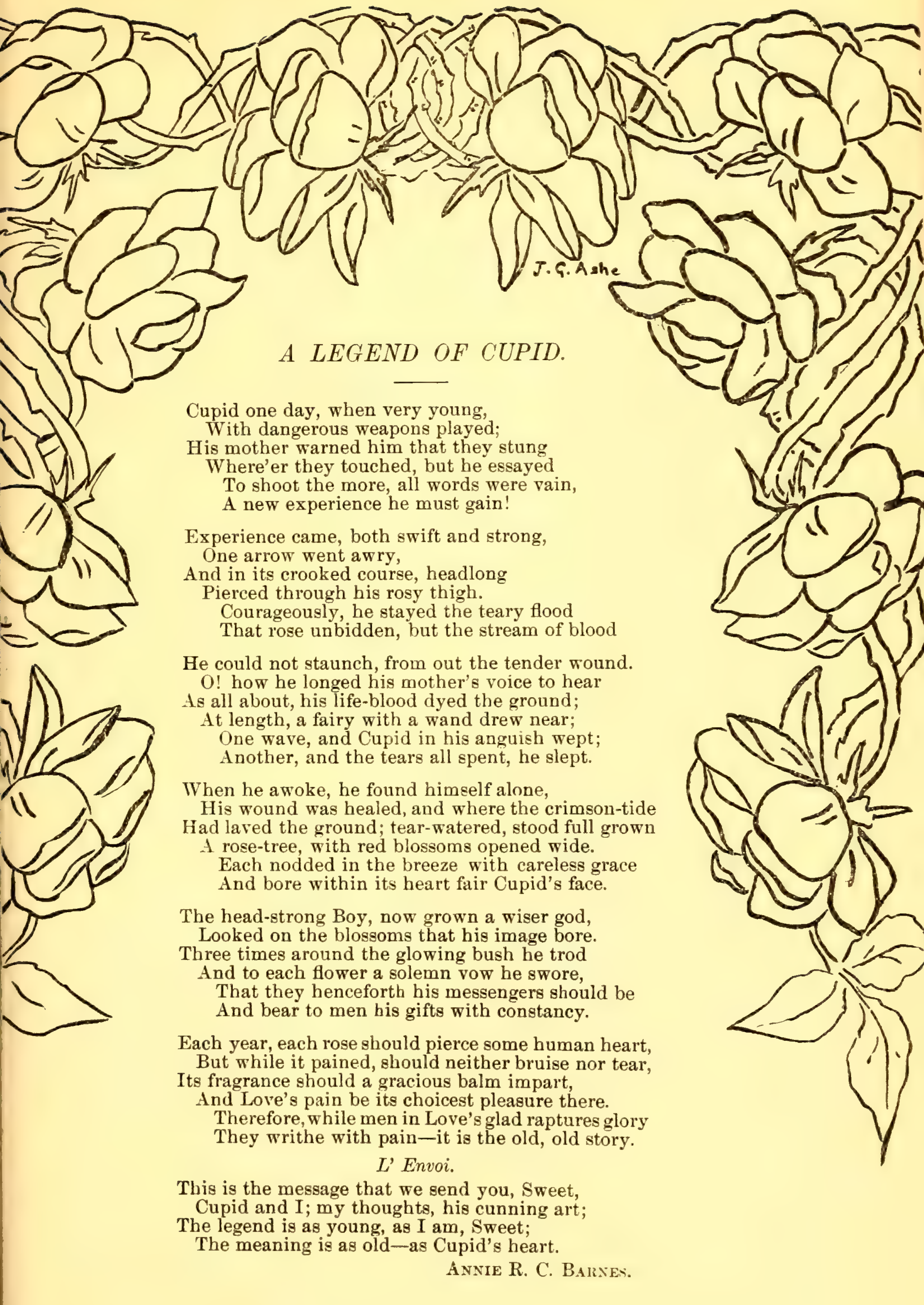
> "Some mossy bank my couch must be,
> Some rustling oak my canopy."

But before he lies down to rest he gives a final blast of his horn to attract his fellows, should they, by chance, be in that neighborhood. Instead of bringing the longed-for bugle note in answer, it only served to frighten from the shore the Lady of the Lake in her dainty shallop. With this as an introduction, Scott proceeds to tell the story of their love, so full of such delicious unexpectedness.

So to artists, to musicians, to poets, to novelists, the twilight has brought inspiration, for to them that time when "all the earth a solemn stillness holds" has brought the benediction of peace. The glowing sun, the changeful colors, and the lengthening shadows, and then the quiet of the night.

> "Twilight and evening bell,
> And after that the dark."

JOSEPHINE A. OSBORNE.



A LEGEND OF CUPID.

Cupid one day, when very young,
With dangerous weapons played;
His mother warned him that they stung
Where'er they touched, but he essayed
To shoot the more, all words were vain,
A new experience he must gain!

Experience came, both swift and strong,
One arrow went awry,
And in its crooked course, headlong
Pierced through his rosy thigh.
Courageously, he stayed the teary flood
That rose unbidden, but the stream of blood

He could not staunch, from out the tender wound.
O! how he longed his mother's voice to hear
As all about, his life-blood dyed the ground;
At length, a fairy with a wand drew near;
One wave, and Cupid in his anguish wept;
Another, and the tears all spent, he slept.

When he awoke, he found himself alone,
His wound was healed, and where the crimson-tide
Had laved the ground; tear-watered, stood full grown
A rose-tree, with red blossoms opened wide.
Each nodded in the breeze with careless grace
And bore within its heart fair Cupid's face.

The head-strong Boy, now grown a wiser god,
Looked on the blossoms that his image bore.
Three times around the glowing bush he trod
And to each flower a solemn vow he swore,
That they henceforth his messengers should be
And bear to men his gifts with constancy.

Each year, each rose should pierce some human heart,
But while it pained, should neither bruise nor tear,
Its fragrance should a gracious balm impart,
And Love's pain be its choicest pleasure there.
Therefore, while men in Love's glad raptures glory
They writhe with pain—it is the old, old story.

L' Envoi.

This is the message that we send you, Sweet,
Cupid and I; my thoughts, his cunning art;
The legend is as young, as I am, Sweet;
The meaning is as old—as Cupid's heart.

ANNIE R. C. BARNES.

GHOSTS.

Of all the beings with whom we come in contact, the most popular and enticing are those who have *no* being, those with whom association is rather dangerous; those ghosts that hover about us all our lives. To everyone these shadowy phantoms are alluring, and one who tells ghost stories in a dark room can always find an audience. It makes no difference whether the narrator be a tiny tot with wide eyes and bated breath, or an Edgar Poe, with lurid imagination and unbalanced mind, his listeners will crowd around, spell-bound by this love of the mysterious, by this subtle charm of the supernatural.

Among the ignorant and uncultivated especially, ghosts as objective beings are prevalent and highly popular. Every negro finds enchantment in a haunted house, and the spell cast by a "real han't," which attracts while it terrifies, is expressive of the alluring fright which ghosts produce. These "han'ts," the favorites of the ignorant, are most persistent; they proclaim themselves forcibly to eye and ear. On a dark, gloomy night the clanking of heavy chains is heard, and the hollow rattle of bones gives forth an unearthly noise, while pale blue lights burn, illuminating a figure gaunt and spectral, and heightening its fearful ghastliness. These are the harmful ghosts, the alarming spectres who pursue evil-doers and punish them as they deserve; repulsive and hideous in form, they arouse the greatest terror among the uneducated.

But it is not only among this class of people that ghosts prevail. The time-honored custom of All Halloween shows the tendency of mankind to receive these spirits, bid them welcome, and become a victim to their spell. It is believed that on this night the ghosts of the dead come back, gather

round the hearth, seat themselves in the empty chairs, and cast a shadow over all things by their presence.

All nations have their ghosts. German or French, Italian or Spanish, American or English, the ghosts are there; a race mingling themselves with all races, limited to no nationality, but imbuing all with a suggestion of the unreal. And each ghost retains his distinctive nationality. The Spanish ghost passes stealthily by with cloak and rapier; the German ghost walks heavily along, his pipe in his mouth; the Dutch ghost clatters across the room in his wooden sabots, each one preserving his racial characteristics.

America is rather young for ghosts, but nevertheless we, too, have them. Our period of Salem witchcraft was most productive of ghosts. Witches, who traveled through the air on broomsticks, were believed to hold converse with supernatural beings, and to learn magic and sorcery from the ghosts with whom they associated. And when the miserable old witch died, by fire or drowning, the people had by no means seen the last of her, she left her ghost behind to pursue her tormentors, and harass them and their innocent families.

Ghosts are limited by no space, a locked door or a barred window offers no obstacle to them. Indeed, if we believe all the stories that we hear, they have a preference for walking through a closed door, perhaps because it is their peculiar privilege. Another power which they are fond of exercising is the ability to vanish instantly. We look, and the white-sheeted thing is before us; a moment, and it is gone. We put out our hands to wrestle with them, and start back, for we find that we have grasped the unsubstantial air. The courageous sometimes even shoot at the thin, white object, and the bullet passes harmlessly through the ghost and loses itself in the wall beyond.

Ghosts flourish in an atmosphere of decay, of weird loneliness and absence of growth, of dreariness and unreality.

We always think of them in connection with gloomy passages, cold, damp rooms, and empty fire-places. The houses where the rotting doors creak on their rusty hinges, spiders crawl along the moldy walls, centipedes run riot, and the only sound is the scuffling of rats across the empty room—these houses are sure to have ghosts in plenty, enhancing the dreariness and desolation by their weird, unearthy presence, by the depressing influence of ghostly beckonings.

> "O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear,
> A sense of mystery the spirit daunted;
> And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
> The place is haunted."

To be haunted by ghosts, a strong imagination is essential; sound-minded reasoning, a scorn of superstition and of all unrealities, and a desire for the practical, frighten away the spectres, but the sun is their deadliest enemy. Where his rays penetrate, the ghosts, terrified, creep hurriedly away. On a clear, bright day, with the blue sky overhead, the birds singing in the trees, and an átmosphere of health, growth and freshness about us, it is very improbable that we will be haunted by gaunt forms and skeleton hands.

In childhood these phantoms are most familiar to us. The thrill of terror that we felt when on waking in a dark room, we saw glaring eyes before us and bony fingers stretched out to us—can we ever forget it? Yet it was a delightful terror, and while we hugged the bed in utter consternation, we were disappointed when the ghostly presence vanished. How delicious it was to sit up, spellbound, gazing, open-mouthed, at the spectral figure, in a frenzy of fear beyond expression! What a "creepy" horror is inspired by ghosts who appear in the dead of night!

"Sometimes they're in the corner, sometimes they're b y
the door,
Sometimes they're all a-standin' in the middle o' the floor;
Sometimes they're a-sittin' down, sometimes they're walkin'
round
So softly an' so creepy-like they never make a sound!
Sometimes they are as black as ink, an' other times they're
white—
But the color ain't no difference when you see things at
night!"

Then how readily an uneasy conscience invited punishment from a spiteful ghost! James Whitcomb Riley's bad little girl, who was impolite to her relations and laughed at every one, paid the penalty in a manner terrifying to a childish mind:

"An' 'thist as she kicked her heels and turn't to run and
hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standing by her
side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed
what she's about,
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't watch
Out."

As we grow older ghosts, as objective realities, begin to disappear, but we still have them for companions in stories and books. There are all kinds of literary ghosts—sad ghosts, gloomy ghosts, merry ghosts, majestic ghosts. We have phantoms whose presence is stately and inspires us with awe, phantoms who are mournful and sombre, and make all things around them dull and gloomy, phantoms who are merry and make rather good ghost companions.

The ghost in "Hamlet" is a familiar instance of the majestic ghost. The imposing spectre, who stalks majestically, and imparts secrets in an awful voice, is manifestly the ghost of a king, for he is a being not to be ignored or disregarded.

The gloomy ghost is found in Dickens' "Christmas Carol." The ghosts of Christmas past, of Christmas present, and of Christmas to come, held in the doleful forms and sorrowful appearance a lesson to be taught, a lesson which Scrooge learned, impelled by the controlling power of these gaunt spectres.

Then there are the light-hearted ghosts—poor beings, they are all light-bodied. Stockton shows us the merry ghost in his "Spectral Mortgage," the jaunty ghost always represented with hat and boots and riding-whip, who carried on a flirtatious love affair under a young girl's window.

But neither objective nor literary ghosts are the only kinds. There are some gentle, kindly spectres, the ghosts of our childish days, which haunt us all. To the imaginative and emotional these memories come with vivid intensity, but to the most staid and sober-minded an eventful experience of a great joy or sorrow comes as a real presence.

In maturer years the ghosts increase, for the memories of youth are added. At last the aged sometimes live in a world of ghosts, a land of memories filled with the echoes of past life, the shadows of by-gone days. Tennyson's "Grandmother" gives us a touching picture of old age finding solace and pleasure in the ghosts of past days:

"They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead." * *

"And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by."

And what are these phantoms that haunt and pursue us? Why and whence is the ghostly presence near us? Hearn's answer to this question is perhaps the truest, certainly the most delightful, that can be given. The ghost is a composite, "thrilled into semblance of being from out the sum of all lost sympathies." As the phantom in Dickens' "Christmas Carol" was the ghost, not of one Christmas, but of an intermingling of all past Christmases, so the spectral face that hovers around us is not the ghost of one face, but the sum of many dear remembered faces, the result of an infinite number of beautiful recollections, "interblended by affection into one ghostly personality, infinitely sympathetic, phantasmally beautiful: a composite of recollections! And the voice is the echo of no one voice, but the echoing of many voices, molten into a single utterance—a single impossible tone,—thin through remoteness of time, but inexpressibly caressing. Thou most gentle Composite! Thou nameless and exquisite Unreality! Thou Ghost of all dear vanished things * * with thy vain appeal of eyes that looked for my coming; and vague, faint pleading of voices against oblivion; and thin, electric touch of buried hands!"

How often do these ghosts of our past days haunt us! The memories of the beautiful things that are gone, the vague regrets for those days of childhood when everything was gay, the earth was sunshine and flowers and laughter, and each day a vast field of possibilities. Their spectral presences hover near us, the shadows of the past, the echos of the days that are gone! Dear old ghosts! you do not terrify, you only sadden; for the memory of a beauty and a glory that is dead, intensified into a more vivid personality by the lapse of years, cannot but bring regret and a vague feeling of restlessness.

But of all ghosts, the most attractive are the ghosts of the future. For the spectres of the past are unchangeable,

unable to be moved by our desire; but the ghosts of the future are under our control, they are the representations of our longings. Various names have been given to them, but perhaps the most familiar is "Castles in Spain." What an extensive country this must be, for almost every one we know owns a castle or two within its boundaries. Many, indeed, have vast possessions in this dreamy land, and the castles are always such beautiful ones. In building ordinary houses we are often subject to the inconvenience of having them not exactly to our taste, but in Spain the castles are always entirely suitable, the rooms are perfection, the gardens are visions of loveliness, and the flowers are marvels in size, color and perfume—an ideal dream castle! As George William Curtis tells us, "There is wonderful music there; sometimes I awake at night and hear it. It is full of the sweetness of youth and love and a new world. I lie and listen, and I seem to arrive at the great gates of my estates. They swing open upon noiseless hinges, and the tropic of my dreams receives me. Up the broad steps, whose marble pavement mingled light and shadow print with shifting mosaic, beneath the boughs of lustrous oleanders and palms and trees of unimaginable fragrance, I pass into the vestibule, warm with summer odors, and into the presence-chamber beyond."

CHRISTIANA BUSBEE.

EVERY-DAY HEROISM.

Heroines have lived in all ages, many of whom the world has known and admired for some thrilling exploit or daring deed. A few have been known and loved for their heroic lives, but the greater number were only to those who knew them, heroines. Surely the life that is a series of continuous triumphs of the soul over the trials and temptations that beset it, is greater than the life that finds energy only once to raise itself above ordinary mortals! The life of which the least is known is often the noblest, for the heroine never sees the real worth of her work, and she is usually so modest and retiring that she does not care to be known beyond the circle of friends who can appreciate and understand her.

Fortunately, it is not necessary for one to travel around the world or to search mythic annals to find a "commonplace" heroine, nor does one need to surround her with a mystic glamour. In truth, she is sometimes our next door neighbor, who helps us as much by her struggles as by her pure and sweet influence.

From the heroines of a moment one is apt to believe that heroines are always perfect, but this is, indeed, a mistake, especially of the "commonplace" heroines. Like ordinary mortals, they are never perfect, but they are ever reaching out after a higher degree of excellence, all unconscious of the change in themselves until the old and the new ideals are compared. One can walk hand-in-hand with an "everyday" heroine, as with an old friend, loving and clinging to the influence that will ever last, while a momentary heroine flashes across the zenith of the world comet-like, ever afterwards to be wondered at and admired by the lesser lights. Yet the characteristics, if we may call them so, of

the heroine are present in all women, and the woman that wakes the world with one noble deed may also be a "commonplace" heroine, whom circumstances have permitted to become the admiration of the world.

Much of her character we may learn from her works, very little was known of the life of Louisa Alcott until her letters and journals were published a few years ago. In her are embodied all the characteristics of the "commonplace" heroine, for all her life she endeavored to live up to her standard of right, as she knew it from the teachings of her carefully nurtured conscience.

As a child, little Lu was remarkably interesting and intelligent, and her faults, though great in her eyes, were not those to be severely reprimanded in one so young as she. Yet she must not be classed with the model girls of the "goody-goody" books, for Louy did soil her pinafore on one memorable occasion, at least, and her trials and struggles with her impetuous temper link her, very closely, to some of us who labor under the same misfortune. While she was young her mother could help her through her moods, but as she grew older she learned to depend more upon herself. The deep religious feeling of her home helped her in her daily life, and its atmosphere has pervaded all her works. The same self-sacrificing spirit which characterized her girlhood remained with her throughout her life. As Miss Alcott says, many years later, with a touch of sadness: "I never seem to have many presents, as some do, though I give a good many. That is best, perhaps, and makes a gift very precious when it does come." Old clothes were worn, old hats retrimmed with the same loving and devoted spirit with which she put aside the intense longing to write according to her own aspirations, and yielded to the wishes of the public, so that she might earn the money to keep her loved ones from want, drudgery and

care. "I shall never live my own life," she prophesies, with pathetic earnestness.

As is the case with all great natures, modesty was united with boldness of determination, earnestness of purpose with untiring energy. In the beginning of her literary career she was anything but famous, and she offered her stories to publisher after publisher. When "Hospital Sketches" was published she suddenly found herself one of the literary celebreties of the hour. She could no longer sit in the corner at Dr. Parker's, an eager listener to the conversation which was so delightful to her. The little Lou who left her friend happy, with his kind greeting and earnest "God bless you," was now called upon to bless other girls. This was a pleasant privilege, and she was glad to avail herself of it, not only through her books, but by the welcome she gave to all who visited her from love, and not from idle curiosity. Her escape from the "autograph fiends," reporters and other curious and impertinent people, through windows and down back steps are often ludicrous, and remind one of Jo's scrapes in "Little Women."

It is useless to criticise Miss Alcott's works at this late day. Every one has read them; every one knows them. "Little Women," "Little Men" and "Jo's Boys" will never grow old. "Rose in Bloom" will never fade; the "Old-fashioned Girl" is always breezy and modest, and we continue to sympathize with "Jack and Jill" in their tumble down the hill.

The greatest pleasure that Miss Alcott received from her work was that it enabled her to relieve those she loved from the hard poverty which they had endured for many years. It was she who, when Mr. Pratt died, gave her sister a home and the children an education; it was she who sent the "Little Raphael" abroad after she had given her the best instruction in America; it was she who supplied her sick father, worn-out with trouble, with every comfort.

Miss Alcott's early training was a great help to her in her literary work. While yet a child she wrote short poems and stories, and was taught to express her thoughts clearly in her journal. Though loving ones of the family praised them, she was never satisfied with these early attempts, and always yearned to write better. These journals give us an excellent idea of herself, her family and the home-life. In the stories she wrote for money when a girl, she falls into sentimental and melodramatic faults, of exaggerated and unreal descriptions. In her books for children, her own noble nature shines through all her characters, and the lesson she would teach is not preached, but shown by the sweetness of her characters and their commonplace virtues of unselfishness, industry, kindness and truth. It is not necessary for Miss Alcott to weave her boys and girls into fairy tales in company with giants having morals written on their foreheads, and with fairies with the lesser virtues gayly emblazoned upon their wings. The purity of feeling, the sturdy common sense, and the family love so prominent in her own life and home, are the chief merits of her works. "Moods" and "A Modern Mephistopheles" show that she is a close observer of human nature and a successful dealer with the more difficult and serious questions of life.

Miss Alcott's style in the books for children is a peculiar one all of her own, and from its naturalness it is particularly pleasing and attractive to young people. As much as she loved literature, it was not an end, but a means by which she might gratify her generous impulses and give comfort to those around her. She never cared for the fame her books brought her, for it was most embarrassing to have gushing young school-girls throw themselves excitedly into her arms and, weeping, beg: "O, darling, love me." As Miss Alcott had no love to give such silly creatures, their hearts were doubtless broken. The greatest joy of

her popularity was that it enabled her to see more of the world and to meet people of her own nature. Many faults of style must be excused, as she never had time to correct her work, for before one book was finished another was thought out, and while that was being written others were "simmering."

Although her own tastes were simple, the expenses of the family were heavy, and she kept "grinding away at the mill to supply the claims that pressed upon her from all sides." Those who know Mr. and Mrs. Alcott can accurately judge of Louisa's character, for with her mother's sweet and unselfish disposition, her calm resignation and patience and hopefulness under misfortune were united the idealism and energy of her father. The idealism of Miss Alcott was softened by a quick comprehension of what and when and how a thing could be done. She could never thoroughly understand her father, but she reverenced, honored and loved him, though she did call him "dear old Plato." She often planned to write a book, "The Cost of An Idea," but she felt unworthy to attempt to portray her father's character. At a luncheon given in honor of some of her father's philosopher friends she gave her definition of a philosopher: "A man up in a balloon, with his family and friends holding the ropes which confine him to earth, and trying to haul him down."

Yet, with all her work, she found time to interest herself in the duty of women to vote for school superintendents, and was the first woman in Concord to exercise her right. Yet even Miss Alcott found it hard to tear the women away from their cakes and servants long enough to vote.

She was never too busy for charitable acts, nor too weary to sympathize with the suffering. When she left home for the hard work in the hospital she never faltered, but laughed gayly, as if her heart were not weighed down with sorrow. She said that she felt as if she were the son of the

house going forth to war. This was truer than she knew, for all her life she fought as many hard battles as any of the boys she nursed so tenderly.

Miss Alcott's poems are to be placed high among sacred poems and poems of feeling, and she unconsciously shows much of her own life and that of her family in tender and beautiful words. "Thoreau's Flute" and "Little Women," "Transfiguration," "My Prayer" and "To My Father" are some of her best poems, and the hope and sorrow in them express her mingled feelings. "Our Angel in the House" is a fitting tribute to the loved sister who was slowly passing into the silent Beyond. "The Lay of a Golden Goose" is not only a specimen of the sprightly poetry she wrote to her friends, but gives us an idea of her literary career and how the ugly little duckling of the transcendental nest was at last owned as first cousin to the swan.

A noble woman, a stimulating example; a life which attained to something of what the world calls success; a life full in its every-day details of noble purpose, patient labor and robust happiness.

Lily E. Dodd.

FASHIONS AND FOLLIES.

As we turn the pages of history we find that every country has at some time been ruled by a tyrant. Greece had her Pisistratus, Rome her Nero, France her Louis XIV., Germany her Henry IV., and England her John. But there is a tyrant who is more despotic than any of these; they tyranized over their own country only; they lived their short lives and passed away, and their power passed with them, but the tyrant who rules the world, who has always ruled and always will rule, is "Fashion." Who is she? No one can say. Where is her abode? No one can tell. She is everywhere at the same time, and like a chameleon which changes its color according to the objects about it, she is never twice alike.

In olden days the brave knight, clad in armor of steel and bearing the banner of the cross, encouraged by the tender words of his lady-love, rushed to conflict where the legions of Christian kings and princes were arrayed against the infidels. Nowadays we have no knight in armor clad, instead we have the city dude arrayed in immaculate tailor suit and snowy linen, or clad in bicycle costume with golf stockings, gay yellow shoes, knee-breeches, and wide-brimmed cap.

In the days of long ago the beau wore a gayly-colored coat and loose trousers, hat well trimmed with feathers, a large ruff about his neck, shoes adorned with the prettiest roses and stockings of various colors.

And "Ye Ladyee" gloried in a great hoop-skirt, large sleeves and powdered hair. In fancy we can see her now courtesying low in the dignity of the stately minuet and slowly waving her large feathered fan which partly conceals, partly reveals, the bewitching glances of her adorable eyes. Our modern girl dances in a hurry, she has no time

for stately bows or powdered hair. Imagine a nineteenth-century maiden content to have her hair piled on cushions, greased and powdered, and then imagine her sitting quite still for fear of hurting the structure from early morning until the evening party. All this forsooth because so elaborate was the coiffure that the hired hair-dresser could never have gone the rounds of his patrons in time if he had not begun early in the morning. In these old days, too, the hair was sometimes piled up in the shape of a steeple, narrow at the top and wider below, but now we have loose, soft waves, straight locks over the ears, or the moderate pompadour. Fortunately these puffs are becoming to almost everybody, as they can be broad at the side or high on top, to suit either the oval or square face.

In the days of Queen Anne a woman's glory was her fan; now it is her hat. We have sailor hats, violet hats, rose hats, feathered hats, upturned hats, downtilted hats, and so on *ad infinitum.* Happily the excessively downtilted hat is rapidly disappearing, for in some cases its results were startling, as for instance, when a downturned brim almost met an upturned nose. As it is the comfort of a woman to be well dressed, so it would be her delight to have a hat for every occasion. Many years ago hats and bonnets were used as protection, but I doubt if the manufacturer or wearer ever thinks of that now. And what about the fashions of the women of other countries? Suppose a number of foreigners should come to America; for instance, from Italy, Greece or Spain. The Roman woman with a veil over the back of her head, nets to hold the hair, painted eyelashes and brows, and very often painted veins on the temples, and sandals in preference to shoes, made of light, white wood—and such a noise as they do make in walking! Then the Greek woman in her chiton, a piece of material sewed together in the form of a sack, open at the top and bottom, reaching from the head to the feet, as

wide as the extended hands, and tied under the breast to prevent its falling. Then there is the Spanish woman, sparkling with jewels, beads and laces which cover nearly always a black dress. These different costumes seem very peculiar to us, but would ours not seem just as strange to them?

Every year brings new fashions, now it is short skirts, now long, now tight, now plaited, now plain, and as it is with skirts so it is with everything else. Many women are still foolish enough to follow the fashion whether it be becoming or not. If pointed toes are in style one must squeeze her E foot into an A shoe. To quote Ben Johnson: "There is nothing new under the sun." First it is velvets, then laces, then silks, then lawns, then organdies, then velvets again, and so on. We need not be surprised if in the near future, tired of these, some genius of a woman should start the style of making or wearing dresses of paper, and the rest of her kind will follow suit.

But all of our girls are not so silly. This is the age when health and exercise have become the fashion. Our modern girl no longer cares to feel uncomfortable, her health is no longer ruined by sleeping all morning and yawning all afternoon, but is improved by outdoor enjoyments, tennis, golf, cycling, and the like. If she spends the summer in the mountains, does she ever suffer from a fall caused by a very long skirt that has tangled about her feet? No; the costumes of the day correspond with the sports. Take her on the tennis grounds, her skirt is always wide enough to give her a quick and free movement, not too long nor too short, and not close-fitting like the cycling skirts. How comfortable and graceful a girl looks on the Basket Ball grounds. Tired of the dull, trying colors of long ago, our girl rather likes bright, joyous colors; red caps, pretty ties and gay trimmings on her blue or white yachting suit. Many years ago people listened with interest to the tale of the girl who was

delicate and who suffered from palpitation of her heart. Girls are no longer anxious for palpitating hearts. We have lost the stateliness and perhaps some of the dignity of the olden times, but we have on the other hand gained in many ways; instead of delicate girls, too ailing to be of use to any one, we have rosy-cheeked, strong, capable-looking maidens.

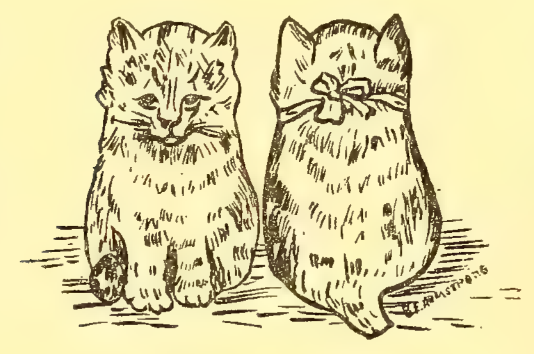
Fashions are many and follies are many, but the world steadily advances, and from present appearances we may hope that at no distant day fashion will no longer rule the world, but that a sensible world will rule fashion.

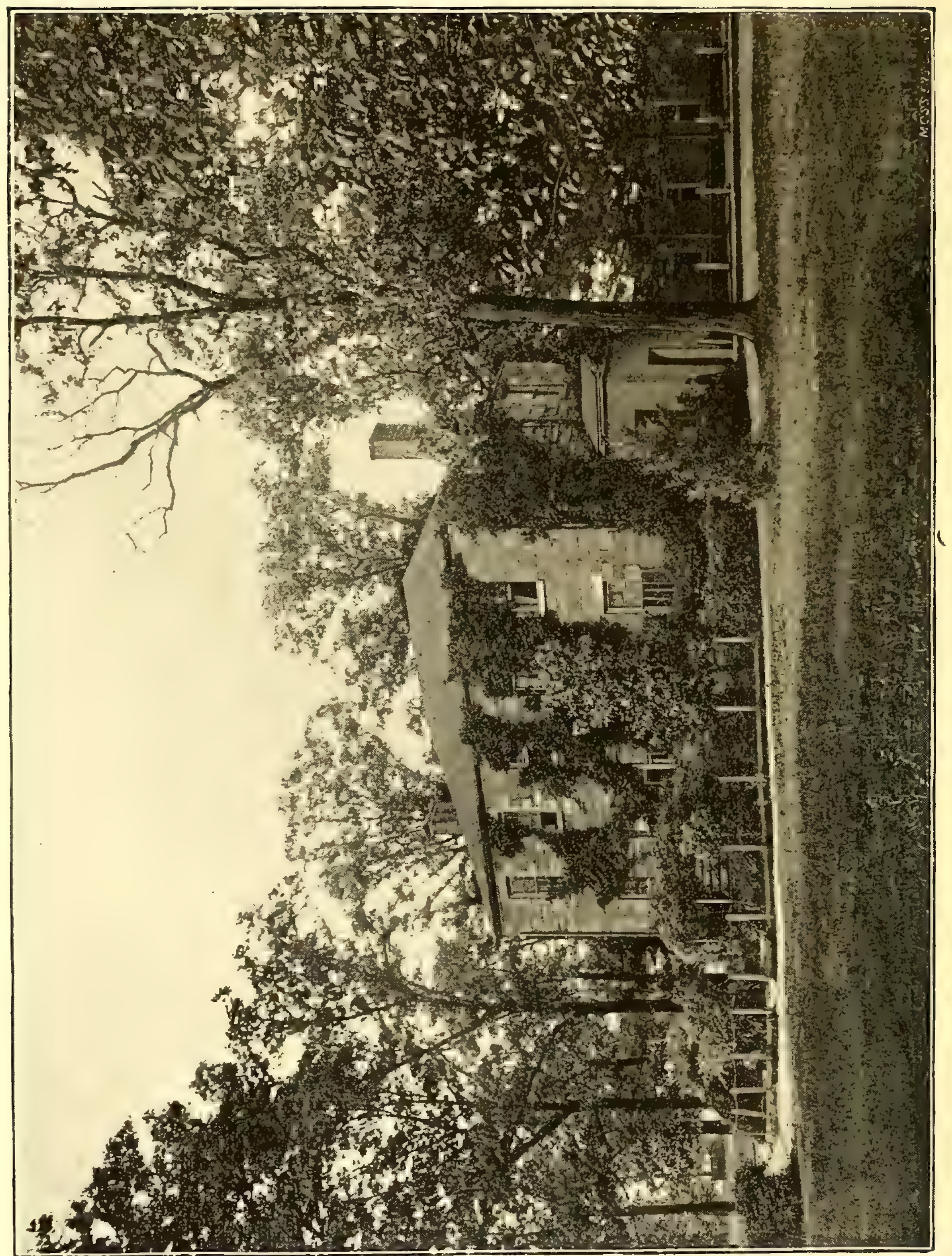
ANNIE M. DUGHI.

THE BOB-TAILED CAT.

TWO LITTLE kittens, one sunny day,
Went out in the street to romp and play.
What fun it was! To get on the track,
To run across and then come back!
Their mother called, "Leave the street,
The car will mash your little feet!"
Alas! they staid upon the rail,
And now one goes without a tail.

ANNIE PESCUD.





THE ATTRACTION OF THE UNKNOWN.

How vast, how limitless is the great realm of the unknown! Men spend their lives trying to fathom it, but for everything that they learn, they find ever more and more to be learned.

The Pyramids, those lonely sentinels of the desert, are lasting witnesses of the love that the ancients had for the unknown. Constructed primarily for the observation of the heavens, they tell us that the unknown worlds floating in the ether so far above us were as attractive then as now. Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Greeks, one after another looked up to the burning sun by day and the starry heavens by night, and longed and toiled to solve the mysteries of the universe. Century after century astronomers propounded their theories, the labor of their lives, and gave answers to the great riddle, only to be proved wholly wrong by a new generation. Through all ages men have tried to find out more about these worlds. Constantly urged on by the unresting desire for knowledge, they have discovered much, and by patient investigation and the happy invention of the telescope, planets and far-off stars have been brought near us.

The Pyramids, however, are interesting, not only as ancient observatories, but also in themselves. How were the huge rocks of which they are constructed conveyed from their beds to the place of building? What is within, beyond the rooms to which we have access? To all these questions there is no answer, yet every day men try to find out more about them, and for all that they discover there is more that is still unexplained.

Alexander, mighty monarch of Macedonia, Greece and large parts of Asia, wept because he could find no more worlds to conquer; but each succeeding generation proved

how wrong he was, and discovered more and more countries to be conquered and civilized. At last Columbus, lured by the insistent voice from unknown lands, braved sneers and incredulity, deferred promises of kings, and insult and rebellion from his own sailors, until at last he

"Pushed his prows into the setting sun,
And made West East, and sail'd the Dragon's mouth,
And came upon the Mountain of the World,
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!"

Following Columbus came people of every nation seeking both knowledge and new possessions, and now the land that was once a wild waste is covered with towns and mighty cities, and America holds a place with the greatest nations of the world.

We find this same spirit of adventure and discovery in the age of Elizabeth in England. Commerce and manufacture gained new impulse from contact with other lands, and travel, in Italy especially, exerted a strong influence over literature. A continental tour became a part of every gentleman's education; as Shakespeare tells us, "Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and this newly-awakened desire to see and learn of other countries helped to awaken men from their long intellectual slumber. Man's imagination ran riot over the new lands about which so little could be really known. Fountains of liquid gold sprang from the bosom of the earth; somewhere, hidden as yet from mortal ken, was the fountain of perpetual youth; delicate creatures like Ariel peopled the tropical forests; monsters like Caliban dwelt in the gloomy caves. Ponce de Leon, searching for the elixir of youth, discovered instead Florida, the land of flowers; Sir Francis Drake, seeking gold and jewels, circumnavigated the globe; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the noblest hero of them all, gave his life for knowledge.

Since the earliest dawn of time the polar regions have lain quiet and undisturbed. Wrapped in their eternal snows, they slumbered for ages, and their mysterious sleep has seemed almost an insult to man's powers of untangling puzzles. Explorer after explorer started on the perilous undertaking, only to find defeat and death. Men knew that in the north they found cold, and in the south heat; but beyond the boundaries of the known, in that mysterious and strangely alluring unknown, might be both consuming heat and deadly cold. The increasing desire to explore this unknown has accomplished much, but there are still vast tracts which have not been traversed. Many lives have been lost in this perilous undertaking, but so great has been the attraction of the unknown that these men did not hesitate, but pushed resolutely on, giving up home, money, and friends, that in return they might learn more of this mysterious region. Nowhere has knowledge been purchased with greater difficulty and danger, and nowhere have we records of greater heroism than that displayed by the sailors in these icy regions. That which so long ago impelled the old Vikings to sail away and explore distant lands was not merely a love of adventure, though that of course was necessary, but it was a really earnest desire for knowledge, a desire to know what was beyond the limits of their own country, and what was to be found in the distant lands so long considered the home of their gods. Harald Hardrada, "the experienced King of the North," was the first explorer who was animated by a pure love of knowledge.

> "To the northward stretched the desert,
> How far I fain would know,
> So at last I sallied forth,
> And three days sailed due north
> As far as the whale-ships go."

No one knows how far he went, but he reached what he thought was the verge of the earth, for he said: "I only turned my ships around in time to escape being swallowed up in the vast abyss." And what a literature of adventure, what a heritage of noble purpose these hardy Vikings have left us!

The American Indians have a great awe for anything which they do not understand. If a man comes among them who is skilled in arts of which they know nothing, especially in the use of chemicals, he is immediately recognized as a great "Medicine-man," and is highly reverenced. Thunder, to them, is the voice of the Great Spirit, and the winds are also gods. But they have not that active, searching intellect of the white race which is always seeking and finding out new things: they are content to let the unknown remain unknown, and it is left for others to discover new lands and new planets.

The desire for knowledge is the lever which moves the world. Benjamin Franklin, attracted by the unknown, discovered that lightning and electricity are identical. Watts, watching the tea-kettle, found that it was steam which made the lid rise and fall, and therefore invented the steam-engine. Whitney, experimenting with the rude implements of the hand-pickers, invented the cotton-gin. Edison, by continued investigation, has given to the world as the fruits of his labors, the electrical wonders of our age.

If the unknown of the world about us is so attractive, what shall we say of the mysterious attractions of the unknown world beyond this life? The wars of the Trojans and Greeks, the wanderings of Ulysses or of Æneas are to us interesting, but it is when we find allusions to the world beyond that we are held spell-bound. This other world has been a favorite theme with painters and poets. Virgil's hero, Æneas, explored that strange and mystic place, Hades,

and there saw the souls of all that had been, or were to be; and in fancy we can follow him through his wanderings and listen to his eager conversation with the shadowy ghosts. Dante, attracted by this unknown life, traversed in imagination, guided by Virgil, Hell, Purgatory and Paradise. He was a mystical poet, and this mysticism is plainly shown in his description of the next world; even the form of his poem and of his verse is symbolical. His idea of the future world is more modern than Virgil's. He describes Paradise to us as "a mystic rose, whose petals, row upon row, are the seats of the blessed, and whose yellow centre is the flame of the love of God."

We can see his longing to learn by the questions which he pours out to the suffering wretches around him. To him hell was not bounded, but spreads vast and desolate. One of the suffering souls says:

> "Hell has no limits, nor is circumscribed
> In one self-place; for where we are is hell,
> And where hell is, there must we ever be."

Our own poet, Milton, has also written of the life hereafter. His subject is the grandest that he could find, and he treats it in a way worthy of its grandeur. New beauties open to us every time we read this poem, and we are more and more fascinated by the glimpses that we get of the unknown. As long as the world endures, there will be new things to learn; new depths to be explored, and so the luring voice of the unknown will ever draw men on to higher knowledge, to greater attainments.

NINA W. GREEN.

THE ART OF FLATTERY.

Although the sternly virtuous may be tempted to deny it, most of us will agree that flattery is one of the most interesting of subjects to mankind. It seems not only interesting, but universal, for there is not one of us who does not use it (consciously or unconsciously) in some one of its many forms.

Of course some flattery is so pointed that a person becomes disgusted with it, refinement cannot endure what is fulsome; but any one of us is charmed to receive a delicate, nicely-turned compliment.

Now, since all this has been said about flattery, we may ask, "What is flattery?" Webster tells us that it is "To please or gratify, or seek to please or gratify by praise, and especially undue praise."

That flattery is always for a purpose every one will admit. We find this to be true as far back as the time of Samson, whom Delilah fondled and cajoled with soft words that she might win from him the secret of his mighty strength, and so betray him to the Philistines.

Men and women flatter for love, for greed of gold, for position, but not often do we find a more regular trade in flattery than that carried on by the old-time Parasites. These men flattered for their dinners, and really lived by their oily tongues. There are many lineal descendants of the Parasites, and the flatterers of royalty may rightly be ranked among the chief. Since their motives are so evident, it is strange that there are few who fail to accomplish their end. But flattery seems in all ages to have been very attractive to sovereigns, perhaps because from their lonely position they despaired of winning sincere affection, and so were glad of even its poorest substitute. Nothing pleased Edward II. more than to have Gaveston, his most

famed flatterer, pour into his ears sweet nothings or gently whisper

> "The shepherd night with biting winter's rage
> Frolics not more to see the painted spring
> Than I do to behold your majesty."

Or—

"Renowned Edward, how thy name revives poor Gaveston."

Even Henry VIII., quick-witted as he was, could be won by smooth speech. Through indirect flattery Cromwell was raised to be his minister, and by her wit and pretty compliments Catherine Parr succeeded in keeping her own weary head.

Queen Elizabeth could scarcely have lived without her flatterers. She liked for her favorites to tell her as Hatton did, "To see her was heaven" and "the lack of her was hell." She fully believed what her teacher, Roger Archam, wrote to one of his friends: "Numberless honorable ladies of the present time surpass the daughter of Sir Thomas Moore in every kind of learning, but amongst them all, my illustrous mistress, the Lady Elizabeth, shines like a star, excelling them more by the splendour of her virtues than by the glory of her royal birth." Even when one of the ambassadors said, while trying to persuade her to marry, "That all the world stood amazed at the wrong she did to the grand endowments that God had given her of beauty, wisdom, virtue and exalted station, by refusing to leave fair posterity to succeed her," England's statesmanlike queen was childishly delighted at the fulsome and wholly unwarranted praise of her personal appearance. But, although we may not admire Elizabeth, there are few women who, while trying to cross a muddy place, would not like to

meet a second Sir Walter Raleigh, or who would not reward him, if they had power, just as Elizabeth did.

Next to court favorites, the greatest flatterer in the world is the office-seeker. In monarchies, in republics, in despotisms still we find him, no form of government has yet rid us of him. John Kendrick Bangs gives us a fine type of this specimen.

When a man wishes a certain office, he begins to work for himself several years beforehand. He knows that many of the voters are jealous of the prominence of the candidate, and to offset this jealous feeling, "when he meets an inconspicuous voter on the street, slaps him on the back and shakes him by the shoulders, or pokes him in the ribs, cracks a joke with him, and ends up by asking him to have a cigar or take a drink." But he has to be very careful even when he is familiar with such men as these, for once a candidate was known to lose a vote by not being particular enough. "He hit a cab-driver on the back at a mass-meeting, intending it, of course, as an act of sociability, but the cab-driver had been drinking, and was having all he could do to stand up, and the slightest tap would have upset him." "Failing to note his condition, the candidate gave him a whack that sent him headlong under the presiding officer's table," and thus lost his vote.

After a candidate has gotten as many promised votes as possible in town, he goes out and tries the farmers. He goes to a certain man's house, and of course receives a hearty welcome, for farmers are always glad to see their friends. He spends the day, and perhaps the night; walks all over the farm, admires the grain, praises the tobacco, and tells the farmer what a beautiful home he has. When he returns to the house, he even flatters the farmer's wife by telling her that her dark soda biscuit are the best he has ever eaten. Then just before he leaves he asks the favor he has been seeking, and of course the answer is yes.

In Europe and Asia, where the trade has been practiced for centuries, we find whole nations of flatterers.

The Chinese are adepts in the art of flattery and also in the art of being flattered. They are so conceited that they think there is no country so good as theirs, and if you praise another nation before them they will at once begin to praise themselves. They think that "the Chinese are the model race, to whom all others must look up with deference."

A Chinese military officer is very particular about what he calls etiquette, and gladly receives salutes to which he is not entitled by his rank; and it has been said that more powder is consumed in a year in salutes from Chinese gun-boats than would be used in a campaign against an enemy.

The Japanese are also a nation of flatterers, but they flatter more by action than by word. For instance, when two gentlemen meet in the street they bow low to each other and remain in that position for some time, and when they part they bow again and do not straighten until they are out of each other's sight. The friend or acquaintance to whom they speak is always most excellent, most noble, most exalted, while the speaker is a debased slave, who scarcely presumes to open his unworthy lips in your august presence; all of which, of course, is wholly for effect, for you know he does not think himself debased, a slave, or unworthy in the least.

The Italian flower-girls make their living chiefly by flattery. They stand where there are many passers-by and say to all the ladies as they pass, "Pretty lady, buy a bunch of flowers to add to your beauty," and of course when an ugly woman hears such a pleasing sentence she cannot resist buying.

In a village of Ireland there is a very interesting stone called the "blarney stone," which is thought to give to all who kiss it a peculiar kind of coaxing flattery. This stone

does not go unkissed either, so it seems, for once when a lady was in the English court she met an Irishman whom she liked very much, and on one occasion, when he was speaking very flatteringly of some ladies of his own country, the lady became very much interested, and, in the midst of her excitement, asked if he did not think that she was intended for an Irish woman. He replied by saying: "No, pretty lady, but I think you were intended for an Irish *man.*"

Dedications were for several centuries one of the chief means of livelihood among poets and other literary men, and some of our greatest writers have bought the patronage of the rich by praise so extravagant that it seems to us now humiliating to both writer and patron.

It has been said that, "Even truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, and will appear a cheat by being dressed like one."

An excellent instance of flattery by dedication was once found in the lining of a lady's bandbox:

"Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honored with solemn feasts and consecrated to altars by a divine command, upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate. It is impossible to behold you without adoring, yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. The shrine is worthy the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace, we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And we adore and bless the glorious work!"

Frequently we smile, or even laugh derisively, when we see others so pleased with idle compliments, but after all,

none of us can afford to laugh; we are all alike, for when all other flattery is ineffectual the Shakesperian plan never fails:

> "But when I tell him he hates flatterers
> He says he does, being then most flattered."

KATE CANNADY.

THE ART OF LYING.

THE REAL art of lying is to know *how* and *when* to tell a lie. Few people are capable of this. The man who can look forward and backward and judge how and when to tell a lie has the power of a prophet, the reasoning of a Euclid, and the memory of a whist-player. No one should attempt it who does not possess these three requisites in connection with a massive intellect. Notably, many politicians owe their failure to a mentality too small to compass successful lying.

Lies, like murders, are of many degrees. Touchstone gives us some valuable information on this point, he says: "I will name you the degrees: the first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid it, too, with an "If." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves one of them thought but of an 'If,' as 'If you said so,' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your 'If' is the only peace-maker; much virtue in 'If.'"

Many lies are born of silence, and these are among the meanest of all lies, because they are so impossible to refute.

The tacit understanding, the silent agreeing with scandal. "Oh! I will never say anything evil of my neighbors, but of course I have my thoughts." This is indulged in by many who pride themselves upon never uttering a falsehood! Then, too, how much can be conveyed by the arching of the eyebrow, the shrug of the shoulders, the slightly derisive smile, or even the pointing of a finger. As Victor Hugo says, perhaps the fate of Napoleon hung upon a peasant's gesture. Before ordering one of the last of his famous charges, the Emperor had surveyed the ground, but had been unable to see the trenches prepared by the English. "Warned, however, by the little white chapel which marks its juncture with the Nevells road, he had asked the peasant guide a question, probably as to whether there was any obstacle. The guide answered no; and thus we might almost say that Napoleon's catastrophe was brought about by a peasant's shake of the head."

On the whole we are not inclined to agree with Touchstone, that the Lie Direct is the culminating point of wickedness, in its insidious treachery and meanness, the Lie Indirect stands ahead.

Silence, expression and gesture are not the only kinds of lies; they have a wider and broader manifestation by words. In all professions we find men who have attained eminence in this art, but its most successful disciples are recruited from the ranks of statesmen, historians, travelers and explorers. Prominent among the liars in the class of statesmen is Queen Elizabeth. We may say some are born liars, some achieve lying, and some have lying thrust upon them. Elizabeth is a master-piece, for she achieved lying, had it thrust upon her, and, considering both her mother and father, probably had a certain amount of it born in her. The Elizabethan age was a period of crises for England and the English race. By her lies, white, gray or

black, Elizabeth carried herself and her nation over many a difficulty.

Those who are simply born liars are not so fortunate; with them lying is often a force guided neither by prophesy, reasoning nor memory. Among these unfortunates are both that brilliant and attractive Richard of the Lion Heart and the tragic Charles I. One of these kings is a hero to every reader of the "Talisman," and the other to almost every lover of the lost cause. Alas! that true accounts reveal each one as a *bona fide* promise-breaker. Charles I., especially, seems to have had a moral obliquity with regard to the truth.

If we wish to find lies of all kinds and descriptions we have only to glance into the works of a certain class of historians. Most historians so project their own opinions, be they political, religious or personal, into their writing, that it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell the true from the false. This is so evident that the author of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" is said to have "Gibbonized the vast tract over which he traversed." Oftentimes the historian is so influenced by fears of giving offence, or hopes of gain, that he will give to the world what he himself knows is false. For instance, the first publication of Hume's history was favorable to Charles I., but because the author became irritated with the outcry against him, he recast his historical verdicts so as to offend the party which had attacked him. At that time there lived in Edinburgh an old Jesuit scholar, to whose criticism Hume submitted his manuscript. Much to the astonishment of the scholar, the sins of Mary Stuart, which had been skillfully omitted in the manuscript, appeared in detail in the printed copy. Seeking the author, he asked an explanation. "Why," said Hume, "the printer said he would lose £500 by that story; indeed, he almost refused to print it, so I was obliged to alter it, as you saw." We must not attribute this fault

to Hume alone. So prevalent is the vice that it is difficult to know anything of the real character of historical people, so differently do their various historians portray them.

Historians are addicted to falsehood as a trade, but explorers and travelers seem to find genuine delight in a lie as a mere pastime, and are among our most entertaining liars. These lies of travelers are confined to no age or country. Traveling and truth do not seem to agree any better than fishing and truth, and from infancy we have all learned what a fisherman's tale is worth. We beg pardon of that dear old angler, Isaac Walton, but indeed, the followers of his beloved sport have a poor, poor record for veracity. Several of these traveling sinners have noble titles, and we might have expected better things of them, but when we consider that many of the most noted liars have been kings and queens, we cannot be too severe in our judgment of simple nobility, particularly when "simple nobility" is as interesting as are Sir John Mandeville and Baron Munchausen. Mandeville, from *his* account, knew more of Palestine than any other man before or since his day has ever known. He came into contact with people with hounds' heads, that "be great folk and well fighting," with wild geese who have two heads, with lions "all white and great as oxen," men with eyes on their shoulders and men without heads, "folk that have the face all flat, all plain, without nose and without mouth," and "folk that have great ears and long, that hang down to their knee," and folk that run marvelously swift with one foot so large that it serves them as an umbrella against the sun when they lie down to rest." He prefaces his most amazing assertions with "They say," or "Men say, but I have not seen it." His account of the freezing and thawing of several short speeches is a masterpiece of ingenuity. He says that a party of men, of whom he was the leader, having set sail on an adventure, a storm arose and only two vessels landed

safely. "The crews of the boats each made a cabin at some distance apart, and in talking to each other he found that several words were lost. After much perplexity, he discovered that the words froze in the air before they reached the ears of the person to whom they were addressed. His decision was confirmed by the fact that as the cold increased the whole company grew dumb, or rather deaf, for every man was sensible that he had spoken as well as ever. After three weeks, when the weather began to moderate and the air to thaw, the cabins were immediately filled with a dry chattering sound, which was found to be the cracking of consonants that broke above their heads, and this noise was often mixed with a gentle hissing, which was imputed to be the letter S." One particular sailor on board was fond of cursing and swearing, but had been punished by Sir John for this failing, and dared not indulge in oaths in his presence. However, when he found that he could not be heard, he took great delight in swearing at Sir John. Imagine his amazement when the air became full of his own speeches.

Baron Munchausen is own brother to Mandeville; he is represented now as even lying to amuse the spirits in Hades. One of the spirits was saying that he caught a man swallowing five cows and a horse, sulky and all. Munchausen rose and left the room. "If they're going to lie I'm going out," he said. As he was passing through the room he made the startling announcement that he once had an experience similar to Jonah's, and, strange to say, with the identical whale!

But this is nothing compared with the tales which he has given us in his "Adventures." He gives an interesting account of a trip to Russia, when he was attacked by a wolf. Unnoticed, he covered himself with the robes, while the hungry wolf devoured the horse. He says: "Thus unnoticed and safe myself, I lifted my head slily up, and

with horror I beheld that the wolf had eaten his way into the horse's body. It was not long before he had fairly forced himself into it, then I took my advantage, and fell upon him with the butt end of my whip. Thus unexpectedly attacked, the frightened beast leaped forward with all his might, the horse's carcass dropped to the ground, but in his place the wolf was in the harness, and whipping him continually, we both arrived in full career, safe at St. Petersburg."

Every age has its own fashion, and just as the pompadour is the one absorbing fashion of the present, so lies were of the middle ages. The cleverest men spent their time in proving how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, and other things quite as impossible. They could be proved, too, for although logically false, only a few people could detect the fallacy. Another instance of a ridiculous proof is found in the following syllogism:

"Who is most hungry eats most; who eats least is most hungry; therefore, who eats least eats most."

Besides the lies of imagination, another class told for pleasure are our society fibs. Though not always for a pleasure, they are often told to prevent collisions and misunderstandings, and therefore make our intercourses more smooth and our lives less painful. This has become an art, indeed, which peoples of all ages have not learned so well. We are adepts in being "not at home." Perhaps we have learned by such mistakes as this: A certain old Roman called to see his friend; his friend's servant said his master was "not at home." A few days later the friend returned the call; while standing at the door he heard the Roman tell his servant to say that he was "not at home." Then the caller exclaimed, "But he is, for I hear his voice." Whereupon the old Roman poked his head out of an upper window and said, "I believed your *servant*, can't you have the grace to believe *me?*"

After all, success in this art is, at best, a "bad eminence," and the poor, commonplace people, who feel that they cannot reach the heights of Hume, Mandeville and Munchausen, can surely well afford to aim at higher attainments in a nobler cause.

KATE B. CONNOR.

THE NAUGHTY CHICKENS.

ONCE there was a naughty chicken
  Who was prone to disobey,
He did not like his lessons,
  All he cared about was play.

Once he said to his dear brother,
  "Let's you and me both run away."
And his brother was delighted,
  So off they went to spend the day.

Down they went right by the brookside,
  Where they made a boat of sticks,
When at last it was completed,
  They an oar began to fix.

Off they started down the brooklet,
  Thought of course their boat was sound,
But when they had reached the middle
  The sticks gave way and both were drowned!

Now, my chickens, learn a lesson
  From the sad fate of these two,
You must always be good chickens,
  And do what you are told to do.

ANNIE ROOT.

THE READING FAD.

FROM THE earliest ages of the world's history the common belief of all nations seems to have been that a love of books is a true mark of lofty thought and elevated opinions; for certain it is that, look where we may, there are always traces of a so-called literary tendency.

When both writers and books were few, men eagerly read or listened to tedious allegories and the like with as much interest and enthusiasm as a certain class of literary devotees evinced in regard to "Trilby," some years ago. These early people no doubt derived much enjoyment and edification from their reading, but surely they were laying the foundation for a bookish enthusiasm which in the last part of our century would take the form of a fad in the strictest sense of the term.

Each year multiplies the number and the range of books; for as civilization becomes more complex and many-sided, new volumes meet each new demand. Whatever may be a person's taste, there is always a book to meet it. There are books of theology for the old gentleman of seventy who, with his spectacles carefully adjusted, finds perfect contentment in a pile of theological works, from Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity to the pamphlet disquisitions of the present day. Again, there are books, most voluminous ones, for doctors, and for that interesting class of women who narrow their ideas down to the one single consideration of health, and spend their days and nights talking or reading of various curious aches and pains. For the lover of outdoor sports there is no end to the literature; golf, tennis, basket-ball, foot-ball, rowing and wheeling have each, not only their clubs, but their magazines, short stories, and novels. Practically, a life-time would be required to read

a complete bibliography of amusements alone. Another class, which it might be amiss not to mention, since they are almost in excess of all others put together, is the love story.

Time would fail us to enumerate the varieties, style, merits, and demerits of this class which, in some form or other, meets with the warm admiration of the entire race. Some eccentrics may pretend to jeer, but if we inquire carefully we shall find that even those who scoff read the scorned stories on the sly.

In short, there are books of all kinds for all people; many men, many books.

Men's desires, however, change, and the book which this year is discussed and read will sink into oblivion before next year's approach. "Robert Elsmere," for instance, was once the topic of the day. Where is it now? Does any one ever read it? Then again, there is "Quo Vadis," which only a short while ago so captivated the reading world that two people could not engage in conversation of any kind without at least mentioning it—all roads led to Rome. During the season of its glory some one remarked that she supposed she was the only woman in America who had not read "Quo Vadis." Even that illustrious masterpiece is becoming a thing of the past. The noble Petronius and the fair Eunice are fast fading from the popular memory.

Such is the fate of nearly all books which, for a time, inspire the admiration and interest of men. Now, since they are doomed to be so soon forgotten, why are books written? Byron tells us very plainly one good reason:

> "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
> A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."

Besides this, there are those who write because others do: the spirit seems to pervade all classes and professions of

men. Every one writes. An amateur, who has been also a newspaper reporter in a small way, goes to India, and as a result we have so-called tales of Indian life. We go "About Paris" with Richard Harding Davis, and with him view the "West from a Car Window." We can go "Farthest North" with Nansen, or with Lady Brassey sail around the world on a "sunbeam."

Some persons write, seemingly, just because their parents, wives or brothers have written; witness Edwin Lester Arnold, Herbert Ward, and Charles Belmont Davis. Since the reasons for writing books are not always good or sincere, neither are the reasons for reading them.

There are three distinct classes of readers: those who read because they have nothing better to do, those who read because others do, and those who read because they love and enjoy it. Those who read because they have nothing better to do are well represented at summer resorts. The number of those who read because others do is very large, and they perhaps derive less enjoyment from books than any other people.

The society world in general is a fitting illustration of this pretended love of reading. In every fashionable drawing-room the books of the day are greatly discussed, though there are perhaps not half a dozen people in the room who read them except in a very desultory way. Here and there are little groups of people seemingly interested in what they are saying of the merits and demerits of a book about which they know simply nothing, except that it is the latest thing out. Old men will scream through ear-trumpets to stately old ladies who insist upon expostulating on their favorite book. Fresh young girls whose knowledge of reading extends just beyond the limits of one or two French stories, will talk in a mechanical way of James Lane Allen and Richard Harding Davis; hot-headed young fellows will declare that Stevenson is the man for them,

that a story of adventure is far ahead of all the novels of Howell, James and Company. Their companions being tired-looking society girls, agree without much discussion, and Mr. Stevenson's rank as a literateur is fixed.

The fair young debutante, having been forced by her fashionable mother to read, talks sweetly to her future mother-in-law of her fondness for books, when really the uppermost thought in her mind at that moment is whether or not her costume is as pretty as some others in the room. Imagine her dismay when the said prospective mother-in-law offers to lend her the "History of Civilization."

One must keep up in books as well as in dress, however great the effort. It would be a difficult matter for a young society girl to decide between the mortification of being behind the fashion in dress or in books. A story is told of a country girl who, not having had an opportunity of reading the new books, went to visit her city cousins who, though they read with not a particle of appreciation, were up-to-date in what they did read. It chanced that this timid young country girl was thrown one day with some of the fashionable city ladies, who of course were discussing the latest books. Seeing that what they talked of was unknown to her, but wishing to join in the conversation, the girl ventured to inquire of her companions if they had ever read Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." Embarrassment and amazement reigned.

Some wise person who seeks to fathom all things will assert that such mock love of reading does not display any tendency whatever to a reading fad. Perhaps this is true if one does not consider carefully what is meant by a fad. Does every person who is seemingly fond of bicycling, tennis, golf or the like, play from mere love of the sport? No, indeed, there are many who ride a wheel, play tennis or golf simply because it is the fashion. Watch that fagged,

worn young woman "putting" all the long summer morning, her face scarlet, her arms weary; do you imagine she really likes golf? But however great the strain, she must play, she cannot afford to be the only girl at the "Springs" who cannot have a "good time." Truly, when we watch these anxious players, "golfecide" does not seem to be far distant. Now, these are certainly what we call fads, and the word is applicable to reading in the same sense. Of course such a statement applies chiefly to those who read because others do. Why, this is true of all kinds of amusements. Take, for instance, a person who has no talent for music and no appreciation of it. Does such an one go to hear the Boston Symphony or one of Wagner's operas? Certainly he does, and why? Simply because he wishes to say he has been. Just so it is with reading. Some people read to say they have read, as a mischievous school-boy will step over his book in order to report in class that he has been over it.

Though it must be confessed that some of the readers of to-day are prompted by such worthless motives, let it be said in behalf of our century that the third and last class of readers is the most prominent, because it is their reading which bears fruit. The difference between those who read carefully and appreciatively and those who read for fashion is like the dusting done by a man and that done by a woman. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own mouth and ears with it, but she goes into all the corners and attends to the leaves of the books as well as to the covers. For the lover of books there is more real enjoyment in store than for all the followers of fashion; to them books are friends who, under no circumstances, are ever appealed to in vain; they can be relied on, whoever else or whatever else may fail; and

in the hour of trouble or joy true lovers of reading can turn to their book friends with confidence and trust.

Thus it is that, however wild and variable men's tastes become, and whatever fad is prevalent, the enlightened minds of our enlightened nations will always cling to what is best in reading. "As good almost kill a man as a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye."

LUCIE BIRDIE CLIFTON.

A FEW OF SHAKESPEARE'S RUSTICS.

WILL IT ever be possible for the last word to be said about Shakespeare? His poetic fire, his strength and beauty of rythm, his rich and varied diction, his dramatic instinct, are as marvelous to the world to-day as they were a hundred years ago. But chiefly do we never cease to wonder at his masterly delineation of character. Each of his characters is of importance to him, and even the most seemingly insignificant is an individual, not a type. In this respect he differs entirely from the French and Spanish dramatists, with whom there was absolutely no individuality; a servant was a servant, and a shepherd was a shepherd. If we read of one French or Spanish servant we know them all; they are all the same plotting persons, listening at doors, tattling about their masters, and every now and then revealing important secrets.

Shakespeare entered into the life of all his stage people. We have, for instance, a distinct understanding, even of a man like Adam in "As You Like It," about whom little is said and who speaks seldom. His devotion to his old master and his old master's son is most striking and most beautiful; it is Adam who warns Orlando against his

treacherous brother and advises him to brave any danger rather than enter Oliver's house; it is Adam who gives all his carefully hoarded money to help his young master on his journey. His meek devotion is shown when he says,

> "Master, go on, and I will follow thee
> To the last with truth and loyalty."

And he nobly kept his word, for he followed him until his poor, weary old feet gave way and he dropped fainting by the roadside.

"As You Like It" is Shakespeare's happiest play, free for the most part from the turmoil of the court world and full of delightful humor and wholesome philosophy. The play could not have been laid in a more fitting scene than the forest of Arden. The stillness of the woods fosters thoughtfulness, and every character, even the simplest rustic, catches something of the spirit of the place and finds

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

As Mr. Hazlitt says, "The very air seems to breath a philosophical poetry; to stir the thoughts; to touch the heart with pity as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralizing, equally free from pedantry or petulance." We must remember that this play probably, to a large extent, reflects Shakespeare's feeling at that time; he, too, was tired of the glitter and rush of London life and longed for peace, he is himself in the Forest of Arden.

The setting of the play is beautiful, the plot interesting, the principal characters admirable, but there is a special feature which still further differentiates "As You Like it"; in none of the other dramas do we find so many rustics, and in no other do they play so conspicuous a part. How

instinct they all are with life; there are no smiling shepherdesses with flowered crooks, such as we find in the Pastorals of the Middle Ages, those feeble imitations of the Roman Eclogues.

Our interest is perceptibly heightened by the side-play of the country lovers, which is a kind of exquisite parody on the loves of Rosalind and Orlando, and Celia and Oliver.

Silvius is a typical country lover; bashful, awkward and shambling in his sweetheart's presence, subservient to her every whim, and constantly doing that which was likely to arouse her scorn rather than increase her love. He is a love-sick swain, and would sit for hours on the turf

> "Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
> That was his mistress."

Corin told Rosalind to watch Silvius and Phebe together,

> "If you will see a pageant truly play'd,
> Between the pale complexion of true love
> And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain."

Phebe, while she really loved Silvius, knew that his love for her made him her abject slave, and that she could wind him round her finger at will; consequently she flouted and scorned him in Ganymede's presence, sure that a kind word in private would more than compensate for the scoffing in public. True to her sex, she was momentarily attracted by Ganymede's handsome face and court manners, and preferred his domineering to the meek devotion of Silvius. She says to Ganymede,

> "Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together;
> I had rather hear you chide than this man woo."

If that poor Silvius had had sufficient intuition to have followed Ganymede's example, his love-suit might have

progressed more rapidly, but although he perceived the difference in Phebe's manner toward himself and Ganymede, his great devotion and his fear that he might thereby lose her love kept him from a single self-assertive word or action. He could not use even pretended scorn toward the charming but cruel lady of his heart. She does not hesitate to talk of Ganymede's attractiveness to Silvius; she dilates upon his graces, but is so anxious to make Silvius think that she is indifferent to these things that she contradicts herself in each sentence.

"It is a pretty youth—not very pretty—
But sure he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion: and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall—
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him,
In parcels as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him:
But for my part I love him not nor hate him not."

Not even this could make the love-sick Silvius angry; he counts the smallest act by which he has tried to tell of his devotion, for as he says:

"If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into, thou hast not loved."

William was more forward in his wooing of Audrey, and would have made rapid progress had it not been for Touchstone, that most audacious of all fools. We might think it unnatural for Touchstone to have been attracted by Audrey, the simple country wench, but when we realize that she was the first thing he had ever had to love him

for himself, we more readily understand how he could love her, as he said of her

> "A poor thing, but mine own."

Then this prince of fools, weary with the constant effort to amuse, might find a certain restfulness in this poor country wench whom he need not attempt to amuse, since she could not even understand his witty sallies. Audrey is not so feeble-minded, however, as some seem to think; it has been said of her that she is Shakespeare's female fool, but this is an entirely wrong idea, she is ignorant of the glamour and outward show of court life, and is a true child of the forest, but she is not by any means a fool. In one of the scenes between Audrey and Touchstone, he tells her that she does not understand his verse, and that he wishes the gods had made her poetical, and she answers

> "I do not know what poetical is, is it honest in word and deed?
> Is it a true thing?"

So Audrey at least knows how to be honest, if she does not know court manners and customs or poetry.

The superficial observer would probably have thought that Audrey would have been attracted by William, who was her male counterpart, and not by Touchstone; but Shakespeare more perfectly understood human nature, and knew that Audrey would naturally be flattered by Touchstone's attentions, and that his winning manners, so different from anything she had ever come into contact with before, would be most acceptable to the simple country wench.

Phebe is a regular coquette, a piece of pastoral poetry, Audrey is only rustic. William's simple love-making is set at naught in comparison with Touchstone's gallant

wooing, and Touchstone wins the day, the day which he himself says is a joyful day.

The "Melancholy Jacques" poses as the "weeping philosopher" of the play, but the Fool Touchstone and the Rustic Corin are the wiser men. Corin is perfectly content with his life, and does not care to go beyond his present state; as he says to Touchstone:

"Sir, I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat; get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm."

His philosophy had nothing artificial about it, it was just what his common sense dictated; he did not profess to be profound, but this he did know: "The more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pastures make fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred." In all of the arguments between Touchstone and Corin, Touchstone always has the last "say," but Corin never seems to bear him any ill-will on that account.

On the whole, the interest of "As You Like It" is more in what is said than in what is done. At the close of the play we are not left with harrowed feelings or great passion. We are quiet and happy as we leave these friends of ours, and the content of the wedded couples reaches us "as a strain of distant melody."

Margaret H. C. Trapier.

ALMA MATER.

In a grove of stately oak trees,
  Neath the Southern sky,
Stands St. Mary's, true and noble,
  As in days gone by.

Chorus: Far and wide, oh sound her praises,
  Chorus full and free!
Hail, St. Mary's, *Alma Mater*,
  Hail, all hail, to thee!

Well we know the little chapel,
  Still we hold it dear;
Still we seem to hear the music
  Rising sweet and clear.

Chorus: Far and wide, etc.

There the ivy and the roses
  Climb the old stone wall.
There the daisies and the violets
  Softly rise and fall.

Chorus: Far and wide, etc.

MARGARET MASON YOUNG.

ONE SIDE OF IT: A STORIETTE.

YESTERDAY had been full of golden promises that danced in the happy sunbeams floating down upon the little village; for there in the little market-place crowded with Spanish soldiers and bright with Spanish senoritas, Francesco's heart had spoken to Corda's and her's had understood. It had been scarcely more than a look, one word and a clasp of hands, but in the shower of June blossoms

that fell from the casement windows down upon the moving regiment, the single rose that fell upon his upturned face had in it the strength of a farewell, an inspiration and a promise.

In all the weary days that followed, a new sweetness curved Corda's thin lips, and a great wonder grew in her dark eyes—those eyes which had seen and understood through all her thirty years of life, had understood without being herself comprehended.

The step-mother and her three placid Spanish daughters wondered in their languid way at the new willingness with which their calmly selfish wishes were fulfilled—wondered and did not understand. How should they understand this woman who was more like her English father than the soft-eyed Spanish mother?

But that was because they did not see her in the garden alone with the wealth of blossoms, when she put her arms about the glowing Spanish lilies and whispered to them her love—whispered lest even the breeze should hear her sacred little story. They did not see her as she stood looking toward the far-off west, or turning with a fierce light burning in her dark eyes to face the tall, rich blossoms. "God will not. He cannot take him from me—he is mine—mine—mine!" And she watched them with an imperious question in her eyes waiting for an answer. And the flowers smiled and nodded with a promise for future happy years in their vivid, brilliant faces. So peace came over Corda's soul, and she rested and waited for the news of Spanish victory and glory for Francesco.

"You are always wanting to see the papers, Corda," the mother would say, with a fretful tone in her soft southern voice. "You were not always so full of interest; but you are like your father, full of wild fancies—may the Lord rest his soul, tho' the good God knows that he gave mine little"—but Corda was gone, as she always went

when her dead father's name was mentioned by his widow, and Madam Concha was left looking after her with a soft, vacant little stare of non-comprehension.

But news came at last, and as Madam Concha read the story of the great battle of San Juan, Corda could hear her muffled heart-throbs as she waited with a fierce agony through all the pious interjections and interlarding phrases with which the vivid account was read. "What does it matter if his mother were your mother's cousin?" she interrupted at last, when the mother had wandered off into the history of a soldier dead on the far-off battlefield. But the stream of talk continued, and Corda was forced to wait with set lips and bounding heart until Madam Concha began again the list of dead and wounded.

"Colombe de Vardi—poor heart, and Giovanni—God rest his soul: both killed, and Francesco too," she went on complainingly, "and I had hoped that he would marry you, Corda, and now I suppose you will never be married, for there are few who will take a dowerless girl, and one who is no longer beautiful and young; but I suppose you care no more than for all the other poor men, for you were always cold-hearted, Corda, and never liked poor Francesco, tho' at one time"—and she babbled off in a ceaseless flow of words, while Corda sat motionless with white set lips and drawn ashen face, seeing no sight and hearing no sound save the words "Francesco" and "Dead! Dead! Dead!"

At length, she rose mechanically and went out into the garden. The soft caress of the slow air struck like a blow upon her livid face, the dreamy sound of the far-off bells in the village floated up to her like echoes of another world, and the musical plash of the silver fountain made a dull roar in her ears. The twilight faded into dusk and the moon rose slowly through the fragrant mist of the garden,

and yet Corda sat with folded hands and closed lips, there among the heavy flowers.

Finally she rose with a sudden, passionate movement, and grasped the glowing lilies with a strong, fierce gesture. "You have lied to me," she whispered hoarsely, "you have lied," and she tore the flowers from their stalks and trampled them under her feet.

Then she went in and set about her duties with a hard look in her deep-set eyes and a bitter curve in the lips that had lost their new-gained sweetness.

And the mother and sisters wondered again, but they did not understand.

The slow months crept on, and Corda was called an old maid in the village. The little children crept back when she passed by, for they feared the bitterness in her hard, thin face, and the season crept to June again, but no Lilies grow in Corda's garden to-day.

MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.

SHE was standing by the piano. Her great eyes gazed straight before her as though not looking on earthly things. Her head was bent over the violin. Her firm hands touched the strings with lightness and speed, and the glorious music flooded the room. I stood spell-bound. Suddenly the eyes faltered and dropped, the fingers trembled, and the music stopped with a discordant crash.

I sprang from my chair and she turned quickly, almost fiercely, her eyes brimming with tears, and exclaimed "Monsieur, I could not!" I picked up the sheet of music that had fallen to the floor, and there, on the open page, in red ink, was written my direction, "Play with tenderness, lovingly." "Well," I said, taking the violin from her, "let me show you." I rendered it for her. Her cheek was still pale when I returned the instrument, and she left the room, asking to be excused, on the plea of headache.

I paced my studio that day and half the night, my thoughts in the wildest confusion. At last, from the tumult of my troubled soul came a clear purpose, and my heart, so importunately demanding, now rested on the promise made to it. I would play to her and give her its message—that her master loved his pupil.

At the next lesson, when she came to the ink-marked passage, I found my heart beating madly. What was that she was trying to hold back?—that *something* which, in

spite of her, crept out between the notes and stole to my heart's depth—that stirred and thrilled and shook me. Almost suffocating, I went to the window. I had read a part of her secret; I would tell her all of mine. The music stopped in a sudden wail. I turned, and my pupil

was nervously fingering her music, her frightened eyes and trembling lips driving me from her with the merciless power of weakness. I picked up my violin. In a moment my heart was pouring itself out to her—that I loved her, that I loved her, that I loved her.

My pupil had seized her violin, and was playing with me. And now all the wild passion of my heart was satisfied by hearing, to my questioning, appealing strains, the answering tones of love's brave confidence. Her heart-strings were answering my touch. And as the fullness of our bliss pealed out, our eyes met in one long look of love. The music died softly on the air, and we knew that we belonged to each other forever.

THERE he stands, an idle, ragged, "not overclean," happy-go-lucky urchin. His papers droop from his hand, his cap is set jauntily on his unkempt locks, as he leans lazily against a lamp-post. His attitude is one of lordly content and indifference, for he is not in immediate need. The fact that the sun is shining warm upon him, and that he is not hungry, is sufficient to cause this peace. That his last remaining garments are by a super-human effort continuing to hold together, and that he has not the slightest idea where he will spend the coming night or get his next meal troubles him not at all. The present moment is all that could be desired, therefore why harass oneself concerning an indefinite future? The passers-by hurry to their individual cares and responsibilities and riches, but the small boy surveys the world from his sunny corner with the tranquil indifference of ease and plenty. The sunlight peeps through the tattered old hat and lights up the saucy, freckled face, with its inquisitive nose and bright eyes. He is his own master, and the tussle with the world, begun somewhat early in life, has sharpened to a wary intelligence every one of his knowing features. He has

been singularly unlucky to-day, and has not sold one of his papers, but what cares he as he stands there basking sumptuously in the sun!

THE sun seemed half asleep as it almost stood still in the warm May air, high above the old apple-tree. The small, bare feet banged listlessly against the old pasture gate, trying to keep time to the lazy "pee-wee" of the little brown bird in the apple-tree. The old straw hat, the faded shirt, and the worn little trousers gleamed a bright spot in the old meadow lot. The bright eyes of the little boy looked lovingly on the little yellow dog sitting on his haunches by the fence. A bucket lay on its side near "Jip"—but what did they care if the cook did need water! They were dreaming—the boy of the fish in the dark hole under the big beech, of the thrush-nest he knew of down in the hollow, and of "water-melon time"; the dog of the rabbit-hunt he was going on and of the new kittens he had heard mewing in the barn the day before.

HE SAT on a barrel in front of the village grocery, with his hands stuffed deep in his pockets, his black eyes sparkling with mischief, and his small body brimful of life. His dangling feet knocked against the side of the barrel to the time of a field song which found its way lazily and melodiously from his musical throat. What did he care if his clothes were ragged and dirty, his feet bare, and the crown of his hat gone? The warm air, sprinkled with dashes of yellow sunshine peeping through the tattered awning under which he sat, the singing birds, the drowsy hum of business within the little store, and his own joyful music filled him with happiness. The blackberry season was just over and the water-melon time was coming. All the future looked bright enough for him.

High up in the midst of the great blue mountains, stretching across the green, soft valleys, lies a little spot that the gods love tenderly, for they have blessed it. The green, fragrant woods lie all around it, so still and peaceful in their darkness that one might almost fancy that angels' spirits wandered there. Through this quiet wood a tiny path, heavy with soft, deep moss and carpeted with tender little flowers, winds down to a tiny spring in the rocky side of the mountain. There is none of the sparkling, shining, sunshiny laughter of the sister springs in this dark, quiet little one, for the laurel-trees stretch their green branches over it protectingly, and the glad, golden rays of the sun cannot reach it; but in its clear, cold depths fragments of deep blue sky and tiny floating clouds appear for a moment as the gentle winds rustle through the moving boughs above it.

Over and through it all moves the very spirit of harmony. The wind moves softly through the branches, bringing with it the sighing of more distant pines. The murmer of an unseen stream, as it falls over the great grey rocks, is mingled with the faint tinkle of a cow-bell echoed from the rocky mountain side, and the grasses, swaying mournfully, whisper the secrets of the world to the little spring as they bend over its mossy sides. The very spirit of peace broods over it, and, in the midst of the restless, turbulent world, I know that there is one tiny spot where the sounds of earth are hushed, and one can lay one's ear to nature's heart and hear its quiet throbs and see her perfect beauty, and be at rest.

WE DROVE slowly up the dusty lane, lined with tall trees, through whose leafy branches the sun shone warmly. Before us stood the old farm-house with its broad verandas and open windows, around which the honeysuckle clambered in profusion, keeping off the rays of the morning sun and affording a cool, green shelter for a weary traveler on a hot June morning. The drowsy air about the whole place, the low murmer of the water running through the stone diary, gave one a pleasing sense of coolness and comfort, while the gentle splash, splash of the churn called up delicious memories and hastened our footsteps towards that end of the veranda.

There a young girl with sleeves rolled back, showing a pair of rounded white arms and dainty wrists, was smilingly giving the first lesson in churning to a tiny maid of six or seven. The happy, childish face was flushed and glowing with pride and the exertion of lifting the heavy dasher, the rosy lips were slightly parted in anticipation, the chubby hands grasped the dasher, and the dimpled arm worked valiantly up and down, and the tangled golden

In Memoriam.

Entered into life eternal in the early morning
of February 22d,

Bennett Smedes, D. D.,

For twenty-two years the beloved Rector
of St. Mary's.

O, Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son Christ our Lord; grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous and godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys which thou hast prepared for those who unfeignedly love thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

CHURCH WORK.

THE JUNIOR AUXILIARY has done good work this year. There has been a great deal of interest in the work, and an earnest effort to fulfill all our obligations. The Auxiliary is divided into four Chapters, having a teacher as directress of each.

OFFICERS ST. MONICA'S CHAPTER.

Directress, . .	MISS MCKIMMON.
President, . .	MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.
Vice-President, . .	LUCIE B. CLIFTON.
Treasurer and Collector,	JOSEPHINE ASHE OSBORNE.
Secretary, . .	CAROLINE MITCHELL MEANS.

ST. MARGARET'S CHAPTER.

Directress, . .	MISS HALE.
President, . .	MARY NASH.
Collector, . . .	LOUISE URQUHART.
Treasurer, . .	REBA BRIDGERS.
Secretary, . . .	ANITA DE ROSSET.

ST. CECILIA'S CHAPTER.

Directress, . .	MISS COPE.
President, . .	EMMA CRAIK DUNHAM.
Collector, . . .	BEULAH ELLIS ARMSTRONG.
Secretary, . .	PEARL PRATT.
Treasurer, . . .	MILDRED CUNNINGHAM.

ST. ELIZABETH'S CHAPTER.

Directress, . .	MISS JONES.
President, . .	SOPHIE WOOD.
Collector, . . .	ANNIE CAMERON GRAHAM.
Secretary and Treasurer,	ELIZA HARWOOD DRANE.

St. Monica's Chapter

Has contributed to the following objects:

Two boxes clothing and toys, Thompson Orphanage, valued at	$ 6.25
Chinese Scholarship, ...	6.50
Mite Chests, ...	8.25
Diocesan Missions, ...	14.80
Thompson Orphanage—Flour Fund, . .	10.00
Church Postage Fund, ...	.80
Total, . . .	$46.60

St. Margaret's Chapter.

Chinese Scholarship, ...	$ 7.00
Mite Chests, ...	7.50
Dolls for Orphanage, ...	.50
Flour Fund, ...	10.00
Total, . . .	$31.25

St. Elizabeth's Chapter.

Chinese Scholarship, ...	$ 6.00
Japanese Orphanage, ...	10.00
Mite Chests, ...	9.00
Diocesan Missions, ...	17.00
Church Postage Fund, ...	.80
Total, . . .	$36.80

St. Cecilia's Chapter.

Chinese Scholarship, ...	$ 6.50
Mite Chests, ...	5.40
Flour Fund, ...	4.10
Total, . . .	$16.00
Total amount from four Chapters, . . .	$130.65

The Altar Guild has taken a great deal of pleasure, too, in keeping the Chapel bright with flowers, and there have been very few days this year when we could find nothing fresh and green.

CLASS OF '99.

President, . .	LUCIE BIRDIE CLIFTON.
Secretary and Treasurer,	CHRISTIANA BUSBEE.
Prophet, . . .	ALICE DOANE SMALLBONES.
Historian, . .	JOSEPHINE ASHE OSBORNE.
Poet, . . .	MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.

Lucy Katherine Cannady, Margaret Trapier, Annie Dughi, Nina Watson Green, Lillie E. Dodd, Kate Bronson Connor.

Colors—White and Green.

Flower—The Daisy.

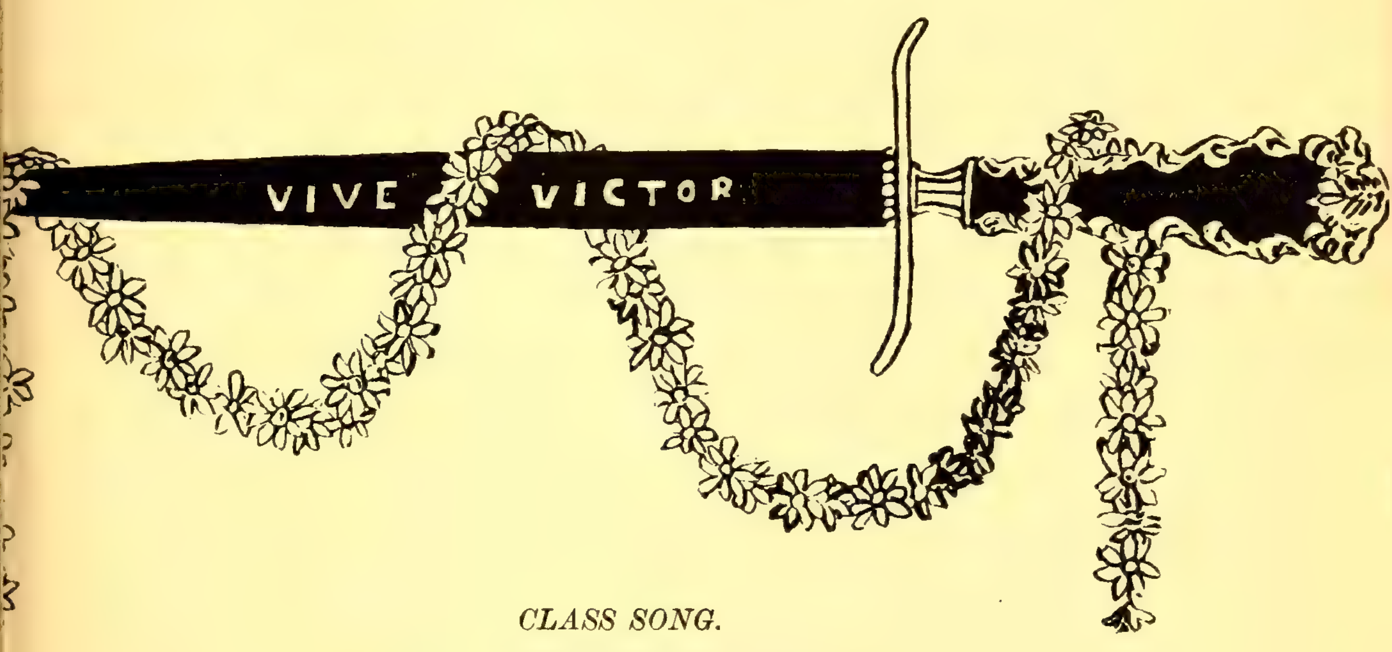
CLASS HISTORY.

We have studied one "Short History" this year, and lived another. We only wish there had been a fixed standard for the idea "Short." That idea and the history for which it stood have been the causes of much anguish of spirit, but of much pleasure likewise, since the only things worth having are those we toil for, and the greater the toil, the greater the blessing. We have not forgotten the tormenting syllogisms and brain-racking fallacies of the Logic Class when we proved that since he that eats most is least hungry, therefore he that eats least eats most. They haunted our dreams as hideous spectres lying in wait for the destruction of our happiness, but the transforming lustre of distance has lent them a strange beauty, so that their shadowy forms rise up to bless us. In the "Analogy," however, which we thought like nothing in heaven or earth, we now begin to trace some faint sign of the vaunted resemblance. We have together taken arms against a host of troubles, foremost among them the "Logarithmic functions of the trigonometrical ratios."

But what care we for the trouble they cost? And now, like Alexander, we, too, sigh for more worlds to conquer.

The year has not been long, nor our numbers great, yet our feelings, which are somehow surrounded with a haze of friendly interest, our hearts crowned with smiling success, and the difficulties which we lived to conquer, will always remain as bright and pleasant as they now appear.

JOSEPHINE ASHE OSBORNE.



CLASS SONG.

Tune: "On the Banks of the Wabash."

Every eye is filled with tears of joy and sorrow,
  Close within our *Alma Mater's* arms to-day,
For to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow
  Will see her children scattered far away.

Ah, the future! who can tell what that will carry
  For us of life or death, of joy or woe,
But our *Alma Mater's* loving words will tarry
  In heart and mind and brain where'er we go.

Chorus:

No length of years our loving hearts shall sever,
  While daisies blow and stars above us shine,
"*Alma Mater,*" "*Vive Victor,*" and "forever,"
  For we'll always be the Class of '99.

And often in our hours of deepest sadness
We will hear the Chapel music rising high,
And our hearts will soar on music-wings of gladness,
And lose themselves, perhaps, there in the sky.

And the trees will whisper tidings that will fill us
With knowledge of the world of hidden things,
And the roses breathe their secrets that will thrill us,
And the ivy bend to bless us where it clings.

(*Chorus*).

Then the joyous girlish faces rise around us,
Bright visions of a happier day gone by;
And our happy girlhood memories surround us,
Then still will "*Vive Victor*" be our cry!

In the ranks of battle we will falter never,
And surely we will conquer in the fight;
For we'll wear the white and wear the green forever.
We conquer in our *Alma Mater's* might.

(*Chorus*).

MINNA CURTIS BYNUM.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Christiana Busbee will appear
With many a high degree;
Ye pedagogue, thro' life will jog
With A. M. Ph. D.

But *Minna Bynum* will be great,
Her words enwrapped with fire;
A poet she, the world will free,
And weary hearts inspire.

Kate Cannady and Horner boys
  Will meet and flirt and sever:
The boys may grow, and boys may go,
  But Kate will stay forever.

Kate Connor's love for *bank* accounts
  Accounts for "Trig" well done,
Next year she'll roam, and keep her *home*
  And *bank* accounts in *one.*

But *Birdie Clifton* will not fly
  From out her nest away;
In shady nook, with yellow book
  And apples she will stay.

And *Lillie Dodd* "a little bit
  Of everything" will do;
Not much at last, when all is past
  And pleased and lazy, too.

But *Annie Dughi's* southern eyes
  Will cheer the weak and ill;
By deeds that soothe, and hands that smooth
  She'll gild the bitter pill.

To *Nina Green's* great music school
  Both rich and poor will come;
She'll teach them all, both great and small,
  Their tum-te-tum-te-tum!

Jo Osborne as a pedagogue
  All records past will break;
She'll cause the hearts and other parts
  Of little boys to ache.

And *Alice Smallbones* then will throw
  Philosophy in shade;
Tho' philosophic all her life
  She'll be a real old maid!

But M. Trapier will prove that all
The theoretic throng,
Both gods and men, in tongue or pen,
Were altogether wrong.

Alice Doane Smallbones.

Our Class Day was a great success. Everything we had planned worked out beautifully, and we only hope that the other girls enjoyed it half as much as we did. The program was as follows:

1. Violin Solo—Blumenlied, . . . *Lange.*

Alice Doane Smallbones.

2. Class History.

Josephine Ashe Osborne.

3. Song— a. A Valentine, . . . *Schlesinger.*
b. I Know a Bank, . . . *Parker.*

Minna Curtis Bynum.

4. Class Prophecy.

Alice Doane Smallbones.

5. Piano Solo—Chanson Joyeuse.

Lucy Katherine Cannady.

6. Presentation of Hatchet.

Minna Curtis Bynum.

7. Piano Solo— a. To a Wild Rose,
b. The Deserted Farm, *MacDowell.*

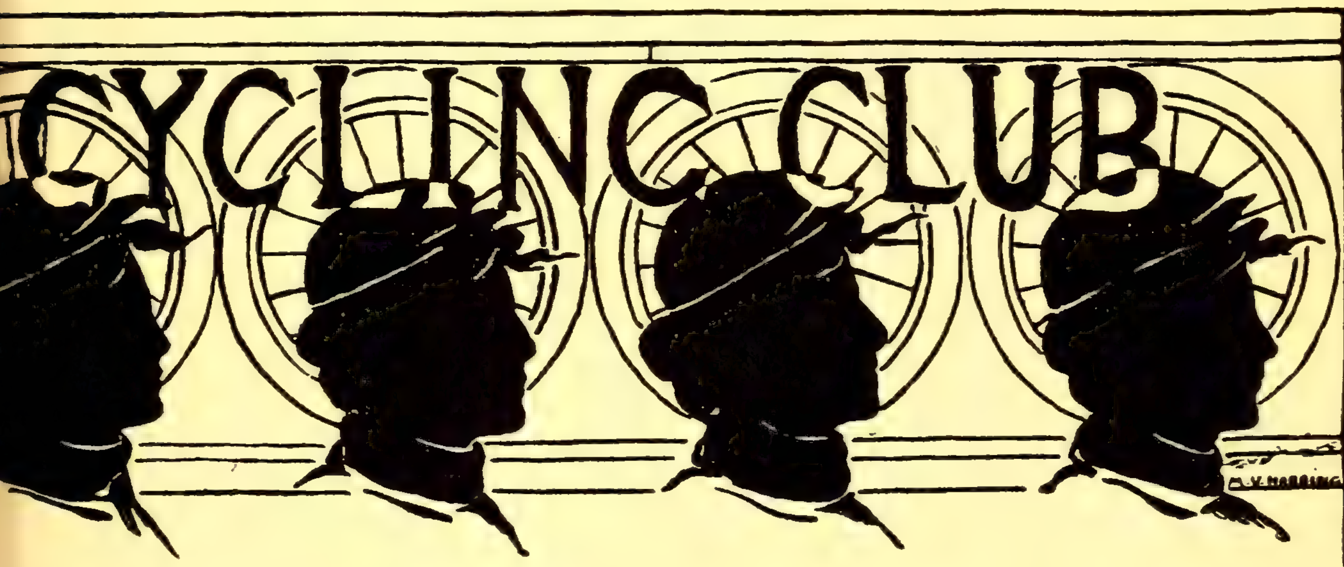
Minna Curtis Bynum.

8. Class Song—Chorus.

After the exercises we had a most delightful banquet given us by the teachers, which we enjoyed thoroughly, while the breaking of the "Loving Cup" will always be cherished as one of the saddest, though the sweetest, memories of our Senior Class at St. Mary's.

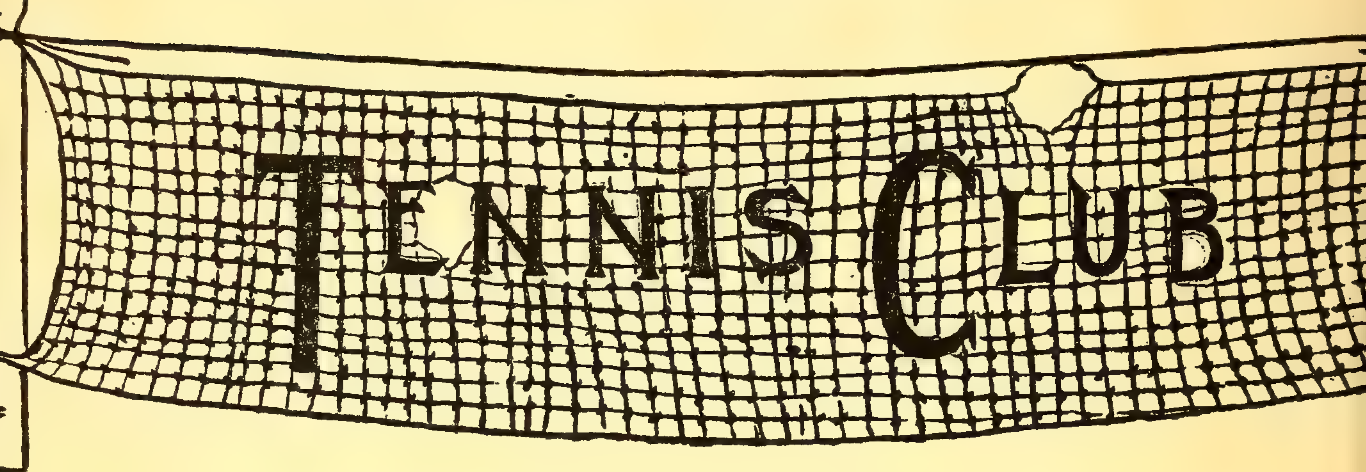
SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Fads are distinctly an American failing, and still more distinctly the St. Mary Girls' Basket-ball is the latest, and the most deeply-rooted. Even the sleepy-heads will rise at six for a practise game. Even the lazy one will play by the hour on the hottest day. The spirit of Basket-ball has certainly inspired the school. Such mysterious consultations as they hold, and such an air of conscious superiority toward non-devotees.



The Cycling Club has had the most exciting spins this year. Nothing so nearly approaches the sensation of flying as the delightful motion along the smooth, hard road. For pure pleasure nothing can equal it, nor can anything else bring such roses to the cheeks. When we come in ravenous from a long brisk spin, we astonish the lazy stay-at-homes by our appetites, and they doubtless think us omnivorous animals of the cannibalistic species. We always tell of our charming and original adventures, and relate wonderful tales of the perfect roads. We never speak of the rocky,

muddy lanes, of the punctured tires and twisted handle-bars. To hear our accounts one would imagine our tires impuncturable, our tools perfect; but then the first requisite for initiation into any club is the wearing of rose-colored glasses—green goggles strictly forbidden. So we have had delightful times, no hard knocks and bruises, and troubles, but all the exhilarating effect that seems to arise from such occurrences, judging from the Basket-ball.



BASKET–BALL is new with us and Tennis rather old. Basket-ball has its yell, Tennis has not; but nevertheless we Tennis players think that the older game has its advantages. Royalty has played it, and that can certainly not be said of Basket-ball. Not that we are sycophants, but it is a pleasure to have the support of good company. One advantage Tennis certainly has, and that is costume. One can look as pretty and dainty on the Tennis court as elsewhere, and we flatter ourselves that during these winter months our red caps have made the old grove brighter. We have had no match games, and so the Basket-ball can crow over us a little, but we have gone quietly on having a good time, and there have not been many days when some faithful devotee of the racquet was not visible on the smooth, white court.

A Walking Club is certainly the most easily arranged club that one could have. No need of a President or Secretary, and best of all, no need of a Treasurer. The only requirements are short skirts, stout shoes and unlimited energy. Our expeditions were productive of something more than rosy cheeks and hearty appetites too, for in the fall we came home laden with autumn flowers, brilliant berries and gaudy leaves. Then we saw so many beautiful things always. There is nothing like a long ramble in the woods to escape, for a little while, from cares and worries, and to make one willing to take up the burden of life again. If one likes company, there is the throng of happy, earnest girls, ready to take you in and discuss anything and everything of interest. If, on the other hand, one wishes to be alone awhile to straighten out accounts with one's self, it is so easy to fall back a little bit and make little excursions into the woods for a bit of moss or a scarlet leaf. Then, when one comes back quiet and refreshed, the whole world seems brighter for that little ramble in the woods.

BASKET BALL CLUB

VARSITY TEAM.

WOOTTEN,	Centre,	Team.
NELL EMERSON,	Side Centre,	
MAKELEY,	Forward 1,	
PHILIPS,	Forward 2,	
YOUNG,	Guard 1,	
OSBORNE,	Guard 2,	

URQUHART, } *Subs.*
WOOD, }

MAKELEY—*Captain.*

COLOR—*Gold.*

YELL.

We're strong and bold,
For we wear the gold,
And play for the honor of Saints.
Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah!
And play for the honor of Saints!

Vaster!

BASKET-BALL.

There's dancing and strolling and singing,
But the latest fad of all
For the jolly girls of St. Mary's
Is now the Basket-ball.

To the Basket Ball Club of ST. MARY'S, May 6, 1899.

Σ M

TWO STEP.

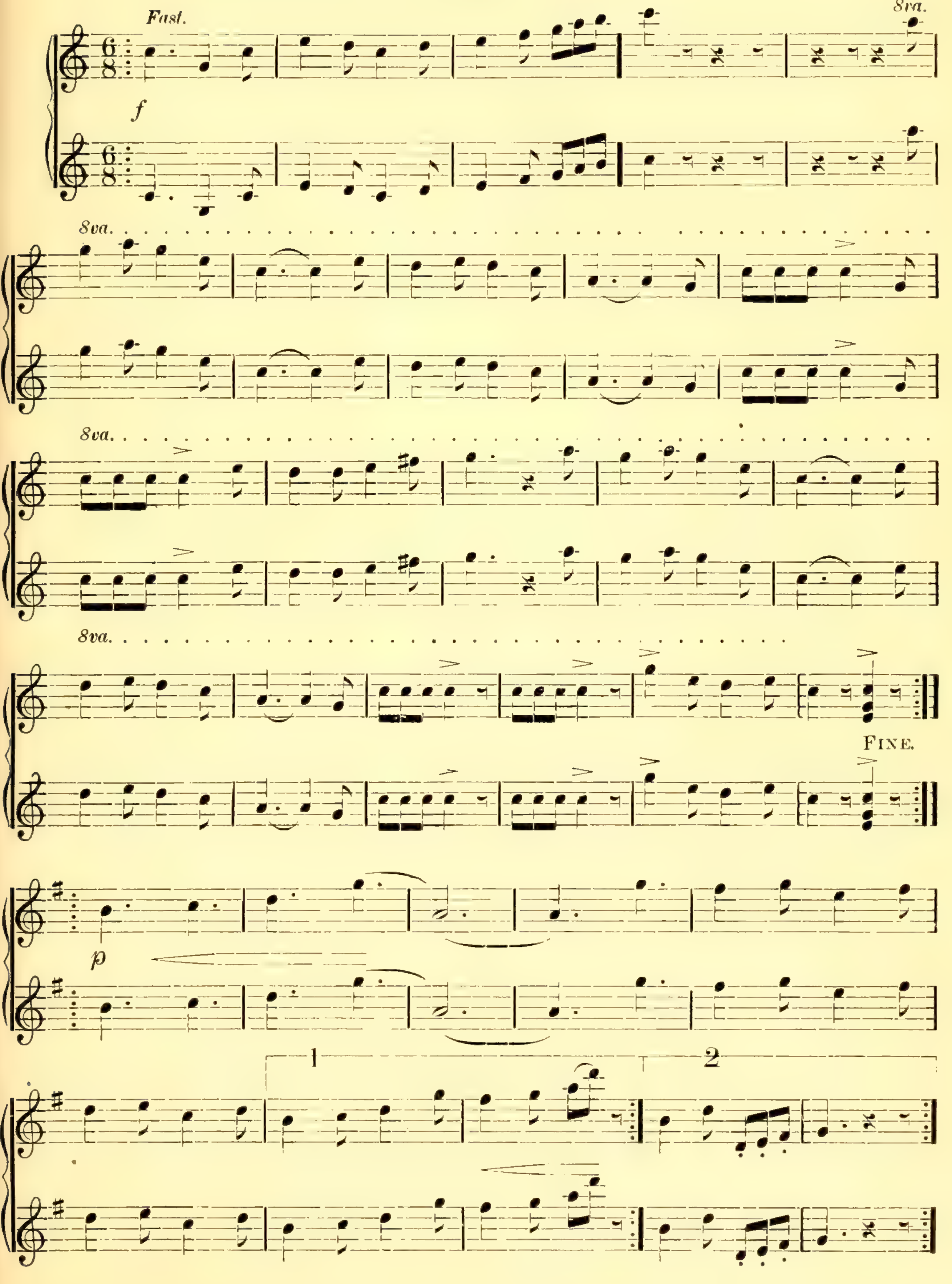
SECONDO.

To the Basket Ball Club of ST. MARY'S, May 6, 1899.

Σ M

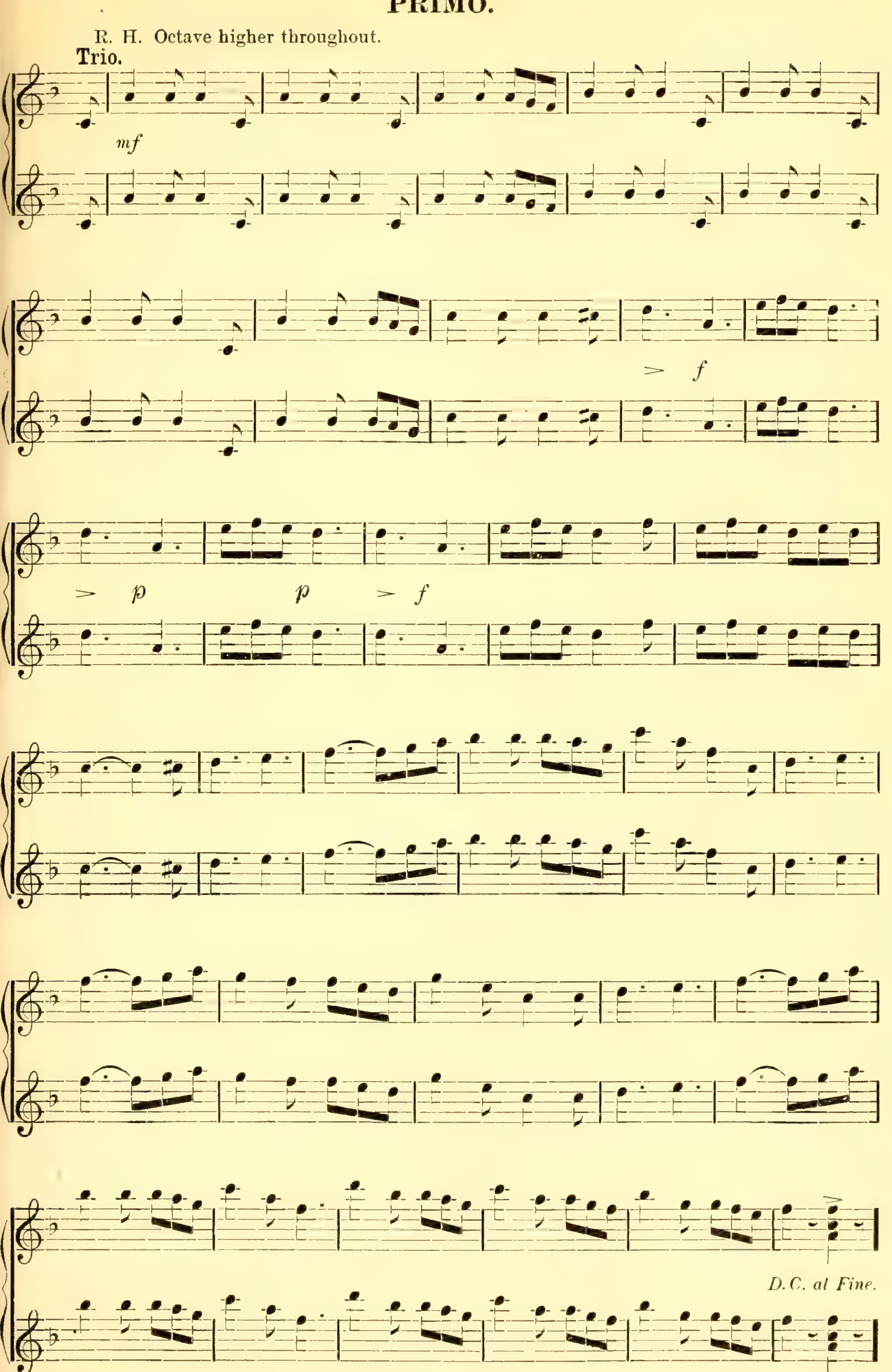
TWO STEP.

PRIMO.



SECONDO.

PRIMO.



Chorus: Then hurrah for St. Mary's!
Hurrah for the members all!
Come, let us give three cheers
For the girls of the Basket-ball.

They are our jolly fellows,
And—who's afraid of a fall?
I tell you they're hard to beat—
Those girls of the Basket-ball!

Chorus: Then hurrah for St. Mary's!
Hurrah for all, we say!
Hurrah for the greatest of games,
Played on the sixth of May!

You should see our gallant team
Line up in battle array—
(And you know a game is taking
When you get up at five to play).

Chorus: Three cheers let us give for the victor,
And three for the vanquished too!
Hurrah for all the girls
Who wear the white and blue.

Then here's to our gallant captain,
And here's to the girls, one and all!
Come, we'll cheer again for her
Who started the Basket-ball!

Chorus: Then three cheers for old St. Mary's!
Three more for our teams—they're fine!
And one more for the good old times
We've had in '99!

CARRIE LAWRENS WRIGHT.

For once the elements proved propitious, and the great match game of Basket-ball came off on May 6th with great success. The field was surrounded with spectators, and white and blue ribbons were fluttering everywhere.

During the first round there was breathless silence, broken now and then by excited shrieks from the on-lookers, "Sigma has it!" "Mu! Mu!" "Sigma has the ball!" Silence again, as the ball flies swiftly through the air. No goal! One minute still. The gallant captain of the Mu makes a desperate effort; the ball is hers. The guard frustrates her efforts to throw the ball. One-quarter minute. One last effort. "Mu has it! Mu! Mu!" "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Mu!"

The score stands 2 to 0, in favor of Mu.

During the second round the excitement is intense. The lithe, active figures are everywhere at once, tossing, tumbling, scrambling. Sigma has it! Now its Mu! No, Sigma! The captain has it. Score one for Sigma. Time's up, and the score stands 2 to 2.

The third round is fine. Every one is excited and worked up. The ball is bandied from one end to the other. Blue and white flags are waving wildly. Ah! hurrah for our captain! Sigma makes the goal, and the score stands 4 to 2.

Shall it be a tie? The Mu is working valiantly. If fine play will make it, the score will be 4 to 4. Sigma has the ball. Mu guards desperately, but high up, over the heads of the players, the ball rises, falling upon the rim of the basket; around the rim it runs, while the Sigmas hold their breath, and then, with a decision gained from reflection, pitches through the goal. The game is over. Sigma has won with a score of 6 to 2.

After the game the most friendly spirit of courtesy was evinced. The conquered team yelled for the conquerors, the conqueror for the conquered, and then the whole united in three cheers and a tiger for her who "started the Basket-ball!"

Last, but not least, we were all cooled and refreshed by the most delightful cream and cake, and long after the game was over groups of girls might be seen sitting in several clusters on the grass, enjoying thoroughly the treat.

ART–NOTES.

THE WATER-COLOR class is the subject of unmerciful teasing and innumerable jokes this year, but we bear it all patiently with the serene indifference born of conscious virtue. Other girls—those excluded from this select circle of devotees to high art—are greatly amused to see us carrying sheets of soaking-paper and blotters, but then they don't know the secrets of art! What if our white lilies are mistaken for poppies and our purple chrysanthemums for lilies of the valley? We who are initiated into the mysteries, smile with an air of conscious superiorty, pitying their ignorance. Then, when we have our water-color exhibition "they will be sorry it occurred!"

THE COMPOSITION class is nice, too. It is so interesting to compare the different ideas on the same subject. Who would have thought that "Autumn" could have been represented by a pathetic horse with eddying gusts of rain and whirling leaves about his patient head; by a landscape with the harvest-moon shining down upon the garnered sheaves, and by a beautiful woman with a sheaf of oats in her arms? It is rather sad, though, when one thinks one has a particularly neat idea to find how much nicer some one else's can be.

HISTORY OF art is always charming, but Miss Blanchard has made it doubly so this year by her interesting Wednesday lectures. We have finished the ancient history, and now we are beginning the modern. We are *so* anxious for next Wednesday to come!

THE CLASS in design has done some beautiful work this year. Witness the cover of the MUSE. We began with brush and ink designs on Japanese paper. That was interesting, tho' oil-cloth and wall-paper are *not* thrilling.

But when we began with color, even dinner plates were invested with a dignity of their own, and we entered heart and soul into the spirit of the work. The design class has been so interested in making the head and tail pieces for the MUSE, and we all think the result very successful.

ART CRITICISM is, of course, very instructive and highly interesting, so long as the criticism is confined to some one else's work. It is not so delightful when your little pet drawing, which you consider highly original, is pronounced "not well blocked in," and your dear little soft shadows declared "not a good flat tone." O, dear! the tribulations of art!

WE "OIL GIRLS" carry on a good-natured warfare with the "water-color girls." They sprinkle us with colored water and we bedaub their boards with paint. But they are obliged to admire our snowballs and laurel leaves and we admire their violets and wisteria.

MUSIC-NOTES.

WE HAVE had delightful musicals this year. We feel so sorry for the old girls who didn't hear the Tarantella and the Gavotte and Grieg's Cradle Song at the last "Teacher's Musical!"

WE THINK the girls' musicals have been nice, too, except when we are on the program. People have such a way of sitting in rows and staring. You wonder why it is that when the next number is called the rows resolve themselves into social groupes, much more intent on fancy work than on the player! Why *should* that girl be frightened?

WE HAVE one of those wonderful practise claviers, too, and silent practise is the order of the day. Quite an improvement on the din in the other rooms.

LOCALS.

We have had the most charming series of lectures this year! Dr. Alderman gave us such a vivid account of his trip to Egypt, of his adventures with the sturdy little beggars who dragged him up the pyramid, and with the overpolite Egyptian teacher, who overwhelmed him with courtesy. Our second lecture was worthy of the first, and that is the highest praise we can give it. Dr. Alexander gave us a delightful account of the origin and development of myths, a subject especially interesting to us in our literary studies. Dr. Shepherd, of the Johns Hopkins, traced the development of poetry for us in the clearest and most interesting way. On the day after the lecture he gave an informal talk to the Seniors, which we thoroughly enjoyed. Here the Juniors envied us. They were somewhat consoled, however, by Mr. Perry's lecture-recital. Such beautiful music! We did not know the angel of the piano before.

We have had several very pleasant little entertainments this year. St. Monica's Chapter gave a series of pictures, "The Elaine Tableaux" and "A Dream of Fair Women." These were very pretty with the colored lights thrown on them. Emma Dunham was lovely as Elaine, and Margaret Smedes as Helen of Troy.

St. Margaret's Chapter gave us a very bright little representation of "The Puritan," which charmed us all by its beauty and fun.

Our All–Halloween Entertainment was a grand success. Games were the feature of the evening, and then every one had their fortunes told. Miss Cope and Minna Bynum were gypsies in their dimly-lighted little tents. They didn't know before what vivid imaginations they possessed! Some of the girls weren't fair. They went first to one and then to the other, and couldn't understand why

their fortunes were different! It was because twice in twenty-four hours breaks the charm; at least so the fortune-tellers said!

Then on Shrove Tuesday we had a delightful evening of Charades and a Chocolate Tea afterward. It certainly was fun!

But we girls who were here at Christmas feel sorry for those who weren't. Ask Georgia about the "spoon." Does Minna like the dark? Why did Caroline laugh? Does Peggy like nuts? Make Dolly tell you about the cat.

"The Grove" is lovely now in its spring colors. It is wearing the St. Mary colors too, all blue and white with flowers, and it hasn't forgotten the Seniors' white and green!

We have had such delightful little birthday suppers this year. The lucky girls who had birthdays were surprised by a beautifully decorated table and the nicest possible refreshments.

The old girls who don't know "Numskull" are to be pitied. He is quite the most charming pupil in school, and you will win Miss McVea's heart by admiring him.

We are indebted to the courtesy of the the *Churchman* for the picture of our dear Dr. Smedes, a debt which can never be paid except by the gratitude of all his girls.

PERSONALS.

We have had a great many "old girls" with us this year, the dear Charleston twins heading the list. Every one is *so* glad to see them come and *so* sorry to see them go, for we are all particular friends of "the Ravs."

Bessie Barnes looked in on us once or twice this year. Annie was kinder, and stayed with us a while during Fair week, though not so long as we wished to have her.

The Seniors had begun to be doubtful on the subject of the genus "heroine," with her winning grace and her charm of manner, until Sada Hanckel came to pay us a visit, and now we wonder why girls in books are not so beautiful and sweet as real people.

Ellen Faucett (excuse us, Mrs. Lassiter) gave us a flying glimpse of herself last fall. She is the same bright, sweet Ellen as of old, in spite of her ownership of a husband and a baby.

Olive Armstrong was here, too, as bright and happy as though she had never graduated. The sight of her did us all good, and revived the Seniors with the hope that by this time next year we will have recovered our spirits, too!

Annie Simpson didn't treat us very well, for she only came up for a moment to say "How-de-do" and "Good-bye." Never mind, that is better than not coming at all.

Kate Hawley, our valedictorian of '98, came up to see us on her way to New York. We were so glad to see her looking so well.

Bessie Bunn and Bydie Grimes paid us a pop call last winter. They are having *such* a good time!

Annie Taylor stayed with us a little while, too, and we thoroughly enjoyed having her.

Miss Riddick was good enough to look in at us. She "certainly is" nice to us and we "certainly do" appreciate it.

Sallie Kenan paid us such a short visit that we scarcely knew she was here, but we felt better for it.

Mary Pride Jones flashed in on us like a gleam of sunshine this winter. Our only regret was that her stay was as short-lived as the sunlight.

Dear old Mary Calder ran in to bid her *Alma Mater* "good day" and to give us all a glimpse of herself. She is as full of life and fun as ever.

"Brer" Bridgers has honored us quite often this winter, and we have enjoyed her immensely.

Nan Clark is a fraud! She promised to stay with us a long time and compromised on one or two flying visits. These were so bright, though, that we forgive the quantity for the quality.

Miss Slater came up during the holidays, so that all of us didn't have a chance to see her, and the rest didn't see as much as we would have liked.

There were two great events, though. One was a visit from Mrs. Meares, and the other from Miss Czarnomska. We knew them so well already that we needed no introduction. It seems so queer to think that "The Teachers"—very collectively—went through the same struggles that we are undergoing now, and the sight of *their* teachers delighted us. Mrs. Meares was here but once or twice, so we Seniors only caught a glimpse of her. Miss Czarnomska came up oftener and gave us once a most delightful talk and a Browning reading. We never knew before what Browning was! We all looked until our stares verged on rudeness, but we felt quite sure that if Miss Czarnomska knew the admiration those looks conveyed that she would pardon us the rest.

"Little Emmie" and Henrietta Smedes were with us this fall and danced with us in the parlor. Our feminine monotony was broken, too, not by an "old girl," but an old boy, in the shape of their brother, Mr. Bancker Smedes, one of the "old landmarks."

AMONG OURSELVES.

Five little "cherubs" sitting in a door,
C. M. had to practise, then there were four.
Four little "cherubs" happy as could be,
"Steve" went to write a letter, then there were three.
Three little "cherubs" nothing to do,
"Emma D." saw Miss Saunders, then there were two.
Two little "cherubs" looking out for fun,
"Makes" played Basket-ball, then there was one.
One little "cherub" left all alone,
"Pee Wee" read *Livy*, then there were none.

MEDALS.

Pretty Girl's Medal—Eliza Drane.
Cheeky Girl's Medal—Lizzie Skinner.
Old Maid's Medal—Alice Smallbones.
Fresh Girl's Medal—B. Chadbourn.
Liar's First Degree Medal—Mary Nash.
Liar's Second Degree Medal—Carrie Wright.
Liar's Third Degree Medal—Emma Dunham.
Babbling Girl's Medal—Elliotte Emerson.
Conceited Girl's Medal—Anita de Rosset.
Flatterer's Medal—Reba Bridgers.
Bragging Girl's Medal—Nellie Emerson.
Handsome Girl's Medal—Caroline Means.
Silly Girl's Medal—Ida Simms.
Monkey's Medal—Emma Stevenson.
Musical Medal—Dolly Young.
Noisy Girl's Medal—Sadie Shaw.

DRAGS.

Ask the wicked Seniors what is a "fowl proceeding."

Ask Elliotte Emerson to write you a letter of "consolation."

"Love's heralds should be thoughts" when it is difficult to mail your letters.

Ask Anita de Rosset who broke a looking-glass.

Ask Alice Smallbones which of the Scandinavian gods could hear the "sheep grow on the wool's back."

Teacher (to Anita de Rosset)—What did Virgil do on his way to Rome?

Teacher—"Where is Cuba?" Mildred Dortch (dreaming)—"Due in Goldsboro about now."

For all information concerning the appearance of a certain star in 1542, apply to Josephine Osborne.

What is Maggie Trapier's calling in life (judging from her astronomical views)? To overturn theories.

Had Bessie Harding any motive for declaring indignantly in Green Class that the A. and M. College ranks among the first of State institutions?

Pupil (Logic Class)—We can have clear, distinct and adequate knowledge of a hexagon of six sides, but not of a hexagon of 1001 sides.

Has Alice Smallbones made her quarterly recitation yet?

Miss Stone (to English Class)—"We are now *doing* what they are *trying* to do at Cornell and Vassar."

Why were some of the girls during the Holidays of the opinion that "feet" could look in at the key-hole? Why did those same young ladies turn cold with horror when Miss B—— spoke of the rats having been very bad the night before?

OLD BOOKS BY NEW AUTHORS.

"Chatter-Box"—Elliotte Emerson.

"Old Curiosity Shop"—Ethel Dorsey.

"La Mode, Dresses for Chapel Hill Commencement a Specialty"—A. Makeley.

"Travels With a Donkey"—Nellie Emerson.

"Heavenly Twins"—M. Brown and Mary Wootten.

"Two Little Confederates"—Georgia W. and Louise U.

"The Stranded Yarn"—E. Dunham.

"We Two"—Freda H. and Mildred Dortch.

"As *I* Like It"—J. Osborne.

"The One I Loved the Best of All"—Kate Cannady.

"Madam How and Lady Why"—E. Emerson and I. Simms.

"Waverly"—L. Clifton.

"The Antiquary"—Minna Bynum.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE RATIFICATIONS of a peace between Spain and the United States were exchanged at Washington on April 11th. Spain was represented by M. Jules Camban. The ceremony took place at the White House. While President McKinley handed to Mr. Camban the American copy, very simply bound, that gentleman returned to him the Spanish copy elaborately ornamented and encased.

THE PHILIPPINE situation is still a question of discussion with Americans; but it seems to be the accepted belief that it should be left to the wisdom of those who are in charge of it, viz.: Admiral Dewey, General Otis, and President Sherman.

VICE-ADMIRAL MAKAROFF has invented an ice-breaking steamer to open the ice-bound harbors of Russia.

THE QUESTION uppermost in Cuba is the three-million-dollar fund to be distributed among the Cuban soldiers. The increased number of our returning volunteers tells the story of more orderly government in Cuba.

THOUGH FOR many years England has been at peace with all nations of every rank, the growth of naval and military preparations has gone steadily on.

THE CLAIMS of the Italians on Tripoli may cause them, as well as others, some trouble.

ONE OF the many good results of the work of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the German Empire will be the completion, in the course of a few years, of the telegraph and railroad lines from Cape Town to Cairo.

THE QUESTION of Russia and Finland still remains one of interest. At the Czar's peace conference, to be held about the end of May, the United States will be represented.

THE STATE of affairs between Norway and Sweden is threatening. It seems a pity that countries whose uprightness and fairness in all questions have heretofore made them so prominent should engage in a dispute which is in reality based on egotism.

THE CITY of San Francisco has at last adopted a new charter of municipal government.

IT SEEMS best to put a charitable construction on the condition of affairs in Samoa; but Germany seems to deserve something worse.

A NEW machine has been invented and successfully operated by which telegraphy without wires is possible. The experiment has succeeded in many cases. Lately a steamer, by means of this instrument, was able to receive aid, without which she would have been lost.

EDITORIAL.

In these days of civilization and enlightenment, weakness and superficiality are no longer considered the necessary and desirable characteristics of womankind. Our powers of growth and of development were not given us to be ignored and neglected more by woman than by man. If we do not make the most of the opportunities offered us here now, how shall we do so hereafter? If we are not "faithful in a few things," how shall we be rulers "over many things?" Education cannot be taken lightly or frivolously, as a necessary evil to be endured, and shirked as much as possible. It must be considered deeply, thoughtfully, as a preparation for life, without which we lose the wonderful secret of our existence. Education! Growth! Development! *These* are woman's rights, and all that she or any need ever claim. The dumb cry which has gone up through all the ages has found at last its expression in the voice of the Nineteenth Century. The higher education of woman will soon be altogether, as it is now almost, a necessity for life. In no state of life can a woman live, and grow, without these expanding influences. Whatever be her work in life—and every human being has some work—she must be fitted for it. If she does her work alone, does she not need all the power which can be gained by education? If she shares it with another, shall she give ignorance for knowledge? Shall not the mothers of our great minds know that they may know?

This hackneyed and much abused term, "the Higher Education of Women," appears less formidable viewed in the purely relative position in which it stands. A college education does not necessarily imply some wonderful and inspired work to be done in the world. It brings simply the power of doing faithfully and well the work that lies nearest, however humble, however great. Shall we live on

the bright, warm surface of life, or shall we penetrate deep, deep, into the heart of things? Learn the secret of life. Live it ourselves as best we can. And without knowledge, how *shall* we live?

The first and the greatest element in this education which we must have is the spirit, the love, the longing for knowledge; the knowledge that brings power. Oh, women! you who clamor for your rights! take them; they are yours. There was never an unfulfilled aspiration. "Never one lost grace." Every generation rests upon the last. Shall the foundation which we must build be firm and strong? Or shall it be weak and untrustworthy, that, giving way beneath the lofty castles of knowledge they might build, it casts them into the depths of that yawning chasm of ignorance and darkness out of which we have risen through centuries of earnest work and labor? Shall we in an age of ideals fail through lack of ideals? Our ideals for ourselves and for others must ever be the highest. No less can ever satisfy. The shallow exterior is bright and gay, but sunlight and color cannot last always, and the time will come when we cry aloud for something which lies beyond. If this first great step be gained the rest will come.

Out of this desire springs the necessity for college preparatory schools, the greatest need of the South. Colleges there are, and schools, but few whose curriculum contains those things necessary for entrance to college. In many cases some studies are far beyond the required standard, and and others far below, so that no even balance is maintained. The influence of such preparatory schools upon the desire for education is great, so that ideal and practise exert a reciprocal influence upon each other. We should, therefore, not dissipate our energies upon the institution of colleges which can never equal those already founded, but should attempt to improve and strengthen the foundations which are necessary for a higher education. We do not desire a superficial smattering of theoretic and high-flown branches, but a solid preparation for work, as in the colleges of the North.

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TO THE

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In grateful recognition of all the Board of Trustees has done for Our beloved Alma Mater, we dedicate this little volume.

CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

CHRISTMAS DAY was at first the most variable of the Christian festive days, often confounded with Epiphany, and celebrated by the eastern churches in the months of April and May.

In the fourth century Pope Julius I ordered an investigation to be made concerning the day of Christ's nativity. The result of the inquiry, made by the theologians of the East and the West, was an agreement upon the 25th of December.

Among the superstitions associated with Christmas, there is one which represents that during the holy season the Powers of Darkness are so prostrated as to be unable to harm man. The cocks crow all night long, and by their vigilance, scare away malignant spirits. Shakespeare refers to this beautiful superstition when he, in Hamlet, makes Marcellus utter the following lines:

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit stirs abroad;
> The nights are wholesome; then no planet strikes,
> No fairy tales, nor witch hath power to charm,
> So hallowed and so gracious is the time."

It has been a common tradition that Christ was born about the middle of the night; thence arose the custom, in the Roman Catholic countries, of ushering in Christmas day by the celebration of three masses—one at midnight, the second at early dawn, and the third in the morning.

An old English superstition is, that on Christmas eve the oxen were always found on their knees, as in an attitude of devotion, and that, after the change from old to new style, they continued to do this only on the eve Old Christmas day. This was derived from a prevalent mediæval notion that an ox and an ass, which were present at the nativity, fell upon their knees in a suppliant posture, as appears from numerous prints and from the Latin poem of Sannazaro in the 16th century.

Among the people of the Northern countries Christmas was called in ancient times Yule-tide. The sun as he traveled rapidly across the sky was compared to an enormous wheel. The month in which he appeared to travel fastest, that is,

when the days were shortest, was known as the Yule or Wheel month. On a certain day of the month there was a grand assemblage of the people upon the top of a mountain; they set fire to an immense wheel, wrapped with straw, and sent it rolling down the mountain side. All ablaze, it continued to roll until it reached a river or pond, when it plunged in with a loud hissing.

The burning of the Yule log was another Yule-tide custom. Amidst music and general rejoicing the log was hauled from the woods into the house. So large was it that it required many brawny hands to lift it upon the fire. A brand from last year's log had been carefully preserved, and with this the new log was fired. The festivities were fairly begun when the enormous log was high on the fire and blazing; the singing of Christmas carols, the ringing of bells, eating and drinking and dancing extended largely into these merry-makings.

It was considered an omen of misfortune if the log did not burn through the entire night, though often it burned until Candlemas eve (February 1).

Among other superstitions regarding the Christmas log is one that apprehends serious family dissension if it throws out crackling sparks; also one that believes cleanliness necessary to the kindling of a successful fire. The log was considered a protection against spirits over whom this season was a triumph.

A "lord of misrule" or "abbot of unreason" presided over the house of every noble. His office was "to make the rarest pastimes to delight the beholder," and his denomination lasted from All Hallow-e'en till Candlemas day. The last memorable appointment of a lord of misrule was in 1627, when he had come to be named "a grand captain of mischief."

Why the *mistletoe* should have become a religious emblem with the Druids cannot be told except for its supposed medicinal powers and from the mystical quality accorded to all parasites.

The gathering of the mistletoe was a grand ceremony, coming at the time of the winter solstice, when the sun returns to us. It was gathered only when growing on the oak, which was sacred to the Druids' chief deity, himself a representative of the Sun. With great rejoicing the priest, followed by the people, went into the forest, and the chief priest, clad in a white robe, ascended into the oak, cut off

the berried tuft with a golden sickle and dropped it into a white cloak held up to receive it by two other white robed priests. Sacrifices were then made at the foot of the tree. Then the tuft was divided among the people and hung over the doors as a charm against evil powers, and a shelter for any of the sylvan sprites who could find no other shelter in the wintry weather. Thus when we see the waxen berries and twisted stems on the market stalls, or hanging from the parlor chandeliers, where a kiss is the only sacrifice required, we see a direct descendant of the strange, dark ceremonies of old.

During the middle ages Christmas was celebrated by gay, fantastic theatricals, usually representing an infant in a cradle, by the Virgin Mary and St. John.

The custom of singing carols at Christmas, which recalled the songs of the shepherds at the birth of Christ, dates from the time when the common people ceased to understand Latin. The bishops and lower clergy often joined with the populace in carolling, and the songs were enlivened by dances and by the sound of trombones, guitars, violins and organs. Fathers, mothers, sons and daughters mingled together in the dance; if in the night, each bearing in his hand a lighted wax taper. It is still the custom for Calabrian minstrels to descend from the mountains to Naples and Rome during the last days preceding Christmas and salute the shrines of the Virgin Mother with their wild music.

In a picture of the nativity by Raphael he has introduced a shepherd at the stable door playing on a sort of bag-pipe.

The Christmas tree originated in Germany and northern Europe. Christmas eve was devoted to giving presents, especially between parents and children, brothers and sisters. A large yew bough was set up, lighted with tapers and hung with gifts, sweetmeats, apples, nuts, playthings and ornaments. A more sober scene succeeded, for the mother took this occasion to say to the daughters, and the father to the sons what was most praiseworthy and what most faulty in their conduct. Formerly, and still in some of the villages in North Germany, the presents made by the parents were all sent to some one man, who, in high buskins, a white robe and a mask, visited each home. He was known to the children as *Kuecht Rupert*. He bestowed the presents upon the children according to the account of their conduct given by the parents, and alas! for the naughty ones.

For *Kuecht Rupert* let us substitute our *Santa Claus*. Every American child knows of Santa Claus with his inexhaustible pack and his tiny reindeer. We also have the Christmas tree, and for fear it will not hold as much as Santa wishes to bestow, we hang the Christmas stocking. What a time of merriment it is! How the little ones frolic and play until the church bells summon us to the Chistmas service.

—M. WEEKS.

THE SWALLOWS AND THE IVY.

The sky is gray, the wind is chill,
From all the trees the dead leaves fall;
But the ivy is green and summer-like still,
And lovingly clings to the rock-house wall.

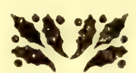
Withered and gone are the grass and flowers.
But the ivy leaves are fresh and bright;
The swallows still play in its deep, dark bowers,
And fly to its sheltering arms at night.

Most of the birds have flown away,
And the bare trees are lifeless without their song,
But the swallows still in the old grove stay,
The very last of all the throng.

They think it is summer still you see;
For their ivy house is shady and green,
Tho' there's not a leaf on the tall oak tree,
And their little companions are no longer seen.

So they linger on from day to day,
In the clustering leaves that they love so well:
But soon they, too, will fly away,
Perhaps forever; who can tell?

—E. HUGHES.



Y^E CHRISTMAS^E OF Y^E OLDEN DAY^E

[During the recent storms that overswept the regions of the Roanoke river, a massive rock was cleft in two, and in a crevice of it was found this volume, which its impregnable hiding place has preserved almost in its entirety from the ravages of Nature. Its date is uncertain, but it is believed by our most authentic historians to be a diary of one of the desperate youths of Sir Walter Raleigh's last colony.]

Englande 1st Marche.

Out of ye Fullness of my Hearte and out of dire Neede for some Relief I now returne to ye my Journall wherein I have not writ a Lyne these four Months, and methinks it is most fittinge yt I come back to it on the first day of Spring in hopes ye tender Breezes may beare away ye Bareness and Soreness of my Hearte.

Surelie it is a foolishe Freak of Fate yt I who am as ye Worlde goes a sturdie man of one and twenty sholde be cast down as a meere Mayd and set Eve to Sighinge and to Groaninge yt I care neither to sleepe nor to eate and am as it were soe enamoured of my Groaninge yt I cease not by Night nor Day and am become the laughinge Stock of all my friends who took not ys dose of Physicke with such wyre Faces.

ye Manner of my Meetinge Her and Falling in Love with Her (for they were of one date) is ys. On Xmas eve last at ye House of Mistress Ingalls I was made acquainte with a Lass of such bewilderinge Beautie yt my Hearte gave a grate Throb and remembering ye Season of ye yeare I made Remart yt Xmas was the gladdest Time of all ye yeare. What she did answer yt she thought it must be soe for Master George had sayd ye same thinge to Her not a Second past. Alys I begged yt she sholde not judge the Remark originall for yt my Familie had made it for ye ales. Whupon she made answer yt my Familie sholde take Advantage of yt Law whby brite sayings are saved from Common Abuse.

And thus Her Beautie and Her lively Witt did soe entangle me yt I since have not been able to move Eye nor Thought and follow Her about like ye verry Puppe yt I am.

4th Marche.

Alack! she will none of me. Yesternight again I met Her at ye House of Her Mother, and so bedazzled was I by Her Beautie and Her graciousness yt I burste forth like a raging Winde and informed Her of my Grete Love so boisterously, yet she seemede quite astonished and made reply yt I colde be to Her only as a Passing Stranger. What I did remark yt if all such true Love as mine passed Her by as strangers I trembled to think what sort wolde stop at Her. To y s she first made answer yt it was none of my Concerne and then yt if mine were true Love then she preferred none at all. I feare I am done for.

8th Marche.

I will stay here no longer to maintaine a silly shure of bravery by toyling out my soule and tyme basely by Shifts Tricks Cards and Dice. I only get a Loss of Money for a Loss of Love—a sorry State! And moreover I am informed yt in ye newe world there are remedies for all Ailments and as I am no nearer a Weddinge here than there I will be a Man and put temptation from my Sighte. And surelie the Sporte of Angling with a Hooke wolde yield me a pleasing content and perchance ye crossinge ye sweet Ayre from Ile to Ile over the silent streams of a calm Sea wolde be a balme to my feverishe Hearte.

2nd Aprile.

I packed my things on Sunday. Ye better ye day ye better ye Deede. Ye shippe sayles on Thursday.

Ye Newe Worlde, 1st Decembre.

Alack! alack! ye evils of a lyeing deception. Ever since I landed in this strange Worlde have I been longinge for ye Deathe (I will not say Damnation) of those wicked Persons who lured me heere. Insteade of Talking of my Love I grunt out stupid "Umphs" to ye copper colloured Savages with ye creepe steppe who trade corn with us, and ye Tyme I thought to spende in Angling with a Hooke, I employ in hidinge from their ugly knives. Wolde I had remained at Home where at leaste I colde eate and sleepe and

soe die but Heere I cannot eate for lack of substance, I cannot sleepe for feare of the Deathe Fiends and I must not die for then wolde one more defense be gone. One thing have I learnt yt ye newe Worlde distilles not nor growes not any Remedee for my Aile.

Ye Newe Worlde Xmas Day.

One Yeare ago ysday I met my Love and the Passion of my Soule ever waxeth strong. Howe wearie is ys dull succession of ye yeare. It irketh me yt each monthe sholde come soe apthe after ye monthe before and nature look soe Fair as tho' she had done some grate Thing. Ye buds of March will come on as they have come for ye last one and twentie yeares but what is yt to me if my Hearte growe no brighter nor my Love no greener. Why did I leave her for indeede I do love her moste heartilie so yt my words cannot say it nor will ys Booke containe it. So will I go sleepe yt in my Dreames perchance my Fancie maye do my Hearte better Service. Even now methinks I see her more bewitchingly beautiful than at last Yule tide beause there will be no younge Puppe such as I at her heels to vex her by impudent remarks til Her lovely face become all twisted with a frowne. Perchance that Popinjay Lander whom she seemed soe to favoure is ogling at her now! Wolde I were there to swear at him roundly and twit him for being such a simple; tis evil of me I know but it doth me much good. I wonder does she returne his honeyed Wordes with yt bewildering dimple. Methinks I see her standinge under the big mistletoe bunch with Her eyes cast downe and ye summer Roses in Her cheeks mingling strangely with ye white berries of ye Xmas flower above Her. Lord, what a scrambling of youths! They make a mightie show of galantrie, but sholde I appear with a Salvadge's knife methinks those roses wolde be left for my pluckinge—wolde I colde keep such thoughts from my Heade, I think t 'will drive me mad!

1st January.

Tis ye first day of ye newe Yeare. At Home I spente my Day in ye making of good resolutions for ye breaking off bad habits, but heere I have no habits save ye fighting Savadges and ye hunting for Foode and methinks they colde not well be broken off. It seems that even ye consolation of ys my diary is to be deprived me for when ye Salvadges (those super-

stituous Fools) come upon me writinge they give a most awfulle Yelle and throwe their knifes at me with more greter Force. They must think I am a Devil. Soe will I cease my Moaninge and store away my Book in ys strong Rocke. May it be more tender to my complaintes than was my Love, and now will I go a-tradinge for Corne.

—N. BELVIN.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

Lines Written Upon the Untimely Death of a Latin Student—1900—'01.

Nunc requiesce, arcte amata, in suavi et levi somno;
Nullo tempore, virgo, te indirectæ
Quaestiones percutient cum maestitua, tu
Vale!

Aeneæ animi dubitatio non erat ea
Quam tibi verior, O lugubris discipula
Linguæ difficilis Romanorum populorum.
Vale!

—B. CHADBOURN. '03.

A DAY IN CAMELOT.

WHAT IS more beautiful, more dream-inspiring than a drift wood fire ? Looking into the one that softly crackles and burns before me, I seem to be transported ; beach, cottages, ocean all fade, and in their stead I see "a highway winding down to Camelot." Near the highway is the dark grim tower of Shalott, tenantless now since the curse has fallen and the stream, which bore the fated Lady of the Tower to her doom, still runs "smilingly down to Camelot." The wind blows my fire and for a moment it burns more fiercely than before, and in it I see the shadowy city of dreams—fair Camelot—the city so beautiful that mortals could never have created it, a product of the mighty wizard Merlin, made for the home of all things good and beautiful. Its dim, misty towers and emblems all help in giving it an unearthly look. The weird gateway with its mystic figures; on the keystone the Lady of the Lake, Arthur's guardian angel, and around her, figures celebrating the King's many wars against the heathen. As it is, I look and look until I cry with Garath's servitors, "Lord, it is alive," for in that flickering light the figures seem to move, twine and anon be as they were before.

Through the gate, past the grand cathedral of St. Stephens, where the King and Dame Guinevere were wed, to the great high arched, deep-vaulted hall, I seemed to pass. Four great columns of sculpture gird the hall and over all towers a mighty statue of Arthur carven by Merlin. "Twelve great windows blazon Arthur's wars." Then the Table Round where sit the faultless King and twelve of his purest knights. As I entered, they were all there, all, one hundred and fifty knights in beauteous armor, their faces illumined with the light of a divine hope. (Hush ! the fire burns slowly, slowly.) One by one they tell the King of their purpose, to follow even unto death the quest of the Holy Grail. His brow darkens, for he alone knows how useless is such a quest unless one be as sinless as Galahad. (The fire almost dies out and all things become too dim to discern, so I cannot follow their weary and fruitless research. Galahad alone proved worthy of the blessed vision.) Heaping on more drift wood and in the merry blaze that follows, I hear the sound of heralds'

trumpets. Then down the broad avenue come stately dames and noble lords on palfreys and chargers gaily bedecked for the tournament, and on the blazoned shields are many emblems that I know. At the head of this goodly procession ride Sir Lancelot and Queen Guinevere—she the "Queen of love and beauty," and he the certain victor of the forest. "Isabel! Isabel! come in; the air is very damp and the fire has quite gone out." Yes, so it had, and with it my precious dream. In very truth my day in Camelot was over.

—I. ROUNTREE.

A FROG WHO WOULD A-WOOING GO.

A recently discovered text, date uncertain—[WITH APOLOGIES TO DR. HALL.]

In the marsh country there lived the mighty croakers-at-night,
Lived well content and fed on the fat of the land;
But one day a lusty young frog to his loving parent did say:
"Mama, I go to beg in marriage the hand of Miss Mouse,
A maiden most lovely." His mother was grieved,
Fond-loving parent, and sought to persuade her son,
The dire penalty, the result of his mad foolishness.
"Son, be content, with the world-pleasures thou art worthily blessed,
Woman is not to be trusted, most fickle of flirts,
And least of all Miss Mouse, hungry eater-of-hearts."
Thus spoke the fond parent, shedding tears the while.
But her son, stubborn-in-head, would not be offrightened,
And he departed from the land of the croakers-at-night.
The lusty young frog, most disobedient of sons,
To the home of the handsome Mr. Rat did come,
Shoulder-companions had they been in boyhood,
In mischief always together, and most eager of all.
Mr. Frog on the door did knock, the tapper-at-evening,
And Mr. Rat, smiling and handsome, made the door open,
Hanger-on-hinges, graciously greeted each other,
Long separated friends. Thus they talked together,
Agreeing to visit Miss Mouse, most agreeable of ladies.
Thus off they set, Mr. Frog, forgetful-of-parent,
And Mr. Rat smiling and handsome. Together they came
To the house of Miss Mouse, the visitors-at-evening.
Miss Mouse, smiling, greeted them, comers-at-dusk,
And they came into the parlor, wide-famed hall;
Comely Miss Mouse, winsome and smiling, leading the way.
"Mr. Rat, will you sing?" asked gracious Miss Mouse,
All-pleasant-hostess. Mr. Rat, handsome and modest,
"Forsooth, Miss Mouse, loveliest-of-ladies, I grieve greatly

That I may not, I am as hoarse as a frog." Thus
Excused himself. Miss Mouse expressed her regrets, sweet-
est-of-women,
Then smiling sweetly, gracious maiden, "Mr. Frog, dear,
Surely you will show us a specimen of your singing?"
Mr. Frog, wooer-with-ardor, graciously gave consent.
Then Mr. Frog, ardent suitor, lifted his voice in song of love.
He sang that of all nibblers-at-cheese, none nibbled so dain-
tily as she.
He sang of the love that languished in his heart.
Miss Mouse, tender-hearted, melted towards her lover, sing-
ing
With ardor, and she almost decided to marry him on the
morrow.
But woe for the best-laid schemes of mice and men,
Mrs. Cat, stealthily stepping, her kittens behind, came
Peeping thro' the window, and dire was the scene in the
parlor.
Mrs. Cat Mr. Rat's body shattered and shivered, and he was
Separated from earth-joys, unhappy one, forever.
Miss Mouse, loveliest-of-maidens, received a like fate—
The kittens, blood-thirsty offspring, caroused o'er her car-
cass.
Mr. Frog, most disobedient of sons, went back to his mamma,
Fond parent. Thus woeful was the end of his wooing!

—K. MEARS.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

CHRISTMAS MORNING dawned cold and dreary in the colony.

In the house of Dame Alden there was no festivity, things went on as usual, no one save the little lass who was working out her passage money thought of the day as being other beside the Sabbath. But Polly's little heart was filled with sadness, to think that there would be no Christmas Time for them. She dared not ask Dame Lettice to give her leave to fix a Christmas for the little children of the family, for the Dame was a stern and God-fearing Puritan, who regarded all such merry-making as sinful.

But Polly was determined that the children should have a Christmas, so when the family were all gone to the meeting, she went to the small stable, and then going up into the loft, she swept it out clean, and decorated it with holly. She then stood a small tree in the middle of the loft; from its branches she hung rosy-cheeked apples, and strings of holly berries; this was all her Christmas, it was very simple, but much better than having none at all.

When the family returned, Polly was looking as if nothing had happened. As soon as she could get a chance she whispered to the oldest girl, "The stable loft after dinner!"

After the simple meal was over, the children and Polly slipped away to the loft, where they played games which Polly taught them. They were in the midst of an exciting game, when suddenly they turned and Dame Lettice stood in the door-way, "Polly," she cried, "what is the meaning of this sinfulness?" The children stood aghast, then Polly said in a meek voice, "I wanted to make a Christmas for the children."

The Dame suddenly remembered her own childhood in Merrie-England, and instead of the stern rebuke she had intended to give, she only said, "Let me see no more such foolishness, children."

Polly rejoiced inwardly, for had she not given the children a taste of Christmas joy? ELLA SIMMONS.

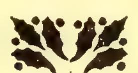
A LULLABY.

The sun sinks low in the western skies,
Bye, baby, bye—
And all the flowers have closed their eyes—
Bye, baby, bye—
The squirrel's asleep, as he ought to be,
In his cozy home, a hole in the tree,
Bye, baby, bye.

The stars peep out from their home above,
Bye, baby, bye—
And the winds are singing their songs of love,
Bye, baby, bye—
The birdie's asleep, as she ought to be,
In her cozy home, a nest in the tree.
Bye, baby, bye.

The mother bends low o'er her little one's bed,
Bye, baby, bye—
And softly kisses the golden head,
Bye, baby, bye—
And squirrel and birdie and baby, all three,
Are fast asleep, as they ought to be,
Bye, baby, bye.

—MARY BATTLE.



CUPID AND THE FOOT-BALL.

SCENE I.

(The foot-ball ground after the game. Twilight.)

Cupid.—Bah! You horrid little fat monster, how dare you try to usurp my power?

Foot-Ball (rolling backwards and dimpling with smiles).—Oh, you beautiful, graceful, naked, little creature! Why so angry, pretty Cupid? Do not mar your lovely baby face with frowns. The days of your power are limited, pretty one. Your ever busy bow will rest, and your arrows will rust in their quiver. *This* is my day!

Cupid (kicking the foot-ball).—That for your impudence, you brown-skinned ugly rascal! And what can you, with your long-haired, dirty boys, do against me, with my gold-tipped arrows? We shall see! We shall see!

(Cupid spreads his wings and flies away.)

SCENE II.

(Mount Olympus. The Gods in Council.)

Cupid.—Oh, All-powerful Father! thou knowest that to me have always been entrusted the gold-tipped arrows of love, and that I have always done my duty well, only once crossing the will of my mother and you. Always have I come and gone at your bidding, doing your will without murmuring. And you, Juno, and Minerva also, can testify to my allegiance. Often have I helped you in trouble. Now, oh, mighty ones! will you permit my power to be usurped? Will you let my place be taken by one who never served you, and seeks only to please the children of men?

Jupiter.—Of whom do you speak, dear little Cupid? Who would usurp the power of one who is, indeed, the most powerful of the gods?

Cupid.—Have you not heard of the beastly Foot-ball? It is he who would usurp my power.

Jupiter.—Certainly, certainly, this cannot be. But I must be gone. Juno, my beloved wife, Venus, your most beautiful mother, and Minerva, the wisest of all gods, will dispose of the saucy little Foot-ball. (Exit Jupiter.)

Venus.—What shall we do?

Juno.—For my part, I have no time to waste on such an insignificant matter. (Exit Juno.)

Venus.—And, Minerva, my head is so filled with thoughts of the dance to-night I can think of nothing else. Won't you propose some plan, and I will help you, if needs be ?

Minerva.—The Foot-ball has long been one of my worst enemies. In most of the colleges of the land my power has been lessened on account of this pauper, the ugliest of creatures! Glad I am of an opportunity to overcome him. With the sanction of Jupiter it is easily done. I have only to inspire the heads of those colleges with a greater love for wisdom, to show them that this detestable Foot-ball is the brutal destroyer of time, money, manhood, and often life—then he will be banished, driven from the earth. I will attend to this immediately, golden-haired Cupid (he kisses her hand), and your glorious reign will be established.

(Cupid and Venus exeunt hand-in-hand and singing, Cupid expectantly fingering his bow.)

AND THE DAY DIES.

A HUSH WAS over the landscape. The sun had just dropped behind the distant mountain-tops, leaving the heavens flaming, with here and there a purple streak across the gold. From far away came the lowing of cattle—far away, but each moment coming nearer. One stray cow was already below in the valley, wading across the stream, which separated the meadow into two pastures, and stopping now, knee-deep, to drink of the cool water. By this time the others had reached the spot, and crossing over, followed the path that led to the nearest farm. The last one had been shut in, and the tired farmer walked slowly back to the stream. Crossing the foot-log he followed it until the road was out of sight. Here he might rest before climbing the hill ahead, on the top of which was his horse. Cool and refreshed, he retraced his steps for some distance, then turned into the homeward path, which wound several times around the hill. Reaching the top, he paused. The scenery had never seemed so magnificent. Never had the peace and quiet so appealed to him. Nature seemed listening, waiting for something, he knew not what. The last rays had faded away, the last pink cloud had turned to pearl. Another day was done.

—O. HUGHES.

"IN MEMORIAM"

Memorials erected in St. Mary's Chapel, All Saints', 1900.

OF ALL the many sweet influences of our life here at St. Mary's, there is none so powerful for good, so uniting, lasting and elevating in its effect as that exerted by the Chapel. From the first strong, hopeful Processional, when, in September, we enter upon our first year, to the last low-voiced Recessional in June, when we pass out of its doors, its high and tender grace is with us, enveloping, ennobling, enlivening. All this tender beauty and significance of our dear Chapel is now increased many, many fold, for this autumn there has been placed in the body of the church a marble tablet to the memory of Dr. Aldert Smedes and Dr. Bennett Smedes. Of the beautiful worthiness of this deed we can say nothing. We can only say to those who have done this, that they have infused into an influence, already powerful, a living presence of purity, nobility and faithfulness in life which will abide with us to the end.

A word to the girls of '88 to '95, who knew "Miss Battle" and her daily life at St. Mary's, luminous with help to others. To each one of you will come some special memory of her—her dignity of self-control, her ready interest and unbiased judgment, her sympathy with childish joys, her great gift of comfort to those in trouble, her realization of the vast purposes of life only deepening her personal care and tenderness of those in her charge. By her accustomed seat in the Chapel is now a beautiful window to her memory, placed there on All Saints' Day, 1900. Lilies are in the foreground, and back of this is a vine with its leaves and clustering fruit, and in the distance the glory of sunset on purple hills. So the window speaks to St. Mary's girls of to-day, and of the future, of what her life meant to you who knew her—purity, strength, beauty, and that something mysterious and sweet for which we have no name, but whose influence we recognize, whether it is in the sound of many waters, in sunset tints on distant mountain tops, or in the character of the friend by our side, something which ennobles, uplifts.

"Sweet is the calm of Paradise the Blessed. Alleluia!"

THE CHAPEL.

Among the loving memories
That cluster about the past,
That of St. Mary's Chapel
Remains in my memory fast.

How clearly I can see it,
As in days now long gone by,
Standing in peaceful silence,
With the sturdy oak trees nigh.

And oft, when the twilight deepens.
In fancy I seem to hear
The peals of the Chapel organ,
And the girls' sweet voices clear.

AUTUMN.

There came to my life such sweetness one day—
I heard the children in the grove at play;
Pushing back book, paper and pen,
Hied to the woods to be a child again.

We buried them in robes of purple and gold,
Such colors a royalty is wont to enfold,
In dresses golden-brown, crimson and gray—
Oh! it was such a gala day!

I looked up to the trees, and said, "Can you tell
Who made you so gorgeous on hill and in dell?"
They bent to my soul, and whispered low,
"'Tis God who is mighty above and below!"

SPARKS FORM THE SMITHIE.

We sped gaily along, and, in spite of myself, I felt my spirits rising with every turn of the wheels. Jack and I were starting out on a drive, our first for at least a week. I had been hearing tales about him for the past few days, but the prospect was too inviting for me nót to allow my dignity to unbend a trifle. So, all was going smoothly, until we turned into Fayetteville, and then—I saw the other girl. I glanced at Jack to see if he saw her, and he was raising his hat, with his most charming smile. I looked at the girl again. Yes, she was pretty, horribly so. Her hair was beautiful, her figure superb, and, most important of all, "Paris" was written all over her tailor-made clothes. She glanced at me, and I wondered—the thought brought some comfort—if I, too, were "the other girl." Jack noticed my sudden silence, and began to talk. Never mind what he said; but I decided that I was thoroughly glad I wasn't the other girl. We met her again on our return, and, somehow, her beauty had unaccountably faded, her clothes had certainly lost their style. I smiled kindly as we passed by.

A young man was sauntering along, with his sketching materials under his arm, looking for something to sketch. Suddenly he stopped short, for before him was his ideal picture. A young girl was leaning against a large umbrella tree, reading a book. She had on a white dress and a large pink garden hat, Her dark brown hair curled about her fair face, and her small red lips were parted in interest, showing the whiteness of her teeth. She was evidently reading a most interesting novel, for she was perfectly oblivious of the young man, so intently sketching her. As for him, he seemed as much interested in her as she was in the book, and now and then he would forget his sketching, and lose himself in pure admiration. However, when he did finish the sketch, he crossed over to where she sat. "I could not resist the temptation," he said, as he held the sketch before her startled eyes. Then she—but that is the beginning of a romance.

There goes that bell. Study hour already? No more fun for *this* evening. Well, let me see. There's the old comp., of course. It always looms up. Then there's that awful German exercise for Miss Marsden, and—no; I do believe English *does* come to-morrow. I really must study—apply myself, as the teachers say. I'll just keep an apple out. It won't distract my attention, and even Miss Katie can't see way back here. Some of Blanche's chocolates would taste nice; I believe I'll sample them. There's the five-minutes bell! I'll have to write a note instead. Besides, I've lots to tell her, and I couldn't possibly get to see her during recreation hour. I must have forgotten the old German grammar after all, and haven't a scrap of paper for the composition. Well, all the more time to write the notes, and I'll get through to-morrow in some old way.

The little foxes frisked about joyfully. It was full moon, and the katydids squeaked lustily in the trees. The little foxes always had a jolly time on such a night. In the first place, they could stay up a whole hour later. Papa Fox and Mamma Fox were away getting a fine supper. The little foxes frisked about, and thought of the delicious chicken they would have when papa came home. Suddenly from the far distance was heard a sound which carried terror to their little hearts. It was the far-away bark of a dog, and—yes, there it came! the faint musical call of a hunter's horn, The little foxes crouched tremblingly down in their den, and awaited their dreaded foes. Soon a pack, in full cry, rushed by, followed by two or three mounted huntsmen. The dogs were on the older foxes' trail, but the little foxes were soon playing about merrily together again. They were used to such dangers, and trusted in papa's coming. They were very glad, however, to see Papa Fox and Mamma Fox coming back safe and sound, and with a nice, toothsome supper.

"It is pleasant here, after the dancing-ball, and—" he paused.

"Yes," she replied quickly, "and the garden looks beautiful in the moonlight."

"Beautiful, and "—but she interrupted him.

"And the fragrance of the flowers is delightful."

"Yes, delightful; I love violets, but—" he began eagerly.

"But I like roses best," she said hurriedly.

"So do I, but, O—" again she interrupted him.

"O, isn't this bud lovely?" He picked it, and she smiled as he gave it to her.

"O, Margaret! Margaret!" he whispered, and this time she did not interrupt him.

And the moon shone on them and smiled, and the breeze passed by and whispered to the roses and hollihocks, and they nodded and bowed their heads. They know the rest, but they will not tell.

Muriel, pale and lovely, stands among the roses, she the fairest of them all. They stand tall and straight, proud of their hundreds of dewdrops, while she stands with a lowered head, actually ashamed of two. She and Jack had quarreled the night before. She was cross and disagreeable, and sent him away. Now she was sorry, so very sorry. But she could not tell him so, for he was gone, and might never, never come back again! She raises her head. Surely, that was Jack's step. But no, it could not be. Jack was too proud for that. Then there is a glimpse of broad shoulders, of a handsome and sunshiny face, and there is something in his hand, too. He stops a minute, and is gone. Muriel is left, and there is a bunch of violets in her hand. There are no dewdrops now, the sunshine has driven them all away.

Brown was going down to the club on the car, and was in high spirits. Brown did not like girls generally, but when there got on at B street a girl with a short skirt, a jaunty brown jacket, and curls escaping in every direction from her coquettish little hat, he was irresistibly charmed. But her umbrella pleased him most. Now, Brown was very particular

about umbrellas, and always contended that he could tell a woman by the umbrella she carried. This one was exactly to his taste. "I have been a bachelor long enough," he thought to himself; "I was sure I would marry some time, and at last I have found the girl." He was quite angry when a young man stepped up and sat beside her. "Why, Jack," he heard her say, "did you get my 'phone message? I hated to leave you to take dinner alone, but there was to be company, and mama was so anxious for me to stay. I have just been thinking," she added, "what an awful crime I have committed. It was raining when I came out, so I just took an umbrella from the rack, not thinking of the guests. I see, now, that it is *old* Mrs. Jamieson's. What *will* she say?" Brown listened and gasped. Then he heard some one say, "Heigho, Wetherly," and "How do you do, Mrs. Wetherly?" Brown jumped savagely off the car, vowing never to look at a woman or an umbrella again.

It was a moonlight night in January. The wife of Governor Allston was on board the Clemantant bound for New York, and had with her her infant son and three servants. A fast sailing schooner is seen. She approaches—she draws near. Every man is filled with terror as he recognizes "Slayer." "Ship, ahoy!" is heard and answered. The schooner soon draws up alongside the Clemantant, and a host of bearded pirates board her. The crew is soon overpowered. "All hands below, and search the ship," shouts the captain, and instantly every man, save a few who remain to guard the prisoners, is in the hold and cabin of the boat. They find a young woman, who is kneeling in the cabin. It is Mrs. Allston. She is dragged to the deck. With all her hopes and fears centered in the infant pressed to her bosom, she disregards their taunts and jeers. "Ha!" cries one, "we will make the fine lady speak; she shall rue her indifference. Bring up the prisoners." They are hastily brought; the plank is placed; one by one they ascend, tip, and plunge into the deep. Mrs. Alston, sick with the cruelty and barbarity, sinks to the floor. "Oh!" they shout, "she asks mercy, and shall soon find it." Dragging her, with her infant, to the plank, they raise her to her feet and place her on it. One imploring look is directed to heaven—one look of tenderness to her son—then, turning on the plank, she faces them, and,

laying the infant on the deck, cries, "Demons that you are! spare at least him." She turns and plunges, and the sullen waves close around her. As she rises the captain snatches up the infant and tosses him into her extended arms, and—the moon goes down.

SHE WAS a dear little miss of five, and she did look very sweet when she started out, but now the dainty muslin dress was no longer white, and there was an ugly rent in it just above the hem. Her mother gave a little sigh as she saw the torn dress. "My dear, how did you tear your dress?" "It dus tored itself," said the little lady calmly. "But what made it tear itself?" asked her mother. "I was walkin' 'long, mama, dus like dis," and she strutted across the floor, "an' I was tryin' harder'n I has ever tried to keep my dess clean, mama, an' a great big dog came runnin' by me an' tried to make me ketch him, an', 'fore I know'd it, I 'tepped right in a mud-hole an' fell down, an' when I dot up my dess had all tored itse'f, like dis."

YE BOSTON BOYS MOTHER GOOSE.

A DIMINUTIVE feminine specimen of humanity, whose appellation was Bo-Peepa, sank into the arms of Morpheus, and, her scattered fancies roaming the emerald fields of dreamland, this extraordinary individual imagined herself to be one of the auditors of the magnified appellations of her fleecy herd. But, being aroused from her ærial meditations, and unclosing her ocular possssions, she discovered it to be a displeasing illusion, for ever and anon the total combinations of her fleecy animal kingdom were availing themselves of their pedestrial extremities. —E. WEEKS.

A DIMINUTIVE specimen of humanity, rejoicing in the appellation of Miss Muffet, was reclining on a tufted cushion of minute dimensions, regaling herself with the coagulated portion of lactic fluid and the liquid substance pertaining thereto. An insect of the Arachnida class approached and occupied a position in her proximity, and induced in the youthful female such a state of agitation that she immediately betook herself, with extreme rapidity, to regions far remote. MARY HULL MCKIMMON.

THERE ONCE existed, in the annals of human history, two diminutive specimens of humanity, whose appellations were respectively Jacobus and Jilla. These two individuals, one day, ascended a gentle elevation of the earth for the purpose of obtaining a bucket of aqueous liquid. When descending, the unfortunate Jacobus prostrated himself down the declivity and damaged his cranium. The young female did likewise. Jacobus got upon his pedal extremities and propelled himself towards his ancestral roof, where he was relieved, after much tribulation.

A WOOL-BEARING animal, diminutive in quality, proceeded ejaculating two bleats. I requested of that specimen whether he bore any falaments growing from the skin of animals. He replied in the affirmative, "Pouches thrice supplied, a single specimen of pouches in behalf of my superior, a single pouch for my mistress, and one for a feeble lad who dwells near the highway." —MARY TILLERY.

JACKUS SPRATUS was unable to devour the greasy substance of animal flesh, but delighted in the lean. His better-half, with more facility for disposing of this part of the menu than himself, found little trouble in making it disappear from the scene of action, and thus she became larger in quantity than in quality. —MARY B. STURGEON.

THERE WAS a fæmina in advanced years who existed beneath a natural elevation of land. If she has not betaken herself to other regions, she is remaining in her former abode. —ANNIE MARTIN.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE little star; scintilate, scintilate diminutive ethereal bespankle. How I marvel of what you are composed. Upraised far above this terrestial globe we perceive you in the celestial regions shedding your exquisite lustre from the blue firmament as the glittering diamond.
—CARRIE COWLES.

STORIES IN DIALECT.

LAN' SAKES alive! ain't yo'all up yit? I done told Miss Betty yo' all been up *too* long ago, but she say she ain' hear no tramplin' roun' overhead, and I better come up again to make sho. And bless my life! if it ain't half-pas' eight an' breakfas' er comin' in, and yo' all ain't even turnt ove de fus time. Dis here make de third time Miss Maple, and ef you an yo' sister don't git up from dere now I'll wash my han's of de job. You sho is two of de laziest white ladies I ever see in my life. Dat's right, honey, git up en bresh dat hair outen yo eyes, and you sho will make me one thankful nigger. 'Cause Miss Betty she thinks its jest my natchul lazziness 'bout pullin' up dem almighty steps, and she won't believe dis make third time dis mornin' dat I'se waked yo'all up. An' dem steps chile, dey sho is a caution. All des lazzy nigger gals roun' here say dey wouldn' stan' it, but I des hol's up my head rale high and jaws back at 'em, dat I'd ruther pull up a hund'ed steps fer de quality dan to lif' my foot fer de po' white trash.

—ETHEL HUGHES.

DOWN AT the foot of the hill was a small log cabin, where great excitement seemed prevailing, both inside and out. Two little negroes were busy in the yard, drawing water, and hanging out, on lines stretched between two trees, such articles as were needed on special occasions. Just then a shining, black face was thrust out of the window. "Bring me dat water in yere dis minit. Didn' I jes say dat I had mo' ter do en any one nigger could do to save her life? Here I is; got ter wash en fix six chillun en gitem off ter de meet'n, en dat a good piece fum yere; an', 'fo' Goodness, I ain't gwine ter hear no black preacher talk'n ter me 'bout bein' axed ter de Lord's meet'n-house en comin' late. Git 'long, I ses, fetch me dat water, and wash yerself, en maybe yer wont be es black as yer is. De Lord only knows whar yer tuk all dat blackness fum, nohow. Yer don't git it fum me,

en if yer pa hed bin as black es you is, I never would ha' tuk 'im, dis side o' Canaan. But yer got to stay lak de Lord made yer—so go long, en try ter be some 'spectability ter yer pa en ma." —OCTAVIA HUGHES.

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YOU SEE, honey, 'twas dis way: De Lord made de crows white, an' He intended 'em to be white, but, when de flood come, Noah cotched every kind of beases and driv 'em all aboard de ark soon es he heard de thunder rattle. Of all de shows a travelin' he beat 'em all to pieces. 'Mong de animals was a pair of crows, an' dey, being de most sentimental, took on mightily, an' couldn't stann de idea of forsakin' dar family an' friends. To express dar grief dey went in mournin'—put on de somberest shade of black. When Noah saw de pretty white crows as black as charcoal he wuz displeased, an' jus4 as he cussed Ham an' made him black, just as he cussed dem crows an' made 'em stay black. An' de crow has been black ever since. —MARY WEEKS.

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'TAINT NO use ter cry, chilluns, fer yer ain't gwine wid me, fer Ise gwine ter make dis trip all by myself. I don' wan' no chillun ter look arter. Dar now, Belindy, you lazy nigger; fetch me my new slat-bonnet; and, Jonathan, don't stan' dar wid yo' face in er not, but trot en see ef Brown is got de ox an' cart ready. Dar, now, he's a coming! Belindy, is my bonnet got de correct set on it? Brown, you ain't got de red buggy spread you said you'se gwine ter git fum Brer Simpson. Hyar now, Jonathan, you jist run across dat cotton patch, as fast as yer legs will tek yer, an' ask Brer Simpson fer his new red buggy robe. Ef he ain't in a mind to let me hab dat one, tell him de ole yallar one will be all right. Brown, you fix dat seat up a leetle higher, fer sister Gibbs might not see my new bonnet when I parse by. Belindy, don' star' at me so; don' I look fixed? Dar! I done knowed Ide fergit sumpen. Belindy, go fetch me my big turkey-feather fan; its gwineter be hot befo' I git back. Hyar come Jonathan wid de red spread. Now, my turkey-feathers; and, Brown, jist give me a lift on dat seat. Hyar, Belindy, you and Jonathan be good chilluns, an' ef Marse John gits back fo' I do, you jist tell him I tuk de ox and cart and is gone ter see my sister. —ADDIE GAYLORD.

ODE.

"ANACREON!" the maidens trill,
"Old fellow, you have had your fill;
You've drunk so many bowls of wine,
We wonder why that life's still thine.
You've drunk at morn, at night, at noon,
By light of sun, of stars, and moon.
You've kept it up all through the dark
Then come right to the public park;
Then you think you'll try to spark,
And follow us 'round with your tiny bark;
You say you're coming again for courting.
And ask the boys to teach you sporting;
You want to dance the Virginia reel,
As if it were the Bacchus peel;
You say you're awfully sick at heart,
The god has sent another dart;
You came to tell us all your bliss,
And beg of us the sweetest kiss.
But, Old Man! be not so light,
For gallant *youth* is in the fight."
"O, yes, but, ladies, be not mad,
I know I'm not so very bad;
Just think a moment what I'm worth!
To you I'd be o'er half the mirth
In this wide world you can enjoy
With any other *handsome* boy!
I know I'm old, but do not care,
As long as wine and love are there."

—J. HARRIS.

THE CONTEST BONE-BREAKING AND DIREFUL.

(With Apologies to the Homer of Winged Words.)

ON THE one side the illustrious Mu's braves in din of battle, were drawn up, that, with seeing eyes, they might watch the grievous contest. On the other, the well-ribboned Sigmas clamoured, brandishing their long-shadowed flags. But them, sternly regarding, the azure-eyed umpire then addressed: "Ye Mu's and ye long-haired Sigmas! the fleet-footed warriors now advance, ye keeping silent, nor speak one word."

Then, with a fearful clamor came they, eager for destructive battle, nor rested, but, after a fearful battle-cry from each side, plunged into tearful war. The armies, bearing on their long-shadowed flags, watched in silence. Oft did the much-tumbling Connie, brave in warfare, make plays direful to the Mu's, but equally did the yellow-haired Mary guard, fearing destruction to the Mu's. In the midst of the horrid battle did the venerable man-queller B— call time. Then the gentle Muses, with sweet liquids (Pond's Extract and lemons), bathed those heroes that they might continue.

Then began again the bloody warfare. Then did the fleet-footed Jennie oft seize the ball, on her falling, the arm-brandishing Mary, the ball-tossing Addie and the crafty Margaret, all for the ball eager. But it the oft-tumbling, head-shaking Connie seized, and violently hurling, while the curly-haired Mary, guarding, jumped, into the illustrious basket ball threw it.

There arose a mighty tooting of horns and clamouring among the long-haired, flag-brandishing Sigmas. But chill fear seized upon the Mu's, and afflicted them with intolerable grief.

Then going from the horrid battle, the warriors were nursed by the shawl-bearing Mu's.

To bone-breaking battle returning, the ball-tossing, gum-chewing Addie vowed fearful vengeance on the well-ribbaned Sigmas, and the contested ball seizing, advanced and into the sweet arms of the gentle basket threw it, while pit-

eous tears streamed down the faces of the illustrious Sigmas and ceased not. Then the flag-tossing Mu's rejoiced, and sweet hope diffused itself in their breasts. Again the box-forbidding B— dispersed the warriors.

But when the Mu's heard the ear-piercing whistle, they immediately mindful of battle returned. Long and earnestly struggled the warriors until black night veiled their eyes, and no more did the valiant ones scores make. Then the evil war and battle-din ended, Jove establishing a friendship on both sides.

WILMA.

A wee, winsome lassie,
  With a wealth of brown hair,
With eyes that do sparkle,
  And a smile that is rare.

A wee, winsome lassie,
  With a face that is fair,
With a heart that is loving
  And free from all care.

A wee, winsome lassie,
  With a sweet, winning way,
With a laugh that's all joy,
  And a heart glad and gay.

A wee, winsome lassie,
  With the love of each one,
With many good wishes
  For the years yet to come.

—MARY A. BATTLE.

SONGS OF THE DORMS.

SCENE: Dormitory. TIME: 9:15 P. M.

(*Enter* Jessamine Gant.)

Blanche Chadbourn.—Jessamine, did I get a letter to-night?

Jessamine.—You did not.

Clifton.—I am not going to talk. Miss K. said we must not.

Williams.—Well, I am. I expect to talk as much as I want to.

Perry.—I say as much.

Wilson.—Anna, sing us a song.

Bridgers.—Yes, do! Why doesn't Beulah talk some?

Armstrong.—Mum!

Buxton.—Happy on de way!
Happy on de way!
Thank ma Lor', I'm happy on de way, etc.

(Gaylord then breaks forth in rat-squeals.)

Brunson.—Oh! girls, you had all better be quiet.

Brodie.—I think so.

Moffitt.—I tell you what; I don't think its exactly right.

Gant.—Addie Gaylord is always making poetry.

Gaylord.—Jessamine Gant would, but she can't.

Ferrell.—You're the funniest thing I ever saw.

Meares (entering from the hall).—Sh! Miss Katie's coming!

Battle.—I tell you, all had better be quiet,

And then Miss Katie enters, and every one is quiet, and everything goes well until Addie Gaylord wakes them up by crying, "Kate! my darling Kate!" —A. N. B.

MR. PRINGLE, the city Marshall, and Mr. Clark, the Taylor from Dorsey, after their work for the day was Dunn, started out for a walk, and, after crossing several Bridgers, they came to a little creek at the foot of the Hill. As they looked into the water a Sturgeon swam up, and, with a very Bland expression, began telling them the manner in which he Hughes trees to make Coffins, and only last week two little minnows died from bad Cowles. The Martin came to the funeral and sang "Sweet Lowly Shannon" and "Annie Laurie," which he had been practicing for two Weeks. The Sturgeon then said that Attmore fresh air he would die, and so he bade them farewell. —ANNIE TAYLOR.

TO JULIA.

What is a mash? Don't ask me that;
It makes my heart go pit-a-pat.
For once I had a mash of old,
But now my love has waxed cold;
For many a night, and morning, too,
I wept, and was so terribly blue.
But now all that has passed away,
And now I'm happy, bright and gay.
My friend you're smiling, so I see
You don't really believe in me;
Your unbelief has all "undone"
This sonnet I've read just for fun.
For if my heart still beats aright,
It still loves her with all its might. —A. G.

NEW EDITIONS OF OLD BOOKS.

CHARACTER SKETCHES—Miss Checkley.
VOICE CULTURE—Mr. Jewdwine.
CHOIR INVISIBLE—Saturday Night Practice in Chapel.
PRISONERS OF HOPE—Mumps Girls.
ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY—E. Bowen.
THE OXONIANS—Hawkins, Nash, Capehart.
HINTS FROM PARIS; or, WHAT THEY WEAR—J. Parsley.
THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE—L. Shannon.
OUR MUTUAL FRIEND—S. Wood, E. Drane, C. Capehart.
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HOME INFLUENCE—M. Murdock.
INNOCENCE ABROAD—M. Pringle.
SOME SUNNY AND SOME SHADY STORIES—M. Phinizy.
A DUET—Junior History Class.

Have you ever heard of this love?
They all here think its rash
If you want to be one's turtle-dove,
You will have to be called a "mash."

But when they start to talking *love*,
I advise you to get away,
"And won't you kiss me now, my love?
Just come right here this way." —A. NASH.

THE THREE FATES.

"Which shall it be? Which of the three?"
Ah! would I could decide!
But that I cannot do, you see,
For I love them all,
And they all love me,
And my heart is deep and wide.

Sometimes I'm certain its "C. C.,"
And then I am lost again;
For every one knows, beneath the rose,
None equals 'Liza Drane.
Her lovely eyes
And soft replies
My raptured heart enchain.

But, then there's my other mash, Sophie,
And I certainly love her, too;
She's the dearest girl in all the world,
And her heart to me is true;
Ah! woe is me!
Between the three
I don't know what to do.

Sometimes, at night, I think, "Well, now,
I *know* I love *this* one best;
To-morrow I'll go, and plainly show
I love her above the rest."
But alack and alas!
To-morrow slips past,
And doubt again fills my breast.

Now, which, Oh! which can I live without?
  Not one, if my heart speaks right;
For with "C. C." I walk, with Sophie I talk,
  And Eliza I kiss "good night."
    And so, you see,
    I love all three,
  And each one is my life and light.

Really, I cannot stand it;
  My appetite's almost gone!
My poor heart aches and almost breaks,
  Because I am so forlon.
    But this love so strange
    May sometimes change,
  And then I will love but one.

—E. HUGHES.

JACULA PRUDENTUM.

"Scared to Death," J. Parsley.

"None for You," I. Rountree.

"Fossy," J. Hawkins and B. Nash.

"Because I Love You," C. Evans.

"Connie," C. Capehart.

"Ridiculous," E. Drane.

"Yu're Crazy," S. Wood.

"Well, I Don't Know," M. Pruden.

"O, Go Away," D. Boykin.

"Ye Gods," Miss I. Bratton.

"Hush Your Mouth, Honey; Don't Say a Word," M. Blount.

"Where's Connie?" "Where's Irene?" Miss Marden.

"Gus an' All," L. Moore.

"What Did You Say?" L. Shannon.

"Where's Beulah?" M. Stedman.

"Buddy," C. Capehart.

"Oh! You Goat!" K. Meares.

"You Infuriate Me," M. Holt.

We to choral must go without delay,
If we do miss our lessons the self-same day.
Whenever we plan to have some fun
Then is the time we surely must run
To choral.

Of course, we often think it wrong,
To make us go sing over the songs;
But we ought to know 'tis for the best—
We are often put to such dreadful tests.
So we ought always to be very good,
And go along, as good girls should,
To choral.

—A. PARTRICK.

THIS LOVE IS STRANGE AND WEIRD— PASSING THE LOVE OF MAN.

This love! Ah! 'tis strange and weird; passing the love of man,
For 'tis well known that none can love as a reckless school-girl can.
It steals in her heart when she least expects, and fills her with delight,
It makes her walk with an airy tread, and pass many a sleepless night.

Its not a love of animal pets, or dainty little flow'rs,
That fills our hearts with gladness, and beguiles the weary hours;
Its something of a graver sort. 'Tis sweet, and yet 'tis sad,
And here, at old St. Mary's, it has always been our fad.

At first she keeps her secret tight, to bluff off all vexations;
But soon its scattered all about by a bunch of pink carnations,
And next, when she sees the timid smile that plays around the lips,
She ups, and through the telephone, orders some Royster's chips.

A little note, and perhaps a smile, follows this sweet attention,
And in her heart the girl does vow to do something worthy of mention.
So in a trice she skips around, with a little mystic air,
And, speaking in whispers over the 'phone, orders a carriage and pair.

—ADDIE GAYLORD.

THE USUAL COMPLAINT.

A maiden was sorely perplexed one day,
"Oh! what shall I wear?" she cried;
When looking around, in great despair,
A bodice of blue she spied.

This maiden so fair had intended that eve
To visit the foot-ball ground
Of the A. & M. College, where, all of you know,
There are boys by the score to be found.

"This blue is too small, and the pink is quite soiled,
And the green they have all seen before;
The black, you all know, will ne'er catch a beau,
And the brown I have worn o'er and o'er.

"But my bodice of blue which, I think, I shall rue
If I do not wear to the game,
Is too small, I know, and quite soiled is the bow,
But I'll have it to wear just the same.

"And now for the bonnet, oh, which shall I wear?
For you know I have bonnets galore;
The white, or the green, the blue or the gray—
But I've worn them all before.

"The green is my favorite by all means, I think,
Though it sits too far back on my head;
My small hat of blue is ugly, though new,
And it looks like a big lump of lead.

" That miserable stick of a hat that I hate,
I see that I'll have it to wear.
As it suits very well with my bodice of blue
And the shade of my dark auburn hair.

" But why should I mind if I'm not quite so fine,
For no one will see me out there;
I'll beat all the rest, if I'm not so well dressed,
Just as I did at the fair."

The bonnet brought out was donned with a pout,
And she proceeded to go to the game,
But whether or no she caught her a beau
I cannot tell, 'though 'twas my aim.

—E. S. W.
A. M. T.

WANTED.

Applications for hair tonics. E. CHESSON.

Some oue to listen to me sing in my sleep.
M. APPLEWHITE.

Some one to watch the moon, and dream of "Happy Days Gone By" with me. C. EVANS.

A curtain. M. A. SHORT.

A pew in the Church of the Good Shepherd. E. DEAL.

You girls to be quiet. MISS SUTTON.

A little suppression. C. EVANS.

Some one to guard Maud Holt's alcove.

Some one to correct the mistake of my life.
L. REDWOOD.

Lodgings for the winter. C. SCHUESSLER.

Some one to teach how to play poker, and to be "up in etiquette." MARIE THORN.

Mama. LILY HAYS.

A hole in the floor when Miss Saunders comes up to look on at the wedding. M. STEEL.

Some tongue. N. HOLT.

Information about the penitentiary. E. FARANT.

To know how to throw pillows. H. SAMPSON.

A rattle. H. CRENSHAW.

A bed. S. FOXHALL.

"Auntie." M. STEDMAN.

A little cheek. K. HORNER.

A mash. M. BLOUNT.

Another petticoat. M. HOLT.

An antidote for snoring. LIZZIE TAYLOR.

A little pug. LINA TAYLOR.

A needle and thread. V. GLASEBROOK.

The Pied Piper to play for Miss Katie's Dorm.

A thanksgiving box for the Thompson Orphanage. DR. BRATTON.

Guss and all. MOORE GIRLS.

A little more dignity. SENIOR CLASS.

More teachers to attend faculty meeting. DR BRATTON.

To know "why." MISS THOMAS.

M. C. E.

A MASH'S PRAYER.

My heart is breaking, dear,
  Slowly, but surely, you know;
Your voice I never hear,
  Unless some sign I show.

You never think of me, dear,
  Dying of love for you;
Your heart is of stone, I fear,
  But mine is broken in two.

Do not be so cruel, dear,
  It fills me with despair,
And causes me to shed a tear,
  And wildly pull my hair.

I sadly pine away, dear,
  And cry for you in vain;
But you never come to me, dear,
  And my tears they fall like rain.

—A. GAYLORD.

MASH CLUB.

President .... Mary Muse Blount.
Vice President .... Mary M. Blount.
Secretary .... M. Muse Blount.
Co-Secretary .... M M. Blount.
Historian .... Mary Muse B.
Treasurer .... Mary Blount.
Critic .... M. Blount.
Hon. Member .... M. M. B.
General Manager .... Muse Blount.

Motto—Variety is the spice of life.
Flowers—Yellow chrysanthemums,
Object—Anything to pass the time.
Latest Yell—Oh! where are Gussie and Eliza?

Miss C.—No ghost stories Sunday night, girls.

O. H.—Not even of a minister's ghost?

Mrs. J.—Oh! Miss Thomas, please speak to Micky. I know he'll be lonely by himself.

Miss S., to 1st New Girl.—You play forward.

2d New Girl, to Miss S.—And shall I play backward?

Ed.-in-Chief, studying French.—You can't say a river overflew its banks. What can you say?

One Reverend Senior to Another.—Mrs. B. has done said we couldn't go to Horner's.

A. W., in Lit. Class.—Socrates saw Antisthenes' vanity. shining through his rags.

Miss S., to A. W.—What sort of life did Plato lead?

A. W.—A very fast one.

Who is it that thinks Diogenes delicious?

Who burned St. Polycarp to a *steak?*

Ask M. Weeks how she pronounced "Smyrna"?

Ask A. W. latest pronunciation of "Huger,"

Why is it that only indirect questions come in Miss A. E. J.'s way?

Ask Jessamine whose eyes speak such volumes?

Blanche, to every girl in dormitory.—I'm not going to give you one of my pictures.

Ask M'lle, how she prefers oysters.

MISS STONE'S EPITAPH.

(A Glympse of the Future.)

Here lies the body of Miss Imogen Stone,
Who gave up the ghost without a groan.
To her all earthly cares did cease,
When us poor girls she did release.

She was a lover of Genung,
Whose praises she continually sung;
In compositions she did delight,
And pushed them on us with all her might.

And now the peaceful rest has come
From English, Rhetoric and Genung;
And may God keep this precious Stone
Near to the blessed ones enthroned!

—C. C. CAPEHART.

THE MUMPS.

The mumps? Oh! don't mention that dread disease,
  For as I have had them before,
The thought, just the thought, of having them now
  Is as bad as it was of yore.

I felt very safe when they first appeared,
  And thought, "O, how very nice,
I've had my share," for I didn't know then
  You could possibly have them twice.

So I went to the sick-room door one day,
  And what was my horror when
I told Miss Saunders I'd had them once,
  And she said, "You might have them again!"

Moreover, she said if I ever came back,
  And knocked at that dreaded door,
She would give me disorders, and grease my face,
  And I don't know how many things more.

But she need not have troubled to say all that,
  For it would be a positive sin
To have "Mumps!" sung out when my name was called,
  And to see Mr. Bratton grin.

—E. HUGHES.

THE SONG OF THE SOPHS.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
  That those caps are not yet bought;
That again we've changed the colors,
  And they cost more than we thought.

The year is short, and time is fleeting,
  And bareheaded we do wait;
Still we talk about the letters,
  And we fuss about the date.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
  Or our class in '03
Will graduate with highest honors,
  And still capless we will be. —A. ROOT.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN.

A bell rang just outside the door.
A sigh I gave, and then turned o'er;
For from my soul I hate most sore
This early rising.

The morn was damp, so chill, so cold,
And there I lay (my inmost soul
Beguiled by Morpheus' treacherous hold),
Each moment prizing.

I stroll along, with joyous tread,
O'er the daisies' soft green bed,
And o'er the smiling fields is spread
June sunlight sweet.

A little brook, with murmured song,
With the field-lark's note, now steal along,
And tinkles like a silver song
At my feet.

A fairy in the brook must dwell,
To play the rippling notes so well—
Ye gods! It is the roll-call bell.
And I am late!

I leave my dreams in wild alarm,
Expecting sure some dreadful harm,
Yet just to learn the second Psalm
Is all my fate.

—I. NORWOOD.

CAPS THAT FIT.

"I was not always a man of woe."
Lillie Hayes.

"Late! late! but we can enter now."
Kitty Coleman and Julia Haughton.

"Her stature tall. I hate a dumpy woman."
Miss Thomas.

"He was the mildest-mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."
Mr. Bratton.

"A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift."
Anna Buxton.

"The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mourning for the dead."
On the Night of the Tongue Disaster.

"His bark is more than his bite."
Janet Hawkins.

"Much study is a weariness to the flesh."
Kate Horner.

"Who thinks too little and talks too much."
Lucy Bridgers.

"Reproof is on her lips, but a smile in her eye."
Miss Thomas.

"A disorderly patient makes a physician cruel."
M. C. Evans.

"My life is one dem'd horrid grind."
The Senior Class.

"All hope abandon ye who enter here."
Miss Jones' Room.

"Unstable as water."
Muse Blount.

"A soft voice is an excellent thing in woman."
Irene Wood.

"Nothing is more annoying than a tardy friend."
Julia Parsley.

"Stolen waters are sweet. Bread eaten in secret is pleasant."
Miss Checkley's Floor.

"Let thy words be few."
Isabel Rountree.

"Be not righteous over much."
Eliza Drane.

"Love is as strong as death,
Jealousy as cruel as the grave."
C. C. Capehart.

"To eat, to drink and be merry."
The Faculty.

"Judge not according to appearance."
Miss Checkley.

"She delighteth in multiplying words."
Maud Holt.

"The pomps and vanities of this wicked world."
Leila Shannon.

"Not learned save in dainty household ways."
Annie Davis.

"Love me, love my dog."
Mrs. Jeudwine.

"Speak the speech trippingly."
Lina Pemberton.

"Answer a fool according to his folly."
Margie Pringle.

"Flattery, formerly a vice, is now become a fashion."
Isabel Pixley.

"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowy livery of a burnished sun."
Esther Sampson.

"A harmless, necessary cat."
Mindab.

"I am never merry when I hear sweet sounds."
The Girls at St. Mary's Musical.

"I hate you lean and hungry men."
Deas Boykin.

"When you see red hair be pitiful."
Arabel Nash.

"Comb down her hair. Look! look! It stands upright."
Alexina Wilson.

"Her eyes are songs without words."
Miss Bratton.

"I am all things to all men."
Miss Izzie.

"Grind the faces of the poor."
The Chapters.

"Necessity is the mother of invention."
Addie Gaylord.

"Beware the anger of a patient man."
Mr. Bratton.

"Of all the girls that are so sweet,
There's none like pretty Sallie."
Sallie Leach.

"Order is Heaven's first law."
Jennie Hardin.

"And makes the night hideous."
The Choral.

"Then comes a reckoning when the banquet's o'er,
That terrible reckoning when man smiles no more."
After Thanksgiving Feasts.

"All nature wears a universal grin."
The Cowles Sisters.

"'Adieu!' she cried, and waved her lily hand."
Maud Battle.

"A chapter of accidents."
M. C. Evans.

"Bone and skin,
Two millers thin."
M. Pruden and M. Phillips.

"A still, small voice,"
Clara Lewis.

"The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising.
There are forty feeding like one."
In the Dining-room.

"Men only blame themselves for the purpose of being praised."
S. Wood.

" Red as a rose is she."
Magdalen Marshall.

" As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."
M. Pruden.

" Young fellows will be young fellows."
T. J. F., at Horner's Game.

" Where, oh, where has my little dog gone?"
Mrs. Jeudwine.

" I am wiser than my teachers."
Louise Venable.

" She's little, but, oh, my!
She looks so stern, and asks you, 'Why?'"
Miss Thomas.

" The poor ye have always with you."
I. Rountree and J. Parsley.

" A noble army of martyrs."
The Sophomores.

" I loathe that low vice, curiosity."
Jessamine Gant.

" Ask me no questions, I'll tell you no lies."
Susie Foxhall.

" Art is power."
Miss Blanchard.

" I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear."
1. Rountree.

" I tove tranquil solitude."
Miss Roux.

" Some great princess, six feet high,
Grant epic, homicidal."
Miss Stone.

" Who art a light to guide, a rod to check the erring."
Miss Katie.

" A maiden never bold
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself."
Lewis Coffin.

THAT UNRULY MEMBER.

A woman's tongue is hard to bear;
But, oh! dear me! I do declare,
The tongue of beast is harder still,
Because its mixed with a doctor's bill.

'Twas proved to us on a Sunday night,
When the stars above were shining bright,
And the girls, exceedingly religious bent,
Soberly to the Good Shepherd went.

Inside the church each took a seat,
And soon began to complain of heat,
'Till finally first one, then the other
Left the church and could go no "*futher.*"

The teachers came a running out,
To see what the commotion was about;
But, ah! alas! how sad to tell,
The girls had gone into a curious spell.

Some were weak, unable to walk,
And mouths wide open, they could not talk,
And in this dreadful plight of folly,
They were hustled around and put on the trolley.

A few of those left to come "on feet"
Struggled along and muttered, "Heat,
Heat;" the rest of them sarcastically sung,
"Its nothing at all but that horrid old tongue."

All during that night, and part of next day,
The appearance of tongue was in full play;
'Till finally the doctor declared it to be
The most unruly member he e'er did see.

A CHORAL.

A band of girls, with voices sweet,
On every Saturday night,
Hasten to the music-room,
Their singing to be set aright.

Mr. Jeudwine, with a stick,
Meets them at the door,
And says, "Come in, girls, find seats,
If not, just take the floor."

In they come. and down they sit,
And with such grave attention
Try to do as they are told,
So as to have an honorable mention.

Then, Mr. Jeudwine, with a graceful twist
Of that musical stick,
Plants himself in the middle of the floor,
And says, "Come, girls, be quick."

And then, with a little airy prelude,
The piano does begin;
The girls clear up their throats and prepare,
With all their hearts to enter in.

Sweet and clear their voices rise,
Then there is a clash,
Mr. Jeudwine gets impatient,
And everything goes to smash.

After this an evil spirit
Creeps into the choral class,
And their director gladly says,
"Girls, 'tis time for you to 'pass.'"

—GAYLORD.

CONCERNING US ALL.

MR. HODGSON was with us again this September, and was greeted with shouts of delight as he stepped from the carriage, and we knew he would be with us for two weeks at least. And from the first night, when he walked into the parlor and was welcomed with a great clapping of hands and cries of, " Mr. Hodgson, do play 'Cat's March Out of the Hot Ashes,' " until the day he left, he was everywhere in great demand by both old and new teachers and girls. First, it was to fix the lock on the front door; then to play in the Chapel, mend a broken boiler, and last, but not least, to write poetry. He may, verily, be called a "jack-of-all-trades." We will be ready to see him again in the spring, and feel sure that all at and of St. Mary's will join with us in hearty congratulations concerning the following clipping from the Norfolk *Landmark* :

" THE HODGSON ROTARY ENGINE—A NEW STEAM WONDER BY A NORFOLK MAN.

" The dream of all machinists, engineers and mechanics has been, since the discovery of steam, to use the same in the engine of rotary form, so that the full power of the element could be developed. We have been content, heretofore, to use as a medium the reciprocating engine, in which steam has been utilized in a thrust against a piston head in a cylinder, in which a great loss, as well as a limited development of speed only, has been accomplished.

" A man's genius and ten years' labor has accomplished the rotary means with a perfect exhaust, and a trial in practical form was given the engine at Godwin's machine shops yesterday evening in the presence of H. D. Van Wyck, Frank Beach and Capt. J. W. McCarrick, the members of the firm of Godwin & Co.; J. F. Duncan, and, last of all, H. E. Hodgson, the inventor. There were some doubts on the part of the skeptical as to the practicability of the engine, but there was none on the part of the inventor at least, and his statements of what it would do were demonstrated instantly the steam was turned on, and the performance was

greeted with shouts of delight, as, under the gradual admission of steam, the revolutions sprang to the enormous number variously calculated at from 2,500 to 4,000 a minute without a jostle or jar. We say that it ran away up in these numbers, for the whir of the wheel ran an ascending scale until its scream was as high and vibrant as a high note on a violin.

"Patents have been applied for, with the assurance of the best patent lawyers in Washington that granting of the same is a matter of presentation to the Patent Office only.

"The exhaust of steam from this engine is as distinct and clear as in the reciprocating engine to the cognoscenti. This means that the steam can be used over and over again in the expansion form.

"Without a doubt, from the practical demonstration yesterday, a new stride has been made in engineering, which menaces the speed of electricity itself as a practical agent."

SHERLOCK HOLMES has been here this winter, and of course the girls went into ecstacies over him. It was not played by the celebrated William Gillette, but several of the girls made amends for this by giving a reproduction of it when they returned.

THOSE OF us who attended the great play "Zaza" will never forget it. The plot was admirable, and full of hidden mysteries. And the way in which it appealed to different persons was remarkable, for while one-half of the audience was crying over their disappointment in certain of the characters, the other half was roaring with laughter. The whole play was full of surprises, both pleasant and unpleasant, but it was not until the last act that the great surprise came off; and though it appealed to all differently, all were well pleased. And so we came home in good spirits to tell those who had stayed behind what they had missed, and I am sure that evening will never be forgotten.

EMERGING FROM a jammed car, we marshalled our forces to the ticket office, then "Forward, to the Midway!" In the screeching turmoil we came near losing our heads, to say nothing of our teachers. However, we soon established our relations with the seething mass, balloons, rubber-balls, walking-canes and all. The racing was pokey, as usual; Vanderbilt's exhibit excellent, as usual; the luncheon counters jammed, as usual; the crowd good-humored, as usual; in fine, we had our usual successful Fair. We came home with the souvenirs of button-pictures of our most beloved, and gypsey fortunes for ourselves.

THE "PRISONER OF ZENDA" was played in Raleigh on the night of the 22d October, by Munro, Sage & Co. About twenty girls went, expecting to see something great, but were very much disappointed. Rudolf, who is separate and distinct by reason of his great superiority, was a remarkably handsome man and a good actor. But Princess Flavia was about three inches too short, and her voice about three keys off, making it D natural, when it should have been A flat. The rest of the company were comparately good.

THE ST. MARY girls felt very much "in society" when they were included among Judge and Mrs. Shepherd's guests at their charming reception to Mr. and Mrs. Brown Shepherd.

WITH HALLOW-E'EN this year came more than the accustomed amount of fun and surprises. Of course, we were all expectation, but even with the knowledge that the dear old custom was to be celebrated by a phantom party, we were not prepared to see the number of dainty and altogether

charming costumes set off by much-painted faces, and powdered hair piled high. Merriment was at its height, when, suddenly and mysteriously the lights went out. A noise was heard as of the lifting of a window; and in the shadowy darkness were seen horrible monsters stealing stealthily through the open window. The room was filled with frantic yells, as victim after victim were caught in the clutches of the masked demons. With the gradually reappearing light the frightful noises died away, and the demons faded from sight, leaving the room to Susan-Ann-Maria-Jane and her daughter for their famous concert. There is no saying how long this merry crowd would have filled the night with feasting and revelry had not the old familiar sound of the bell recalled them to the present hour, and reminded them that they were school-girls and not colonial dames.

HURRAH FOR V. P. I! Of course to such a game we St. Mary girls were allowed to go. Most of the girls were for V. P. I., and, of course, they enjoyed it much, as the score was 15 to 2 in favor of V. P. I. The features of the game were the pretty runs by "Hufford" and Carpenter, not to speak of the beautiful managing by Powell.

IT WAS a gray, misty afternoon when the Carolinians went forth to conquest, and the S. C. delegation from St. Mary's went, too, with undampened enthusiasm and flying colors, and, from the "box nearest the stage," so to speak, watched the star performance of the S. C. C.s, and cheered them on to victory. After the game, as a tribute from the "fair to the brave," St. Mary's gave the S. C. yell, and the team responded with a special yell for St. Mary's, while the united sentiment of us all was "South Carolina! first, last, and forever!"

LONG AGO Thanksgiving was set apart as a day for rejoicing, and its coming has always been hailed with delight by our St. Mary's girls. This Thanksgiving did not fall short of our expectations, for there was, as usual, a delightful dinner—turkey and the rest of it—prepared for us. The teachers and girls thoroughly enjoyed it. Many thanks to Mrs. Quinby.

At 10 o'clock we assembled in the chapel for a short service. Around the chancel were heaped fruits and vegetables, which, after the service, were promptly sent to the veteran Home.

In the afternoon some of the girls went to see the football game between South Carolina and A. & M. The South Carolina girls came back in jubilant spirits, in spite of the drizzling rain and cold.

In the evening Miss Checkley added much to our day's enjoyment, by giving a charming little entertainment. After that we adjourned and went to bed.

THE RECITAL given by the Musical Faculty was a perfect success. The vocal music by Mr. Jeudwine and Miss Jones, violin by Miss Potwin and piano by Misses Dowd and Schutt were thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

ON NOVEMBER 17 Bishop Partridge delivered a most delightful talk on the Chinese and Japanese, and his work among them. He was formerly Principal of the Boone's School, at Wuchang, China, but in October, 1899, he was chosen Bishop of Kyoto, Japan. He is a most charming and entertaining speaker, and his account of some of the ideas and customs, of both the Chinese and Japanese, was quite amusing. We hope we may have the pleasure of hearing him again very soon.

MR. JEUDWINE has organized a charming little Choral Society. After our first appearance in public Mrs. Jeudwine gave us a delightful supper in the laboratory. And such a supper as it was! Everything was just fine. The chicken salad, beaten biscuits, celery, etc., were thoroughly enjoyed. On the main table, the large wolf, which all old St. Mary's girls know, was placed, with blue ribbon around his neck and white around his tail. The supper was the night before the match game of basket ball, and Mr. and Mrs. Jeudwine were Mu's, so this accounts for the arrangement of ribbons.

ONE RAINY DAY in the latter half of November, when the girls were gazing disconsolately out of the windows, one of the girls from Miss Dowd's dorm. suggested that they should turn the hall between theirs and Miss Sutton's dorms. into a sitting-room. The motion was readily seconded, and the girls set to work at once. Mrs. Bratton was so kind as to lend some curtains to divide the closets from the rest of the room, and tables and chairs were seized from everywhere, and alcoves were sacked for pictures. From one door to the window was a "cozy corner," consisting of a divan, and back of it red wainscoting, with a huge Sigma in the middle. Then next was a lounge, rather chary of pillows, by the window, on the sill of which were plants growing out of baskets, cans and cups, but, nevertheless, thriving. On the table, covered with a pique skirt, was a water-cooler, and on the other side of the room a table ornamented with a statue of Wagner, with a white ribbon bow, and one of Liszt, with a blue bow, some flowers, and colored pictures of saints. The walls were covered with posters, foot-ball colors, souvenirs of the Fair, and one picture of Queen Louise clutching a shoe. But the joy and pride of the room is the divan.

All visitors are welcomed from half-past six till nine.

HOW MANY delightful changes have been made at St. Mary's since we left last June! Instead of the four dormitories there are only three now. Miss Dowd's has been made into cozy little rooms. We have a rectory now, and Miss Saunders will soon have a kingdom of her own, for the new infirmary is rapidly nearing completion. The old piano rooms will be used as bed rooms, and we soon will have nice new practice rooms, as the workmen are progressing famously, and promise to have them finished by Christmas.

AT LENGTH the long looked-for 17th of November came, and with it the foot-ball game between North Carolina and Georgia, and all of the girls, decked with white and blue, red and black ribbons, sallied forth with their various chaperones. The cars were too crowded to ride, so we went as pedestrians. Carriage after carriage passed, enveloping us in clouds of dust. On arriving at the gate it was found that Miss S. and two of the girls had left their tickets. After smiling very sweetly, showing their white and blue to the gatekeeper, etc., etc., they were allowed to pass upon the condition that the tickets, which were coming behind, should be presented (by the way, they never were). We all secured good seats, and watched the progress of the game, which was less interesting than a closer one would have been. The little company of girls wearing the red and black collected in one corner of the grand stand; they tooted their horns as loudly as any, and waved their colors as wildly. Although the score was 55 to 0, they cheered for their defeated Georgians with as much spirit as did we for our victorious University.

AN INFORMAL supper was given in "Miss Izzie's" room by eight Sigmas to their team and Captain, in appreciation of their fine work on November 28. The room was decorated in Sigma colors and white carnations. Those present were Misses Weeks, Sampson, Glazebrook, Sturgeon, Hughes, Evans, O. Hughes, Jones and Hardin.

THE OPENING GERMAN given by the Club of 1900 was a great success. It was gracefully lead by Misses Nash and Wood, all the members wearing their colors, green and pink. There were twenty-five couples.

SEVERAL ST. MARY girls spent a most delightful afternoon at Elizsbeth Montgomery's a few weeks ago. It was one of those informal little afternoon teas which are so attractive to school girls, and all enjoyed it to the utmost.

WILMER IS Miss Stone's little sister, who came to stay with us a while lasts pring. We thought, when we told her good-bye in June that it would be for a long time, and so when we returned in September we were both surprised and glad to find her still here. But we were soon informed that she was going to be with us only a short time. We were disappointed, but it could not be helped, so we began at once to get our little parting gifts ready. Hardly a day came that either she or Miss Stone did not say something about her going home, and the date for her departure had been set several times, but each time something happened to prevent her going. The gifts were all finished and put carefully away, and we had fallen into the habit of only smiling when any mention of her going home was made, and then thinking nothing more about it. So when Miss Stone said positively that Wilmer was to leave on the first Tuesday in November, we only laughed. But when Sunday came and she still held to her resolution, we began to think that perhaps she really was going this time. How we would miss her! She had been with us so long that we had fallen in the way of taking her presence as a matter of course, and her sunny nature and sweet winning ways had won all our hearts. Every one knew she was to leave us on Tues-

day, and Monday night we gave her a little farewell party, but it was not until the time of her departure actually arrived that we fully realized it. Then we suddenly felt how dear she was to us. But we would not make the parting any sadder than possible, so we smiled on bravely, and gave our gifts, and said good-bye cheerfully. And so the carriage rolled away with a smiling little face at the window, and many last good-byes and good wishes for a pleasant journey, and in all of the hearts that love her there weregood wishes for the years to come.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

" Now, ready all," the teacher cried,
" One, two, three, begin ;"
He waved his stick above his head—
There followed such a din.
The alto started off all wrong,
He had forgot his part ;
The baritone could not catch up,
And the bass, he did not start.
The teacher gave an awful frown,
He doubled up his fist ;
He stamped his foot upon the floor,
And cried, " You are dismissed."

WHY'S AND WHEREFORE'S.

Didn't Kate Clifton kiss her cousin from the A. & M.?

Is Miss Marsden late to lunch every day?

Wasn't Margie Pringle invited to the "wedding?"

Didn't the girls go to see Zaza?

Does Jennie Hardin remember so well the chicken (?) with the bag of disinfectant tied on its tail?

Does Lucy Bridgers always tumble head-foremost over the foot of the bed when she puts out the light?

Couldn't Rosa Gordon and Annie Davis see the Rocky Mount boys?

Did Miss Dowd wish to see her dorm. girls Sunday night?

Does Connie Evans cough so?

Did Miss Thomas wait in the parlor to see Mary Sturgeon?

Is Miss Schutts' table always the last to leave the dining-room?

Is Eliza Drane a vision of beauty, because "they all say so?"

Must "Delia, darling, ope her eyes of blue?"

Are Sophie Wood and Isabel Rountree defenceless? Beauty is a woman's weapon.

Does Mary Hill like "turkey?"

Does Lina want the lights to burn and why does Lizzie want them put out?

Does Isabel have to return thanks for twenty cents?

Are some girls more susceptible to the changes of weather on Monday than others?

Does Leila Shannon have feasts for two Weeks?

Does Irene sit alone and dream at night?

Doesn't Bessie Bridgers want to stay in Miss Katie's dorm?

Does Addie Gaylord have a chill every Wednesday and Friday from 12—1?

Does Connie Evans whistle "Because I love you," at the sick-room window?

Doesn't Mary Philips like tennis rackets?

Does Irene Wood go over to the Peebles' house so much?

Is Sophie Wood like Plato's man?

MARY MOORE LEE.

AUGUST 24, 1884--NOVEMBER 18, 1900.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
'He giveth His beloved sleep.'"