

The Aldine, Vol. 5, No. 1., January, 1872 eBook

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THE ALDINE

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[Illustration: MAUD MUELLER.—DRAWN BY GEORGIE A. DAVIS.]

“MAUD MUELLER looked and sighed: ‘Ah, me!
That I the Judge’s bride might be!

“He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“My father should wear a broad-cloth coat:
My brother should sail a painted boat.’

“I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor.
And all should bless me who left our door.

“The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Mueller standing still.

“A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“Would she were mine, and I to-day,
Like her a harvester of hay.”

—*Whittier’s Maud Mueller.*

THE ALDINE.



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* * * * *

AT NEWPORT.

I stand beside the sea once more;
Its measured murmur comes to me;
The breeze is low upon the shore,
And low upon the purple sea.

Across the bay the flat sand sweeps,
To where the helmed light-house stands
Upon his post, and vigil keeps,
Far seaward marshaling all the lands.

The hollow surges rise and fall,
The ships steal up the quiet bay;
I scarcely hear or see at all,
My thoughts are flown so far away.

They follow on yon sea-bird's track.
Beyond the beacon's crystal dome;
They will not falter, nor come back,
Until they find my darkened home.

Ah, woe is me! 'tis scarce a year
Since, gazing o'er this moaning main,
My thoughts flew home without a fear.
And with content returned again.

To-day, alas! the fancies dark
That from my laden bosom flew,
Returning, came into the ark,
Not with the olive, with the yew.

The ships draw slowly towards the strand,
The watchers' hearts with hope beat high;



But ne'er again wilt thou touch land—
Lost, lost in yonder sapphire sky!

—*Geo. H. Boker.*

MILLERISM.

Toward the close of the last century there was born in New England one William Miller, whose life, until he was past fifty, was the life of the average American of his time. He drank, we suppose, his share of New England rum, when a young man; married a comely Yankee girl, and reared a family of chubby-cheeked children; went about his business, whatever it was, on week days, and when Sunday came, went to meeting with commendable regularity. He certainly read the Old Testament, especially the Book of Daniel, and of the New Testament at least the Book of Revelation. Like many a wiser man before him, he was troubled at what he read, filled as it was with mystical numbers and strange beasts, and he sought to understand it, and to apply it to the days in which he lived. He made the discovery that the world was to be destroyed in 1843, and went to and fro in the land preaching that comfortable doctrine. He had many followers—as many as fifty thousand, it is said, who thought they were prepared for the end of all things; some going so far as to lay in a large stock of ascension robes. Though no writer himself, he was the cause of a great deal of writing on the part of others, who flooded the land with a special and curious literature—the literature of Millerism. It is not of that, however, that we would speak now.

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But before this Miller arose—we proceed to say, if only to show that we are familiar with other members of the family—there was another, and very different Miller, who was born in old England, about one hundred years earlier than our sadly, or gladly, mistaken Second Adventist. His Christian name was Joseph, and he was an actor of repute, celebrated for his excellence in some of the comedies of Congreve. The characters which he played may have been comic ones, but he was a serious man. Indeed, his gravity was so well known in his lifetime that it was reckoned the height of wit, when he was dead, to father off upon him a Jest Book! This joke, bad as it was, was better than any joke in the book. It made him famous, so famous that for the next hundred years every little *bon mot* was laid at his door, metaphorically speaking, the puniest youngest brat of them being christened “Old Joe.”

After Joseph Miller had become what Mercutio calls “a grave man,” his descendants went into literature largely, as any one may see by turning to Allibone’s very voluminous dictionary, where upwards of seventy of the name are immortalized, the most noted of whom are Thomas Miller, basket-maker and poet, and Hugh Miller, the learned stonemason of Cromarty, whose many works, we confess with much humility, we have not read. To the sixty-eight Millers in Allibone (if that be the exact number), must now be added another—Mr. Joaquin Miller, who published, two or three months since, a collection of poems entitled “Songs of the Sierras.” From which one of the Millers mentioned above his ancestry is derived, we are not informed; but, it would seem, from the one first-named. For clearly the end of all things literary cannot be far off, if Mr. Miller is the “coming poet,” for whom so many good people have been looking all their lives. We are inclined to think that such is not the fact. We think, on the whole, that it is to the other Miller—Joking Miller—his genealogy is to be traced.

But who is Mr. Miller, and what has he done? A good many besides ourselves put that question, less than a year ago, and nobody could answer it. Nobody, that is, in America. In England he was a great man. He went over to England, unheralded, it is stated, and was soon discovered to be a poet. Swinburne took him up; the Rossettis took him up; the critics took him up; he was taken up by everybody in England, except the police, who, as a rule, fight shy of poets. He went to fashionable parties in a red shirt, with trowsers tucked into his boots, and instead of being shown to the door by the powdered footman, was received with enthusiasm. It is incredible, but it is true. A different state of society existed, thirty or forty years ago, when another American poet went to England; and we advise our readers, who have leisure at their command, to compare it with the present social lawlessness of the upper classes among the English. To do this, they have only to turn to the late N.P. Willis’s



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“Pencilings by the Way,” and contrast his descriptions of the fashionable life of London then, with almost any journalistic account of the same kind of life now. The contrast will be all the more striking if they will only hunt up the portraits of Disraeli, with his long, dark locks flowing on his shoulders, and the portrait of Bulwer, behind his “stunning” waistcoat, and his cascade of neck-cloth, and then imagine Mr. Miller standing beside them, in his red shirt and high-topped California boots! Like Byron, Mr. Miller “woke up one morning and found himself famous.”

We compare the sudden famousness of Mr. Miller with the sudden famousness of Byron, because the English critics have done so; and because they are pleased to consider Mr. Miller as Byron’s successor! Byron, we are told, was the only poet whom he had read, before he went to England; and is the only poet to whom he bears a resemblance. How any of these critics could have arrived at this conclusion, with the many glaring imitations of Swinburne—at his worst—staring him in the face from Mr. Miller’s volume, is inconceivable. But, perhaps, they do not read Swinburne. Do they read Byron?

There are, however, some points of resemblance between Byron and Mr. Miller. Byron traveled, when young, in countries not much visited by the English; Mr. Miller claims to have traveled, when young, in countries not visited by the English at all. This was, and is, an advantage to both Byron and Mr. Miller. But it was, and is, a serious disadvantage to their readers, who cannot well ascertain the truth, or falsehood, of the poets they admire. The accuracy of Byron’s descriptions of foreign lands has long been admitted; the accuracy of Mr. Miller’s descriptions is not admitted, we believe, by those who are familiar with the ground he professes to have gone over.

Another point of resemblance between Byron and Mr. Miller is, that the underlying idea of their poetry is autobiographic. We do not say that it was really so in Byron’s case, although he, we know, would have had us believe as much; nor do we say that it is really so in Mr. Miller’s case, although he, too, we suspect, would have us believe as much.

Mr. Miller resembles Byron as his “Arizonian” resembles Byron’s “Lara.” *Lara* and *Arizonian* are birds of the same dark feather. They have journeyed in strange lands; they have had strange experiences; they have returned to Civilization. Each, in his way, is a Blighted Being! “Who is she?” we inquire with the wise old Spanish Judge, for, certainly, *Woman* is at the bottom of it all. If our readers wish to know *what* woman, we refer them to “Arizonian:” they, of course, have read “Lara.”

Byron was a great poet, but Byronism is dead. Mr. Miller is not a great poet, and his spurious Byronism will not live. We shall all see the end of Millerism.



THE REAL ROMANCE.



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The author laid down his pen, and leaned back in his big easy chair. The last word had been written—Finis—and there was the complete book, quite a tall pile of manuscript, only waiting for the printer's hands to become immortal: so the author whispered to himself. He had worked hard upon it; great pains had been expended upon the delineations of character, and the tone and play of incident; the plot, too, had been worked up with much artistic force and skill; and, above all, everything was so strikingly original; no one, in regarding the various characters of the tale, could say: this is intended for so-and-so! No, nothing precisely like the persons in his romance had ever actually existed; of that the author was certain, and in that he was very probably correct. To be sure, there was the character of the country girl, Mary, which he had taken from his own little waiting-maid: but that was a very subordinate element, and although, on the whole, he rather regretted having introduced anything so incongruous and unimaginative, he decided to let it go. The romance, as a whole, was too great to be injured by one little country girl, drawn from real life. "And by the way," murmured the author to himself, "I wish Mary would bring in my tea."

He settled himself still more comfortably in his easy chair, and thought, and looked at his manuscript; and the manuscript looked back; but all *its* thinking had been done for it. Neither spoke—the author, because the book already knew all he had to say; and the book, because its time to speak and be immortal had not yet arrived. The fire had all the talking to itself, and it cackled, and hummed, and skipped about so cheerfully that one would have imagined it expected to be the very first to receive a presentation copy of the work on the table. "How I would devour its contents!" laughed the fire.

Perhaps the author did not comprehend the full force of the fire's remark, but the voice was so cosy and soothing, the fire itself so ruddy and genial, and the easy chair so softly cushioned and hospitable, that he very soon fell into a condition which enabled him to see, hear, and understand a great many things which might seem remarkable, and, indeed, almost incredible.

The manuscript on the table which had hitherto remained perfectly quiet, now rustled its leaves nervously, and finally flung itself wide open. A murmur then arose, as of several voices, and presently there appeared (though whether stepping from between the leaves of the book itself, or growing together from the surrounding atmosphere, the author could not well make out) a number of peculiar-looking individuals, at the first glance appearing to be human beings, though a clear investigation revealed in each some odd lack or exaggeration of gesture, feature, or manner, which might create a doubt as to whether they actually were, after all, what they purported to be, or only some *lusus naturae*. But the author was not slow to recognize them, more especially as, happening to cast a glance at the manuscript, he noticed that it was such no longer, but a collection of unwritten sheets of paper, blank as when it lay in the drawer at the stationer's—unwitting of the lofty destiny awaiting it.



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Here, then, were the immortal creations which were soon to astound the world, come, in person, to pay their respects to the author of their being. He arose and made a profound obeisance to the august company, which they one and all returned, though in such a queer variety of ways, that the author, albeit aware that every individual had the best of reasons for employing, under certain special circumstances, his or her particular manner of salute, could scarcely forbear smiling at the effect they all together produced in his own unpretending study.

“Your welcome visit,” said the author, addressing his guests with all the geniality of which he was master (for they seemed somewhat stiff and ill-at-ease), “gives me peculiar gratification. I regret not having asked some of my friends, the critics, up here to make your acquaintance. I am sure you would all come to the best possible understanding directly.”

“They cannot fathom *me*,” exclaimed a strikingly handsome young man, with pale lofty brow, and dark clustering locks, who was leaning with proud grace against the mantel-piece. “They may take my life, but they cannot read my soul.” And he laughed, scornfully, as he always did.

[Illustration: THE NOONING.—AFTER DARLEY.]

This was a passage from that famous ante-mortem soliloquy in which the hero of the romance indulges in the last chapter but one. The author, while, of course, he could not deny that the elegance of the diction was only equaled by the originality of the sentiment, yet felt a slight uneasiness that his hero should adopt so defiant a tone with those who were indeed to be the arbiters of his existence.

“I’m afraid there’s not enough perception of the *comme il faut* in him to suit the every-day world,” muttered he. “To be sure, he was not constructed for ordinary ends. Do you find yourself at home in this life, madame?” he continued aloud, turning to a young lady of matchless beauty, whose brief career of passionate love and romantic misery the author had described in thrilling chapters. She raised her luminous eyes to his, and murmured reproachfully: “Why speak to me of Life? if it be not Love, it is Life no longer!”

It was very beautiful, and the author recollected having thought, at the time he wrote it down, that it was about the most forcible sentence in that most powerful passage of his book. But it was rather an exaggerated tone to adopt in the face of such common-place surroundings. Had this exquisite creature, after all, no better sense of the appropriate?

“No one can know better than I, my dear Constance,” said the author, in a fatherly tone, “what a beautiful, tender, and lofty soul yours is; but would it not be well, once in a while, to veil its lustre—to subdue it to a tint more in keeping with the unvariegated hue of common circumstance?”

“Heartless and cruel!” sobbed Constance, falling upon the sofa, “hast thou not made me what I am?”

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This accusation, intended by the author to be leveled at the traitor lover, quite took him aback when directed, with so much aptness, too, at his respectable self. But whom but himself could he blame, if, when common sense demanded only civility and complaisance, she persisted in adhering to the tragic and sentimental? He was provoked that he had not noticed this defect in time to remedy it; yet he had once considered Constance as, perhaps, the completest triumph of his genius! There seemed to be something particularly disenchanting in the atmosphere of that study.

"I'm afraid you're a failure, ma'am, after all," sighed the author, eyeing her disconsolately. "You're so one-sided!"

At this heartless observation the lady gave a harrowing shriek, thereby summoning to her side a broad-shouldered young fellow, clad in soldier's garb, with a countenance betokening much boldness and determination. He faced the author with an angry frown, which the latter at once recognized as being that of Constance's brother Sam.

"Now then, old bloke!" sang out that young gentleman, "what new devilry are you up to? Down on your knees and beg her pardon, or, by George! I'll run you through the body!"

On this character the author had expended much thought and care. He was the type of the hardy and bold adventurer, rough and unpolished, perhaps, but of true and sterling metal, who, by dint of his vigorous common sense and honest, energetic nature, should at once clear and lighten whatever in the atmosphere of the story was obscure and sombre; and, by the salutary contrast of his fresh and rugged character with the delicate or morbid traits of his fellow beings, lend a graceful symmetry to the whole. The sentence Sam had just delivered with so much emphasis ought to have been addressed to the traitor lover, when discovered in the act of inconstancy, and, so given, would have been effective and dramatic. But at a juncture like the present, the author felt it to be simply ludicrous, and had he not been so mortified, would have laughed outright!

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Sam," remonstrated he. "Reflect whom you're addressing, and in what company you are, and do try and talk like a civilized being."

"Come, come! no palaver," returned Sam, in a loud and boisterous tone (to do him justice, he had never been taught any other); "down on your marrow-bones at once, or here goes for your gizzard!" and he drew his sword with a flourish.

So this was the rough diamond—the epitome of common sense! Why, he was a half-witted, impertinent, overbearing booby, and his author longed to get him across his knee, and correct him in the good old way. But meantime the point of the young warrior's sword was getting unpleasantly near the left breast-pocket of the author's dressing gown (which he wore at the time), and the latter happened to recollect, with a nervous thrill, that this was the sword which mortally wounded the traitor lover (for



whom Sam evidently mistook him) during the stirring combat so vividly described in the twenty-second chapter. Could he but have foreseen the future, what a different ending that engagement should have had! But again it was too late, and the author sprang behind the big easy chair with astonishing agility, and from that vantage ground endeavored to bring on a parley.



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Yet how could he argue and expostulate against himself? How arraign Sam of harboring murderous designs which he had himself implanted in his bosom? How, indeed, expect him to comprehend conversation so entirely foreign to his experience? It was an awkward dilemma.

It was Sam who took it by the horns. Somebody, he felt, must be mortally wounded; and finding himself defrauded of one subject, he took up with the next he encountered, which chanced to be none other than the venerable and white-haired gentleman who filled the position, in the tale, of a wealthy and benevolent uncle. The author, having always felt a sentiment of exceptional respect and admiration for this reverend and patriarchal personage, who by his gentle words and sage counsels, no less than his noble generosity, had done so much to elevate and sweeten the tone of his book, fell into an ecstasy of terror at witnessing the approach of his seemingly inevitable destruction; especially as he perceived that the poor old fellow (who never in his life had met with aught but reverence and affection, and knew nothing of the nature of deadly weapons and impulses) was, so far, from attempting to defend himself, or even escape, actually opening his arms to the widest extent of avuncular hospitality, and preparing to take his assassin, sword and all, into his fond and forgiving heart!

“You old fool!” shrieked the author, in the excess of his irritation and despair; “he isn’t your repentant nephew! Why can’t you keep your forgiveness until it’s wanted?”

But Uncle Dudley having been created solely to forgive and benefit, was naturally incapable of taking care of himself, and would certainly have been run through the ample white waistcoat, had not an unexpected and wholly unprecedented interruption averted so awful a catastrophe.

A small, graceful figure, wearing a picturesque white cap, with jaunty ribbons, and a short scarlet petticoat, from beneath which peeped the prettiest feet and ankles ever seen, stepped suddenly between the philanthropic victim and his would-be-murderer, dealt the latter a vigorous blow across the face with a broom she carried, thereby toppling him over ignominiously into the coal-scuttle, and then, placing her plump hands saucily akimbo, she exclaimed with enchanting *naivete*: “There! Mr. Free-and-easy! take *that* for your imperance.”

This little incident caused the author to fall back into his easy chair in a condition of profound emotion. It appeared to have corrected a certain dimness or obliquity in his vision, of the existence of which its cure rendered him for the first time conscious. The appearance of the little country girl (whose very introduction into the romance the author had looked upon with misgivings) had afforded the first gleam of natural, refreshing, wholesome interest—in fact, the only relief to all that was vapid, irrational, and unreal—which the combined action of

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the characters in his romance had succeeded in producing. But the enchantress who had effected this, so far from being the most unadulterated product of his own brain and genius, was the only one of all his *dramatis personae* who was not in the slightest degree indebted to him for her existence. She was nothing more than an accurate copy of Mary the house-maid, while the others—the mis-formed, ill-balanced, one-sided creations, who, the moment they were placed beyond the pale of their written instructions—put out of the regular and pre-arranged order of their going—displayed in every word and gesture their utter lack and want of comprehension of the simplest elements of human nature: *these* were the unaided offspring of the author's fancy. And yet it was by help of such as these he had thought to push his way to immortality! How the world would laugh at him! and, as he thought this, a few bitter tears of shame and humiliation trickled down the sides of the poor man's nose.

Presently he looked up. The warlike Sam remained sitting disconsolately in the coal-hod; his instructions suggested no means of extrication. Forsaken Constance lay fainting on the sofa, waiting for some one to chafe her hands and bathe her temples. The strikingly handsome betrayer leant in sullen and gloomy silence against the mantel-piece, ready to treat all advances with stern and defiant obduracy. The benevolent uncle stood with open arms and bland smile, never doubting but that everybody was preparing for a simultaneous rush to, and participation in, his embrace; and, finally, the pretty little country girl, with her arms akimbo and her nose in the air, remained mistress of the situation. Her unheard of innovation, of having done something timely, sensible, and decisive, even though not put down in the book, seemed to have paralyzed all the others. Ah! she was the only one there who was not less than a shadow. The author felt his desolate heart yearn towards her, and the next moment found himself on his knees at her feet.

"Mary," cried he, "you are my only reality. The others are empty and soulless, but you have a heart. They are the children of a conceited brain and visionary experience; you, only, have I drawn simply and unaffectedly, as you actually existed. Except for you, whom I slighted and despised, my whole romance had been an unmitigated falsehood. To you I owe my preservation from worse than folly, and my initiation into true wisdom. Mary—dear Mary, in return I have but one thing to offer you—my heart! Can you—*will* you not love me?"—

To his intense surprise, Mary, instead of evincing a becoming sense of her romantic situation, burst forth into a merry peal of laughter, and, catching him by one shoulder, gave him a hearty shake.

"La sakes! Mr. Author, do wake up! did ever anybody hear such a man!"



There was his room, his fire, his chair, his table, and his closely-written manuscript lying quietly upon it. There was he himself on his knees on the carpet, and—there was Mary the house-maid, one hand holding the brimming tea-pot, the other held by the author against his lips, and laughing and blushing in a tumult of surprise, amusement and, perhaps, something better than either.



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“Did I say I loved you, Mary?” enquired the author, in a state of bewilderment. “Never mind! I say now that I love you with all my heart and soul, and ten times as much when awake, as when I was dreaming! Will you marry me?”

Mary only blushed rosier then ever. But she and the author always thereafter took their tea cosily together.

As for the romance, the author took it and threw it into the fire, which roared a genial acknowledgment, and in five minutes had made itself thoroughly acquainted with every page. There remained a bunch of black flakes, and in the center one soft glowing spark, which lingered a long while ere finally taking its flight up the chimney. It was the description of the little country girl.

“The next book I write shall be all about you,” the author used to say to his wife, in after years, as they sat together before the fire-place, and watched the bright blaze roar up the chimney.

—*Julian Hawthorne.*

A FROSTY DAY.

Grass afield wears silver thatch,
Palings all are edged with rime,
Frost-flowers pattern round the latch,
Cloud nor breeze dissolve the clime;

When the waves are solid floor,
And the clods are iron-bound,
And the boughs are crystall'd hoar,
And the red leaf nail'd aground.

When the fieldfare's flight is slow,
And a rosy vapor rim,
Now the sun is small and low,
Belts along the region dim.

When the ice-crack flies and flaws,
Shore to shore, with thunder shock,
Deeper than the evening daws,
Clearer than the village clock.

When the rusty blackbird strips,
Bunch by bunch, the coral thorn,
And the pale day-crescent dips,
New to heaven a slender horn.



—*John Leicester Warren.*

* * * * *

Those who come last seem to enter with advantage. They are born to the wealth of antiquity. The materials for judging are prepared, and the foundations of knowledge are laid to their hands. Besides, if the point was tried by antiquity, antiquity would lose it; for the present age is really the oldest, and has the largest experience to plead.—*Jeremy Collier.*

[Illustration: COMING OUT OF SCHOOL.—VAUTIER.]

COMING OUT OF SCHOOL.

If there be any happier event in the life of a child than coming out of school, few children are wise enough to discover it. We do not refer to children who go to school unwillingly—thoughtless wights—whose heads are full of play, and whose hands are prone to mischief:—that these should delight in escaping the restraints of the school-room, and the eye of its watchful master, is a matter of course. We refer to children generally, the good and the bad, the studious and the idle, in short, to all who belong to the *genus* Boy. Perhaps we should include



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the *genus* Girl, also, but of that we are not certain; for, not to dwell upon the fact that we have never been a girl, and are, therefore, unable to enter into the feelings of girlhood, we hold that girls are better than boys, as women are better than men, and that, consequently, they take more kindly to school life. What boys are we know, unless the breed has changed very much since we were young, which is now upwards of—but our age does not concern the reader. We did not take kindly to school, although we were sadly in need of what we could only obtain in school, *viz.*, learning. We went to school with reluctance, and remained with discomfort; for we were not as robust as the children of our neighbors. We hated school. We did not dare to play truant, however, like other boys whom we knew (we were not courageous enough for that); so we kept on going, fretting, and pining, and—learning.

Oh the long days (the hot days of summer, and the cold days of winter), when we had to sit for hours on hard wooden benches, before uncomfortable desks, bending over grimy slates and ink-besprinkled “copy books,” and poring over studies in which we took no interest—geography, which we learned by rote; arithmetic, which always evaded us, and grammar, which we never could master. We could repeat the “rules,” but we could not “parse;” we could cipher, but our sums would not “prove;” we could rattle off the productions of Italy—“corn, wine, silk and oil”—but we could not “bound” the State in which we lived. We were conscious of these defects, and deplored them. Our teachers were also conscious of them, and flogged us! We had a morbid dread of corporeal punishment, and strove to the uttermost to avoid it; but it made no difference, it came all the same—came as surely and swiftly to us as to the bad boys who played “hookey,” the worse boys who fought, and the worst boy who once stoned his master in the street. With such a school record as this, is it to be wondered at that we rejoiced when school was out? And rejoiced still more when we were out of school?

The feeling which we had then appears to be shared by the children in our illustration. Not for the same reasons, however; for we question whether the most ignorant of their number does not know more of grammar than we do to-day, and is not better acquainted with the boundaries of Germany than we could ever force ourselves to be. We like these little fellows for what they are, and what they will probably be. And we like their master, a grave, simple-hearted man, whose proper place would appear to be the parish-pulpit. What his scholars learn will be worth knowing, if it be not very profound. They will learn probity and goodness, and it will not be ferruled into them either. Clearly, they do not fear the master, or they would not be so unconstrained in his presence. They would not make snow balls, as one has done, and another is doing. Soon they will begin to pelt each other, and the passers by will not mind the snow balls, if they will only remember how they themselves felt, and behaved, after coming out of school.

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There is not much in a group of children coming out of school. So one might say at first sight, but a little reflection will show the fallacy of the remark. One would naturally suppose that in every well-regulated State of antiquity measures would have been taken to ensure the education of all classes of the community, but such was not the case. The Spartans under Lycurgus were educated, but their education was mainly a physical one, and it did not reach the lower orders. The education of Greece generally, even when the Greek mind had attained its highest culture, was still largely physical—philosophers, statesmen, and poets priding themselves as much upon their athletic feats as upon their intellectual endowments. The schools of Rome were private, and were confined to the patricians. There was a change for the better when Christianity became the established religion. Public schools were recommended by a council in the sixth century, but rather as a means of teaching the young the rudiments of their faith, under the direction of the clergy, than as a means of giving them general instruction. It was not until the close of the twelfth century that a council ordained the establishment of grammar schools in cathedrals for the gratuitous instruction of the poor; and not until a century later that the ordinance was carried into effect at Lyons. Luther found time, amid his multitudinous labors, to interest himself in popular education; and, in 1527, he drew up, with the aid of Melancthon, what is known as the Saxon School System. The seed was sown, but the Thirty Years' War prevented its coming to a speedy maturity. In the middle of the last century several of the German States passed laws making it compulsory upon parents to send their children to school at a certain age; but these laws were not really obeyed until the beginning of the present century. German schools are now open to the poorest as well as the richest children. The only people, except the Germans, who thought of common schools at an early period are the Scotch.

It cost, we see, some centuries of mental blindness to discover the need of, and some centuries of struggling to establish schools.

[Illustration: THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.]

A GLIMPSE OF VENICE.

The spell which Venice has cast over the English poets is as powerful, in its way, as was the influence of Italian literature upon the early literature of England. From Chaucer down, the poets have turned to Italy for inspiration, and, what is still better, have found it. It is not too much to say that the "Canterbury Tales" could not have existed, in their present form, if Boccaccio had not written the "Decameron;" and it is to Boccaccio we are told that the writers of his time were indebted for their first knowledge of Homer. Wyatt and Surrey transplanted what they could of grace from Petrarch into the rough England of Henry the Eighth. We know what the early dramatists

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owe to the Italian storytellers. They went to their novels for the plots of their plays, as the novelists of to-day go to the criminal calendar for the plots of their stories. Shakspeare appears so familiar with Italian life that Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, the author of a very curious work on Shakspeare's Sonnets, declares that he must have visited Italy, basing this conclusion on the minute knowledge of certain Italian localities shown in some of his later plays. At home in Verona, Milan, Mantua, and Padua, Shakspeare is nowhere so much so as in Venice.

It is impossible to think of Venice without remembering the poets; and the poet who is first remembered is Byron. If our thoughts are touched with gravity as they should be when we dwell upon the sombre aspects of Venice—when we look, as here, for example, on the Bridge of Sighs—we find ourselves repeating:

“I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs.”

If we are in a gayer mood, as we are likely to be after looking at the brilliant carnival-scene which greets us at the threshold of the present number of *THE ALDINE*, we recall the opening passages of Byron's merry poem of “Beppo:”

“Of all the places where the Carnival
Was most facetious in the days of yore,
For dance, and song, and serenade, and ball,
And masque, and mime, and mystery, and more
Than I have time to tell now, or at all,
Venice the bell from every city bore.”

* * * * *

“And there are dresses splendid, but fantastical,
Masks of all times, and nations, Turks and Jews,
And harlequins and clowns, with feats gymnastical,
Greeks, Romans, Yankee-doodles, and Hindoos
All kinds of dress, except the ecclesiastical,
All people, as their fancies hit, may choose,
But no one in these parts may quiz the clergy,
Therefore take heed, ye Freethinkers! I charge ye.”

The Bridge of Sighs (to return to prose) is a long covered gallery, leading from the ducal palace to the old State prisons of Venice. It was frequently traversed, we may be sure, in the days of some of the Doges, to one of whom, our old friend, and Byron's—Marino Faliero—the erection of the ducal palace is sometimes falsely ascribed. Founded in the year 800, A.D., the ducal palace was afterwards destroyed five times, and each time



arose from its ruins with increasing splendor until it became, what it is now, a stately marble building of the Saracenic style of architecture, with a grand staircase and noble halls, adorned with pictures by Titian, Tintoretto, Paul Veronese, and other famous masters.



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It would be difficult to find gloomier dungeons, even in the worst strongholds of despotism, than those in which the State prisoners of Venice were confined. These “pozzi,” or wells, were sunk in the thick walls, under the flooring of the chamber at the foot of the Bridge of Sighs. There were twelve of them formerly, and they ran down three or four stories. The Venetian of old time abhorred them as deeply as his descendants, who, on the first arrival of the conquering French, attempted to block or break up the lowest of them, but were not entirely successful; for, when Byron was in Venice, it was not uncommon for adventurous tourists to descend by a trap-door, and crawl through holes, half choked by rubbish, to the depth of two stories below the first range. So says the writer of the *Notes* to the fourth canto of “Childe Harold” (Byron’s friend Hobhouse, if our memory serves), who adds, “If you are in want of consolation for the extinction of patrician power, perhaps you may find it there. Scarcely a ray of light glimmers into the narrow gallery which leads to the cells, and the places of confinement themselves are totally dark. A little hole in the wall admitted the damp air of the passages, and served for the introduction of the prisoner’s food. A wooden pallet, about a foot or so from the ground, was the only furniture. The conductors tell you a light was not allowed. The cells are about five paces in length, two and a half in width, and seven feet in height. They are directly beneath one another, and respiration is somewhat difficult in the lower holes. Only one prisoner was found when the Republicans descended into these hideous recesses, and he is said to have been confined sixteen years.” When the prisoner’s hour came he was taken out and strangled in a cell upon the Bridge of Sighs!

And this was in Venice! The grand old Republic which was once the greatest Power of Eastern Europe; the home of great artists and architects, renowned the world over for arts and arms; the Venice of “blind old Dandolo,” who led her galleys to victory at the ripe old age of eighty; the Venice of Doge Foscari, whose son she tortured, imprisoned and murdered, and whose own paternal, patriotic, great heart she broke; the Venice of gay gallants, and noble, beautiful ladies; the Venice of mumming, masking, and the carnival; the bright, beautiful Venice of Shakspeare, Otway, and Byron; joyous, loving Venice; cruel, fatal Venice!

* * * * *

MODERN SATIRE.—A satire on everything is a satire on nothing; it is mere absurdity. All contempt, all disrespect, implies something respected, as a standard to which it is referred; just as every valley implies a hill. The *persiflage* of the French and of fashionable worldlings, which turns into ridicule the exceptions and yet abjures the rules, is like Trinculo’s government—its latter end forgets its beginning. Can there be a more mortal, poisonous consumption and asphyxy of the mind than this decline and extinction of all reverence?—*Jean Paul*.



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WINTER PICTURES FROM THE POETS.

Although English Poetry abounds with pictures of the seasons, its Winter pictures are neither numerous, nor among its best. For one good snow-piece we can readily find twenty delicate Spring pictures—twinkling with morning dew, and odorous with the perfume of early flowers. It would be easy to make a large gallery of Summer pictures; and another gallery, equally large, which should contain only the misty skies, the dark clouds, and the falling leaves of Autumn. Not so with Winter scenes. Not that the English poets have not painted the last, and painted them finely, but that as a rule they have not taken kindly to the work. They prefer to do what Keats did in one of his poems, *viz.*, make Winter a point of departure from which Fancy shall wing her way to brighter days:

“Fancy, high-commissioned; send her!
She has vassals to attend her,
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost,
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather.”

But we must not let Keats come between us and the few among his fellows who have sung of Winter for us. Above all, we must not let him keep his and our master, Shakspeare, waiting:

“When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whoo;
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

“When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson’s saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian’s nose looks red and raw.
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whoo;
To-whit, to-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.”



From Shakspeare to Thomson is something of a descent, but we must make it before we can find any Winter poetry worth quoting. Here is a picture, ready-made, for Landseer to put into form and color:

“There, warm together pressed, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fallen snows; and scarce his head
Raised o’er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies slumbering sullen in the white abyss.
The ruthless hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of sounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race: with ponderous clubs,
As weak against the mountain-heaps they push
Their beating breast in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on the ensanguined snows,
And with loud shouts rejoicing bears them home.”

Cowper is superior to Thomson as a painter of Winter, although it is doubtful whether he was by nature the better poet. Here is one of his pictures:



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“The cattle mourn in corners, where the fence
Screens them, and seem half petrified with sleep
In unrecumbent sadness. There they wait
Their wonted fodder; not like hungering man,
Fretful if unsupplied; but silent, meek,
And patient of the slow-paced swain’s delay.
He, from the stack, carves out the accustomed load,
Deep plunging, and again deep plunging oft,
The broad keen knife into the solid mass:
Smooth as a wall, the upright remnant stands,
With such undeviating and even force
He severs it away: no needless care,
Lest storms should upset the leaning pile
Deciduous, or its own unbalanced weight.
Forth goes the woodman, leaving, unconcerned,
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropped short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk,
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb
To adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.
Now from the roost, or from the neighboring pale,
Where, diligent to cast the first faint gleam
Of smiling day, they gossiped side by side,
Come trooping at the housewife’s well-known call
The feathered tribes domestic. Half on wing,
And half on foot, they brush the fleecy flood,
Conscious and fearful of too deep a plunge.
The sparrows peep, and quit the sheltering eaves,
To seize the fair occasion; well they eye
The scattered grain, and thievishly resolved
To escape the impending famine, often scared
As oft return, a pert voracious kind.



Clean riddance quickly made, one only care
Remains to each, the search of sunny nook,
Or shed impervious to the blast. Resigned
To sad necessity, the cock foregoes
His wonted strut; and, wading at their head,
With well-considered steps, seems to resent
His altered gait and stateliness retrenched.”

The American poets have excelled their English brethren in painting the outward aspects of Winter. Here is Mr. Emerson’s description of a snow storm:

“Announced by all the trumpets of the sky
Arrives the snow, and, driving o’er the fields,
Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
And veils the farm-house at the garden’s end.
The sled and traveler stopped, the courier’s



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feet

Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
Around the radiant fire-place, enclosed
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come see the north wind's masonry.
Out of an unseen quarry evermore
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
Curves his white bastions with projected roof
Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
So fanciful, so savage, nought cares he
For number or proportion. Mockingly
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn:
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
Maugre the farmer's sighs, and at the gate
A tapering turret overtops the work.
And when his hours are numbered, and the world
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
The frolic architecture of the snow."

In Mr. Bryant's "Winter Piece" we have a brilliant description of frost-work:

"Look! the massy trunks
Are cased in the pure crystal; each light spray
Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
That glimmer with an amethystine light.
But round the parent stem the long low boughs
Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbors hide
The glassy floor. Oh! you might deem the spot
The spacious cavern of some virgin mine,
Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
And diamonds put forth radiant rods and bud
With amethyst and topaz—and the place
Lit up, most royally, with the pure beam
That dwells in them. Or haply the vast hall
Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
And fades not in the glory of the sun;—



Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
And crossing arches; and fantastic aisles
Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost,
Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye;
Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault;
There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
And all their sluices sealed. All, all is light;
Light without shade. But all shall pass away
With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont."

Winter, itself, has never been more happily impersonated than by dear old Spenser. We meant to close with his portrait of Winter, but, on second thoughts, we give, as more seasonable, his description of January. The fourth line can hardly fail to remind the reader of the second line of Shakspeare's song, and to suggest the query—whether Shakspeare borrowed from Spenser, Spenser from Shakspeare, or both from Nature?



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“Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nayles to warme them if he may;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keene, with which he felled wood
And from the trees did lop the needlesse spray:
Upon an huge great earth-pot steane he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Romane floud.”

* * * * *

As long as you are engaged in the world, you must comply with its maxims; because nothing is more unprofitable than the wisdom of those persons who set up for reformers of the age. 'Tis a part a man can not act long, without offending his friends, and rendering himself ridiculous.—*St. Gosemond*.

THE PAVILIONS ON THE LAKE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THEOPHILE GAUTIER.

In the province of Canton, several miles from the city, there once lived two rich Chinese merchants, retired from business. One of them was named Tou, the other Kouan. Both were possessed of great riches, and were persons of much consequence in the community.

Tou and Kouan were distant relatives, and from early youth had lived and worked side by side. Bound by ties of great affection, they had built their homes near together, and every evening they met with a few select friends to pass the hours in delightful intercourse. Both possessed of much talent, they vied with each other in the production of exquisite Chinese handiwork, and spent the evenings in tracing poetry and fancy designs on rice-paper as they drank each other's success in tiny glasses of delicate cordial. But their characters, apparently so harmonious, as time went on grew more and more apart; they were like an almond tree, growing as one stem, until little by little the branches divide so that the topmost twigs are far from each other—half sending their bitter perfume through the whole garden, while the other half scatter their snow-white flowers outside the garden wall.

From year to year Tou grew more serious; his figure increased in dignity, even his double chin wore a solemn expression, and he spent his whole time composing moral inscriptions to hang over the doors of his pavilion.



Kouan, on the contrary, grew jolly as his years increased. He sang more gaily than ever in praise of wine, flowers, and birds. His spirit, unburdened by vulgar cares, was light like a young man's, and he dreamed of nothing but pure enjoyment.

Little by little an intense hatred sprang up between the friends. They could not meet without indulging in bitter sarcasm. They were like two hedges of brambles, bristling with sharp thorns. At last, things came to such a pass that they could no longer endure each other's society, and each hung a tablet by the door of his dwelling, stating that no person from the neighboring house would be allowed to cross the threshold on any pretext whatever.

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They would have been glad to move their houses to different parts of the country, but, unhappily, this was not possible. Tou even tried to sell his property but he set such an unreasonable price that no buyer appeared, and he was, moreover, unwilling to leave all the treasures he had accumulated there—the sculptured wainscotting, the polished panels, like mirrors, the transparent windows, the gilded lattice-work, the bamboo lounges, the vases of rare porcelain, the red and black lacquered cabinets, and the cases full of books of ancient poetry. It was hard to give up to strangers the garden where he had planted shade and fruit trees with his own hands, and where, each spring he had watched the opening of the flowers; where in short, each object was bound to his heart by ties delicate as the finest silk, but strong as iron chains.

In the days of their friendship, Tou and Kouan had each built a pavilion in his garden, on the shore of a lake, common to both estates. It had been a great delight to sit in their separate balconies and exchange friendly salutations while they smoked opium in pipes of delicate porcelain. But after becoming enemies they built a wall which divided the lake into two equal portions. The water was so deep that the wall was supported on a series of arches, through which the water flowed freely, reflecting upon its placid surface the rival pavilions.

These pavilions were exquisite specimens of Chinese architecture. The roofs, covered with tiling, round and brilliant as the scales which glisten on the sides of a gold-fish, were supported upon red and black pillars which rested on a solid foundation, richly ornamented with porcelain slabs bearing all manner of artistic designs. A railing ran all around, formed by a graceful intermingling of branches and flowers wrought in ivory. The interior was not less sumptuous. On the walls were inscribed verses of celebrated Chinese poems, elegantly written in perpendicular lines, with golden characters on a lacquered background. Shades of delicately carved ivory, softened the light to a faint opal tint, and all around stood pots of orchis, peonies, and daisies, which filled the air with delicious perfume. Curtains of rich silk were draped over the entrance, and on the marble tables within were scattered fans, tooth-picks, ebony pipes, and pencils with all conveniences for writing.

All around the pavilions were picturesque grounds of rock, among whose clefts grew clumps of willows, their long green twigs swaying on the surface of the water. Under the crystal waves sported myriads of gold-fish, and ducks with gay plumage floated among the broad, shining leaves of water-lilies. Except in the very centre of the pool, where the depth of the water prevented the growth of aquatic plants, the whole surface was covered with these leaves, like a carpet of soft green velvet.

Before the unsightly wall had been placed there by the hostile owners, it was impossible to find a more picturesque spot in the whole empire, and even now no philosopher would have wished for a more retired and delicious retreat in which to pass his days.



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Both Tou and Kouan felt deeply the loss of the enchanting prospect, and gazed sadly upon the barren wall which rose before their eyes, but each consoled himself with the idea that his neighbor was as badly off as himself.

Things went on in this way for several years. Grass and weeds choked up the pathway between the two houses, and brambles and branches of low shrubs intertwined across it, as though they would bar all communication forever. It appeared as if the plants understood the quarrel between the two old friends, and took delight in perpetuating it.

Meanwhile the wives of both Tou and Kouan were both blessed each with a child. Madame Tou became the mother of a charming girl, and Madame Kouan of the handsomest boy in the world. Each family was ignorant of the happy event which had brought joy into the home of the other, for although their houses were so near together the families were as far apart as if they had been separated by the great wall of the empire, or the ocean itself. What mutual friends they still possessed, never alluded to the affairs of one in the house of the other; even the servants had been forbidden to exchange words with each other, under pain of death.

The boy was named Tchín-Sing, and the girl Ju-Kiouan, that is to say, Jasper and Pearl. Their perfect beauty fully justified the choice of their names. As they grew old enough to take notice of their surroundings, the unsightly wall attracted their attention, and each inquired of their parents why that strange barrier was placed across the centre of such a charming sheet of water, and to whom belonged the great trees of which they could see the topmost boughs.

Each was told that on the farther side of the wall was the habitation of a strange and wicked family, and that it had been placed there as a protection against such disagreeable neighbors.

This explanation was sufficient for the children. They grew accustomed to the sight and thought no more about it.

Ju-Kiouan grew in grace and beauty. She was skilled in all lady-like accomplishments. The butterflies which she embroidered upon satin appeared to live and beat their wings, and one could almost hear the song of the birds which grew under her fingers, and smell the perfume of the flowers she wrought upon canvas. She knew the "Book of Odes" by heart, and could repeat the five rules of life without missing a word. Her handwriting was perfection, and she composed in all the different styles of Chinese poetry. Her poems were upon all those delicate themes which would attract the mind of a pure young girl; upon the return of the swallows, the daisies, the weeping willows and similar topics, and were of such merit as to win much praise from the wise men of the country.



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Tchin-Sing was not less forward in his accomplishments, and his name stood at the head of his class. Although he was very young he had already gained the right to wear the black cap of the wise men, and all the mothers in the country about wished him for a son-in-law. But Tchin-Sing had but one answer to all proposals; it was too soon, and he desired his liberty for some time to come. He refused the hand of Hon-Giu, of Oma, and other beautiful young girls. Never was a young man more courted and more overwhelmed with sweets and flowers than he, but his heart remained insensible to all attractions. Not on account of its coldness, for he appeared full of longing for an object to adore. His heart seemed fixed upon some memory, some dream, perhaps, for whose realization he was waiting and hoping. It was all in vain to tell him of beautiful tresses, languishing eyes, and soft hands waiting for his acceptance. He listened with a distracted air, as if thinking of other things.

Ju-Kiouan was not less difficult to please. She refused all suitors for her hand. This did not salute her gracefully, that was not dainty in his habits; one had a bad handwriting, another composed poor verses; in short all had some defect. She drew amusing caricatures of everyone, which made her parents laugh, and show the door to the unlucky lover in the most polite manner possible.

At last the parents of both young people became alarmed at the continued refusal of their children to marry, and the mothers commenced to follow the subject in their dreams. One night Madame Kouan dreamed that she saw a pearl of wonderful purity reposing on the breast of her son. On the other hand, Madame Tou dreamed that on her daughter's forehead sparkled a jasper of inestimable value. Much consultation was held as to the significance of these dreams. Madame Kouan's was thought to imply that her son would win the highest honors of the Imperial Academy, while Madame Tou's might signify that her daughter would find some untold treasure in the garden. These interpretations, however, did not satisfy the two mothers, whose whole minds were bent upon the happy marriage of their children. Unfortunately both Tchin-Sing and Ju-Kiouan persisted more obstinately than ever in their refusal to listen to the subject.

As young people are not usually so averse to marriage, the parents suspected some secret attachment, but a few days' careful watching sufficed to prove that Tchin-Sing was paying court to no young girl, and that no lover was to be seen under the balcony of Ju-Kiouan.

At length both mothers decided to consult the bronze oracle in the temple of Fo. After burning gilt paper and perfume before the oracle, Madame Tou received the unsatisfactory answer that, until the jasper appeared, the pearl would unite with no one, and Madame Kouan was told the jasper would take nothing to his bosom but the pearl. Both women went sadly homeward in deeper perplexity than ever.



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One day Ju-Kiouan was leaning pensively on the balcony of her pavilion, precisely at the same time when Tchín-Sing was standing by his. The day was clear as crystal, and not a cloud floated in the blue space above. There was not sufficient wind to move the lightest twigs of the willows, and the surface of the water was glistening and placid as a mirror, only disturbed, here and there, when some tiny gold-fish leaped for an instant into the sunshine. The trees and grassy banks were reflected so distinctly that it was impossible to tell where the real world left off, and the land of dreams began. Ju-Kiouan was amusing herself watching the beautiful water-picture when her eyes fell upon that portion of the lake, near the wall, where, with all the clearness of reality, was the reflection of the pavilion on the opposite shore.

She had never noticed it before, and what was her surprise to behold an exact reproduction of the one where she was standing, the gilded roof, the red and black pillars, and all the beautiful drapery about the doors. She would have been able to read the inscription upon the tablets, had they not been reversed. But what surprised her more than all was to see, leaning on the balcony, a figure which, if it had not come from the other side of the lake, she would have taken for her own reflection. It was the mirrored image of Tchín-Sing. At first she took it for the reflection of a girl, as he was dressed in robes according to the fashion of the time. As the heat was intense, he had thrown off his student's cap, and his hair fell about his fresh, beardless face. But soon Ju-Kiouan recognized, from the violent beating of her heart, that the reflection in the water was not that of a young girl.

Until then she had believed that the earth contained no being created for her, and had often indulged in pensive reverie over her loneliness. Never, said she, shall I take my place as a link between the past and future of my family, but I shall enter among the shadows as a lonely shade.

But when she beheld the reflection in the water, she found that her beauty had a sister, or, more properly speaking, a brother. Far from being displeased to discover that her beauty was not unrivaled, she was filled with intense joy. Her heart was beating and throbbing with love for another, and in that instant Ju-Kiouan's whole life was changed. It was foolish in her to fall violently in love with a reflection, of whose reality she knew nothing, but after all she was only acting like nearly all young girls who take a husband for his white teeth or his curly hair, knowing nothing whatever of his real character.

Tchín-Sing had also perceived the charming reflection of the young girl. "I am dreaming," he cried. "That beautiful image upon the water is the combination of sunshine and the perfume of many flowers. I recognize it well. It is the reflection of the image within my own heart, the divine unknown whom I have worshiped all my life."



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Tchin-Sing was aroused from his monologue by the voice of his father, who called him to come at once to the grand saloon.

“My son,” said he, “here is a very rich and very learned man who seeks you as a husband for his daughter. The young girl has imperial blood in her veins, is of a rare beauty, and possesses all the qualities necessary to make her husband happy.”

Tchin-Sing, whose heart was bursting with love for the reflection seen from the pavilion, refused decidedly. His father, carried away with passion, heaped upon him the most violent imprecations.

“Undutiful child,” said he, “if you persist in your obstinacy, I will have you confined in one of the strongest fortresses of the empire, where you will see nothing but the sea beating against the rocks, and the mountains covered with mist. There you will have leisure to reflect, and repent of your wicked conduct.”

These threats did not frighten Tchin-Sing in the least. He quickly replied that he would accept for his wife the first maiden who touched his heart, and until then he should listen to no one.

The next day, at the same hour, he went to the pavilion on the lake, and, leaning on the balcony, eagerly watched for the beloved reflection. In a few moments he saw it glisten in the water, beautiful as a bouquet of submerged flowers.

A radiant smile broke over the face of the reflection, which proved to Tchin-Sing that his presence was not unpleasant to the lovely unknown. But as it was impossible to hold communication with a reflection whose substance is invisible, he made a sign that he would write, and vanished into the interior of the pavilion. He soon reappeared, bearing in his hand a silvered paper, upon which he had written a declaration of love in seven-syllabled stanzas. He carefully folded his verses and placed them in the cup of a white flower, which he rolled in a leaf of the water-lily, and placed the whole tenderly upon the surface of the lake.

A light breeze wafted the lover's message through the arches of the wall, and it floated so near Ju-Kiouan that she had only to stretch out her hand to receive it. Fearful of being seen she returned to her private boudoir, where she read with great delight the expressions of love written by Tchin-Sing. Her joy was all the greater, as she recognized from the exquisite hand-writing and choice versification that the writer was a man of culture and talent. And when she read his signature, the significance of which she perceived at once, remembering her mother's dream, she felt that heaven had sent her the long desired companion.



The next day the breeze blew in a different direction, so that Ju-Kiouan was able to send an answer in verse by the same subtle messenger, by which, notwithstanding her girlish modesty, it was easy to see that she returned the love of Tchin-Sing.

On reading the signature, Tchin-Sing could not repress an exclamation of surprise and delight. "The pearl," said he, "that is the precious jewel my mother saw glittering on my bosom. I must at once entreat this young girl's hand of her parents, for she is the wife appointed for me by the oracle."



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As he was preparing to go, he suddenly remembered the dislike between the two families, and the prohibitions inscribed upon the tablet over the entrance. Determined to win his prize at any cost, he resolved to confide the whole history to his mother. Ju-Kiouan had also told her love to Madame Tou. The names of Pearl and Jasper troubled the good matrons so much that, not daring to set themselves against what appeared to be the will of the gods, they both went again to the temple of Fo.

The bronze oracle replied that this marriage was in reality the true interpretation of the dreams, and that to prevent it would be to incur the eternal anger of the gods. Touched by the entreaties of the mothers, and also by slight mutual advances, the two fathers gave way and consented to a reconciliation of the families. The two old friends, on meeting each other again, were astonished to find what frivolous causes had separated them for so many years, and mourned sincerely over all the pleasure they had lost in being deprived of each other's society. The marriage of the children was celebrated with much rejoicing, and the Jasper and the Pearl were no longer obliged to hold intercourse by means of a reflection on the water. The wall was removed, and the wavelets rippled placidly between the two pavilions on the lake.

—*H.S. Conant.*

[Illustration: IN THE MOUNTAINS.]

IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A line of Walter Savage Landor's, a poet for poets, was an especial favorite with Southey, and, we believe, with Lamb. It occurs in "Gebir," and drops from the lips of one of its characters, who, being suddenly shown the sea, exclaims,

"Is this the mighty ocean?—is this all?"

The feeling which underlies this line is generally the first emotion we have when brought face to face with the stupendous forms of Nature. It is the feeling inspired by mountains, the first sight of which is disappointing. They are grand, but not quite what we were led to expect from pictures and books, and, still more, from our own imaginations. The more we see mountains, the more they grow upon us, until, finally, they are clothed with a grandeur not, in all cases, belonging to them—our Mount Washingtons over-topping the Alps, and the Alps the Himmalayas. The poets assist us in thus magnifying them.

The American poets have translated the mountains of their native land into excellent verse. Everybody remembers Mr. Bryant's "Monument Mountain," for its touching story, and its clearly-defined descriptions of scenery.

Mr. Stedman has a mountain of his own, though perhaps only in Dream-land; and Mr. Bayard Taylor has a whole range of them, the sight of which once filled him with rapture:



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“O deep, exulting freedom of the hills!
 O summits vast, that to the climbing view
 In naked glory stand against the blue!
 O cold and buoyant air, whose crystal fills
 Heaven’s amethystine gaol! O speeding streams
 That foam and thunder from the cliffs below!
 O slippery brinks and solitudes of snow
 And granite bleakness, where the vulture screams!
 O stormy pines, that wrestle with the breath
 Of every tempest, sharp and icy horns
 And hoary glaciers, sparkling in the morns,
 And broad dim wonders of the world beneath!
 I summon ye, and mid the glare that fills
 The noisy mart, my spirit walks the hills.”

* * * * *

GLADNESS OF NATURE.—Midnight—when asleep so still and silent—seems inspired with the joyous spirit of the owls in their revelry—and answers to their mirth and merriment through all her clouds. The moping owl, indeed!—the boding owl, forsooth! the melancholy owl, you blockhead! why, they are the most cheerful, joy-portending, and exulting of God’s creatures. Their flow of animal spirits is incessant—crowing cocks are a joke to them—blue devils are to them unknown—not one hypochondriac in a thousand barns—and the Man-in-the-Moon acknowledges that he never heard one utter a complaint.

THE NOONING.

Mr. Darley’s very characteristic picture on the opposite page needs no description, it so thoroughly explains itself, and realizes his intention. The following lines from Mary Howitt seem very appropriate to the sketch:

“O golden fields of bending corn,
 How beautiful they seem!
 The reaper-folk, the piled up sheaves,
 To me are like a dream;
 The sunshine and the very air
 Seem of old time, and take me there.”

A MANDARIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF AUGUSTE VITU.



It was Saturday night, and the pavement sparkled with frost diamonds under flashing lights and echoing steps in the opera quarter. Tinkling carnival bells and wild singing resounded from all the carriages dashing towards Rue Lepelletier; the shops were only half shut, and Paris, wide awake, reveled in a fairy-night frolic.

And yet, Felix d'Aubremel, one of the bright applauded heroes of those orgies, seemed in no mood to answer their mad challenge. Plunged in a deep armchair, hands drooping and feet on the fender, he was sunk in sombre reverie. An open book lay near him, and a letter was flung, furiously crumpled, on the floor.

An orphan at the age of twelve, Felix had watched his mother's slow death through ten years of suffering. The Marquis Gratien d'Aubremel, ruined by reckless dissipation, and driven by necessity, rather than love, into a marriage with an English heiress, Margaret Malden, deserted her, like the wretch he was, as soon as the last of her dowry melted away. A common story enough, and ending in as common a close.

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D'Aubremel sailed for the Indies to retrieve his fortune, and met death there by yellow fever. So that the sad lessons of Felix's family life stimulated to excess his innate leaning towards misanthropy—if that name may define a resistless urgency of belief in the appearances of evil, linked with a doubt of the reality of good. Probably, at heart, he believed himself incapable of a bad action, but he would take no oath to such a conviction, since by his theory every man must yield under certain circumstances, attacking powerfully his personal interest, while threatening slight danger of failure or detection. This style of thought, set off by a fair share of witty expression and ever-ready impertinence, gave Felix a kind of ascendancy in his circle of intimates—but naturally it gained him no friends. Common reputation grows out of words rather than actions, and Felix suffered the just penalty of his sceptical fancies. They cost him more than they were worth, as he had just learned by sad experience.

He had chanced to make the acquaintance of a rich manufacturer, Montmorot by name, whose daughter Ernestine was pleased with the devotion of a charming young fellow, who mingled the rather reckless grace of French cleverness with a reserved style and refined pride gained from the English blood of the Maldens. For his part, Felix really loved the girl, and had let his impatience, that very day, carry him into a step that failed to move the elder Montmorot's inflexibility. He refused absolutely to give his daughter to a man without fortune or prospects. Felix was crushed, his hopes all shattered at a blow, by this answer, though he had a thousand reasons to expect it. And at what a moment! A half-unfolded red ticket, stuffed with disgusting threats, peeped out from between the wall and his sofa. The officers of justice had paid him a little visit. He got into a passion with himself.

"Pshaw," he cried, "confound all scruples! If I had been less in love I should be Ernestine's husband now. With a pretty wife, one I am so fond of, too, I should have fortune, position, and the luxury indispensable to my life—now, I don't know where to lay my head to-morrow. To-morrow, at ten o'clock, the sheriff will seize everything—everything, from that Troyou sketch to that china monster, nodding his frightful sneering head at me. They will carry off this casket that was my father's—this locket, with the hair of—of—what the deuce was her name? Poor girl! how she loved me! And now all that is left of her vanishes—even her name!

"What, nothing? no hope? Not even one of those silly impulses that used to drive me out into the streets when everybody else was abed, with the firm conviction that at some crossing, in some gutter, some unknown deity must have dropped a fat pocket-book, on purpose for me! I believed in something, then—even in lost pocket-books. And now, now! I would commit no such follies as that, but I believe I could be guilty of even worse things, if crime, common, low, contemptible, shameful crime, were not forbidden to the son of the Marquis d'Aubremel and Margaret Malden.



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“Oh, great genius!” he went on, taking up the open book near him, “great philosopher, called a sophist by the ignorant—how deep a truth you uttered in writing these lines, that I never read over without a shudder: ‘Imagine a Chinese mandarin, living in a fabulous country three thousand leagues away, whom you have never seen and shall never see—imagine, moreover, that the death of this mandarin, this man, almost a myth, would make you a millionaire, and that you have but to lift your finger, at home, in France, to bring about his death, without the possibility of ever being called to account for it by any one; say, what would you do?’

“That fearful passage must have made many men dream—and does not Bianchon, that great materialist, so well painted by Balzac, confess that he has got as far as his thirty-third mandarin? What a St. Bartholomew of mandarins, if my philosopher’s supposition could grow into a truth!”

Felix ceased his soliloquy, and bent his head to let the storm raised in his soul by the atheist philosopher pass over. His bad instincts, aroused, spoke louder at that instant than reason, louder than reality. His glance fell on the chimney-piece, where a porcelain figure, the grotesque *chef d’oeuvre* of some great Chinese artist, leered at him with its everlasting grin. The young man smiled. “Perhaps that is the likeness of a mandarin—bulbous nose, hanging cheeks, moustaches drooping like plumes, a peaked head, knotty hands—a regular deformity. Reflecting on the ugliness of that idiotic race, there is much to be urged by way of excuse for people who kill mandarins.”

Some persistent thought evidently haunted Felix’s mind. Again he drove it off, and again it beset him.

“Pshaw!” he exclaimed, after a last brief struggle, “I am alone, and out of sorts. I will amuse myself with a carnival freak, a mere theoretic and philosophic piece of nonsense. I have tried many worse ones. It wants a quarter to twelve. I give myself fifteen minutes to study my spells. Let me see, what mandarin shall I murder? I don’t know any, and I have no peerage list of the Flowery Empire. Let me try the newspapers.”

It was in the height of the English war with China. On the seventh column of the paper our hero found a proclamation signed by the imperial commissioners, Lin, Lou, Lun, and Li.

“Here goes for Li,” he said to himself. “He is likely to be the youngest.”

The clock began to strike, announcing the hour. Felix placed himself solemnly before the mirror, and said aloud, in a grave tone: “If the death of Mandarin Li will make me rich and powerful, whatever may come of it, I vote for the death of Mandarin Li.” He lifted his finger—at that instant the porcelain figure rocked on its base, and fell in fragments at Felix’s feet. The glass reflected his startled face. He thrilled for an instant



with superstitious terror, but recollecting that his finger had touched the fragile figure, he accounted for it as an accident, and went to bed and to such repose as a debtor can enjoy with an execution hanging over his head.

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Masks and dominos made the street merry under his window. The opera ball was unusually brilliant, experts said, and nothing made the Parisians aware that on the night of January 12th, 1840, Felix d'Aubremel had passed sentence of death on Chinaman Li, son of Mung, son of Tseu, a literate mandarin of the 114th class.

Nine months later Felix d'Aubremel was living in furnished lodgings in an alley off the Rue St. Pierre, and living by borrowing. The gentlemanly sceptic owed his landlady a good deal of money; his clothes were aged past wearing, and his tailor had long ago broken off all relations with him. The Marquis d'Aubremel was within a hairsbreadth of that utterly crushed state that ends in madness, or in suicide—which is only a variety of madness.

One morning while sitting in the glass cage that leads to the staircase of every lodging-house, waiting to beg another respite from his landlady, he took up a newspaper, and the following notice was lucky enough to catch his attention.

“Chiusang, 12th January, 1840. Hostilities have broken out between England and the Celestial Empire. The sudden and inexplicable death of Mandarin Li, the only member of the council who opposed the violent and warlike projects of Lin, led to unfortunate events. At the first attack the Chinese fled, with the basest want of pluck, but in their retreat they murdered several English merchants, and among them an old resident, Richard Maiden, who leaves an estate of half a million sterling. The heirs of the deceased are requested to communicate with William Harrison, Solicitor, Lincoln's Inn.”

“My uncle!” cried Felix. “Alas, I have killed my uncle and Mandarin Li.”

He had not a penny to pay for his traveling expenses to London; but, on producing his certificate of birth and the newspaper article, his landlady easily negotiated for him with an honest broker, who advanced him a thousand francs to arrange his affairs, without interest, upon his note for a trifle of eighteen hundred, payable in six weeks.

Eight days after reaching London, Felix, established in a fashionable hotel, was awaiting with nervous eagerness the first instalment of a million, the proceeds of a cargo of teas, sold under the direction of Mr. Harrison. He was too restless for thought, burning with impatience to take possession of his property, to handle his wealth, and, as it were, to verify his dream. Yet the fact was indisputable. Richard Malden's death, and his own relationship to the intestate had been legally proved and established. Felix d'Aubremel regularly and assuredly inherited a fortune, and he had no doubts nor scruples on that point.

A servant interrupted his reflections, announcing his solicitor's clerk. “Why does not Mr. Harrison come himself?” he was on the point of asking, but amazement at the clerk's appearance took away his breath. He was a shriveled little object, slight, bony, crooked

and hideous, with a monstrous head and round eyes, a bald skull, a flat nose, a mouth from ear to ear, and a little jutting paunch that looked like a sack.



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"I bring the Marquis d'Aubremel the monies he is expecting," said the man, and his voice, shrill and silvery, like a musical box or the bell of a clock, impressed Felix painfully. The voice grated on the nerves. "I have drawn a receipt in regular form," said Felix, extending his hand. But the solicitor's clerk leaned his back against the door, without stirring a step. "Well, sir," Felix exclaimed with a convulsive effort. The man approached slowly, scarcely moving his feet, as if sliding across the floor. His right hand was buried in his coat pocket; he held his head bent down, and his lips moved inaudibly. At last he pulled from his pocket a large bundle of banknotes, bills and papers, drew near the window, and began to count them carefully.

Felix was then struck by a strange phenomenon that might well inspire undefined terror. Standing directly in front of the window, the clerk's figure cast no shadow, though the sun's rays fell full upon it, and through his human body, translucent as rock crystal, Felix plainly saw the houses across the street. Then his eyes seemed to be suddenly unsealed. The clerk's black coat took colors, blue, green, and scarlet; it lengthened out into the folds of a robe, and blazed with the dazzling image of the fire-dragon, the son of Buddha; a lock of stiff grayish hair sprouted like a short tuft out of his yellowish skull; his round tawny eyes rolled with frightful rapidity in their sockets.

Felix recognized Li, son of Mung, son of Tseu, the literate mandarin of the 114th class. The murderer had never seen his victim, but could not doubt his identity a moment, thanks to the marvelous resemblance between the solicitor's clerk and the china monster that dropped into bits at his feet the night of January 12th, 1840.

Meantime the man had done counting his package, and held it out to Felix, saying, in his grating, vibrating tones, "Monsieur le Marquis, here are forty thousand pounds sterling; please to give me your receipt." And Felix heard the voice say in a shriller under-key, "Felix, here is an instalment of the million, the price of your crime. Felix, my assassin, take this money from my hand."

"From my hand," echoed a thousand fine voices, quivering all through the air of the room.

"No, no," cried Felix, pushing the clerk away, "the money would burn me! Begone with you!"

He dropped exhausted into a chair, half suffocated, with drops of sweat rolling down his convulsed face. The man bowed to the floor, and slowly moved away backwards. With every gradual step Felix saw his natural shape return. The rays of the autumn sun ceased to light up that mysterious apparition, and only his attorney's humble clerk stood before Felix. With a rush overpowering his will, Felix dashed after the old man, already across the threshold, and overtook him on the staircase.

"My papers!" he shouted imperiously. "Here they are, sir," said the old fellow quietly.



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Felix regained his room, bolted the door, and counted the immense sum contained in the pocket-book with excitement bordering on frenzy. Then he bathed his burning head with cold water, and threw an anxious look around the room.

"I must have had an attack of fever," he muttered.

[Illustration: A TROPIC FOREST.—GRANVILLE PERKINS]

"Mandarins don't rise from the dead, and a man can't kill another by simply lifting his finger. So my philosopher talked like one who knows nothing of moral experience. If the fancy of an unreal crime almost drove me mad, what must be the remorse of an actual criminal?"

The same evening Felix ordered post horses and set out for France.

Some months later, Monsieur Montmorot, chevalier of the legion of honor, gave a grand dinner to celebrate his daughter's betrothal with the Marquis Felix d'Aubremel, one of the noblest names in France, as he styled it. The contract settling a part of his fortune on his daughter Ernestine was signed at nine in the evening. The Monday following the pair presented themselves before the civil officials to solemnize their marriage by due legal ceremonies.

Felix, a prey to the strange hallucination that incessantly pursued him, saw a likeness between the official and the Chinese figure he had awkwardly thrown down and broken one night long ago. Presently his face darkened, and his eyes began to burn. Behind the magistrate's blue spectacles he caught the gleam and roll of the tawny eyes belonging to Mr. Harrison's clerk, to Li, son of Mung, son of Tseu.

When at length the magistrate put the formal question, "Felix Etienne d'Aubremel, do you take for your wife Ernestine Juliette Montmorot," Felix heard a shrill ringing voice say, "Felix, I give you your wife with my hand—my hand."

The official repeated the question more loudly. "With my hand—my hand," whispered a thousand mocking little voices.

"No!" Felix shouted rather than answered, and rushed away from the spot like a lunatic.

Once more at home, he shut out everyone and flung himself on his bed, in a state of stupor that weighed him down till night—a sort of dull torpor of brain, with utter exhaustion of physical strength—a misery of formless thought. Towards evening one persistent idea aroused him from this strange lethargy.

"I am a cowardly murderer," he groaned. "I wished for my fellow-being's death. God punishes me—I will execute his sentence." He stretched out his hand in the dark,



groping for a dagger that hung from the wall. Then a mild brightness filtered through the curtains and irradiated the bed. Felix distinctly saw the grotesque figure of Mandarin Li standing a few steps away. The shadow of death darkened his face, and without seeming movement of his lips, Felix heard these words, uttered by that shrill ringing voice so hated, now mellowed into divine music.



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“Felix d’Aubremel, God does not will that you should die, and I, his servant, am sent to tell you his decree. You have been cruel and covetous—you have wished an innocent man’s death, and his death caused that of a multitude of victims to the barbarous passions of a great western nation. Man’s life must be sacred for every man. God only can take what he gave. Live, then, if you would not add a great crime to a great error. And if forgiveness from one dead can restore in part your strength and courage to endure, Felix, I forgive you.”

The vision vanished.

Felix religiously obeyed the instructions of Li, and consecrated his life by a vow to the relief of human misery wherever he found it. He devoted Richard Malden’s vast fortune to founding charitable establishments. Ernestine Montmorot would never consent to see him again.

Two years ago, yielding to an impulse easy to understand, he requested the English consul at Chiusang to make inquiries as to the family of Li, who might perhaps be suffering in poverty. Nothing more could be discovered than that the gracious sovereign of the Middle Kingdom had confiscated the property of Li’s family, that his wife had died of sorrow, in misery, and that his son, Li, having taken the liberty to complain of the glorious emperor’s severity, suffered death by the bowstring, as is proper and reasonable in all well-governed states.

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[Illustration: MOTHER IS HERE!—DEIKER.]

MOTHER IS HERE!—A little fawn in the clutches of a fox bleats loudly for help. The mother appears quickly on the scene, and Renard retires, foiled and chagrined at the loss of his dinner. He stays not upon the order of his going, but goes at once. The artist Deiker is a well-known German painter, whose success with these pictures of animal life ranks him with such men as Beckmann and Hammer, whose names are familiar to the friends of *THE ALDINE*.

A TROPIC FOREST.

Trees lifted to the skies their stately heads,
Tufted with verdure, like depending plumage,
O’er stems unknotted, waving to the wind:
Of these in graceful form, and simple beauty,
The fruitful cocoa and the fragrant palm
Exceeded the wilding daughters of the wood,
That stretched unwieldly their enormous arms,
Clad with luxuriant foliage, from the trunk,



Like the old eagle feathered to the heel;
While every fibre, from the lowest root
To the last leaf upon the topmost twig,
Was held by common sympathy, diffusing
Through all the complex frame unconscious life.

—*Montgomery's Pelican Island.*

* * * * *

What makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old ones, or the pleasure of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.—*La Rochefoucauld.*



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AMONG THE DAISIES.

“Laud the first spring daisies—
Chant aloud their praises.”—*Ed. Youl.*

“When daisies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white—
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.”

—*Shakspeare.*

“Belle et douce Marguerite, aimable soeur du roi Kingcup,” enthusiastically exclaims genial Leigh Hunt, “we would tilt for thee with a hundred pens against the stoutest poet that did not find perfection in thy cheek.” And yet, who would have the heart to slander the daisy, or cause a blush of shame to tint its whiteness? Tastes vary, and poets may value the flower differently; but a rash, deliberate condemnation of the daisy is as likely to become realized as is a harsh condemnation of the innocence and simplicity of childhood. So the chivalric Hunt need not fear being invoked from the silence of the grave to take part in a lively tournament for “belle et douce Marguerite.”

Subjectively, the daisy is a theme upon which we love to linger. In our natural state, when flesh and spirit are both models of meekness, two objects are wont to throw us into a kind of ecstasy: a row of nicely painted white railings, and a bunch of fresh daisies. These waft us back along a vista of years, peopled with scenes the most entrancing, and fancies the most pleasing. They call up at once the old country home: the honeysuckle clasping the thatched cottage, contrasting so prettily with the white fence in front: the sloping fields of green painted with daisies, through which, unshackled, the buoyant breeze swept so peacefully. It was an invariable rule, in those days, to troop through the meadows at early morn and, like a young knight-errant, bear home in triumph “Marguerite,” the peerless daisy, rescued from the clutches of unmentionable dragons, and now to beam brightly on us for the rest of the day from a neighboring mantel-piece. And it was with great reluctance that we refrained from decapitating the whole field of daisies at one fell sweep, when we were once allowed to touch their upturned faces. A contract was then made on the spot: we were permitted to pluck the daisies on condition that we plucked but one every day. The field was not large, and long before the blasts of autumn had hushed the voices of the flowers, not a single daisy remained. Advancing spring threw lavish handfuls once more on the grass, and on these we sported anew with all the ardor of boyhood.

Our enthusiasm for the daisy then is only equaled by the gratitude it now awakens. Too soon does the busy world, with unwarrantable liberty, allure us from boyish scenes. Too soon are the buoyant fancies of youth succeeded by the feverish anxieties of age, happy innocence by the consciousness of evil, confidence by doubt, faith by despair.

We must chill our demonstrativeness, restrain our affections, blunt our sensibilities. We must cultivate conscience

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until we have too much of it, and become monkish, savage and misanthropic. The asceticism of manhood is apparent from the studied air with which everybody is on his guard against his neighbor. In a crowded car, men instinctively clutch their pockets, and fancy a pickpocket in a benevolent-looking old gentleman opposite. When we see men so distrustful, we shun them. They then call us selfish when we feel only solitary. We protest against such manhood as would lower golden ideals of youth to its own contemptible *Avernus*. And now as our daisy, which is blooming before us, sagely nods its white crest as it is swayed by the passing breeze, it seems to bring back of itself decades gone forever. We never intend to become a man. We keep our boy's heart ever fresh and ever warm. We don't care if the whole human race, from the Ascidiens to Darwin himself, assail us and fiercely thrust us once more into short jackets and knickerbockers, provided they allow an indefinite vacation in a daisy field. The joy of childhood is said to be vague. It was all satisfying to us once, and we do not intend to allow it to waste in unconscious effervescence among the gaudier though less gratifying delights of manhood.

It is, however, of daisies among the poets we would speak at more length. In fact, to the imaginative mind, the daisy in poetry is as suggestive as the daisy in nature. Philosophically, they are identical; in the absence of the one you can commune with the other. Thus unconsciously the daisy undergoes a metempsychosis; its soul is transferred at will from meadow to book and from book to meadow, without losing a particle of its vitality.

To premise with the daisy historically: Among the Romans it was called *Bellis*, or "pretty one;" in modern Greece, it is star-flower. In France, Spain, and Italy, it was named "Marguerita," or pearl, a term which, being of Greek origin, doubtless was brought from Constantinople by the Franks. From the word "Marguerita," poems in praise of the daisy were termed "Bargerets." Warton calls them "Bergerets," or "songs du Berger," that is, shepherd songs. These were pastorals, lauding fair mistresses and maidens of the day under the familiar title of the daisy. Froissart has written a characteristic Bargeret; and Chaucer, in his "Flower and the Leaf," sings:

"And, at the last, there began, anone,
A lady for to sing right womanly,
A bargaret in praising the daisie;
For as methought among her notes sweet,
She said, 'Si douce est la Margarite."

Speght supposes that Chaucer here intends to pay a compliment to Lady Margaret, King Edward's daughter, Countess of Pembroke, one of his patronesses. But Warton hesitates to express a decided opinion as to the reference. Chaucer shows his love for

the daisy in other places. In his “Prologue to the Legend of Good Women,” alluding to the power with which the flowers drive him from his books, he says that



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“all the floures in the mede,
Than love I most these floures white and rede,
Soch that men callen daisies in our toun
To hem I have so great affectioun,
As I sayd erst, whan comen is the May,
That in my bedde there daweth me no day,
That I nam up and walking in the mede,
To seen this floure agenst the Sunne sprede.”

To see it early in the morn, the poet continues:

“That blissfull sight softeneth all my sorow,
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to done it all reverence
As she that is of all floures the floure.”

Chaucer says that to him it is ever fresh, that he will cherish it till his heart dies; and then he describes himself resting on the grass, gazing on the daisy:

“Adowne full softly I gan to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side,
The long day I shope me for to abide,
For nothing els, and I shall nat lie,
But for to looke upon the daisie,
That well by reason men it call may
The daisie, or els the eye of day.”

Chaucer gives us the true etymology of the word in the last line. Ben Jonson, to confirm it, writes with more force than elegance,

“Days-eyes, and the lippes of cows;”

that is, cowslips; a “disentanglement of compounds,”—Leigh Hunt says, in the style of the parodists:

“Puddings of the plum
And fingers of the lady.”

The poets abound in allusions to the daisy. It serves both for a moral and for an epithet. The morality is adduced more by our later poets, who have written whole poems in its honor. The earlier poets content themselves generally with the daisy in description, and leave the daisy in ethics to such a philosophico-poetical Titan as Wordsworth. Douglas (1471), in his description of the month of May, writes:

“The dasy did on crede (unbraid) hir crownet smale.”



And Lyndesay (1496), in the prologue to his “Dreme,” describes June

“Weill bordowrit with dasyis of delyte.”

The eccentric Skelton, who wrote about the close of the 15th century, in a sonnet, says:

“Your colowre
Is lyke the daisy flowre
After the April showre.”

Thomas Westwood, in an agreeable little madrigal, pictures the daisies:

“All their white and pinky faces
Starring over the green places.”

Thomas Nash (1592), in another of similar quality, exclaims:

“The fields breathe sweet,
The daisies kiss our feet.”

Suckling, in his famous “Wedding,” in his description of the bride, confesses:

“Her cheeks so rare a white was on
No daisy makes comparison.”

Spenser, in his “Prothalamion,” alludes to

“The little dazie that at evening closes.”

George Wither speaks of the power of his imagination:

“By a daisy, whose leaves spread
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me
Than all Nature’s beauties can
In some other wiser man.”



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Poor Chatterton, in his “Tragedy of Ella,” refers to the daisy in the line:

“In daisyed mantells is the mountayne dyghte.”

Hervey, in his “May,” describes

“The daisy singing in the grass
As thro’ the cloud the star.”

And Hood, in his fanciful “Midsummer Fairies,” sings of

“Daisy stars whose firmament is green.”

Burns, whose “Ode to a Mountain Daisy” is so universally admired, gives, besides, a few brief notices of the daisy:

“The lowly daisy sweetly blows—”
“The daisy’s for simplicity and unaffected air.”

Tennyson has made the daisy a subject of one of his most unsatisfactory poems. In “Maud,” he writes:

“Her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.”

To Wordsworth, the poet of nature, the daisy seems perfectly intelligible. Scattered throughout the lowly places, with meekness it seems to shed beauty over its surroundings, and compensate for gaudy vesture by cheerful contentment. Wordsworth calls the daisy “the poet’s darling,” “a nun demure,” “a little Cyclops,” “an unassuming commonplace of nature,” and sums up its excellences in a verse which may fitly conclude our attempt to pluck a bouquet of fresh daisies from the poets:

“Sweet flower! for by that name at last,
When all my reveries are past,
I call thee, and to that cleave fast;
Sweet silent creature!
That breath’st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!”

—A.S. Isaacs.

* * * * *



COLERIDGE AS A PLAGIARIST.

SOMETHING CHILDISH BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY 1798-99.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly:
I'm always with you in my sleep!
The world is all one's own.
But then one wakes, and where am I?
All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch bids,
So I love to wake ere break of day:
For though my sleep be gone,
Yet, while tis dark, one shuts one's lids,
And still dreams on.

Thus much for Coleridge. Now for his original:

"Were I a little bird,
Had I two wings of mine,
I'd fly to my dear;
But that can never be,
So I stay here.

"Though I am far from thee,
Sleeping I'm near to thee,
Talk with my dear;
When I awake again,
I am alone.

"Scarce there's an hour in the night
When sleep does not take its flight,
And I think of thee,
How many thousand times
Thou gav'st thy heart to me."

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“This,” says Mr. Bayard Taylor, in the *Notes* to his translation of *Faust*, “this is an old song of the people of Germany. Herder published it in his *Volkslieder*, in 1779, but it was no doubt familiar to Goethe in his childhood. The original melody, to which it is still sung, is as simple and sweet as the words.”

AMONG THE PERUVIANS.

The extremes of civilization and barbarism are nearer together in those countries which the Spaniards have wrested from their native inhabitants, than in any other portion of the globe. Before other European races, aboriginal tribes, even the fiercest, gradually disappear. They hold their own before the descendants of the *conquistadores*, who conquered the New World only to be conquered by it. Out of Spain the Spaniard deteriorates, and nowhere so much as in South America. Of course he is superior there to the best of the Indian tribes with which he is thrown in contact; but we doubt whether he is superior to the intelligent, but forgotten, races which peopled the regions around him centuries before Pizarro set foot therein, and which built enormous cities whose ruins have long been overgrown by forests. To compare the Spaniard of to-day, in Peru, with its ancient Incas is to do him no honor. To be sure, he is a good Catholic, which the Incas were not, but he is indolent, enervated, and enslaved by his own passions. His religion has not done much for him—at least in this world, whatever it may do in the next. It has done still less, if that be possible, for the aboriginal Peruvians.

“In all parts of Peru,” says a recent traveler, “except amongst the savage Indian tribes, Christianity, at least nominally prevails. The aborigines, however, converted by the sword in the old days of Spanish persecution, do not, as a rule, seem to have more notion of that faith in the country parts, than such as may be obtained from stray visits of some errant, image-bearing friar, whose principal object is to obtain sundry *reals* in consideration of prayers offered to his little idols. These wandering ministers also distribute execrably colored prints of various saints, besides having indulgences for sale. As to the nature of the pious offerings from their disciples, they are not at all particular. They go upon the easy principle that all is fish that comes into their net. If the ignorant and superstitious givers have not ‘filthy lucre’ wherewithal to propitiate the ugly represented saints, wax candles, silver ore, cacao, sugar, and any other description of property is as readily received. Thus, it often happens that these peripatetic friars have a long convoy of heavily-laden mules with which to gladden the members of their monastery when they return home.

[Illustration: FASHIONABLE LOUNGERS OF LIMA.]



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“The priests in all parts of Peru dress in a very extraordinary, not to say outlandish manner. One of the lower grade wears a very capacious shovel hat, projecting as much in front as behind, and looking very like a double-ended coal-heaver’s *hat*. A loose black serge robe covers him all over, as with a funereal pall, and being fastened together only at the neck, gives to his often obese figure an appearance the very reverse of grave or serious: The superior of a monastery, or the priest in charge of a parish, wears a more stately clerical costume. His hat is of formidable dimensions—a huge, flat, Chinese-umbrella-shaped sort of a concern, which cannot be compared to anything else in creation. He also affects ruffles and lace, a long cassock, and a voluminous cloak like many of those of Geneva combined together; black silk stockings and low shoes complete the clerical array of the higher ecclesiastics.”

[Illustration: RIDING AND FULL-DRESS COSTUME OF THE PERUVIAN LADIES.]

Quite as odd, in their way, as these good padres, are the Peruvian loungers, the “lions” of Lima—a long-haired, becloaked, truculent-looking set of fellows, whose proper place would seem to be among operatic banditti. A greater contrast and disparity than exists between them and the beautiful brunettes to whom they are fain to devote themselves, cannot well be imagined. That the latter generally prefer European gentlemen to these ill-favored beaux, follows as a matter of course. That the discarded “lion” resents this preference of his fair countrywomen, we have the testimony of the traveler already quoted from.

“Instinctively, as it were, a feeling of dislike and rivalry seemed to prevail between ourselves and such of these truculent gentry as it was our fortune to come into contact with. They were jealous, no doubt, of the wandering foreigners, whom they chose contemptuously to term *gringos*, but who, they know well enough, are infinitely preferred to themselves by their handsome coquettish countrywomen. It is, indeed, notoriously the fact, that any respectable man of European birth can marry well, and even far above his own social position, amongst the dark-eyed donnas of Peru. The men don’t seem exactly to like it. Judging by their appearance, we found but little difficulty in believing the character which report had given them—namely, their proneness to assassination, especially in love affairs, either personally, or, more frequently, by deputy. If the brilliant creole and half-caste women of this warm, tropical country, are some of the most beautiful and lovable of the sex, their sallow, sinister-looking, natural protectors are just the very opposite. The singular difference in the moral and physical characteristics of the two sexes is something really remarkable, and I, for one, cannot satisfactorily explain it to my own mind. That such is the case I venture to affirm; the why and the wherefore I must fain leave to wiser ethnological heads.”



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Not less curious, as regards costume, are the Peruvian ladies. And, as they are *equestriennes*, we will describe their riding-habits in the words of the same traveler:

“To commence at the top. This riding dress consisted of a huge felt hat, both tall and broad, and generally ornamented with a plume of three great feathers sticking up in front. Next came an all-round sort of a cape, of no shape in particular, with a wide collar, several rows of fringe, much needle-work (and corresponding waste of time upon so hideous a garment), and of a length sufficient to reach below the waist, and so completely hide and spoil the wearer’s generally fine figure. Then came a short overskirt, extending a little below the knees, and beneath which appeared the fair senora or senorita’s most unfeminine pantaloons, which, being carefully tied above the ankle in a frill, were allowed to fully display that treasure of treasures, that most valued of charms, the beautiful little foot and ankle. In addition to this absurd dress, which conceals the graceful form of perhaps the handsomest race of women in the world, the fair creatures have a style of riding which, to Europeans accustomed to the side-saddle, certainly seems more peculiar than elegant; that is to say, they ride a la Duchesse de Berri—*Anglice*, like a man.

“The full dress, or evening costume, in the provinces, seemed simply an exaggeration upon that of the towns—the crinoline being more extensive, the petticoats shorter, and the dressing of the hair still more wonderful and elaborate.”

[Illustration: YOUNG MESTIZO WOMAN. MIDDLE-AGED LIMENA.]

Among the *mestizos*, half-castes, of white and Indian origin the women are often very beautiful, especially when the blood of the latter prevails. They are, we are told, the best-looking of all the Peruvian women, possessing brilliantly fair complexions, magnificent long black tresses, lithe and graceful figures of exquisite proportions, regular and classic features, and the most superb great black eyes.

“Though often glorious in youth, these dark-skinned, passionate daughters of the sunny Pacific shore soon begin to fade. Although their scant costume and the *manto y saya*—the dress favored at night—serve only to expose and display the charming contour of their youthful form, as the years roll on and rob them of these alluring attractions, the simple array becomes ugly and ridiculous. Often did we laugh at the absurd figure presented by some stout, middle-aged half-caste, or a good many more caste, lady, clad in her *manto y saya*. Especially ludicrous did these staid females appear when viewed from behind.”

The Peruvian negress, of elderly years, compares not unfavorably with her whiter Spanish sister of the same age. Both display inordinate vanity, which consorts ill with the brawny calves and large feet they cannot help showing on account of their short though voluminous skirts, and both have a womanly love of jewelry.



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“They manifest a very apparent weakness for all sorts of glittering ornaments, especially in the way of numerous rings, huge ear-rings, and mighty necklaces. Indeed, it is not at all uncommon to see pearls (their favorite gem) of great value, rising and falling, and gleaming with incongruous lustre, upon their bare, black, and massive bosoms; whilst ear-rings of solid gold hang glittering from their large ears, in singular contrast to their common and dirty clothing.

“Except for the occasional excitement of theatre, cock-fight, or bull-fight, and the regular attendance at mass and vespers, the life of the higher class Limena is a dreamy existence of languor, amidst siestas, cigarettes, agua-rica, and jasmine perfumes, the tinkling of guitars, and the melody of song. Alas! that I must record it; she is, too, a terrible *intrigante*. The *manto y saya*, the *bete noir* of many a poor jealous husband, seems a garment for disguise, invented on purpose to oblige her. It is the very thing for an intriguing dame; and, by a stringent custom, bears a sacred inviolate right, for no man dare profane it by a touch, although he may even suspect the bright black eye, it may alone allow to be seen, to be that of his own wife! He can follow, if he likes, the graceful, muffled up figure that he dreads to be so familiar, but woe to the wretch who dares to pull aside a fair Limena’s *manto*! If seen, he would surely experience the resentment of the crowd, and become a regular laughing-stock to all who knew him.”

But let us be just to the women of Peru, who, in the matter of flirting and fondness for finery, are probably not worse than the sex elsewhere. They love where they love with a fervor unknown to the women of Europe, their Spanish sisters, perhaps, excepted, and they are capable of profound patriotism.

[Illustration: PERUVIAN PRIESTS.]

There is an element of real strength in the wild, stormy nature of these beautiful and impassioned creatures: it is their misfortune not to know how to hide their weaknesses as well as their more sophisticated sisters. The tide of time flows so smoothly with them, through such level summer landscapes steeped in tropical repose, that the desire for excitement naturally arises, and excitement itself becomes a necessity. Lacking many of the indoor employments of the women of colder climates, time hangs heavy on their hands, idleness wearies, and they cast about for a way in which to amuse, enjoy, and distract themselves. They find it in love. If no European is near upon whom they can bestow their smiles and the lustre of their magnificent eyes, they have to be content with their own countrymen, who woo them after the fashion of their Spanish ancestors, by serenades at night, in which the strumming of guitars generally plays a more important part than the words it accompanies.



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While we are among the Peruvians, we must not entirely overlook their country, and the features of its varied landscapes. It is divided by the Andes into three different lands, so to speak, *La Costa*, the region between the coast and the Andes; *La Sierra*, the mountain region, and *La Montana*, or the wooded region east of the Andes. *La Costa*, in which Lima is situated, at the distance of about six miles from the sea, may be briefly described as a sandy desert, interspersed with fertile valleys, and watered by several rivers of no great magnitude. It seldom or never rains there, but there are heavy dews at night which freshen and preserve the vegetation. The magnificence of the mountain region baffles all attempts at word-painting, as it baffles the art of the painter. Church, the artist, gives us what is, perhaps, the best representation we are ever likely to have of it, but it is only a glimpse after all. Still more indescribable, if that be possible, are the enormous wildernesses which stretch from the Andes to the vast pampas to the eastward. "Here everything is on Nature's great scale. The whole country is one continuous forest, which, beginning at very different heights, presents an undulating aspect. One moves on his way with trees before, above, and beneath him, in a deep abyss like the ocean. And in these woods, as on the immensity of the waters, the mind is bewildered; whatever way it directs the eye there it meets the majesty of the Infinite. The marvels of Nature are in these regions so common that one becomes accustomed to behold, without emotion, trees whose tops exceed the height of 100 varas (290 English feet), with a proportionate thickness, beyond the belief of such as never saw them; and, supporting on their trunks a hundred different plants, they, individually, present rather the appearance of a small plantation than one great tree. It is only after you leave the woods, and ordinary objects of comparison present themselves to the mind, that you can realize in thought the colossal stature of these samples of Montana vegetation."

Peru is a fitting theatre for the great dramas which have been played upon its wild, mountainous stage. The dark background of its past is haunted by the shadows of the unknown race who built its ruined cities and temples. Then come the beneficent, heavenly Incas, and the mild, pastoral people over whom they rule. Last, the cruel, treacherous Spaniard, slaughtering his friendly hosts with one hand, while the other holds the Bible to their lips!

THE OLD MAID'S VILLAGE.

I had been passing the summer on the banks of the Hudson—in that charmed region which lies about what was once the home of Diedrich Knickerbocker, with the enchanted ground of Sleepy Hollow on the one hand, and the shrine of Sunnyside on the other. In many happy morning walks and peaceful twilight rambles, I had made the acquaintance of every winding lane, every shaded avenue, every bosky dell and sunny glade for miles around. I had wandered hither and thither, through all the golden season, and fairly steeped my soul in the beauty, the languor, the poetry of the "Irving country;" and now, filled, as it were, with rare wine, content and happy, I was ready to return to the town, and take up the matter-of-fact habit of life again.



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But even on the last day of my sojourn, when my trunks stood packed and corded, and the loins of my spirit were girt for departure on the morrow; as I stood at my window somewhat pensively contemplating, for the last time, the peculiarly delicious river-bit which it framed, the door opened suddenly, and Nannette, my *fidus Achates*, and the companion of my summer, ran in.

“Do you know,” she cried, “I have just learned that we were about to leave the place without visiting one of its greatest curiosities? We have narrowly escaped going without having seen the ‘Old Maid’s Village!’”

“The ‘Old Maid’s Village!’” I echoed, stupidly. “But what village is *not* the peculiar property of the race?”

“Yes, I know; but this village is really built on an old maid’s property, and by her own hands. And there is the ‘Cat’s Monument,’ too. Come! don’t stop to talk about it, but let us go and see it. It will be just the thing for a last evening; in memoriam, you know, and all that. Get on your hat, and come, and we shall see the sunset meeting the moonrise on the river once more, as we return.”

That, at least, was always worth seeing, I reflected; and so, without more ado, I put on my wraps as I was bid, and reported myself under marching orders.

How lovely, how indescribably lovely, the world was that September afternoon, as we strolled along the shaded sidewalk where the maples were already laying a mosaic of gold and garnet, and looked off toward the river and the hills beyond—the far blue hills—all veiled in tenderest amber mist! The very air was full of soft, warm color; the sunbeams, mild and level now, played with the shadows across our path, and every now and then a leaf, flecked with orange or crimson, fluttered to our feet. The blue-birds sang in the goldening boughs, unaffrighted by the constant roll of elegant equipages in which, at this hour, the residents of the stately mansions on either side the road were taking the air; and the crickets hopped about undisturbed in the crevices of the gray stone walls.

We walked leisurely on, past one and another lofty gateway, until presently reaching an entrance rather less assuming than its neighbors, but, like them, hospitably open, Nannette said, with promptness:

“This is the place, I am sure. Square white house; black railing; next to the printing-press man’s great gate. Come right in; all are welcome, and not even thank you to pay, for one never sees anyone to speak to here.”

It seemed to my modesty rather an audacious proceeding, but trusting to my companion’s superior information, I followed her in, and we walked up a circular carriage-drive through smooth shaven lawns dotted with brilliant clumps of salvia and

gladiolus, towards the house—a square, solid structure, white, and with broad verandas running across its front.



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At its northern side, sloping towards the wall, was visible what looked like an ordinary terrace, rather low, and ornamented with small shrubs and grotto-work; but which, on nearer approach, proved to be a veritable village in miniature, constructed with a verisimilitude of design, and a fidelity to detail, which was at once in the highest degree amazing and amusing. As Nannette had been assured, no one appeared to interfere with us in any way, and full of a curious wonder at such a manifestation of eccentric ingenuity, we seated ourselves upon a wooden box, evidently kept more for the purpose of protecting the odd out-of-door plaything in bad weather, and proceeded to give it the minute inspection which it merited; the result of which I chronicle here for the benefit of the like curious minded.

The terrace, which forms the site of this doll-baby city, is low and semi-circular in shape, and separated from the graveled drive by a close border of box. Within this protecting hedge the ground is laid out in the most picturesque and fantastic manner compatible with a scale of extreme minuteness. Winding roads, shady bye-paths ending in rustic stiles, willow-bordered ponds, streams with fairy bridges, rocky ravines and sunny meadows, ferny dells, and steep hills clambered over with a wilderness of tangled vines, and strewn with lichen-covered stones—all are there, and all reproduced with the most conscientious fidelity to nature, and with Lilliputian diminutiveness. Regular streets, “macadamized” with a gray cement which gives very much the effect of asphaltum, separate one demesne from another; and each meadow, lawn, field, and barn-yard has its own proper fence or wall, constructed in the most workmanlike manner. The streets are bordered by trees, principally evergreens, which, though rigidly kept down to the height of mere shrubs, appear stately by the side of the miniature mansions they overlook; and, in every dooryard, or more pretentious greensward, tiny larches, pines yet in their babyhood, and dwarfed cedars, cast a mimic shade, and bestow an air of dignity and venerableness to the place.

The first object upon which the eye is apt to rest on approaching this modern Lilliput is the squire’s house, the residence of the landed proprietor. This is a handsome edifice of some eight by ten inches in breadth and height. It stands upon an eminence in the midst of ornamented grounds, and with its white walls, its lofty cupola, and high, square portico, presents a properly imposing appearance. There are signs of social life about the mansion befitting its own style of conscious superiority. In the wide arched entrance hall stands a high-born dame attired in gay Watteau costume—red-heeled slippers, brocaded petticoat, and bodice and train of puce-colored satin. She is receiving the adieux of an elegant gentleman, hatted, booted, and spurred, who, with whip in hand and dog by his side, is about to descend the steps and mount his horse for a ride over his



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estate. A bird-cage swings by an open window, and, on the lawn, a group of children, in charge of their nurse, are engaged in the time-honored game of “Ring-around-a-rosy.” Winding walks, bordered with shrubbery, disappear among fantastic mounds of rock-work, moss-grown grottoes, and tiny dells of fern; and under a ruined arch, gray with lichen and green with vines, flows a placid streamlet, spanned by a rustic bridge. In the meadow beyond, flocks of sheep are cropping the grass, and an old negro is busily engaged in repairing a breach in the stone wall.

Hard by this stately demesne is a humbler tenement, built of wattled logs, but showing signs of comfort and thrift all about it. The old grandsire sits in a high-backed chair, sunning himself in front of the door; on a bench, at the side of the house, stand rows of washtubs filled with soiled linen, and a woman is busy wringing out clothes; while another, with a bucket on her head, goes to the well to supply her with a fresh thimbleful of water; and still a third milks a handsome dapple-gray cow in the yard where the dairy stands. There is a well-filled barn behind, with another cow and a horse, too, for that matter, in the stable attached, and the farmer, who is putting the last sheaf on his wheat-stack, looks contented enough with his lot.

Just beyond the stream, on whose bank the fisherman sits leisurely dropping his line, stands the village church; a fac-simile of the old Dutch Church which has stood near the entrance of Sleepy Hollow since long before the Revolution, and is hallowed now not only by the pious associations of centuries, but by the near vicinage of Irving’s grave. In its little twelve-inch counterpart, every point of the ancient structure is preserved in exact detail. The dull red walls, the beetling roof, the narrow pointed windows and low, arched door; the quaint Dutch weathercock, and odd-shaped tower—aye, even the bell within, no bigger than a doll’s thimble—and upon all a sentimental traveler in the person of a china figure perhaps three inches in height, is gazing half pensively, half curiously, as we suppose, at this relic of by-gone years!

On the other side of the stream the village school, likewise an ancient and steeple-crowned edifice, stands out in the midst of a bare and clean swept playground. It bears its signature upon its front:

“DISTRICT SCHOOL, NO. 2,”

and its worshipful character is otherwise indicated by the presence of the master, a venerable looking puppet in cocked hat and knee-breeches, in the doorway, and sundry china children playing rather stiffly about the stone steps.

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Ascending by a steep, rocky path, one arrives at a rather pretentious looking wind-mill, which spreads its wide white arms protectingly over the cottages below. Barrels of flour and sacks of meal, well filled and plentiful in number, attest its thriving business, and the miller himself, in a properly dusty coat, looks about him with contented air. At the foot of the hill upon which the mill is perched, are several dwellings—all showing signs of more or less prosperous life, with the exception of one, which affords the orthodox “haunted house” belonging to every well-regulated village. The ruined walls of this old mansion, with lichen cropping out from every crevice; the unhinged doors and broken windows; the ladder rotting as it leans against the moss-grown roof, the broken well-sweep and deserted barn, offer an aspect of desolation and decay which should prove sufficient bait to tempt any ghost of moderate demands.

In direct contrast to the gloom which surrounds this now empty and forsaken home, one observes, in a shady grove surmounting a ridge of hills which rise somewhat steeply here from the roadway, a party of “pic-nickers” gaily attired and disporting themselves after the time-honored manner of such merry-makers; swinging, dancing, or, better still, strolling off arm in arm, in search of cooler shades, and of that company which is never a crowd.

At the base of this rocky ridge, the same stream which one meets above flowing darkly under arch and bridge, winds placidly along in sunshine and shadow until it loses itself in a clump of alders and willows quite at the edge of the box-bordered terrace; and here the village ends.

Not so my sketch: for I have purposely left it to the last to make mention of the great central idea round which all the rest is gathered, and which, doubtless, formed the germ of the whole oddly-conceived, but most admirably-executed plan. This is the “Cat’s Monument” of which Nannette had made mention, and which is a structure so original and imposing that it deserves special and minute description.

About midway the terrace, and conspicuous from its size and height, rises a mound of earth shaped into the semblance of an urn or vase, crusted thickly with bits of rock, moss, and pebbles, and overgrown with a tangle of tiny vines. Surmounting this picturesque pedestal is an obelisk of black-veined marble on a granite base, the whole rising some seven feet from the ground. On the polished surface of this memorial pillar is inscribed, in large black capitals, the following classic and touching tribute to the venerable departed who sleeps in peace below:

IN MEMORIAM
TOMMY
FELINI GENERIS
OPTIMUS.
DECESSIT A VITA



MENSE NOVEMBRIS
ANNO AETATIS 19.

* * * * *

*Quid me ploras? Nonne decessi gravis senectute? Nonne vivo amicorum ardentium
memoria?*

* * * * *



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On the reverse side of the column appears an inscription even more pathetic and poetic, to yet another departed favorite, who seems, not like Tommy to have been gathered to his fathers ripe in years and honors but to have been cut down in the bloom of youth by some untimely and tragic fate. He is all the more felin'ly lamented:

HIC JACET
PUSSY
SUI GENERIS
PULCHERRIMUS.
OCCISUS EST
MENSE APRILIS
AETAT. 9.

* * * * *

“Vixi, et quum dederat cursum fortuna, peregi. Felix! heu nimium felix! si litora ista nunquam tetigissem!”

* * * * *

Thanks to certain by no means homoeopathic doses of the Latin grammar in my early years, I was able to gather the meaning of these elegiac effusions, and when the last stanza embodying poor Pussy's posthumous wail was discovered to be none other than the despairing death-cry of the “infelix Dido” as immortalized by Virgil—the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous seemed to have been passed.

I looked at Nannette, and Nannette looked at me, and we burst into silent but irrepressible laughter. Nannette was the first to recover herself.

“We ought to be ashamed of ourselves,” said she severely: “Honest grief is always respectable; and a fitting tribute to departed worth, no more than what is due from the survivors. I have no doubt but that Tommy and Pussy were most esteemed members of society, and that their loss has left an aching void in the family of which they were the youngest and most petted darlings. I have heard the history of this monument, and the village that has grown up around it, and if you will comport yourself more as a Christian being should in the presence of a solemn memorial, I will relate to you the interesting facts in my possession.”

I immediately signified a due contrition and full purpose of amendment; when Nannette continued, still speaking with the gravity befitting the subject.

“This estate then, this large and respectable mansion, and these pleasant grounds in which we now sit, are the property in common of three most estimable ladies, all past their first youth, and all possessed of sufficient good sense and strength of mind to



remain their own mistresses, which has procured for the very remarkable specimen of ingenuity now before us, from some ignorant townspeople, the sobriquet of the 'Old Maid's Village.'

"There is only one of the ladies, however, I am informed, who interests herself in the construction of these most ingenious toys. Possessed of ample means, and more than ample leisure, she amuses herself in hours which might otherwise be devoted to gossip and tea, in putting together these various models of buildings, all differing in style, and of most singular materials. The church, for instance, is built of fragments of clinker, gathered from stove and grate,

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and held firmly together by cement. Nothing could have reproduced so exactly the rough reddish stone of which the old Sleepy Hollow Church is built. The window-glass is represented by carefully framed pieces of tin foil; the gray stone of the gate-posts is imitated by sand rubbed on wooden pillars with a coating of cement. The streets are paved in much the same clever fashion. The well, the pond, the stream, are filled with water each day by the chatelaine's own careful hands. Many of the mimic creatures, human and otherwise, are automata, manufactured to order; the others are wooden or china figures selected with extreme care as to their fitness for their purpose. So rare and so exceedingly pretty are some of these little figures, that they have become objects of unlawful desire to certain soulless curiosity-mongers, who have rewarded an open and confiding hospitality with base attempts at spoliation; and now a person is employed to live in the cottage just beyond us, and do little else than take care of these unique possessions.

"No, you need not start. The woman is probably there at her post, and surveying our operations from time to time. But we have behaved like decent people. We are taking away nothing but a remembrance of a singularly interesting hour, and an admiring impression of the originality, the ingenuity, the industry, and the independence of one of our own sex.

"Is it not so, my friend? And now, by the length of those cedar shadows, it is time for us to rise up and be gone. Else the moonlight will have met and parted with the sunset ere we reach home."

There was nothing to be said; the tale had been told, and with one last, lingering glance, one parting smile, half amused, half touched, I rose, and together we walked home in somewhat pensive mood. Was it not our last day in Fairyland?—*Kate J. Hill.*

* * * * *

WINE AND KISSES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE PERSIAN OF MIRTSA SCHAFFY.

The lover may be shy—
His bashfulness goes by
When first he kisses.

The bibber, though so staid,
Gets bravely unafraid
When wine his bliss is.



Yet he who, in his youth,
No wine nor kiss hath tasted.
Will some day think, in truth,
That half his joys were wasted.

—*Joel Benton.*

* * * * *

I have heard it asked why we speak of the dead with unqualified praise: of the living, always with certain reservations. It may be answered, because we have nothing to fear from the former, while the latter may stand in our way: so impure is our boasted solicitude for the memory of the dead. If it were the sacred and earnest feeling we pretend, it would strengthen and animate our intercourse with the living.—*Goethe.*

THE QUEEN'S CLOSET.



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Did anybody ever see a fairy in the city? Was a glimpse ever caught of Fairyland there? I say *No*. But I was in the country this summer where a great number of mushrooms grew, and one day when I was walking in a grassy lane I met a little, old queen, who was fanning herself with the leaf of the poor-man's-weather-glass; she had taken off her crown, and it was lying on the top of a lovely red mushroom. I poked the mushroom with my parasol, and instantly felt on my face a faint puff of air, and heard a hum no louder than the buzz of an angry fly.

I sat down on the grass, and then my eyes fell on the queen.

"You have let my crown fall in the dirt," she said, tossing a wisp of hair from her forehead; "but you great, insensible beings are always in mischief when you are in the country. Why don't you stay at home, in your brick cages that stand on heaps of flat stones? You are watched there all the time by creatures with clubs in their leather belts, so you cannot tear and crush things to pieces as you do here."

"Oh, I am so sorry, madam," I answered; "if you knew how unhappy I felt this morning when I started on my last walk, you would pity me. I must go home at once, and my home is in the city—shut in by houses before and behind it. If I look out of the window, I only see a strip of sky above me, where neither sun nor moon passes on its journey round the world; and below me, only the stone pavement over which goes an endless procession of men and women, upon a hundred errands I never guess at."

The queen tapped her head with a white stick like a peeled twig, and made such a noise that I examined it, and saw an ivory knob, which reminded me of the budding horns of a young deer. As if in answer to my thought, she said:

"It drops off every year. In the fairy-nature all elements are united. We partake of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and add our own; this makes us what we are. We do not suffer, but we experience, without suffering, of course; our long lives glide along like dreams. As you are in sleep, so are we awake. If you love the country, which contains our kingdom, as the filbert-shell contains the kernel, I will endow you with power. I will give you something to take back with you."

What do you think she gave me? A little closet with shelves; on each shelf were laid away all my remembrances of the summer, for me to unfold at leisure. When she gave me the key, which looked exactly like a steel pen, she said: "When you turn the key you will understand my power. All things will be alive, will know as much, and talk as fast as you do. The closet, in short, is but a wee corner of my kingdom, where to-day and to-morrow are the same—past and present one. A maid-of-honor wishes to go to town. I'll send her in the closet. My slave, the geometrical spider, must spin her a warm cobweb—and when you open the closet, be sure and not disturb my little Fancie."

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Some way Queen Imagin disappeared then. To any person less knowing than myself, it would have seemed as if a dandelion ball was floating in the air; but I knew better, and I watched her sailing, sailing away till lost behind the trees. The crown was gone, too; I discovered nothing in the neighborhood of the red mushroom, except a tiny yellow blossom already wilted by the heat of the sun.

Well, I am at home. I sit down this misty autumn morning in my lonely room, and wish for some work or if not that, for something to play with. I am too old for dolls, but very young in the way of amusement. Ah—the closet! I'll unlock that; the key is at hand—in my writing-desk.

Open Sesame! On the top shelf sits little Fancie, her eyes shining like diamonds in her soft, dusky cobweb. She nods, so do I, and we are in Greenside again—on a summer evening. How the crickets sing; and the tree-toads harp in the trees as if they were a picket guard entirely surrounding us. Hueston's big dog barks in the lane at just the right distance. What security I used to feel when I was a little child, tucked away in my bed, and heard a dog bark a mile away; too far off ever to come up and bite, and yet near enough to frighten prowling robbers!

"When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed," I was about to say; but Polly, who is at Greenside with me, calls, "Just hear the mosquitoes."

The blinds must be closed. What a delicious smell comes in! The dew wetting all the shrubs and flowers distils sweet odors. What a family of moths have rushed in; this big, brown one, with white and red markings, is very enterprising. He has voyaged twice down the lamp chimney, as if it were the funnel of a steamship.

Get out, moth!

"Sho," she answers in a husky voice, as if very dry, "It is my nature to; that's all you know, turning us to moral purposes, and making us a tiresome metaphor. We are much like you human creatures—only we don't compare ourselves continually with others. We just scorch ourselves as we please. My cousin, Noctilia Glow-worm, who is out late o' nights on the grass-bank in poor company—the Katydids, who board for the season with the widow Poplar—a two-sided, deceitful woman—she does not care where I go, and never shrieks out, 'A burnt moth dreads the lamp chimney.' If she sees me wingless, she coughs, and throws out a green light, but says nothing. Don't mind me; there's more coming."

It can't be moths making such a noise on the second shelf. It is Tom, who calls out to us, from his room, to come, and help him catch a bat.

"Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wings."



“Always mouthing something,” somebody mutters. But we rush into Tom’s room, and behold him in the middle of the floor, flopping north and south, east and west, with a towel. No bat is to be seen. I hear a pretty singing, however, and declare it to be from a young swallow fallen down the chimney; but as there is no fire-place in the room, my opinion goes for nothing. Tom maintains that it is a bat; that it flew in by the window; and that it is behind the bureau. He is right, for the bat whirrs up to the ceiling and from that height accosts us in a squeaking voice:



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“I am weak-eyed, am I? and my wings are leathery? Catch me, and you will find my wings are like down, my eyes as bright as diamonds. How much you know, writing yourselves down in books as Naturalists! My name is Vespertila; my family are from Servia, at your service. Could you offer me a fly, or a beetle? I was chasing Judge Blue Bottle, or I should not have been trapped. Go to sleep, dears, and leave me to fan you. When you are asleep, I’ll bite a hole in your ear, and sup bountifully on your red blood.”

Flop went our towels, and down went Miss Vespertila behind the bed crying. Polly crept up to her; and caught her in a towel. What black beads of eyes had Miss Vespertila from Servia, where her grandfather, General Vampire, still commands a brigade of rascals! Her teeth were sharp, and white as pearls. Polly held her up, and she cunningly combed her furry wings with her hind feet, and said:

“Polly, dear, I itch dreadfully; do you mind plain speaking? I am full of bat lice. Ariel caught them, and the folks say that Queen Mab often buys fine combs—”

“Slanderer!” cried Polly, “fly to your witch home!”

She shook the towel out of the window, and the bat soared away.

“What’s coming next?” we all asked. “There are the rabbits to hear from, the pigeons, the sparrows, the mole, and the striped snake who lives by the garden gate?”

Slap, Bang! Fancie has pulled the door to. The cunning Queen Imagin placed her in the closet, perhaps for this purpose. But I have the key. I shall unlock it to-morrow, for I must have the picnic over again, under the beech tree, where the brown thrush built her nest, and reared her young ones, who ate our crumbs, and chirped merrily when we laughed.—*Lolly Dinks’s Mother*.

* * * * *

Doth a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detractive, consider with thyself whether his reproaches be true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, although he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person he reproaches.—*Epictetus*.

LITERATURE.

“Of the making of many books there is no end,” said the Wise Man of old. Of the making of good books there is frequently an end, say we. The good books of one year may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Among those of the present year none

ranks higher than Taine's "Art in Greece," a translation of which, by Mr. John Durand, is published by Messrs. Holt & Williams. The French are a nation of critics, and Taine is the critic of the French.



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This could not have been said with truth during the lifetime of Sainte-Beuve, but since his death it is true. There is nothing, apparently, which Taine is not competent to criticise, so subtle is his intellect, and so wide the range of his studies, but what he is most competent to criticise is Art. We have heard great things of a History of English Literature by him, but as it has not yet appeared in an English dress (although Messrs. Holt & Williams have a translation of it in press) we shall reserve our decision until it appears. Art, it seems to us, is the specialty to which Taine has devoted himself, with the enthusiasm peculiar to his countrymen, and a thoroughness peculiar to himself. Others may have accumulated greater stores of art-knowledge—the knowledge indispensable to the historian of Art, and the biographer of artists—but none has so saturated himself with the spirit of Art as Taine. We may not always agree with him, but he is always worth listening to, and what he says is worthy of our serious consideration. We think he is *too* philosophical sometimes, but then the fault may be in us. It may be that we are so accustomed to the materialism of the English critics that we fail, at first, to apprehend the spirituality of this most refined and refining of Frenchmen. No English critic could have written his “Art in Greece,” because no English critic could put himself in his place. We know what the English think of Greek Art, or may, with a little reading: what Taine thinks of it is—that it is what it is, simply because the Greeks were what they were. Before he tells us what Greek Art is, he tells us what the Greeks were. Nor does he stop here, but goes on to tell us, or rather begins by telling us, what kind of a country it was in which they dwelt, what skies shone over them, what mountains looked down upon them, in the shadow of what trees they walked within sight of the wine-dark sea. He begins at the beginning, as the children say. Whether he succeeds in convincing us that it was Greece alone which made the Greeks what they were, depends somewhat upon the cast of our minds, and somewhat upon our power to resist his eloquence. We think, ourselves, that he lays too much stress upon the mere outward environment of the Grecian people. The influence exercised over their lives, by the Institutions which grew up out of these lives—the influence, in short, of their purely physical culture—is admirably described, as is also the difference between this culture and ours: “Modern people are Christian, and Christianity is a religion of second growth which opposes natural instinct. We may liken it to a violent contraction which has inflected the primitive attitude of the human mind. It proclaims, in effect, that the world is sinful, and that man is depraved—which certainly is indisputable in the century in which it was born. According to it, man must change his ways. Life here below is simply an exile; let



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us turn our eyes upward to our celestial home. Our natural character is vicious; let us stifle natural desires and mortify the flesh. The experience of our senses and the knowledge of the wise are inadequate and delusive; let us accept the light of revelation, faith and divine illumination. Through penitence, renunciation and meditation let us develop within ourselves the spiritual man; let our life be an ardent awaiting of deliverance, a constant sacrifice of will, an undying yearning for God, a reverie of sublime love, occasionally rewarded with ecstasy and a vision of the infinite. For fourteen centuries the ideal of this life was the anchorite or monk. If you would estimate the power of such a conception and the grandeur of the transformation it imposes on human faculties and habits, read, in turn, the great Christian poem and the great pagan poem, one the 'Divine Comedy' and the other the 'Odyssey' and the 'Iliad.' Dante has a vision and is transported out of our little ephemeral sphere into eternal regions; he beholds its tortures, its expiations and its felicities; he is affected by superhuman anguish and horror; all that the infuriate and subtle imagination of the lover of justice and the executioner can conceive of he sees, suffers and sinks under. He then ascends into light; his body loses its gravity; he floats involuntarily, led by the smile of a radiant woman; he listens to souls in the shape of voices and to passing melodies; he sees choirs of angels, a vast rose of living brightness representing the virtues and the celestial powers; sacred utterances and the dogmas of truth reverberate in ethereal space. At this fervid height, where reason melts like wax, both symbol and apparition, one effacing the other, merge into mystic bewilderment, the entire poem, infernal or divine, being a dream which begins with horrors and ends in ravishment. How much more natural and healthy is the spectacle which Homer presents! We have the Troad, the isle of Ithica and the coasts of Greece; still at the present day we follow in his track; we recognize the forms of mountains, the color of the sea; the jutting fountains, the cypress and the alders in which the sea-birds perched; he copied a steadfast and persistent nature: with him throughout we plant our feet on the firm ground of truth. His book is a historical document; the manners and customs of his contemporaries were such as he describes; his Olympus itself is a Greek family."

The manifest inferiority of our mixed languages to their one simple language is stated in the following paragraph, with which we must leave Taine for the present:



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“Almost the whole of our philosophic and scientific vocabulary is foreign; we are obliged to know Greek and Latin to make use of it properly, and, most frequently, employ it badly. Innumerable terms find their way out of this technical vocabulary into common conversation and literary style, and hence it is that we now speak and think with words cumbersome and difficult to manage. We adopt them ready made and conjoined, we repeat them according to routine; we make use of them without considering their scope and without a nice appreciation of their sense; we only approximate to that which we would like to express. Fifteen years are necessary for an author to learn to write, not with genius, for that is not to be acquired, but with clearness, sequence, propriety and precision. He finds himself obliged to weigh and investigate ten or twelve thousand words and diverse expressions, to note their origin, filiation and relationships, to rebuild on an original plan, his ideas and his whole intellect. If he has not done it, and he wishes to reason on rights, duties, the beautiful, the State or any other of man’s important interests, he gropes about and stumbles; he gets entangled in long, vague phrases, in sonorous common-places, in crabbed and abstract formulas. Look at the newspapers and the speeches of our popular orators. It is especially the case with workmen who are intelligent but who have had no classical education; they are not masters of words, and, consequently, of ideas; they use a refined language which is not natural to them; it is a perplexity to them and consequently confuses their minds; they have had no time to filter it drop by drop. This is an enormous disadvantage, from which the Greeks were exempt. There was no break with them between the language of concrete facts and that of abstract reasoning, between the language spoken by the people and that of the learned; the one was a counterpart of the other; there was no term in any of Plato’s dialogues which a youth, leaving his gymnasia, could not comprehend; there is not a phrase in any of Demosthenes’ harangues which did not readily find a lodging-place in the brain of an Athenian peasant or blacksmith. Attempt to translate into Greek one of Pitt’s or Mirabeau’s discourses, or an extract from Addison or Nicole, and you will be obliged to recast and transpose the thought; you will be led to find for the same thoughts, expressions more akin to facts and to concrete experience; a flood of light will heighten the prominence of all the truths and of all the errors; that which you were wont to call natural and clear will seem to you affected and semi-obscure, and you will perceive by force of contrast why, among the Greeks, the instrument of thought being more simple, it did its office better and with less effort.”

Among the good books of the year, two belong to a special walk of letters in which we have not hitherto excelled the English Translation. There are periods



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in the history of English Poetry when translation has played an important part. Such a period occurred just before the Shakspearean era, and it was noted for translations from the Latin poets. Chapman was the first English writer to perceive the greatness of the Greek poets, and, like the poet that he was, he attempted to translate the father of poets, Homer. Chapman's Homer is a noble work, with all its faults; but it is not what Homer should be in English. It was followed by other translations mostly of the Latin poets, the best, perhaps, being Dryden's Virgil, until, finally, the English mind returned to Homer, or supposed it did, in the pretty, musical numbers of Pope. Who will may read Pope's Homer. We cannot. Nor Cowper's either, although it contains some good, manly writing. We can read Lord Derby's Homer, or could, until Mr. Bryant published his translation of the "Iliad," when the necessity no longer existed. No English translation of Homer will compare with Mr. Bryant's; and we are glad that we are soon to have the whole of the "Odyssey," as we already have the whole of the "Iliad." The first volume of Mr. Bryant's translation of the "Odyssey" (J.R. Osgood & Co.) fully sustains the reputation of the writer. It is so admirably done, that, if we did not know to the contrary, we should think we were reading an original poem. The stiffness which generally inheres in translations is wanting; nowhere is there any sense of restraint, but everywhere a delightful sense of ease—the freedom of one great poet shining through the freedom of another great poet, as the sun shines through the sky. It is the ideal English translation of Homer; and we congratulate Mr. Bryant upon having finished it (for we believe he has); and congratulate ourselves that it is the work of an American poet.

We offer the like congratulation to Mr. Bayard Taylor for his translation of "Faust," which occupies the same place, as regards German Poetry, that Mr. Bryant's translation of Homer does to Greek Poetry. The difficulty of the task which Mr. Taylor set himself, the task of rendering the original in the measures of the original, was never met before by any English translator of "Faust"—never even attempted, we believe—and, to say that he has accomplished it, is to say that Mr. Taylor is a very skilful poet—how skilful we never knew before, highly as we have always valued his poetical powers. He enables us to understand the *Intention* of Goethe in "Faust," as no one besides himself has done; and, among the obligations that we owe him for the enjoyment he has given us, we must not forget the obligation we are under to him for his *Notes*. They are scholarly, and to the point. There is not one too many, not one which we could afford to lose, now that we have it. What *might* have been written, under the pretense of *Notes*—what another translator might not have been able to resist writing—is fearful to think of—Life is so short, and Goethe's Art so long!



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The year has been fertile in American verse. How much Poetry it has produced is a question into which we do not care to enter. It has witnessed the publication of two volumes by Mr. Bret Harte; of one volume by Mr. John Hay; and of one volume by Mr. William Winter. The title of Mr. Winter's volume, "My Witness," (J.R. Osgood & Co.) is a happy one. It is not every American writer who can afford to place his verse on the stand as his witness; and it is not every American writer whose verse will substantiate what he is so desirous of proving, *viz.*, that he is an American poet.

Mr. Winter is not without faults—what American writer is?—but he endeavors to write simply. The virtue of simplicity—always a rare one, and never so rare as at present—he possesses. We have Tennyson, who is not simple; we have Browning, who is not simple; we have Swinburne, who is not simple; and we have Mr. Joaquin Miller, who is not simple.

Mr. Winter's book has its defects—among which we observe an occasional lapse into Latinity—but with all its defects it is a very *poetical* book. Mr. Winter reminds us, more than any recent American poet, of the English poets of the reigns of Charles the First and Second. He has, at his best, all their graces of style, and he has, at all times, the grace of Purity, to which they laid no claim. With the exception of Carew (whom, we dare say, he has never read), Mr. Winter is the daintiest and sweetest of amatory poets. He has the fancy of Carew, without his artificiality; he has Carew's sweetness, without his grossness of suggestion.

There is a tinge of sadness in some of Mr. Winter's poems, and the critics, we suppose, will censure him for it. If so, they will be in the wrong. The poet has the right to express his moods, sad or merry, and he is no more to be judged by his sad moods than his merry ones. He is to be judged by both, and the sum of both—if the critic is able to add it up—is the poet. As far as he is revealed in his book, that is, but no further. There is such a thing as Dramatic Poetry, as some critics are aware, and there is such a thing as Representative Poetry, as few critics are aware. The former deals with the passions, the latter with those shadowy and evanescent sensations which we call feelings. Mr. Winter is not a dramatic poet, but he is, in his own way, a representative poet. His poem "Lethe" represents one set of feelings; "The White Flag" another; and "Love's Queen" another. We like the last best. For, while we believe the others to be equally genuine, they do not impress us as being the best expression of his genius. What we feel most after finishing his volume, what seems to us most characteristic of his poetry, is loveliness—the tender loveliness that lingers in the mind after we have seen the sunset of a quiet summer evening, or after we have heard music on a dreamy summer night. If this poetic melancholy be treason, the critics may make the most of it. Mr. Winter has nothing to fear. He has the authority of the greatest poets with which to defend himself, and confute the critics.

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ART.

THE PRODIGAL SON, BY EDOUARD DUBUFE.

The sublime lesson of forgiveness, inculcated by the story of the Prodigal Son, is among the earliest and most familiar in the memories of a nation of Bible readers like our own. Every one of us, perhaps unconsciously, carries in mind a simple, straightforward conception of this subject, formed in early childhood—a time when the imagination rarely goes beyond an attempt to realize the unlooked for forgiveness of the once deserted parent, or the captivating visions of adventure suggested by the changing fortunes of the wanderer during his absence in a “far country.”

With the painter the picture is his vision, and the panels are the realities. As a man of a different order of thought would have chosen another incident of the story for illustration, so also would a painter of a less independent school have permitted himself to be bound down by the historical facts of the architectural and costume fashions of the time of narration. Dubufe has so far discarded the unities of time and place, if any can *really* be said to exist—as no date was fixed in the relation of the parable by Christ—that he has adopted the mingled costumes of Europe and the East, which obtained in the fifteenth century, and has placed his figures in a Corinthian porch under the light of Italian skies. Apart from the conception and the “telling of the story,” about which there will be various opinions, this picture may be justly regarded as a magnificent work of art.

The great David, a pupil of whose pupil Edouard Dubufe was, and Horace Vernet, appear to have been the guides selected by him, rather than the greatest of his masters—Paul Delaroche. The influence of both is to be traced in this work, although it may be said to take rank above any production of either of them. In drawing, color, and composition, rendering of textures, and the exhibition of the resources of the palette, now better known to French painters than ever before, the picture leaves nothing to be desired. The faces of the principal figures are full of that “expression to the life” in which the English are justly considered to excel, while the admirable focus of the groups, the color, and interest, are as un-English as excellent. Fault-finding in more than one or two unimportant details would be hypercriticism where so much is perfect, and it becomes our happy privilege, in this notice, to commend and to point out, to “lay” readers about Art, the manifold beauties of its technical execution. A critical examination will show that the composition is on the pyramidal principle, and the arrangement of groups principally in threes. In the central portion of the canvas, where the marble pillars of the porch fall off in perspective, the Profligate stands holding up a golden cup in his right hand, as in the act of proposing a toast. His red costume and commanding figure attract the eye, and the attention falls at

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once and equally on him and on the magnificent woman whose arms embrace his neck, and whose eyes, as her chin rests close on his breast, gaze with dangerous fascination into his face. Her dress is of rich white satin, and, with the delicate green and gold sheen of her rival's robe—she with whom the Prodigal's right hand toys in caress—makes up a wonderfully brilliant prismatic chord, having the effect of focusing the richer, but not less gorgeous, pigments spread everywhere on the canvas. The faces of the women are very beautiful, and are made voluptuous by a subtle art which, through all their beauty, tells a story of unrestrained lives of passion and pleasure.

The face of the magnificent creature at the Prodigal's left hand is a wondrous piece of drawing. It is thrown back against him and from the spectator, in order that she may look up into his face—at the moment a dissipated, spiritless face, without even the flush of the wine which dyes her's so rosiely—a face at once weak and weary, and yet revealing a possible intensity, indeed, the face of a French woman who "has lived," rather than that of a man.

Up to this centre leads the other groups. Below, and seated on the rich rugs which cover the marble pavement, musicians and singers pause to listen to impassioned words from a laurel-crowned poet, while further on a sort of orchestra plays time for the sensuous dance of lithe-bodied Oriental dancers—each woman of them more ravishing than the other. Minor incidents, like dice-play and love-making, give interest to the remaining space, and keep up the revel.

Throughout, the drawing is true, and good, and graceful. The hands of the figures demand especial mention. The hand of one of the women, near the central group, grasped by her lover at the wrist as he kisses her shoulder, is particularly exquisite in form and color; the more remarkable, perhaps, because the position of it is so trying in nature and so difficult to draw.

The type of feature chosen for the women, the dancing girls excepted, is essentially Gallic. As remarked before, the face of the Prodigal, also, is French; but the musicians and the poet have faces of their own which seem to belong to the university of genius. The mere revelers, curiously enough, have a likeness to the figures in some old Italian pictures; one of them looks like a copy of Judas Iscariot, made younger.

A distant city and mountains fill up the background, and, on the extreme right of the near middle distance, flights of marble steps ascend to a grand doorway, where servants are seen loitering within easy call of their masters.

It was by a sublime inspiration that Dubufe painted the accessory panels in monotone. In that on the right, a dismal sky, filled with rolling clouds and sad presaging ravens flying, over-shadows the outcast, seated on a rock in an attitude of listless dejection,



with the swine feeding at his feet. In the panel on the left he is seen in the close embrace of his merciful parent. His head is bowed in humility, and, in an agony of remorse and shame, while the old house-dog sniffs at him for an obtrusive mendicant who has no business with such affectionate welcome.

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Let us congratulate ourselves that this picture has come to our country, as yet so barren of great works, and pray that the noble school of art of which this is so admirable an exponent, may find favor, not only with our painters, but with those who call themselves connoisseurs, in preference to unmeaning works of microscopic finish, or slick examples of boudoir and millinery painting.

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