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THE SCRAP BOOK.

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Vol. I. **AUGUST, 1906.** No. 6.

THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

By ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.



A little while ago I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon—a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a deity dead—and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon. I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris. I saw him at the head of the army in Italy. I saw him crossing the bridge at Lodi with the tricolor in his hand. I saw him in Egypt, in the shadow of the Pyramids. I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo, at Ulm, and at Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, when the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster—driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris—clutched like a wild beast—banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where chance and fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the widows and orphans he had made, of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes; I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the amorous kisses of the autumn sun; I would rather have been that poor peasant, with my wife by my side knitting as the day died out of the sky, with my children upon my knees and their arms about me; I would rather have been this man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial personation of force and murder known as Napoleon the Great.

The Latest Viewpoints of Men Worth While

President Roosevelt Calls Our Supreme Bench the Most Dignified and Powerful Court in the World—Professor Peabody Describes the German Kaiser as a Man of Peace—Chancellor MacCracken Discusses Teaching as a Profession for College Graduates—Ex-Secretary Herbert Denies that the Confederate Soldiers Were Rebels—With Other Notable Expressions of Opinion from Speakers Entitled to a Hearing.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

WHAT THE SUPREME COURT STANDS FOR.

The Members of Our Highest Tribunal
Have to Be Not Only Jurists but
Constructive Statesmen.

Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States, has retired from active service. Before he laid aside the robes of his office a dinner was given in his honor by the bar of the District of Columbia, and on this occasion short speeches were delivered by several prominent men, including President Roosevelt, who said:

In all the world—and I think, gentlemen, you will acquit me of any disposition to needless flattery—there is no body of men of equal numbers that possesses the dignity and power combined that inhere in that court over which, Mr. Chief Justice, you preside. Owing to the peculiar construction of our government, the man who does his full duty on that court must of necessity be not only a great jurist, but a great constructive statesman.

The Men and the Tradition.

It has been our supreme good fortune as a nation that we have had on that court, from the beginning to the present day, men who have been able to carry on in worthy fashion the tradition which has thus made it incumbent upon the members of the court to combine in such fashion the qualities of the great jurist and of the constructive statesman.

Mr. Justice, we Americans are sometimes accused of paying too much heed to mere material success, the success which is measured only by the acquisition of wealth. I do not think that the accusation is well founded.

A great deal of notoriety attaches, and must attach, to any man who acquires a great fortune. If he acquires it well and uses it well, he is entitled to and should receive the same meed of credit that attaches to any other man who uses his talents for the public good.

The Nation Sound at Bottom.

But if you will turn to see those whom in the past the nation has delighted to honor, and those in the present whom it delights to honor, I think that you will all agree that this nation is sound at bottom in the bestowal of its admiration in the relative estimate it puts upon the different qualities of the men who achieve prominence by rendering service to the public.

The names that stand out in our history in the past are the names of the men who have done good work for the body politic, and in the present the names of those whom this people really hold in highest honor are the names of the men who have done all that was in them in the best and most worthy fashion.

In no way is it possible to deserve better of the republic than by rendering sane, honest, clear-sighted service on the bench, and, above all, on the highest bench of this country.

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Men who fear for our democratic institutions too often forget the Supreme Court. Macaulay evidently forgot it when he described our Constitution as "all sail and no anchor."

THE GERMAN KAISER'S CAMPAIGN FOR AMITY.

In His Farewell Audience to Professor
Peabody, of Harvard, He Said:
"We Must Stand Together."

Back from Berlin, where he occupied for a time a chair at the University, under the existing arrangement for exchanges, Professor Peabody, of Harvard, is aiming to straighten the American conceptions of Germany. The Kaiser, he declares, is not a war-lord, but a man of peace, working

in the interest of civilization—a peace-lord, so to speak.

Speaking to a German audience in New York a few weeks ago, Professor Peabody said:

There seems to be a general idea abroad that the German Emperor is constantly looking about for somebody to fight.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. Germany, by virtue of the commercial expansion it now is working for, is pledged to maintain the peace of the world, so far as her own honor will allow.

The German Emperor, speaking at the opening of the Reichstag, said:

"I consider it the most sacred duty imposed upon me by an all-wise Providence to preserve peace."

The German Emperor has been misjudged as few characters have been in history when he has been described as a careless, heartless intriguer, always ready to strike a blow.

I do not think I am betraying any confidence if I repeat to you a phrase which fell from the lips of the emperor at the very last audience with which his imperial majesty honored me. I was about to return to America. The emperor was speaking not as a statesman or a diplomatist, but as an idealist discussing the ideals of his life. At parting he said:

"We must stand together."

What could we do better here to-night than to repeat that phrase? I bring to you the confident assurance that in anything you do here to-night to bring about the negotiation of a stable treaty of arbitration with your old country you will have with you the solid common sense of the American people.

We must stand together, and we must find a safe, solid, and ample ground on which to stand together. That ground is a program in which the deliberations of reason must supplant the folly of force.

We should have reciprocity in the fullest meaning of the word. Not only commercial reciprocity, but a fair exchange of truth, of trade, and of treaties. We must have the open door, the open mind, and the open hand.

Truly, from Baron von Steuben, who lent his sword to Washington, to Carl Schurz, who lately died after a life of patriotic devotion to his adopted country, Germans have done much for America.

THE GENIAL SPORT OF GENEALOGISTS.

Clambering Among the Branches of the
Family Tree, One May Find
Royal Ancestors.

A little harmless fun with the people who are engaged in a hunt for ancestors is indulged in by that playful journal, the New York *Evening Post*.

The point arises in connection with the exposé of a man who professes to be able to link every American with royalty, by the chain of a common ancestry, asserting that thus "you and your family, relatives, or friends will have rare facilities in securing business contracts from European governments." The reflections aroused in the *Post* by this offer of unearned greatness are in part as follows:

A fortune awaits the person who will thus bring genealogy home to the hearts of the common people and make the contemplation of a pedigree a source of daily happiness.

We fear that J. Henry Lea, who has just published a hand-book entitled "Genealogical Research in England, Scotland, and Ireland," misses the point of view. He is a dryasdust, who is concerned about long, dull tables of the probate courts, lists of marriage licenses, and parish registers. He talks as if genealogy were a science—a notion that also troubles a recent writer in the London *Spectator*.

But if genealogy is to appeal to the masses, it must be an art. Now, the strength of an art is not its grasp of facts, but its flight of imagination. In a science the rule is, abundant data and meager results; in an art, meager data and abundant results.

Tell a scientific genealogist that your grandfather, a Welsh cobbler, arrived in the steerage in 1860, and what do you get? After three years and numerous fees for expenses, you learn that for two centuries the heads of the family had been mechanics or small tradesmen—a disgusting outcome.

Tell an artistic genealogist the same thing, and in three weeks, for a stipulated

sum, you have a neat picture of a tree, proving that you are a Tudor, and that the English Tudors got their start by marrying into your family. This is why we set art above groveling science.

TEACHING IS A VERY POPULAR PROFESSION.

College Graduates in Increasing Proportion
Are Taking It Up Instead
of the Law and the Ministry.

College graduates in these times are found in all walks of life; but, of course, there are more in the professions than in business—and more in some professions than in others. Also there has been a change, during the last twenty years, in the relative proportions of college men going into different kinds of work.

Chancellor MacCracken, speaking at a commencement of New York University, said:

What change, if any, has there been in the choice of professions by college graduates in the last twenty years? I was recently asked this question by a New York editor, and was unable to answer him. I have since obtained this information from the advance sheets of the new alumni catalogue, issued to mark the seventy-fifth anniversary of the university.

I have studied the record of ten classes of the College of Arts, from 1885 until 1894, inclusive; also, of the ten succeeding classes, from 1895 until 1904, inclusive. I find most satisfactory reports have been obtained respecting the occupation of these graduates. The chief results are as follows:

Changes in Occupation.

There are two kinds of occupation which enlisted graduates for the first decade and for the second in practically the same proportions.

One is journalism, which enlisted two per cent in the first decade and two and a half per cent in the second, an increase of only one-half of one per cent.

The other is business in varied forms, which enlisted sixteen and a half per cent of the college graduates in the former decade and sixteen per cent in the latter decade.

On the other hand, three occupations show a decided falling off. The graduates who have become clergymen numbered twenty per cent in the first decade, but only seventeen per cent in the second, a decrease of three per cent.

Those who entered the law were thirty-three per cent in the first decade and twenty-six per cent in the second, a decrease of seven per cent.

Those who became physicians were sixteen and a half per cent in the first decade and fifteen and a half per cent in the second, a decrease of one per cent; being a total decrease in the recruits of these professions of eleven per cent.

Teaching Monopolizes the Increase.

Then comes the surprising fact that a single profession has monopolized the entire increase. The profession of teaching, which has twelve per cent in the ten classes first named, has increased to no less than twenty-three per cent in the ten classes down to the year before last.

The striking fact respecting college graduates is that eleven per cent fewer of them go into law, medicine, and divinity, and this entire eleven per cent have gone into teaching.

What is the explanation? I answer, first, the teaching profession has increased in dignity and reputation, and in no part of the world more than in the region where New York University finds its students.

A second reason is that philanthropic spirits find in teaching to-day, compared with other professions, larger scope than ever before. Law is less altruistic as a profession and more commercial than a generation ago. Theology is waiting for new statements of what to teach and how to teach. Therefore, men who are inclined to teach turn to the common school, the high school, and the college to find scope for influencing others for good.

As further explanation of the vast increase in the number of the teachers required for the higher positions, I can give exact figures for only the year 1905, compared with the year 1900. In 1900 there were enrolled in the high schools of New York City 11,706 students; last year there were enrolled 20,770 students; in other words, they have almost doubled in the space of five years.

Can sordid covetousness long be charged against a people whose youth increasingly seek entrance into "the poorest-paid profession"?

MEN OF THE SOUTH WERE NEVER REBELS.

Confederates and Federals Were Patriots
Settling a Constitutional Question,
Says Ex-Secretary Herbert.

In an oration over the graves of the Confederate dead in Arlington Cemetery a few weeks ago, Hilary A. Herbert, former Secretary of the Navy, gave force to the opinion that General Robert E. Lee, and those who fought with him during the Civil War, though secessionists, were not "rebels." He said:

Was Robert E. Lee and were these dead comrades of ours traitors? With the great war in which they fought far away in the dim past, what we have a right to ask is, Were they, the history and Constitution of the United States considered, either technically or legally traitors?

This may be purely an academic question. In one sense it is, because all admit that practically the union of these States is indissoluble; but in another sense it is not, because there are those in the North who are fond of repeating, even to this day, "The North was eternally right, and the South eternally wrong."

This is declamation with which history will have nothing to do.

Then, again, there are those in the South who say that if the South ever had the right to secede, it has, though it will never exercise it, that right to-day, because war never settles a principle. This too is declamation; it loses sight of history.

War Has Settled Great Questions.

Every international dispute about rights, about principles, that could not be adjusted by diplomacy, has been settled by war. Allegiances of people, forms of government, boundaries of kingdoms and republics, all these time out of mind have been submitted to the arbitrament of the sword, and the results—treaties, not voluntary, but enforced at the cannon's mouth—have been upheld by diplomats and parliaments and courts, by every tribunal that has authority to speak for law and order and the peace of the world.

It does not lie in the mouth of him who believed in the right of a State in 1861 to secede, to deny now that the question was settled by the war, and no formal treaty was necessary as evidence of what all the world could see. We had the right as sovereign States to submit to the arbitrament of war. We did it, and, like others who have gone to war, we must abide the issue. So that now if a State should attempt to secede those who should cast their fortunes with it would be rebels.

But not so in 1861. Then the right of a State to withdraw from the Union was an open question. Nothing better illustrates the situation at that time than this incident in the life of General Lee:

General Lee's Rebuke.

When the great war was over and defeat had come to the armies Lee had led, he was visiting the house of a friend in Richmond. With that love of children that always characterized him, the old hero took upon his knee a fair-haired boy. The proud mother, to please her guest, asked the child, "Who is General Lee?" Parrot-like the expected answer came, "The great Virginian who was a patriot, true to his native State." And then came the question, "Who is General Scott?" and the reply, "A Virginian who was a traitor to his country."

Putting down the child and turning to the mother, the general said:

"Madam, you should not teach your child such lessons. I will not listen to such talk. General Scott is not a traitor. He was true to his convictions of duty, as I was to mine."

What General Lee here said and what even when the fires of the late war were still smoldering he would have the mothers of the South teach to their children was that he and General Scott were both right, because each believed himself to be right.

And that is precisely what that noble son of New England, Charles Francis Adams, himself a gallant Union soldier, has more recently said in a public address—that the North and the South were both right, because each believed itself right. And such is to be the verdict of history. We were all patriots settling on the field of battle a constitutional question that could be settled in no other way. Public opinion is already moving, and moving rapidly, to the mark of that final verdict.

With the interment of Confederate dead at Arlington much bitterness disappears. The comradeship of death is unassailable by the arguments of the living.

PLACE IN PUBLIC LIFE ONLY FOR PICKED MEN.

The Self-Made Have a Hard Time,
Those Born Rich Are Mostly Useless,
Says Speaker Cannon.

Somebody asked Speaker Cannon this question: "What would you say if a young man of intelligence, education, and force, undecided as to what he should adopt as a life career, should come to you for advice?"

Of his reply, as printed in the New York *World*, we quote the salient passages, answering the further query as to the advisability of going into politics:

I should say yes to the young man of intelligence, culture, and efficiency, if these things were crossed with patriotism. In the main those who go into public life are picked men, and by just so much as they are picked men they are ahead of the average. This is a fact in spite of the oft-repeated assertion that the representatives of the people are only of average grade.

If among a dozen young men, each of whom should decide to devote his life to the public service and should qualify and work hard and conscientiously for it, one—just one—should get himself into public life and sustain himself with credit to himself and benefit to the country, I should consider it a great return for the effort put forth.

The man who has to make his own way, who is without a competency to start with, and who enters public life these days before he has saved enough to live independently of his income as a public man, has a hard time before him.

Hard Time for the Poor Man.

The young man who has never earned his living for himself, no matter what his advantages of circumstances or training, is sure to make many mistakes through ignorance of hard, practical life. Not personally having the same needs as the man of the people, he doesn't know what to do or how to do it.

Young men who enjoy the advantages of special training and the opportunities that wealth gives may become especially qualified for public life; such opportunities and training are necessary to complete qualifications, but often they are not equal to them. That which may be had without effort is not often highly prized.

But all young men of ability, whether favored by fortunes or not, owe it both to themselves and to the nation to give attention to public affairs, to keep themselves in touch with things, to be in constant preparation for public life if the opportunity or necessity comes to them.

Everybody knows there is a large number of such young men in the great business and industrial centers who give no attention, or very little, to public affairs. The manufacturing, the commercial or financial operations, the contracting or transportation enterprises which they take up give them so much better financial returns than public life would yield that they lose sight altogether of the government, upon whose proper conduct their success in their various callings and enterprises depends—upon which, in fact, the very chance to enter these callings and carry on those enterprises rests, and whose demoralization would wipe out everybody's chances in life.

Now, we can't prevent the evolution of such conditions in this or any other civilized country. But these people, thus completely absorbed in their callings and enterprises, whose standpoint of self-interest now prevents them from giving attention to public affairs, will surely be forced more and more to broaden their culture—thorough knowledge of public affairs is as necessary to truly broad culture as any other sort of knowledge—as well as their patriotism.

Must Give More Than Money.

I don't say that these people should give, give, give—it won't do for them to try to meet the situation merely by being charitable with their money. Giving only gratifies the giver. As a general rule, it pauperizes the people who receive. The multimillionaire of to-day must give more than his money. He must give some of his time, his attention, and his thought to other and more important things than personal money-getting.

The human animal accomplishes only as he works under the pressure of necessity. The extensive development of the United States in the last half century has kept the people so busy in various industries, speculations, and enterprises, in order to

do their part in this development, that many of them have neglected their duties as citizens, or perhaps I should say as co-sovereigns in the government of the great empire that has been built up by their efforts, in which all men are equal at the ballot-box.

I myself am acquainted with many men who, merely because of lucky location, though only of respectable ability, have sat on the gateway of commerce, and, by simply levying toll, have accumulated great fortunes.

In all their lives they have never got into touch with public life; they know little about public questions, and they give them no attention. These men, when pinched by the unwise action of the majority of their fellows, are able to do little except cover the latter with abuse.

Sometimes, however, such men try to enter public life themselves. But then the people do not always acknowledge their fitness for public position. Sometimes they seek protection for their interests by improper methods instead of trying to contribute their share in building up a wise public sentiment.

The Most Dangerous Men.

It goes without saying that the most dangerous men in the republic are those who, by inheritance or otherwise, have vast fortunes, yielding great incomes, which enable them to command the services of those who have ability, but not conscience, and thus seek to control the average man—the man who lives by the sweat of his face—by playing upon his prejudices, his hopes, and his fears.

Is there a remedy for this? An offset to such evil influences? Yes. A most efficient remedy. In the fulness of time the multitude will find out from some actual and painful experience that they have been misled. When, through being misled, they begin to suffer; when they begin to be oppressed they will seek to find new leadership and will apply the proper remedies through the ballot-box.

Fortunately, in this republic there are plenty of men of culture, ability, and wisdom—themselves of the people—who cannot be bought or controlled by material considerations, and who are daily performing the duties of citizenship, from whom to select the required leaders not only among the rich and well-to-do, but also among those who live by their daily labor.

THEY WOULD KEEP THE PEACE-DOVE HOVERING.

Plans to Establish an International Parliament for the Prevention of Conflicts in the Future.

The year after a great war is naturally a period for talk of permanent peace. The dove still coos, the ravages of conflict are still apparent, the folly of an appeal to arms is evident in economic conditions. And so, this summer, there has been more than the usual attention to plans for the prevention of war in the future. Indeed, the time does seem ripe for the establishment of an international parliament.

Among the addresses at the recent session of the Lake Mohonk Conference was one by Judge W.L. Penfield, who said concerning the plan upon which peace advocates are now agreed:

The institution of a parliament competent to legislate in the international sphere, as the United States Congress is within the Federal sphere, would undoubtedly present some most difficult political problems, yet it would hardly be more difficult for a body of jurists and statesmen to define the bounds of authority of the international parliament than it was for the framers of the Federal constitution to define and distribute the powers of the Federal government.

Under existing political conditions the creation of an international parliament clothed with the power of direct legislation does not appear to be presently feasible. But it is the unexpected that happens, as, for example, who would have dared foretell five years ago the convocation of the Russian Duma?

The Hague Conference as a Basis.

The call of an international parliament cannot be set down as wholly improbable, and the way to that goal lies through the more frequent calls and assemblages of The Hague conference and by committing to it the task of codifying in the form of treaties the leading branches of international law. One of the subjects of its deliberations will be the reciprocal rights and duties of neutrals and belligerents.

A more serious difficulty will arise in agreeing upon some criterion to determine when articles of dual utility, for war or peace, may be treated by a belligerent as absolutely contraband of war.

There is the further question of the prize courts and of the arrest and seizure by a belligerent's cruisers of neutral ships and cargoes.

We may expect that another and kindred question will come before the conference—the question of the immunity from capture at sea of all non-contraband private property, whether owned by the citizens or subjects of neutral or belligerent states.

The Limits of Hospitality.

Another important subject which is likely to attract the attention of the conference is the question of the privileges and the limits of hospitality, of temporary anchorage and asylum, and of the supply and repair of belligerent war-ships in neutral ports.

It is understood that the subject which has been suggested for the consideration of the conference is the question of opening hostilities without previous declaration of war. It is extremely doubtful whether the conference will attempt to formulate any rule on so difficult a subject, and one so intimately connected with the necessities of strategy.

There will be little objection, I imagine, to the view that no government ought to use force to compel another government to pay its public securities, its bonds, or other national obligations which foreigners have voluntarily purchased or subscribed to and taken.

But it is nearly certain that there will be a division of opinion on the question whether any inflexible rule should be laid down with respect to cases of individual foreigners who have invested large sums of money in the development of the natural resources of a country, under contract with its government to do so, if the latter should then flagrantly violate the contract and despoil them of the fruits of their enterprises.

The experience had with the practical workings of The Hague Tribunal suggests the desirability of certain amendments of the convention of July 29, 1899, such as that only disinterested arbitrators shall be eligible to seats on the tribunal; that the arbitration of questions of a judicial nature and of those concerning the interpretation and execution of treaties shall be compulsory; that the medieval idea that a sense of national honor, aside from the rights of self-defense, can justify resort to war in any case shall be abandoned, and, workable and in every way admirable as it now is—when we consider its substance and the circumstances of its formation—that the time is now ripe for the revision and recasting of the convention of July 29, 1899.

Whether an international parliament can prevent war without the assistance of an international police is another story.

LIQUOR DEALERS COME OUT FOR TEMPERANCE.

Rum-Sellers in Convention at Louisville
Praise the Work of the Societies that
Fight King Alcohol.

The National Liquor Dealers' Association, in annual convention at Louisville, Kentucky, early in June, issued a startling address to the public. These men, who are frequently thought to have no stronger desire than that every person drink more than is good for him, actually commend the work of the various temperance societies and urge that intoxication should be considered a crime. They say:

From time to time during the past seventy-five or one hundred years waves of public sentiment antagonistic to the manufacture and sale of wine and spirits and other alcoholic beverages have passed over this country, leaving in their train State, county, and municipal legislation of a more or less drastic character—legislation entirely out of sympathy with the spirit of American institutions; legislation that was bound to fail in its purpose in practically every instance, and this because the sentiment that compelled it was a sentiment engendered by agitation, and totally unripe for its enforcement.

Prohibitory Laws Evaded.

That prohibitory laws are all evaded is clearly shown by the fact that notwithstanding the adoption of prohibition by a number of States, and by innumerable counties, until at the present time it is unlawful to sell wines or spirits in more than one-half of the geographical limits of the United States, the demand for such beverages has increased in almost the same proportion as our population, from the legitimate trade, and in an enormously greater proportion from illicit distillers and retailers.

We shall not be so uncharitable as to contend that the agitation from which this public sentiment originates owes its persistent recurrence to mercenary motives on the part of men who make merchandise of aroused emotions, because it gives a pleasurable excitement to the women who tire of the monotony of home; but, on the contrary, we shall be candid in the admission that there is good and sufficient reason for an arousing of public sentiment in this country, and we confess a feeling of sympathy with the movements for the uplifting of mankind and for the purification of society.

Favor White Ribbon Movement.

The White Ribbon movement, the Blue Ribbon movement, the Prohibition movement, and the Anti-Saloon League movement were, or are, protests upon the part of good men and women against two of the greatest evils connected with our civilization, and, unfortunately for us, connected with our trade—we refer to drunkenness and to those saloons which are conducted in a disreputable manner, or in such a way as to demoralize rather than to elevate those who patronize them—and we, the delegates to this convention of the wine and spirit trade, desire to express in no uncertain tones our entire sympathy with the efforts that have been or may be put forth to exterminate the evils, and our willingness to lend cooperation and assistance by every means in our power.

We do not desire to deceive or to mislead, nor to be misunderstood, and in all candor we declare our views to be as follows:

We believe that wines and spirits are blessings *per se*, intended by an All-wise Providence to bring health and happiness to mankind.

We believe that the legitimate manufacture and sale of wines and spirits is an honorable trade, and one that should be respected by society and by the laws.

We believe that the saloon and café can, and should be, so conducted that men would not hesitate to visit them accompanied by their wives and children, and that the atmosphere of such places should be beneficial to both mind and body.

Intoxication Should Be Crime.

We believe that it should be made a crime for a man to become intoxicated. We hold that no man has a right to deliberately overthrow his reason and render himself a dangerous factor in society, and, therefore, we would gladly welcome the passage of laws providing severe penalties for such offenses and a firm, rigid enforcement without regard to wealth or influence of the offender.

For the evils to which we have referred prohibitory laws have proved no remedy, and, even if they should be enforced, we believe they are dangerous to liberty, but the suggestions that we have offered are practicable, and have proven to be remedies in most of the countries of Continental Europe, where drunkenness is seldom in evidence, and furthermore, we can apply such laws without giving offense save to those who by common consent are deserving of condemnation as having done that which mankind recognizes to be wrong, and having thereby placed themselves without the pale.

That the liquor dealers should take this position is not so surprising as at first thought it seems. Economically, the best condition for the liquor business is temperance.

MACAULAY'S PROPHECY OF DEMOCRACY'S DOOM.

Fifty Years Ago the Great English Historian
Saw Dangers Ahead for the
American Ship of State.

Macaulay, the historian, wrote a striking letter in 1857 to H.S. Randall, of New York, who had sent to the author of the "History of England" a "Life of Jefferson."

The occasion seemed to Macaulay suitable for an expression of his opinion of American institutions. Accordingly he wrote at length. The Boston *Transcript* recently published the letter, which, in its essential parts, is as follows:

I have long been convinced that institutions purely democratic must, sooner or later, destroy liberty or civilization, or both. In Europe, where the population is dense, the effect of such institutions would be almost instantaneous.

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What happened lately in France is an example. In 1848 a pure democracy was established there. During a short time there was reason to expect a general spoliation, a national bankruptcy, a new partition of the soil, a maximum of prices, a ruinous load of taxation laid on the rich for the purpose of supporting the poor in idleness.

Such a system would, in twenty years, have made France as poor and barbarous as the France of the Carolingians. Happily, the danger was averted; and now there is a despotism, a silent tribune, an enslaved press. Liberty is gone, but civilization has been saved. You may think that your country enjoys an exemption from these evils; I will frankly own to you that I am of a very different opinion.

Your fate I believe to be certain, though it is deferred by a physical cause. As long as you have a boundless extent of fertile and unoccupied land, your laboring population will be far more at ease than the laboring population of the Old World; and while that is the case the Jefferson politics may continue to exist without causing any fatal calamity.

An Early Victorian Mother Shipton.

But the time will come when New England will be as thickly settled as Old England. Wages will be as low, and will fluctuate as much with you as with us. You will have your Manchesters and Birminghams; and in those Manchesters and Birminghams hundreds and thousands of artisans will sometimes be out of work.

Then your institutions will be fairly brought to the test. Distress everywhere makes the laborer mutinous and discontented, and inclines him to listen with eagerness to agitators, who tell him that it is a monstrous iniquity that one man should have a million while another cannot get a full meal.

In bad years there is plenty of grumbling here, and sometimes a little rioting; but it matters little, for here the sufferers are not the rulers. The supreme power is in the hands of a class, numerous indeed, but select—of an educated class—of a class which is, and knows itself to be, deeply interested in the security of property and the maintenance of order.

Restraining the Discontented Majority.

Accordingly the malcontents are gently but firmly restrained. The bad time is got over without robbing the wealthy to relieve the indigent. The springs of national prosperity soon begin to flow again; work is plentiful, wages rise, and all is tranquillity and cheerfulness.

I have seen England pass, three or four times, through such critical seasons as I have described. Through such seasons the United States will have to pass in the course of the next century, if not of this. How will you pass through them? I heartily wish you good deliverance; but my reason and my wishes are at war, and I cannot help foreboding the worst.

It is quite plain that your government will never be able to restrain a distressed and discontented majority. For, with you, the majority is the government, and has the rich, who are always in the minority, absolutely at its mercy.

The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, none of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or expects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a Legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a Legislature will be chosen?

Statesman and Demagogue.

On one side is a statesman preaching patience, respect for vested rights, strict observance of public faith; on the other is a demagogue, ranting about the tyranny of the capitalists and usurers, and asking why anybody should be permitted to drink champagne and to ride in a carriage while thousands of honest folk are in want of necessaries.

Which of the two candidates is likely to be preferred by a workman who hears his children cry for bread?

I seriously apprehend you will, in some such season of adversity as I have described, do things that will prevent prosperity from returning; that you will act like people who should, in a season of scarcity, devour all the seed-corn, and thus make the next year not one of scarcity, but of absolute famine.

There will be, I fear, spoliation. The spoliation will increase the distress. The distress will produce fresh spoliation. There is nothing to stop you. Your Constitution is all sail and no anchor. As I said before, when a society has entered on its downward progress, either civilization or liberty must perish. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand or your republic will be as fearfully plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the twentieth century as the Roman Empire was in the fifth.

making their appearance, the American people is more interested in the situation than alarmed by it; for the Americans, like the English, rely with confidence upon the Anglo-Saxon genius for working things out.

AN OPEN ATTITUDE IN STUDYING THE OCCULT.

What Shall the Man of Scientific Mind
Say in the Presence of Apparently
Supernatural Phenomena?

Sir Oliver Lodge, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* a short time ago, asserted that every man of science who has seriously undertaken to investigate the "occult" has ended by believing in it.

This statement, as the Portland *Oregonian* suggests, may not be so important as might appear, for comparatively few trained scientists have ventured into the vague problems of the threshold. The *Oregonian*, however, proceeds to answer some of the objections commonly made to belief in spirit communications, and also to define limitations of investigation of occult phenomena:

People of well-balanced judgment, whether learned or not, are inclined to look askance upon those who have dealings with the spirit world. Some believe that communication between the living and dead is possible, but wicked.

Others, while their faith is firm that life continues after death, hold, nevertheless, that the gulf between the two worlds can never be recrossed by those who have once passed over, and that no message can traverse its dark immensity.

Still others believe that death ends our existence utterly; there is no future life, no world of spirits, and therefore all phenomena purporting to be caused by the disembodied dead necessarily originate in some other way.

None of these opinions is held by the sternly scientific mind, like Dr. Osler's, for example. In his well-known Ingersoll lecture that distinguished physician and graceful man of letters comes to the conclusion that we do not and never can know whether there is a future life or not.

There is absolutely no evidence looking either way, and there never can be any such evidence. To his view and to all the others one may easily find objections.

The belief that communication with disembodied souls is wicked is a mere superstition derived from the ancient Jewish laws against witchcraft. With them, as with all primitive peoples, a witch was one who, like Glendower, could call spirits from the vasty deep, and the reason for discouraging the practise is obvious; it set up a dangerous competition with the regular priesthood, and cut off their revenues.

The Jewish priests had a prescribed orthodox method of consulting spirits, which contributed handsomely to their income, and it was scarcely to be expected that they would tolerate the piratical competition of hideous old women like the Witch of Endor.

Hence that command in the law of Moses, "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," which has been the cause of so much cruelty and bloodshed.

Science and Experience.

When science says a thing cannot be done, experience proves that she speaks prematurely almost always. We may as yet have no evidence of the reality of a future life, but that by no means demonstrates that we never shall have such evidence.

A century ago we had no evidence of the X-rays, of the telephone, of the new theory of non-atomic matter. That men have been trying from the beginning of time to demonstrate another existence and have always failed is of no significance. Perhaps they have not tried in the right way.

The objection that most of the things purporting to be said and done by spirits are absurd or trivial has no weight. The only way to find out how a spirit will act under given conditions is to place him under those conditions and watch the results.

What seems absurd to us may not seem so to him. If he exists at all, his norms of worth may be, and probably are, very different from ours. According to the valuations of the spirit world, rapping on a table may be as exalted a function as heading an army is with us.

How silly it was for Galvani to make a frog's leg twitch with his bits of zinc and copper! Yet something has come of it. How trifling a thing was the fall of Newton's apple! Yet he could see in it the revolutions of the stars.

Perhaps some day another Newton will appear who can discern some law of universal import in those occult trifles which now merely puzzle without edifying

us.

As the course of the falling apple involves the trajectory of Arcturus, so the foolish raps upon a kitchen table which mystify a superstitious circle of devotees may imply the immortality of the soul.

Let us wait and see.

The *Oregonian* appears to argue simply for an open mind—which is the right attitude for investigators.

THAT GREAT MYSTERY, THE COMMON TABBY.

There Must Be Something Esoteric About
the Cat, to Judge from Her
Astounding Performances.

However cozily she may sleep upon the rug, however certain her knowledge of the quickest route to the milkpans on the closet shelf, the cat is ever but a guest in the house. Though occasionally she permits herself to be stroked, it is only when a stroking accords with her own desires. She never makes concessions as the dog does; she is selfish and independent; so canny in her policies as to be almost uncanny; aloof, full of indirections.

The late Professor Shaler spoke of "the almost human dog"; and surely we are able to trace the associational processes of mind by which Fido has drawn close to his master. We are convinced that Fido does not know that he is a dog. He does what his master pleases. But Tabby does what she herself pleases.

If any animal approximates human consciousness, it is the common Tabby. Perhaps she embodies some force unknown to, or misunderstood by, mankind. The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* argues that she does, for we read:

There is never any telling what a cat will do. Everybody who has kept house, or who is keeping house, or who is an inmate of a house that is kept, as all well-regulated houses are, for the partial convenience of the cat, will agree to this proposition.

The cat, to all appearances, as far as any member of the family is able to see, has been put out for the night, and yet she is found to be in at 4 A.M. as usual, pleading with all the inmates, individually and collectively, to have the door opened for her so that she may go out.

On the other hand, she is safely locked in, as far as anybody can see. Witnesses are always willing to testify that they have seen her locked in. Nevertheless, at about 4.30 A.M., she is heard outside under the bedroom windows, pleading as usual to be let in.

Again, the cat has been taken to the river in a flour-sack, and comfortably drowned. The small boy of the family, accompanied by one of the boarders, who has given the small boy a quarter, has seen the bag, with the cat inside of it, sink below the surface.

The news is somehow rumored about the house, and all the boarders go to bed early that night, feeling that there is really more in life than they had any right to hope for. Yet in the morning the voice of that cat is heard on the front door-step, and the cat herself comes in when Mr. Johnson reaches out for his morning paper.

And, again, a terrible noise is heard in the dining-room. It sounds as if the contents of the sideboard had been emptied on the floor. When sufficient time is given for the burglars to escape, the procession comes down-stairs, headed by Mrs. Johnson.

There is not a single thing disturbed in the dining-room or elsewhere, and the cat is sleeping snugly on the best rug. It is always a mystery how the cat makes that kind of noise.

The days of superstition are long since passed. Few are superstitious now, and these are generally the ignorant. But there are very many people in every community who do not understand many things about the cat.

It is not going too far to say that many millions of people who pass for intelligent believe that every cat has two personalities—one that is just an ordinary cat and the other an intangible something that can penetrate solid matter like the X-ray.

This theory would account for the fact that a cat which you have seen run down by an automobile will be found next morning chasing squirrels across the lawn, and for the fact that the cat which you expressed, charges prepaid, to your brother's wife in Trenton, New Jersey, is heard running over the piano-keys in your own house a few nights later.

We are far from knowing everything that is worth while about the cat, much as we may boast of our advancement in general education.

DEFINITIONS OF "HOME."



The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in time of storm.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy, and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the coziest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

The center of our affections, around which our heart's best wishes twine.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

Having offered a prize for the best definition of "Home," London *Tit-Bits* recently received more than five thousand answers.

Among those which were adjudged the best were the definitions printed above.

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RECESSIONAL.



In 1897 the British Empire celebrated the Diamond Jubilee, as it was called, of Victoria's accession to the throne. She had been queen for sixty years, and in that time the dominion of the flag of Britain had been extended over lands which, at her coronation, were scarcely known except by name. The celebration culminated in a splendid and stately ceremonial which made London appear to be the capital city of the entire world. From out all the length and breadth of the empire came princes, chiefs, nobles, and statesmen of every race, all united under British rule, and vying with each other in homage to their sovereign. So overwhelming were this display and the significance of its splendor that it roused in many minds a feeling of awe bordering almost upon apprehension. Was this greatness not too great? Might it not breed that overweening pride of power which goes before destruction?

This thought sank deep into the impressionable mind of Rudyard Kipling. His genius sought to express in words the idea which came to him—the wish to deprecate that divine disfavor which men have always feared as the punishment of too great prosperity. It was the feeling which made the Greeks and Romans dread the power of Nemesis, the jealousy of the gods. Kipling wrote five stanzas which he entitled "Recessional."

The lines at once were cabled to all parts of the English-speaking world, and they took their place with the classic poems of the English tongue. "Recessional" is indeed a majestic and noble poem—a prayer in verse. Its solemnity and religious fervor are Hebraic. Its mastery of phrase is almost unrivaled. Through it there runs a tone of proud humility which marks the English character, touched with haughtiness even in its supplication. Such a phrase as that which speaks of the "lesser breeds without the Law" contains even a touch of scorn which would be discordant were it not so characteristic of the great conquering race of which to-day Kipling himself has become the unofficial laureate. It is not extravagant to say that no poem written in the last quarter of a century is so sure of immortality.

By RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord!

Amen.

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FROM THE LIPS OF ANANIAS.

While Kipling Makes the Merits of "Unwreckable" and "Impeccable" Lies the Subject
of Song, Others Continue to Prefer the Medium of Story.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S LYRIC TO LIES.

*Heading of Chapter VII of "The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling and Walcott Balestier.
Copyright, 1892, Macmillan & Co.*

There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay,
When the artist's hand is potting it,
There is pleasure in the wet, wet lay,
When the poet's hand is blotting it,
There is pleasure in the shine of your picture on the line
At the Royal Arcade—my;
But the pleasure felt in these is as chalk to Cheddar cheese
When it comes to a well made Lie,
To a quite unwreckable Lie,
To a most impeccable Lie!
To a water-tight, fire-proof, angle-iron, sunk-hinge, time-lock, steel-faced Lie!
Not a private hansom Lie,
But a fair and brougham Lie,
Not a little place in Tooting, but a country house with shooting and a ring-
fence, deer-park Lie.

SOME SNAKE STORIES.

When a boy, in the early days in the lead mines of Wisconsin, I often met pioneers and heard them tell strange stories about hoop-snakes. In one particular they all agreed—the snakes, in pairs, about the 15th of May would come rolling up from Illinois. Then they would disappear, and not be seen again until August. During that month strange sights might be seen on lonely stretches of prairie—hundreds of them playfully chasing one another.

They were a green snake—the males about six and the females five feet long. About four inches

from the ends of their tails grew a hard, curved horn, from two to four inches in length.

They were considered the most dangerous snakes in the Northwest.

Who betide the living thing that crossed their path as they rolled noiselessly over the prairie. I heard an old hunter say he once stood by a lone tree on the prairie and saw a hoop-snake come rolling toward the tree. As it drew near he held his gun right across its path.

When near enough, the snake let go of its tail and struck the metal barrel of the gun, knocking it out of his hand and making it ring like a bell. The snake then stuck its tail into its mouth and went rolling away.

The hunter soon noticed that the gun-barrel began to swell. He watched the gun until it swelled so big it scared him, and in terror he fled over the prairie and never went near the spot again. Years afterward miners prospecting for mineral found an old cannon shaped like a musket-barrel. It was the old gun, grown to be a foot in diameter.—*Correspondence in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

DISCRIMINATING SPARROWS.

An Atchison man planted lettuce, but as fast as it came through the ground the English sparrows ate it off.

He finally got a few small flags and stuck them in the lettuce-bed, and not a sparrow will consent to touch that lettuce as long as Old Glory floats over it.—*Atchison (Kansas) Globe.*

A GUN'S SELF-SACRIFICE.

Not long ago an ex-Governor of Michigan, a Cleveland capitalist, and several friends were in the big woods near Turtle Lake, guided by Sam Sampson, a famous hunter and trapper. Sam possesses a gun with a barrel five feet long, but once, according to his story, he had a still longer one.

"It was a wonderful gun," he said to the ex-Governor. "I could kill a b'ar as fur off as I could see 'im, an' that gun was as knowing as a man. If it hadn't been fur that, it would never ha' busted!"

"How did you break it?" asked one of the hunters.

"I strained it t' death," said the old guide soberly. "I was out hunting one day when I seen a buck and seven does a-standin' close onto me. I pulled up old Beetle—that's what I called th' gun—and was jest goin' t' let go when I heard an awful funny noise over my head.

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"I looked up 'n' there was more'n ten million wild geese a-sailin' over me. There I was in a predicament. I wanted th' geese 'n' I wanted th' deer.

"At last I aimed at th' geese an' let sliver. Beetle must ha' knowed I wanted both, fur that was th' end of the old gun. The strain on her was too much, an' both barrels busted.

"Th' shot in one of 'em killed the buck, th' shot in th' other killed ten geese, and when Beetle died she kicked so hard I was knocked into a crick. But when I come out my bootlegs was full o' fish. I ain't never seen another sech gun as Beetle."—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A POWERFUL SALVE.

A man in Nebraska has invented a new powerful double-acting salve which shows powers never before exhibited by salves of any kind.

The inventor accidentally cut off the tail of a tame wolf, and, immediately applying some of the salve to the stump, a new tail grew out. Then picking up the old tail, he applied some of the salve to the raw end of that, and a wolf grew out; but he was a wild wolf, and had to be shot.—*Chicago Tribune.*

HOW THE PACK WAS PACKED.

A red-faced man was holding the attention of a little group with some wonderful recitals.

"The most exciting chase I ever had," he said, "happened a few years ago in Russia. One night, when sleighing about ten miles from my destination, I discovered to my intense horror that I was being followed by a pack of wolves. I fired blindly into the pack, killing one of the brutes, and to my delight saw the others stop to devour it. After doing this, however, they still came on. I kept on repeating the dose, with the same result, and each occasion gave me an opportunity to whip up my horses. Finally there was only one wolf left, yet on it came, with its fierce eyes glaring in anticipation of a good, hot supper."

Here the man who had been sitting in the corner burst forth into a fit of laughter.

"Why, man," said he, "by your way of reckoning, that last wolf must have had the rest of the pack inside him."

"Ah!" said the red-faced man, without a tremor, "now I remember it did wobble a bit."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

A TALL TREE YARN.

Scott Cummins, the poet of Winchester, Woods County, was a cow-puncher in the Northwest many years ago. His outfit came to Snake River one day with three thousand cattle. Cummins, with a poet's license, relates what happened:

"The river was too dangerous for swimming, but after following the bank a short distance the foreman found a giant redwood tree that had fallen across the river. Fortunately the tree was hollow, and, making a chute, they had no trouble in driving the cattle through the log to the other side.

"As the cattle had not been counted for several days, one of the cowboys was stationed to count them as they emerged from the log. The count fell short some three hundred head, but about that time a distant lowing was heard.

"Their surprise may be imagined when on looking about they found that the cattle had wandered off into a hollow limb."—*Kansas City Star*.

REMARKABLE ECHOES.

President Murphy, of the Chicago National League Club, told at a baseball dinner a remarkable echo story.

"There was a man," he began, "who had a country home in the Catskills. He was showing a visitor over his grounds one day, and coming to a hilly place, he said:

"'There's a remarkable echo here. If you stand under that rock and shout, the echo answers four distinct times, with an interval of several minutes between each answer.'

"But the visitor was not at all impressed. He said, with a laugh:

"'You ought to hear the echo at my place in Sunapee. Before getting into bed at night I stick my head out of the window and shout, "Time to get up, William!" and the echo wakes me at seven o'clock sharp the next morning.'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Alas, it is not till time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life to light the fires of passion with from day to day, that man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number.—**Longfellow**.

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The Graves of Our Presidents.

While a Very Few Are Marked by Monuments Erected at the Expense of the Nation, Others, Almost Forgotten, Are in a State of Shameful Neglect.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

The ingratitude of republics is proverbial, and perhaps no better proof of this fact need be adduced than the manner in which they neglect the graves of illustrious persons who have reflected honor on the national life. We may as well take this criticism directly home to ourselves. In the United States there is nothing to correspond with England's Westminster Abbey, and how many American schoolboys are there who are able to name the burial-places of so many as a dozen of our Presidents, famous statesmen, generals, admirals, and men of letters?

Nearly all the resting-places of our Presidents have been purchased by private means, and in several cases the monuments that mark them have been erected with funds obtained by popular subscription.

Unfortunately, however, many of these spots that should be held in veneration by the citizens of the republic have, from time to time, been suffered to remain in a state of neglect that reflects little credit on the national spirit—and this, too, notwithstanding the proposition to raise the salary of the President of the United States to one hundred thousand dollars per annum and to pension retired Presidents at twenty-five thousand dollars.

George Washington's tomb is situated at some little distance from the mansion at Mount Vernon. Surrounded by sweet briar, trailing arbutus, and other flowers, it is the Mecca of Americans as well as the revered visiting-place of thousands of Europeans. The tomb is of brick, according to Washington's desire. The front is plain, with a wide gateway arching over double iron gates, above which is the inscription upon a plain white marble slab:

Within This Enclosure
Rest the Remains of
GENERAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The sarcophagi containing the bodies of George and Martha Washington are in the anteroom,

behind which is the vault where the bodies of about thirty members of the family repose. On a tablet over the door are the words: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

On the sarcophagus of Mrs. Washington is the inscription: "Martha, Consort of Washington; died 22nd of May, 1802; aged 71 years."

That of Washington is ornamented with the United States coat-of-arms upon a draped flag, and bears the all-sufficient word:

WASHINGTON.

John Adams, the second President, rests side by side with his son, John Quincy Adams, under the First Congregational Church, where they worshiped in their native town of Braintree, Massachusetts, now called Quincy. The tomb is in the front part of the cellar, under the porch. It is fourteen feet square, and is made of large blocks of granite, slightly faced. The door is formed by a granite slab, seven feet by three.

The bodies of the two Presidents and their wives are enclosed in leaden caskets and are placed in stone coffins, each hewn from a single piece of marble. In the church, on the right side of the pulpit, as seen from the pews, is a memorial tablet surmounted by a life-sized bust of John Adams. Below the bust is a Latin line:

Libertatem, Amicitiam, Fidem, Retinebis.

Above the tablet are the words:

Thy Will Be Done

The tablet is inscribed in two columns, the first testifying that "Beneath these walls are deposited the mortal remains of John Adams, son of John and Susanna (Boylston) Adams, second President of the United States." At great length it eulogizes his life and says of his death that "On the Fourth of July, 1826, he was summoned to the independence of immortality and to the judgment of his God."

The second column is inscribed to his wife with similar feeling.

John Quincy Adams's last resting-place is necessarily described with that of his father, John Adams. On the other side of the pulpit from the one where stands the tablet and bust of the elder Adams is another similarly dedicated to John Quincy Adams and his wife. It records that

Near this place reposes all that could die of John Quincy Adams.

After dwelling on his official achievements, it refers to him as:

A Son worthy of his Father, a Citizen shedding Glory on his Country, a Scholar ambitious to advance Mankind, this Christian sought to walk humbly in the sight of God.

The second column of the tablet similarly commemorates the virtues of his "partner for fifty years."

Thomas Jefferson's grave is at Monticello, the place of his residence. It is a little way from his old house, in a thick growth of woods, surrounded by about thirty graves, which are enclosed by a brick wall ten feet high. Until 1883 it was a neglected spot, desecrated and ruined by vandal relic-hunters. The mound was trodden level with the ground, and the inscription on the coarse granite obelisk was beaten off and unreadable except for the dates of birth and death.

In 1878 a movement was made in Congress to remedy this condition, but it was frustrated by the owner of the place, who claimed the grave and the right of way to it. An understanding was reached in 1883, and an appropriation of ten thousand dollars made for the erection of a suitable monument.

W.W. Corcoran, of Washington, endowed a professorship of natural history at the University of Virginia on condition that the university should take care of the grave. It is a place of exquisite natural beauty and grandeur, and is now marked by a fitting monument, inscribed as was the old one, a rough sketch of which was found. The inscription is as follows:

Here was buried Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia. Born April 2 (O.S.), 1743; died July 4, 1826.

Jefferson's death preceded that of John Adams by only one hour.

James Madison is buried at his beautiful home, Montpelier, four miles from Orange, Virginia. An attractive lawn of about sixty acres surrounds the brick mansion, and in the center of this is an enclosure, one hundred feet square, fenced in by a brick wall some five feet high. In this enclosure is the grave of Madison. Three other graves are near it, one of them being Mrs. Madison's.

Over the dead President's grave is a mound, from the top of which rises a granite obelisk twenty feet high.

Near the base are inscribed the words:

MADISON.

Born March 16, 1751.

A smaller monument beside it bears the record, "In memory of Dolly Payne, wife of James Madison; born May 20th, 1772; died July 8, 1849."

James Monroe was the fifth President of the United States, and was the third out of the five to die on July 4. For twenty-seven years after his death his body rested at New York, where he had died, but on July 4, 1858, it was removed, by order of the General Assembly of Virginia, to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, and re-interred there on July 5.

A brick and granite vault, built five feet under ground on an eminence overlooking the beautiful valley of the James River, now holds the body. On a polished block of Virginia marble, eight feet by four, stands a large granite sarcophagus bearing a brass plate with this inscription:

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James Monroe, born in Westmoreland County, 28th of April, 1758; died in the city of New York 4th of July, 1831. By order of the General Assembly his remains were removed to this cemetery 5th of July, 1858. As an evidence of the affection of Virginia for her good and honored son.

The ends and sides of the vault are formed by ornamental cast iron grating joining the supporting pillars, and so closely made as to render it difficult to see through the interstices.

Andrew Jackson is buried in the garden of his home, the Hermitage, eleven miles from Nashville, Tennessee. The grave is about two hundred feet from the house. A circular space of earth, eighteen feet across and elevated about two feet, is crowned by a massive monument of Tennessee limestone marking the spot where Jackson and his wife lie. The base covers the graves, and from it rise eight fluted columns supporting a plain entablature surmounted by an urn. The ceiling and cornices thus formed are ornamented with white stucco work.

From a base on this encolumned platform rises a pyramid. On the left, over the body of the President, is a stone bearing the inscription:

GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON.

Born March 15, 1767;

Died June 8, 1845.

On the right of the pyramid is another stone recording his undying esteem for his wife.

Martin Van Buren died at Kinderhook, Columbia County, New York, and is buried in the graveyard at the northern end of that village.

The grave is crowded by other graves, and is neglected, unfenced, and flowerless. Over it is a plain granite monument, about fifteen feet high, with an inscription which reads:

MARTIN VAN BUREN,

Eighth President of the United States.

Born December 5, 1782;

Died July 24, 1862.

Beneath this inscription is another one which reads: "Hannah Van Buren, his wife; born March 3, 1783; died at Albany, New York, February 3, 1819."

William Henry Harrison's grave is marked by no monument and bears no inscription. It is situated fifteen miles west of Cincinnati at North Bend. A brick vault on the summit of a small hill holds the remains of Harrison and his wife and children. He died one month after his inauguration and received funeral honors all over the country, but his grave is now singularly neglected and apparently forgotten.

John Tyler, the tenth President, rests in an obscurity similar to that of his immediate predecessor, Harrison. At Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia, ten yards from the unique monument which marks the grave of President Monroe, are interred Tyler's remains. No monument—save a small magnolia-tree—no inscription, no tablet; nothing but weeds and shrubs and loneliness mark the last resting-place of the President whose sad fate it was to be the nation's executive at a time when his political and temperamental tendencies were the least of all adjustable to the great office he held.

James K. Polk's remains repose at Nashville, Tennessee, almost within sight of The Hermitage, the last resting-place of President Jackson. A limestone monument marks the grave, designed by William Strickland, the architect of the Capitol. It is in Grecian Doric style (a roof supported by columns), about twelve feet square and the same height. An inscription on the architrave of the eastern front reads:

JAMES KNOX POLK,
Eleventh President of the United States.
Born November 2, 1795;
Died June 15, 1849.

Further inscriptions inform the reader that "the mortal remains of James K. Polk are resting in the vault beneath." They eulogize his virtues and detail his public services at great length.

Zachary Taylor is buried in the old burial-ground on the ancestral farm of the Taylors, five miles from Louisville, Kentucky. The plot is about one hundred yards from the mansion and contains the bodies of three generations of the family.

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A few years after Taylor's death Congress made an appropriation for the purpose of constructing a vault, and within a few years the State of Kentucky appropriated five thousand dollars to erect a monument. The sarcophagi containing the bodies of the President and his wife are separated by a marble bust of Taylor.

The monument is a gray granite shaft, surmounted by a colossal Italian marble statue, representing General Taylor in full military dress, with sword and cap in hand. The monument is inscribed with the general's name, dates of birth and death on one side, and on the opposite side are the United States coat-of-arms and implements of war in bas-relief. On the other two sides are the names of the great battles of the Mexican War.

Millard Fillmore, the thirteenth President, was the second Vice-President to be called to the higher office. His grave is at Forest Lawn Cemetery, three miles from Buffalo, New York. The monument is of highly polished Scotch granite, twenty-two feet high. On the base, in raised letters, is the word "Fillmore," and farther up is the inscription which proclaims his name and the dates of birth and death.

Franklin Pierce is buried in the Minot Lot, Old Cemetery, Concord, New Hampshire. The monument over his grave is of elaborately carved Italian marble. The base is of granite, and on the plinth in raised letters is the word "Pierce." A panel is inscribed:

FRANCIS PIERCE.
Born November 23, 1804;
Died October 8, 1869.

Presumably Francis is the name under which he was baptized. Near the President's grave is that of Mrs. Pierce—a plain white marble spire with an upward pointing hand, marking the spot.

James Buchanan, the fifteenth President, reposes in Woodward Hill Cemetery, Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The Buchanan plot is thirty feet by twelve, and is surrounded by an iron fence interwoven with rose-bushes, and roses are profusely dotted all over the well-kept lawn. The President's remains are in a vault covered with slabs of rock in the center of the plot. On these is a base of granite which is surmounted by a block of Italian marble, six feet four inches long, by two feet ten inches wide, and three feet six inches high. It is worked with a molded cap and base, and bears the inscription:

Here Rest the Remains of James
Buchanan, Fifteenth President of the
United States, Born in Franklin
County, Pa., April 23, 1791, Died at
Wheatland, June 1, 1868.

Abraham Lincoln's tomb is in the National Lincoln monument, Oak Ridge Cemetery, Springfield, Illinois. The base on which the column stands is seventy-two feet six inches square, with projections at the front and rear for the catacomb and memorial hall, making a total length of one hundred and nineteen feet six inches. The height of the base is fifteen feet, and round the top of it runs a strong railing.

The obelisk stands on a beautiful pedestal with four bronze statues at the corners, and is eighty-two feet six inches high from the base. In front of this, on a separate pedestal, is a statue of Lincoln. In his right hand he is holding an open scroll representing the Proclamation of Emancipation.

The top of the base and the platform round the pedestal are reached by two flights of stairs, each of which has twenty-four steps. The tomb is a vault in the catacomb in the front projection of the base. Under the statue of the President is the single word:

LINCOLN.

Andrew Johnson's grave is on a beautiful cone-shaped eminence, a little way from Greenville, Tennessee. On each side of the tomb are piers from which springs a granite arch of thirteen stones—presumably typifying the thirteen original States. Above the arch rises a column, on the marble plinth of which are inscribed the words:

Andrew Johnson, Seventeenth President,
U.S.A., Born December 29,
1808, Died July 31, 1875. "His faith
in the people never wavered."

Ulysses S. Grant's tomb is the finest mausoleum in America, and for beauty and majesty of situation one of the finest in the world. It stands on an eminence in Riverside Park, New York City, on the banks of the Hudson, directly overlooking the noble river. It is about one hundred feet square and one hundred and sixty feet high.

The building is in the Ionic style, strong and massive without a suggestion of severity, the surrounding pillars and the dome adding grace to its strength. Over the entrance are inscribed Grant's own words:

"Let Us Have Peace."

The inside is of Italian marble and Massachusetts granite highly polished, with the ceiling and rotunda formed of exquisitely wrought white stucco work. It contains two sarcophagi, holding the bodies of President and Mrs. Grant. These are placed in a well-shaped crypt, thirty feet deep, entered from two staircases, each of twenty marble steps. They are hewn from one solid piece of red Massachusetts granite, and weigh ten tons each. Two anterooms serve as repositories of Grant relics, which include a matchless piece of Japanese embroidery presented to Mrs. Grant by the Japanese government.

Rutherford B. Hayes rests in unostentatious simplicity in Oakwood Cemetery, Fremont, Ohio; James A. Garfield in a bronze sarcophagus in the magnificent monument erected by the nation at Lake View Cemetery, on the shore of Lake Erie; Chester A. Arthur beneath a monument representing an angel, and with a palm-leaf on his sarcophagus, at Rural Cemetery, Albany; Benjamin Harrison at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis; and McKinley in Canton Cemetery, Canton, Ohio, not yet honored by a national memorial, but probably soon to be so.

MILITARY RED TAPE IN INDIA.

Mix-Up in Which the Senior Cat, the Junior Cat, and Rations Were Involved Had to be Adjusted by the War Office.

The precision of organization and discipline that is the very foundation of military life is always a matter of wonder and admiration to the civilian. He may express impatience with army "red tape," yet he has a lurking regard for this very thing which he condemns, because he knows, vaguely, that it has a reason for being and that it is good for men generally to be compelled to respect a silent force as powerful and dignified as this is.

Red tape is a serious matter, not to be lightly treated by any one, soldier or civilian, but the observance of its "code" to the very letter probably never was more complete than in the case of a native officer in India.

This babu, who was in charge of the documents of a certain town, found that they were being seriously damaged by rats. He wrote a letter to the government, informing it of the danger to his records, and respectfully urging it to provide him with weekly rations for two cats to destroy the marauding rats.

The request was granted, and the two cats were installed—one, the larger of the two, receiving slightly better rations than the other.

All went well for a few weeks, when the supreme government of India received the following despatch:

"I have the honor to inform you that the senior cat is absent without leave. What shall I do?"

The problem seemed to baffle the supreme government, for the babu received no answer.

After waiting a few days he sent off a proposal:

"In re Absentee Cat. I propose to promote the junior cat, and in the meantime to take into government service a probationer cat on full rations."

The supreme government expressed its approval of the scheme, and things once more ran smoothly and without friction in that department.

A Fight With a Cannon.

By VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885) is most highly regarded in France as a poet and dramatist, while in foreign countries his novels are best known and hold the highest place.

Hugo was the son of a soldier of the First Republic and of a lady who was a royalist of the most enthusiastic type. The son, therefore, showed a blend of the two traditions whose clash has made France what it is to-day. His most striking quality was his wealth of imagination. His creations were always imaginative—sometimes superbly so and sometimes grotesquely so—but his thoughts and imagery were always vast and gigantic, even when monstrous.

Hugo's second trait was his egotism, which prevented him from having the saving grace of humor. He thought himself to be almost more than mortal, and he lived in an atmosphere of hero-worship. When the Emperor of Brazil visited Paris and expressed a wish to meet him, Hugo disdainfully remarked:

"I have no time to waste on emperors."

When the Germans were besieging Paris, Hugo seriously proposed that the war be settled by a single combat between himself and the newly crowned Kaiser of Germany. He wrote to the emperor:

"You are a great monarch; I am a great poet. We are therefore equals."

His notion of himself was summed up in a single epigram: "France is the world. Paris is France. Victor Hugo is Paris."

Amiel called him "half genius and half charlatan."

Hugo's novels read like prose epics—overwhelming and at times almost convulsive in their effort to give expression to his tremendous imaginings. One of the most striking of them is "Ninety-Three," from which the accompanying passage is taken. The book is a great drama of the breaking out of the French Revolution, a time when every passion was at its height and was exhibited with utter unrestraint.

With such a theme Hugo was perfectly at home. He flames and thunders. He flings before the reader actions in which the Titanic energy of the writer is felt in every line, and he revels in the conflict of the two great forces of repression and revolt which made that period memorable. In the passage quoted here many of the author's conspicuous qualities are seen. The translation is that contained in the "International Library of Famous Literature," and is reprinted by the courtesy of the Avil Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

La Vieuville's words were suddenly cut short by a desperate cry, and at the same instant they heard a noise as unaccountable as it was awful. The cry and this noise came from the interior of the vessel.

The captain and lieutenant made a rush for the gun-deck, but could not get down. All the gunners were hurrying frantically up.

A frightful thing had just happened.

One of the carronades of the battery, a twenty-four-pounder, had got loose.

This is perhaps the most formidable of ocean accidents. Nothing more terrible can happen to a vessel in open sea and under full sail.

A gun that breaks its moorings becomes suddenly some indescribable super-natural beast. It is a machine which transforms itself into a monster. This mass turns upon its wheels, has the rapid movements of a billiard-ball; rolls with the rolling, pitches with the pitching; goes, comes, pauses, seems to meditate; resumes its course, rushes along the ship from end to end like an arrow, circles about, springs aside, evades, rears, breaks, kills, exterminates. It is a battering-ram which assaults a wall at its own caprice. Moreover, the battering-ram is metal, the wall wood. It is the entrance of matter into liberty.

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One might say that this eternal slave avenges itself. It seems as if the power of evil hidden in what we call inanimate objects finds a vent and bursts suddenly out. It has an air of having lost patience, of seeking some fierce, obscure retribution; nothing more inexorable than this rage of the inanimate.

The mad mass has the bounds of a panther, the weight of the elephant, the agility of the mouse, the obstinacy of the ox, the unexpectedness of the surge, the rapidity of lightning, the deafness of the tomb. It weighs ten thousand pounds, and it rebounds like a child's ball. Its flight is a wild whirl abruptly cut at right angles. What is to be done? How to end this?

A tempest ceases, a cyclone passes, a wind falls, a broken mast is replaced, a leak is stopped, a

fire dies out; but how to control this enormous brute of bronze? In what way can one attack it?

You can make a mastiff hear reason, astound a bull, fascinate a boa, frighten a tiger, soften a lion; but there is no resource with that monster—a cannon let loose. You cannot kill it—for it is dead; while at the same time it lives. It lives with a sinister life bestowed on it by Infinity.

The planks beneath it give it play. It is moved by the ship, which is moved by the sea, which is moved by the wind. This destroyer is a plaything. The ship, the waves, the blasts, all aid it; hence its frightful vitality. How to assail this fury of complication? How to fetter this monstrous mechanism for wrecking a ship? How foresee its comings and goings, its returns, its stops, its shocks? Any one of these blows upon the sides may stave out the vessel. How divine its awful gyrations! One has to deal with a projectile which thinks, seems to possess ideas, and which changes its direction at each instant. How stop the course of something which must be avoided?

The horrible cannon flings itself about, advances, recoils, strikes to the right, strikes to the left, flees, passes, disconcerts ambushes, breaks down obstacles, crushes men like flies. The great danger of the situation is in the mobility of its base. How combat an inclined plane which has blind caprices? The ship, so to speak, has lightning imprisoned in its womb which seeks to escape; it is like thunder rolling above an earthquake.

In an instant the whole crew were on foot. The fault was the chief gunner's; he had neglected to fix home the screw-nut of the mooring-chain, and had so badly shackled the four wheels of the carronade that the play given to the sole and frame had separated the platform, and ended by breaking the breeching. The cordage had broken, so that the gun was no longer secure on the carriage. The stationary breeching which prevents recoil was not in use at that period. As a heavy wave struck the port-hole the carronade, weakly attached, recoiled, burst its chain, and began to rush wildly about.

Conceive, in order to have an idea of this strange sliding, the movements of a drop of water running down a pane of glass.

At the moment when the lashings gave way the gunners were in the battery, some in groups, others standing alone, occupied with such duties as sailors perform in expectation of the command to clear for action. The carronade, hurled forward by the pitching, dashed into this knot of men, and crushed four at the first blow; then, flung back and shot out anew by the rolling, it cut in two a fifth poor fellow, glanced off to the larboard side, and struck a piece of the battery with such force as to unship it.

Then rose the cry of distress which had been heard. The men rushed toward the ladder; the gun-deck emptied in the twinkling of an eye. The enormous cannon was left alone. She was given up to herself. She was her own mistress, and mistress of the vessel. She could do what she willed with both. The whole crew of the corvette, men accustomed to laugh in battle, trembled now. To describe the universal terror would be impossible.

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Captain Boisberthelot and Lieutenant Vieuville, although both intrepid men, stopped at the head of the stairs, and remained mute, pale, hesitating, looking down on the deck. Some one pushed them aside with his elbow and descended.

It was their passenger, the peasant—the man of whom they had been speaking a moment before.

When he reached the foot of the ladder, he stood still.

The cannon came and went along the deck. One might have fancied it the living chariot of the Apocalypse. The marine lantern, oscillating from the ceiling, added a confusing whirl of lights and shadows to the strange vision. The shape of the cannon was undistinguishable from the rapidity of its course; now it looked black in the light, now it cast weird reflections through the gloom.

It kept on its work of destruction. It had already shattered four other pieces, and dug two crevices in the side, fortunately above the water-line, though they would leak in case a squall should come on. It dashed itself frantically against the framework; the solid tiebeams resisted, their curved form giving them great strength, but they creaked ominously under the assaults of this terrible club, which seemed endowed with a sort of appalling ubiquity, striking on every side at once. The strokes of a bullet shaken in a bottle would not be madder or more rapid.

The four wheels passed and repassed above the dead men, cut, carved, slashed them, till the five corpses were a score of stumps rolling about the deck; the heads seem to cry out, streams of blood twisted in and out of the planks with every pitch of the vessel. The ceiling, damaged in several places, began to gape. The whole ship was filled with the awful tumult.

The captain promptly recovered his composure, and at his order the sailors threw down into the deck everything which could deaden and check the mad rush of the gun—mattresses, hammocks, spare sails, coils of rope, extra equipments, and the bales of forged French currency of which the corvette carried a whole cargo—an infamous deception which the English considered a fair trick in war.

But what could these rags avail? No one dared descend to arrange them in any useful fashion, and in a few instants they were mere heaps of lint.

There was just sea enough to render the accident as complete as possible. A tempest would have

been desirable—it might have thrown the gun upside down; and the four wheels once in the air, the monster could have been mastered. But the devastation continued and increased. There were gashes and even fractures in the masts, which, embedded in the woodwork of the keel, pierce through the decks of ships like great round pillars.

The mizzenmast was cracked, and the mainmast itself was injured under the convulsive blows of the gun. The battery was being destroyed. Ten pieces out of the thirty were disabled; the breaches multiplied in the side, and the corvette began to take in water.

The old passenger, who had descended to the gun-deck, looked like a form of stone stationed at the foot of the stairs. He stood motionless, gazing sternly about upon the devastation. Indeed, it seemed impossible to take a single step forward.

Each bound of the liberated carronade menaced the destruction of the vessel. A few minutes more and shipwreck would be inevitable.

They must perish or put a summary end to the disaster. A decision must be made—but how?

What a combatant—this cannon!

They must check this mad monster. They must seize this flash of lightning. They must overthrow this thunderbolt.

Boisberthelot said to La Vieuville:

"Do you believe in God, chevalier?"

La Vieuville replied:

"Yes. No. Sometimes."

"In a tempest?"

"Yes; and in moments like this."

"Only God can aid us here," said Boisberthelot.

All were silent; the cannon kept up its horrible fracas.

The waves beat against the ship; their blows from without responded to the strokes of the cannon.

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It was like two hammers alternating.

Suddenly, into the midst of this sort of inaccessible circus, where the escaped cannon leaped and bounded, there sprang a man with an iron bar in his hand. It was the author of this catastrophe—the gunner whose culpable negligence had caused the accident; the captain of the gun. Having been the means of bringing about the misfortune, he desired to repair it. He had caught up a handspike in one fist, a tiller rope with a slipping noose in the other, and thus equipped had jumped down into the gun-deck.

Then a strange combat began, a Titanic strife—the struggle of the gun against the gunner; a battle between matter and intelligence; a duel between the inanimate and the human.

The man was posted in an angle, the bar and rope in his two fists; backed against one of the riders, settled firmly on his legs as on two pillars of steel, livid, calm, tragic, rooted as it were in the planks, he waited.

He waited for the cannon to pass near him.

The gunner knew his piece, and it seemed to him that she must recognize her master. He had lived a long while with her. How many times he had thrust his hand between her jaws! It was his tame monster. He began to address it as he might have given an order to his dog.

"Come!" said he. Perhaps he loved it.

He seemed to wish that it would turn toward him.

But to come toward him would be to spring upon him. Then he would be lost. How to avoid its crush? There was the question. All stared in terrified silence.

Not a breast respired freely, except perchance that of the old man who alone stood in the deck with the two combatants, a stern second.

He might himself be crushed by the piece. He did not stir.

Beneath them the blind sea directed the battle.

At the instant when, accepting this awful hand-to-hand contest, the gunner approached to challenge the cannon, some chance fluctuation of the waves kept it for a moment immovable, as if suddenly stupefied.

"Come on!" the man said to it. It seemed to listen.

Suddenly it darted upon him. The gunner avoided the shock.

The struggle began—struggle unheard of. The fragile matching itself against the invulnerable. The living thing of flesh attacking the inanimate brass. On the one side blind force, on the other a soul.

The whole passed in a half light. It was like the indistinct vision of a miracle.

A soul—strange thing; but you would have said that the cannon had one also—a soul filled with rage and hatred. This blindness appeared to have eyes. The monster had the air of watching the man. There was—one might have fancied so at least—cunning in this mass. It also chose its moment. It became some gigantic insect of metal, having, or seeming to have, the will of a demon.

Sometimes this colossal grasshopper would strike the low ceiling of the gun-deck, then fall back on its four wheels like a tiger upon its four claws, and dart anew on the man. He, supple, agile, adroit, would glide away like a snake from the reach of these lightning-like movements. He avoided the threatened encounters; but the blows which he escaped fell upon the vessel and continued the havoc.

An end of broken chain remained attached to the carronade. This chain had twisted itself, one could not tell how, about the screw of the breech button. One extremity of the chain was fastened to the carriage. The other, hanging loose, whirled wildly about the gun and added to the danger of its blows.

The screw held it like a clinched hand, and the chain, multiplying the strokes of the battering-ram by its strokes of a thong, made a fearful whirlwind about the cannon—a whip of iron in a fist of brass. This chain complicated the battle.

Nevertheless, the man fought. Sometimes, even, it was the man who attacked the cannon. He crept along the side, bar and rope in hand, and the cannon had the air of understanding, and fled as if it perceived a snare. The man pursued it, formidable, fearless.

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Such a duel could not last long. The gun seemed suddenly to say to itself, "Come, we must make an end!" and it paused. One felt the approach of the crisis. The cannon, as if in suspense, appeared to have, or had—because it seemed to all a sentient being—a furious premeditation. It sprang unexpectedly upon the gunner. He jumped aside, let it pass, and cried out with a laugh, "Try again!" The gun, as if in a fury, broke a carronade to larboard; then, seized anew by the invisible sling which held it, was flung to starboard toward the man, who escaped.

Three carronades gave way under the blows of the gun; then, as if blind and no longer conscious of what it was doing, it turned its back on the man, rolled from the stern to the bow, bruising the stem and making a breach in the plankings of the prow. The gunner had taken refuge at the foot of the stairs, a few steps from the old man, who was watching.

The gunner held his handspike in rest. The cannon seemed to perceive him, and, without taking the trouble to turn itself, backed upon him with the quickness of an ax-stroke. The gunner, if driven back against the side, was lost. The crew uttered a simultaneous cry.

But the old passenger, until now immovable, made a spring more rapid than all those wild whirls. He seized a bale of the forged currency, and at the risk of being crushed, succeeded in flinging it between the wheels of the carronade. This maneuver, decisive and dangerous, could not have been executed with more adroitness and precision by a man trained to all the exercises set down in Durosels's "Manual of Sea Gunnery."

The package had the effect of a plug. A pebble may stop a log, a tree-branch turn an avalanche. The carronade stumbled. The gunner, in his turn, seizing this terrible chance, plunged his iron bar between the spokes of one of the hind wheels. The cannon was stopped.

It staggered. The man, using the bar as a lever, rocked it to and fro. The heavy mass turned over with a clang like a falling bell, and the gunner, dripping with sweat, rushed forward headlong and passed the slipping noose of the tiller-rope about the bronze neck of the overthrown monster.

It was ended. The man had conquered. The ant had subdued the mastodon; the pygmy had taken the thunderbolt prisoner.

The marines and the sailors clapped their hands.

The whole crew hurried down with cables and chains, and in an instant the cannon was securely lashed.

The gunner saluted the passenger.

"Sir," he said to him, "you have saved my life."

The old man had resumed his impassible attitude, and did not reply.

The man had conquered, but one might say that the cannon had conquered also. Immediate shipwreck had been avoided, but the corvette was by no means saved. The dilapidation of the vessel seemed irremediable. The sides had five breaches, one of which, very large, was in the bow. Out of the thirty carronades, twenty lay useless in their frames.

The carronade which had been captured and rechained was itself disabled; the screw of the breech button was forced, and the leveling of the piece impossible in consequence. The battery

was reduced to nine pieces. The hold had sprung a leak. It was necessary at once to repair the damages and set the pumps to work.

The gun-deck, now that one had time to look about it, offered a terrible spectacle. The interior of a mad elephant's cage could not have been more completely dismantled.

However great the necessity that the corvette should escape observation, a still more imperious necessity presented itself—immediate safety. It had been necessary to light up the deck by lanterns placed here and there along the sides.

But during the whole time this tragic diversion had lasted, the crew were so absorbed by the one question of life or death that they noticed little what was passing outside the scene of the duel. The fog had thickened; the weather had changed; the wind had driven the vessel at will; it had got out of its route, in plain sight of Jersey and Guernsey, farther to the south than it ought to have gone, and was surrounded by a troubled sea. The great waves kissed the gaping wounds of the corvette—kisses full of peril. The sea rocked her menacingly. The breeze became a gale. A squall, a tempest perhaps, threatened. It was impossible to see before one four oars' length.

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While the crew were repairing summarily and in haste the ravages of the gun-deck, stopping the leaks and putting back into position the guns which had escaped the disaster, the old passenger had gone on deck.

He stood with his back against the mainmast.

He had paid no attention to a proceeding which had taken place on the vessel. The Chevalier La Vieuville had drawn up the marines in line on either side of the mainmast, and at the whistle of the boatswain the sailors busy in the rigging stood upright on the yards.

Count du Boisberthelot advanced toward the passenger.

Behind the captain marched a man, haggard, breathless, his dress in disorder, yet wearing a satisfied look under it all. It was the gunner who had just now so opportunely shown himself a tamer of monsters, and who had got the better of the cannon.

The count made a military salute to the unknown in peasant garb, and said to him:

"General, here is the man."

The gunner held himself erect, his eyes downcast, standing in a soldierly attitude.

Count du Boisberthelot continued:

"General, taking into consideration what this man has done, do you not think there is something for his commanders to do?"

"I think there is," said the old man.

"Be good enough to give the orders," returned Boisberthelot.

"It is for you to give them. You are the captain."

"But you are the general," answered Boisberthelot.

The old man looked at the gunner.

"Approach," said he.

The gunner moved forward a step. The old man turned toward Count du Boisberthelot, detached the cross of Saint-Louis from the captain's uniform and fastened it on the jacket of the gunner.

"Hurrah!" cried the sailors.

The marines presented arms. The old passenger, pointing with his finger toward the bewildered gunner, added:

"Now let that man be shot."

Stupor succeeded the applause.

Then, in the midst of a silence like that of the tomb, the old man raised his voice. He said:

"A negligence has endangered this ship. At this moment she is perhaps lost. To be at sea is to face the enemy. A vessel at open sea is an army which gives battle. The tempest conceals, but does not absent itself. The whole sea is an ambushade. Death is the penalty of any fault committed in the face of the enemy. No fault is reparable. Courage ought to be rewarded and negligence punished."

These words fell one after the other, slowly, solemnly, with a sort of inexorable measure, like the blows of an ax upon an oak.

And the old man, turning to the soldiers, added:

"Do your duty."

The man upon whose breast shone the cross of Saint-Louis bowed his head.

At a sign from Count du Boisberthelot, two sailors descended between decks, then returned, bringing the hammock winding sheet. The ship's chaplain, who since the time of sailing had been at prayer in the officers' quarters, accompanied the two sailors; a sergeant detached from the line twelve marines, whom he arranged in two ranks, six by six; the gunner, without uttering a word, placed himself between the two files. The chaplain, crucifix in hand, advanced and stood near him.

"March!" said the sergeant.

The platoon moved with slow steps toward the bow. The two sailors who carried the shroud followed.

A gloomy silence fell upon the corvette. A hurricane moaned in the distance.

A few instants later there was a flash; a report followed, echoing among the shadows; then all was silent; then came the thud of a body falling into the sea.

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Good Manners Fifty Years Ago.

Easier for a Camel to Pass Through a Needle's Eye Than for the Modern Aspirant to Butt into Society Through the Rules of Deportment Prevalent in the Middle of the Last Century.

Eliza Leslie was born in Philadelphia in 1787. Her father was a personal friend of Franklin, Jefferson, and other eminent men. She went with her family to England as a child, remaining until her sixteenth year. She wrote some verse at different periods, but not until her fortieth year did she publish any prose. This took the form of a cookery-book, which met with great success. Later, *Godey's Ladies' Book* published a prize story from her pen—"Mrs. Washington Potts"—and she adopted literature as a profession. Several books on household topics and manners were among her most popular productions, and in one of the latest of these—the "Behavior Book," published in 1853—one may find so many illuminating suggestions and such a wealth of instruction for ladies "as regards their conversation; manners; dress; introductions; entrée to society; shopping; conduct in the street; at places of amusement; in traveling; at the table, either at home, in company, or at hotels; deportment in gentlemen's society; lips; complexion; teeth; hands; the hair; etc., etc.," that it would seem to have been a straight way and a narrow gate indeed which led to the land of good form and good looks fifty years ago.

It would also seem, from her having addressed the work particularly to ladies, that they were the worst offenders in matters of manners; she avows her purpose, however, in a conciliatory preface, to be "to amend and not to offend; to improve her young countrywomen, and not to annoy them." The few "habitual misbehavements" to which she would call their attention she has noted during a "long course of observation, on a very diversified field."

Shopping.

When circumstances render it expedient to carry much money out with you, divide it; putting half in one purse or pocketbook and half in another, and put these portions in two pockets.

Gentlemen consider it a very irksome task to go on shopping expeditions, and their ill-concealed impatience becomes equally irksome to you.

Do not interfere with the shopping of other customers (who may chance to stand near you at the counter), by either praising or depreciating any of the articles they are looking at. Leave them to the exercise of their own judgment, unless they ask your opinion; and then give it in a low voice and sincerely.

Always object to a parcel being put up in newspaper, as the printing ink will rub off and soil the article enclosed. If it is a little thing that you are going to take home in your own hand, it will smear your gloves. All shopkeepers in good business can afford to buy proper wrapping-paper, and they generally do so. It is very cheap. See also that they do not wrap your purchase in so small a bit of paper as to squeeze and crush it.

We knew an instance of a lady in New York giving a hundred-dollar note to a strawberry-woman, instead of a note of one dollar. Neither note nor woman were seen or heard of more.

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In getting change, see that three-cent pieces are not given you for five cents.

Traveling.

Previous to departing, put into the hand of your escort rather more than a sufficient sum for the expenses of your journey, so as to provide for all possible contingencies. He will return you the balance when all is paid. Having done this, should any person belonging to the line come to you for your fare, refer them to the gentleman (mentioning his name), and take care to pay nothing yourself.

Dress very plainly when traveling. Few ladies that *are* ladies wear finery in railcars and steamboats—still less in stages, stage-roads being usually very dusty. Showy silks, and what are called dress-bonnets, are preposterous; so are jewelry ornaments—which, if real, you run a great risk of losing, and if false, are very ungenteel. Above all, do not travel in white kid gloves. Respectable women never do.

Such are the facilities of traveling that a lady evidently respectable, plainly dressed, and behaving properly, may travel very well without a gentleman. Two ladies still better. On commencing the journey, she should speak to the conductor, requesting him to attend to her and her baggage, and to introduce her to the captain of the boat, who will, of course, take charge of her during the voyage.

Arrival at a Hotel.

On arriving at the hotel, ask immediately to see the proprietor, give him your name and address, tell how long you purpose staying, and request him to see that you are provided with a good room. Request him also to conduct you to the dining-room at dinner-time, and allot you a seat near his own. For this purpose he will wait for you near the door (do not *keep him waiting*), or meet you in the ladies' drawing-room. While at table, if the proprietor or any other gentleman asks you to take wine with him, politely refuse.

If you do not wish to be encumbered by carrying the key in your pocket, let it be left during your absence with the clerk in the office, or with the barkeeper; and send to him for it on your return. Desire the servant who attends the door to show no person up to your room during your absence. If visitors wish to wait for your return, it is best they should do so in the parlor.

In a public parlor, it is selfish and unmannerly to sit down to the instrument uninvited and fall to playing or practising without seeming to consider the probability of your interrupting or annoying the rest of the company, particularly when you see them all engaged in reading or in conversation. If you want amusement, you had better read or occupy yourself with some light sewing or knitting-work.

If you have breakfasted early, it will be well to put some gingerbread-nuts or biscuits into your satchel when you go out, as you may become very hungry before dinner.

Hotel Breakfast.

Always take butter with the butter-knife, and then do not forget to return that knife to the butter-plate. Carefully avoid cutting bread with your own knife, or taking salt with it from the salt-cellar. It looks as if you had not been accustomed to butter-knives and salt-spoons.

Ladies no longer eat salt-fish at a public table. The odor of it is now considered extremely ungenteel, and it is always very disagreeable to those who *do not* eat it. If you breakfast alone, you can then indulge in it.

It is ungenteel to go to the breakfast-table in any costume approaching to full dress. There must be no flowers or ribbons in the hair. A morning-cap should be as simple as possible. The most genteel morning-dress is a close gown of some plain material, with long sleeves, which in summer may be white muslin. A merino or cashmere wrapper (gray, brown, purple, or olive), faced or trimmed with other merino of an entirely different color (such as crimson, scarlet, green, or blue), is a becoming morning-dress for winter. In summer, a white cambric-muslin morning-robe is the handsomest breakfast attire, but one of gingham or printed muslin the most convenient. The colored dress may be made open in front, with short, loose sleeves, and a pointed body. Beneath it a white under-dress, having a chemisette front down to the belt, and long white sleeves down to the wrist. This forms a very graceful morning-costume, the white skirt appearing where the colored skirt opens.

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The fashion of wearing black silk mittens at breakfast is now obsolete. It was always inconvenient, and neither useful nor ornamental.

Hotel Dinner.

When eating fish, remove the bones carefully, and lay them on the edge of your plate. Then, with the fork in your right hand (the concave or hollow side held uppermost), and a small piece of bread in your left, take up the flakes of fish. Servants, and all other persons, should be taught that the butter-sauce should not be poured over the fish, but put on one side of the plate, that the eater may use it profusely or sparingly, according to taste, and be able to mix it conveniently with the sauce from the fish-castors. Pouring butter-sauce over anything is now ungenteel.

It is an affectation of ultra-fashion to eat pie with a fork, and has a very awkward and inconvenient look. Cut it up with your knife and fork, then proceed to eat it with the fork in your right hand.

Much of this determined fork-exercise may be considered foolish; but it is fashionable.

It is, however, customary in eating sweet potatoes of a large size to break them in two, and, taking a piece in your hand, to pierce down to the bottom with your fork, and then mix in some butter, continuing to hold it thus while eating it.

If a lady wishes to eat lobster, let her request the waiter that attends her to extract a portion of it from the shell, and bring it to her on a clean plate—also to place a castor near her.

On no consideration let any lady be persuaded to take two glasses of champagne. It is more than the head of an American female can bear. And she may rest assured that (though unconscious of it herself) all present will find her cheeks flushing, her eyes twinkling, her tongue unusually voluble, her talk loud and silly, and her laugh incessant. Champagne is very insidious, and two glasses may throw her into this pitiable condition.

We have seen a young *gentleman* lift his plate of soup in both hands, hold it to his mouth, and drink, or rather lap it up. This was at no less a place than Niagara.

On Shipboard.

If you are sick yourself, say as little about it as possible. And never allude to it at table, where you will receive little sympathy, and perhaps render yourself disgusting to all who hear you. At no time talk about it to gentlemen. Many foolish commonplace sayings are uttered by ladies who attempt to describe the horrors of seasickness. For instance this: "I felt all the time as if I wished somebody to take me up and throw me overboard." This is untrue—no human being ever really *did* prefer drowning to seasickness.

A piano never sounds well on shipboard—the cabins are too small and the ceilings too low. To the sick and nervous (and all who are seasick become very nervous) this instrument is peculiarly annoying. Therefore, be kind enough to spare them the annoyance. You can practise when the weather is fine, and the invalids are on deck. Pianos have been abolished in many of the finest ships. Such instruments as can be carried on deck and played in the open air are, on the contrary, very delightful at sea, when in the hands of good performers—particularly on a moonlight evening.

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Things Not to Do.

Slapping a gentleman with your handkerchief, or tapping him with your fan. Allowing him to take a ring off your finger, to look at it. Permitting him to unclasp your bracelet, or, still worse, to inspect your brooch. When these ornaments are to be shown to another person always take them off for the purpose.

Introductions.

Where the company is large, the ladies of the house should have tact enough to avoid introducing and placing together persons who cannot possibly assimilate, or take pleasure in each other's society. The dull and the silly will be far happier with their compeers. To a woman of talent and a good conversationalist it is a cruelty to put her unnecessarily in contact with stupid or unmeaning people. She is wasted and thrown away upon such as are neither amusing nor amusable. Neither is it well to bring together a gay, lively woman of the world, and a solemn, serious, repulsive dame, who is a contemner of the world and all its enjoyments.

Avoid giving invitations to bores. They will come without.

We saw no less a person than Charles Dickens compelled at a large party to devote the whole evening to writing autographs for a multitude of young ladies—many of whom, not satisfied with obtaining one of his signatures for themselves, desired half a dozen others for "absent friends." All conversation ceased with the first requisition for an autograph. He had no chance of saying anything. We were a little ashamed of our fair townswomen.

DINNERS THAT CONSISTED OF BOOKS.

Some Authors Have Been Compelled to Eat Their Printed Volumes—Tartars Tried to Acquire Knowledge That Way.

With the exception of minerals it is difficult for one to find on the earth's surface substances that do not tempt the appetite of some sort of animal. The list of queer articles of diet includes the earth, which is munched with satisfaction by the clay-eater, and the walrus hide, which the Eskimo relishes as much as does John Bull his joint of beef.

It is not generally known, however, that men, as well as mice and book-worms, have eaten

dinners that have consisted only of books. This tendency has been described as "bibliophagia," though the word has not yet gained scholarly approval. An interesting account of some of these extraordinary meals appeared in a recent issue of the *Scientific American*, and is as follows:

In 1370 Barnabo Visconti compelled two Papal delegates to eat the bull of excommunication which they had brought him, together with its silken cords and leaden seal. As the bull was written on parchment, not paper, it was all the more difficult to digest.

A similar anecdote was related by Oelrich, in his "Dissertatio de Bibliothecarum et Librorum Fatis" (1756), of an Austrian general, who had signed a note for two thousand florins, and when it fell due compelled his creditors to eat it. The Tartars, when books fall into their possession, eat them, that they may acquire the knowledge contained in them.

A Scandinavian writer, the author of a political book, was compelled to choose between being beheaded or eating his manuscript boiled in broth.

Isaac Volmar, who wrote some spicy satires against Bernard, Duke of Saxony, was not allowed the courtesy of the kitchen, but was forced to swallow them uncooked.

Still worse was the fate of Philip Oldenburger, a jurist of great renown, who was condemned not only to eat a pamphlet of his writing, but also to be flogged during his repast, with orders that the flogging should not cease until he had swallowed the last crumb.

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How They Got On In The World.

Brief Biographies of Successful Men Who Have Passed Through
the Crucible of Small Beginnings and Won Out.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

HE "PEELED OFF HIS COAT."

Indiana Boy Obeyed Order of Merchant,
and His Successful Uphill Struggle
Landed Him in Senate.

James A. Hemenway, Senator from Indiana, found himself, at the age of seventeen, confronted with the problem of supporting his mother, the younger children of the family—and there were six of them—and himself. His father had just died bankrupt, every cent of money and stick of property having gone to pay the liabilities incurred by indorsing bad notes.

Young Hemenway knew what hard work meant, for he had been used always to toiling on the farm. It was difficult, however, to earn ready money in Boonville, Indiana, where he was born in 1860, and so he was forced to migrate to Iowa.

A relative living in Des Moines introduced him to the proprietor of a dry-goods store, and Hemenway was promised a place. When he reported for business next morning the manager looked him over and said:

"We've already a pretty big force of people. Do you see anything that needs to be done?"

Hemenway looked around at the disorderly arrangement of the stock-room.

"I might fix this up," he said.

"All right. I'll try you out. Peel off your coat and pitch in."

Hemenway pitched in, and for eighteen months he continued at work in the dry-goods store, sending home to Boonville every cent above his absolute expenses. His living during this time cost him on an average two dollars a week.

His next venture was on a farm in Kansas. He borrowed money enough to start in with another brother, and both put in a hard spring and summer. They had the prospect of a crop that would clear off their indebtedness and leave them something ahead for other operations. A scorching drought set in, however, blasted every stalk of grain and blade of grass on the place and left them both broke.

All that was left to them were a team of horses and a yoke of oxen, and they used these to haul meal and other provisions from Wichita out to the dwellers on the frontier.

In 1880, Hemenway returned to Boonville as poor as he was when he set out three years before. He managed to get a job in a livery stable caring for horses; then he became a shipper in a tobacco factory. He also found time to begin the study of law, and in this he was assisted by Judge George Rhinehard, a jurist of local repute.

While he was still studying law, the Republicans of his district nominated him to the office of public prosecutor. This was not done because they thought Hemenway was specially fitted for the office, but because the district was so overwhelmingly Democratic that there seemed to be no

chance of his election. His name was put on just to fill out the ticket.

"You can't get it," the campaign manager told him. "So you needn't go to any bother. Some time, maybe, you'll get the nomination to something within reach."

Hemenway refused to be a dummy, and as long as he was on the ticket he thought it best to put up a fight, and he made such a stiff canvass that he not only won out, but he carried a part of his ticket into office with him. Then when he was in office he acquitted himself so well that he was reelected, and in 1895 he was elected to Congress.

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Hemenway made his greatest reputation as head of the Appropriations Committee, and it was due to him that heads of departments were prevented from exceeding their appropriations. They had been in the habit of asking for a certain sum, and, when it was not granted, going ahead as though it had been, exceeding their allowance and then calling on Congress to make up the deficit. The practise had grown to dangerous limits, and Hemenway forcibly put a stop to it.

In 1905 he was elected to the Senate, and he has already begun to make himself felt in that body as a man of ability and forcefulness.

MADE TRAVEL LUXURIOUS.

Discomfort of Old-Time Railroad During
a Night Ride Gave Young Inventor
Idea for Sleeping-Cars.

George Mortimer Pullman, inventor of the Pullman car, was born on a farm in Chautauqua County, New York, in 1831. The family was poor, and when George was fourteen years old his mother became ill, and he was forced to leave school and go to work in a country store. He stayed there three years, and was then apprenticed to his brother in Albion, New York, to learn the cabinet-making business.

There wasn't much money to be gained, but in 1859 he had saved a few hundred dollars, and when the widening of the Erie Canal made it necessary to pull down or move the buildings along its bank he went into the business of house-moving.

He had been drawn to the work in the first place by the idea of getting the hard wood that entered into the construction of some of the buildings. This was cheap, and some of it was suitable for cabinet-making. But the profit was not great, and the field for the sale of his goods had not increased. So he turned to house-moving, and by this greatly increased the amount of money at his command.

It was at this time that he got the idea of an improved sleeping-car. One night he was riding from Buffalo to Westfield, a distance of sixty miles, and the rattling and jolting of the cars as they swung around the curves or banged over the uneven roadbed made sleep almost impossible.

At that time the bunks provided were nothing more than three tiers of shelves similar to the bunks on the canal boats. It was necessary on rounding a curve to hold on tight to keep from being spilled out on the car floor. A person could recline in such a bunk, but it would have been foolhardy to try to sleep.

The unusual roughness and discomfort of the trip set Pullman to thinking, and during the six hours occupied by the run he considered the question in various ways. Before the end of the journey was reached he had decided to build a car in which it would be possible to sleep, and which would also give passengers as much comfort as the space at command permitted.

Young Pullman was not able then to put his idea into operation, for none of the railroad officials would listen to him, and he did not have the necessary money to carry on his experiments independently. He earned the money, however, in the work he did in Chicago. The whole city was being raised so that a sewerage system could be introduced.

Before that time Chicago was on a level with Lake Michigan, and during storms the water frequently backed into the cellars, and there was not fall enough to carry waste out into the lake. The work of raising buildings or removing them was in Pullman's line, and during the few years it lasted he made money quickly.

Then he set to work to carry out his ideas about sleeping-cars. He took two old passenger coaches and refitted them, and went to the head of the Chicago and Alton Railroad and asked that they be given a trial.

"All right," said the president; "go ahead. We won't charge you for the use of the road during the trial."

The trial showed that there was a demand for more comfortable cars, but none of the roads was willing to put any money into the scheme. This necessitated more experimenting by Pullman, at his own expense, and in 1863 he built, at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars, a car that was equipped throughout according to his plans.

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Pullman's First Sleeping-Car.

This first sleeping-car, the "Pioneer," embodied many of the features of the modern Pullman, but

it was condemned by practically every railroad man in the country as a wild extravagance, for the ordinary sleeping-car of the time cost only four thousand dollars.

The "Pioneer" lay in the train-shed most of the time during the first year of its existence, but whenever it was used the demand for berths in it was promising.

This led James F. Joy, president of the Michigan Central, to give a half-hearted consent to experiments on his road. Pullman took every cent of money he possessed and as much money as he could borrow, and built four cars. They cost twenty-four thousand dollars each, and when Joy learned how much money had been expended on them it amazed him so much that he was on the point of ordering a discontinuance of all experiments.

Joy held up the trial for a month, and then allowed the cars to go out only on condition that each one be accompanied by an old-style car. The old cars were deserted. People preferred to pay two dollars for a berth in a Pullman car, rather than fifty or seventy-five cents for a bunk in the jolting, springless cars.

Still, the railroad men could not see the advisability of investing twenty-five thousand dollars or more—for Pullman's plans grew in expensiveness all the time—in cars, and they steadfastly turned down his requests that they give him orders to build cars and buy the cars when they were finished. This led him to determine to build the cars and rent them.

Investors did not flock to him, but he got together enough to start operations, and the five cars he already had on the rail were earning money. During the first year he did not add any new cars, but the next year he put several out, and they were a huge success—the company that year earning two hundred and eighty thousand dollars.

The big roads centering in Chicago were pushing out in all directions. The transcontinental roads were open for business. The ending of the Civil War had paved the way to railroad extension in the South. All these facts gave new opportunities for Pullman's business.

In the second year the company earned still larger profits, reaching the four-hundred-thousand-dollar mark. Its income went on steadily up to a million dollars, and still on until it passed beyond twenty millions.

Before this stage was attained, however, Pullman found that his factory had outgrown its Chicago quarters, and all the surrounding land was held at prohibitive prices. He determined to break away from the city, so he went out several miles, and for eight hundred thousand dollars purchased a thirty-five-hundred-acre tract. Here he built the city of Pullman, raising the ground from the level of the prairie, so that the mistake Chicago had made would not be repeated, and planning everything on such a scale that no future changes were necessary.

For a year Pullman had four thousand men constantly employed in raising the ground, laying out streets, and building shops and residences. When they finished he was ready for the seven thousand employees engaged in building the Pullman cars.

COLT AND HIS REVOLVER.

Not Until It Had Been Used in Two Wars
Was Inventor Able to Demonstrate
Its Effectiveness.

Samuel Colt, whose revolver was the pioneer of all practical rapid-fire arms, was ten years old when he was taken out of school and put to work in his father's silk and woolen mill in Hartford, Connecticut. At fourteen he was doing a man's work in the dyeing department of the establishment, but he wasn't getting a man's pay, for his father did not think it worth while to pay money to a member of the family. So in 1828, when he was fourteen, Samuel Colt ran away to sea, shipping on an India merchantman.

It was on this voyage that young Colt conceived the idea and made a rough wooden model of the first revolver. He fashioned it with a jack-knife, and figured the mechanical details out on a piece of paper. On his return from sea the following year he made a rough iron model of it, but it did not work satisfactorily. His mechanical knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to remedy the defects, and he had to go back to work for his father.

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The question of pay came up again, and it was settled as before by young Colt leaving and striking out on his own account. This time it was as a lecturer on chemistry, for in the dyeing department he had gained a fair idea of the subject.

Investors Were Timorous.

His lectures brought him money enough to enable him to continue his work, and in 1835 he patented his first revolver. It was a heavy, cumbersome affair, but the device whereby the various chambers were brought in line with a single barrel put it far ahead of all previous revolvers and double, triple, and quadruple barreled pistols.

The easiest part of Colt's work was the invention of the weapon. The hard part came when he organized a company and started in to manufacture fire-arms. Investors didn't care for the idea, and in 1842 the Colt Manufacturing Company suspended for lack of funds.

"I'll give you one thousand dollars for the entire rights to the thing," said a Hartford business man to Colt.

Colt took a couple of days to think it over. He did not have any money or any prospect of money, and a thousand dollars was a big temptation. However, he decided not to take it.

"It wouldn't pay me for the work I put into it," he said. "I'm going to try again."

The new attempt met with more success, for toward the end of the Seminole War in Florida the United States soldiers had begun to appreciate the effectiveness of the Colt revolver. Then the adventurers in Texas and through the Middle West came to look upon the six-shooter as the most valuable part of their outfit, and there was a sufficiently large band of these adventurers to cause a fair-sized demand. This enabled the Colt Company to struggle on until the Mexican War became certain.

Then General Taylor, who had used the Colt revolver in his Indian campaigns, recommended that the United States troops be furnished with it. The little factory in Hartford suddenly found itself confronted with an order for twenty thousand revolvers. It was necessary to work day and night to meet the demand, and while this was going on Colt enlarged his place of business in anticipation of future orders of like magnitude. They came plentifully enough during the two years of the Mexican War, for the Colt was the only small arm that played any part in that contest.

After the war, business did not fall off materially, for the great Western migration was on, and every one who made it went armed. The pioneer and the traveler depended upon the Colt in an emergency, and the workmanship was so good that the revolver itself never failed. It played a great part again in the Civil War, for most of the Northern troops, in addition to their Springfield rifles, carried Colt revolvers. Thus the idea that a runaway boy evolved during his trip to India helped to win the Mexican War, to settle the West, and to decide the Civil War.

THE FIRST EXPRESSMAN.

A Great Industry Began When a Man Decided
to Carry Parcels Between
Boston and New York.

William Frederick Harnden, when quite a young man, worn out by his sixteen hours a day work in the office of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, came to New York for a short rest. That was in 1839, and there were in the United States 2,818 miles of railroad, all built within the previous ten years, as against the 212,000 or more miles that exist at present. There was no express company in those days, so Harnden said to a friend, James W. Hale:

"I'm sick of working in a railroad office. Do you know, I think that I could make a living doing errands between New York and Boston for people?"

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Hale took up the idea at once. He was employed in the Hudson Newsroom, at the corner of Wall and Water Streets, and one of his duties was to bring papers down to the Boston boat on its tri-weekly trips. Besides the papers, he also carried various consignments of money, or parcels from persons who could not get down to the boats themselves. These parcels were then turned over to some passenger who was willing to deliver them.

On the stage line the drivers or the passengers were the parcel deliverers, and no one ever thought of asking money for his services.

"Go ahead," Hale said to Harnden. "You can make money. I'll get you a lot of customers right here in New York."

Carpetbags First Express Cars.

Harnden bought a couple of extra large carpetbags, and announced that he was in the errand-running business, and would transport parcels between Boston and New York, or between intermediate points, at remarkably low prices.

The idea took. It was now possible to send goods with some surety of their reaching the desired point in a reasonable time, instead of waiting until some good-natured traveler or stage-driver came along and agreed to make the delivery.

Harnden prospered, for the railroads were reaching out in all directions. Instead of the stage lines that ran out of Boston there were now three railroads that did most of the business. New York's stage lines were also rapidly disappearing, their work being taken over by the railroads.

All this enabled Harnden to systematize his work, and by hiring a couple of assistants, each carrying two carpetbags, to cover the New York and southern New England district with tolerable regularity.

The railroad companies at first made no provision for the transportation of anything but passengers, but the growth of the business Harnden had established necessitated consideration, and soon a special department was reserved for the goods he was shipping. He cleared over six hundred dollars the first year of operations, and the force of men employed by him went up from

one to five.

Besides the parcel delivery branch, Harnden had another that occupied much of his attention. He was engaged in sending immigrants from the Atlantic seaports to those parts of the country where they would have the best chance of making a living.

A Builder of the West.

In 1840, Harry Wells, later one of the founders of Wells, Fargo & Company, was Harnden's clerk, and had been trying to persuade him to extend his operations Westward.

"That's the way people are heading," said Wells, "and you'll double your money if you follow them up."

Harnden was doubtful.

"Put people out West," he said, "and my express will follow them."

Wells persisted in pushing his idea, and it gradually took hold of Harnden. He saw a chance—a big one—of helping the new arrivals in this country, and at the same time of developing the country. He arranged for cheap transportation on the Erie Canal, and made it known that he was ready to transport immigrants to any part of the West. New arrivals in this country who had friends in Europe saw the advantages at once, and money was sent over for passage to America.

When the immigrants landed in New York, Harnden's agents took charge of them and kept them under supervision until they reached their destinations. In this way the sharper was fought off, the immigrant was given access to advantages he could not otherwise have, and the country was developed in the right direction.

It was primarily due to Harnden's foresight that the prosperous industrial cities of central and western New York, and the great cities of the Middle West, received the impetus they did during the middle of the last century.

Harnden's business prospered mightily, but death struck him down when he was only thirty-three years old. The business he started and carried on by means of two carpetbags now employs about thirty-five thousand men, and the six-hundred-dollar profits have jumped into the tens of millions, the four leading express companies of the country alone being capitalized for almost fifty million dollars.

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TRIUMPHS OF A RUNAWAY.

Irish Lad Went to Sea, Developed Peru,
and Became Aggressive Reform
Mayor of New York.

William R. Grace, long one of the leading merchants in the United States, and Mayor of New York City in 1881 and 1882, and 1885 and 1886, ran away from home when he was fourteen. His father had a fairly good business in Dublin and intended his son to become a partner.

The son wanted to enter the British navy, and on being refused permission he shipped as cook's scullion on a vessel bound for New York. He left the ship when it reached port, and spent two years in New York, taking any work he could find, helping in the kitchens of the water-front eating-houses, acting as porter, or occasionally going on a short cruise when nothing else offered.

His father had been searching for him all this time, and when he found him he induced him to return home. A partnership was bought for him in a Liverpool firm dealing in ships' supplies, and by the time Grace was twenty-one he was well started on the road to wealth.

This did not satisfy him, for he did not like the restriction imposed upon him by such a business. He broke away from it by going to Callao, Peru, where he found employment with Brice & Co., dealers in ships' supplies. He was order solicitor for the firm, and in going around from one vessel to another in the harbor he came to know all the captains, and he increased the business to such an extent that it was necessary to take him into the firm in order to keep him.

Young Grace also profited by his dealings with the Peruvian government, for he was of great assistance to it in its foreign affairs. Peru was rapidly developing its resources and entering into closer relations with other nations.

In 1869, when he was thirty-six years old, Grace was a rich man. But tropical fever had gripped him, and the only hope of regaining health was to leave Peru. Even that hope was a scant one, but he took it, and went back to Ireland.

His health came to him slowly, and he spent a year traveling from place to place, finally landing again in New York. His old energy had returned, and after a few months he once more plunged into business, establishing the firm of W.R. Grace & Co., and engaging in trade with South America.

He also became the confidential agent of the Peruvian Government, and while acting in this capacity he armed and equipped the Peruvian army and reorganized the Peruvian navy. In 1880

he became the candidate for mayor of two factions of the Democracy—Tammany Hall and Irving Hall—and was elected by a few hundred votes. About the first thing he did was to quarrel with John Kelly, the leader of Tammany. Kelly had sent around a list of appointments he wanted Grace to make.

"Can they do the work?" the mayor asked.

Kelly looked at him in surprise.

"What difference does it make?" he asked. "They are organization men."

"The fact that they are organization men doesn't make any difference, either," said Grace. "I'm going to appoint men who know their business."

This started a quarrel between him and Tammany Hall, but he managed to carry through the reforms on which he was determined.

He put the Louisiana Lottery Company out of business in the city, by raiding their place, and when he found no one there to arrest he carted off their safe to the City Hall, and refused to give it up until the company withdrew from the city and promised to stay out.

He took the street-cleaning department from under the control of the police and made it an independent department with a special head. The local machine tried to stop him by holding out the inducement of another term. But he sent back the answer:

"I'm mayor now, and I'm going to run things in the interest of the city and to suit myself. There is no use leaving any work to a second term."

The next election he was defeated, but in 1884, when Cleveland was running for President, Grace ran for mayor as an independent, and was easily elected. The work of his second term was along the same lines as that of his first.

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His business interests with Peru continued to increase in importance, for his brother, Michael Grace, had established himself as the leading man in the country. He helped develop the banking system, railroads and mines of the country, and also aided in founding a regular line of steamships between there and New York. In 1890 he organized a corporation which assumed the Peruvian national debt, and in return for doing this the company was given control of the canals, roads, and other sources of revenue in Peru.

Although much of his time was given to his business with South America, he was also interested in many home enterprises, and was a director in a score of big corporations.

LETTERS FAMOUS FOR BREVITY.

A Few Pointed Lines Written by Sharp-Witted People Have Been Effective in Taking the Conceit Out of Their Correspondents.

Almost telegraphic brevity distinguishes some of the most famous letters that have ever been written. A writer in *Notes and Queries* gives a sheaf of these laconic messages, with such editorial illumination as is necessary to make their meaning clear.

According to Campbell's "Lives of the Admirals," Sir George Walton was sent in pursuit of a Spanish squadron, and reported what took place in the following dispatch to the admiral in command:

SIR—I have taken or destroyed all the Spanish ships as per margin. Yours, etc., G. WALTON.

Horace Walpole, in one of his papers in "The World," praises the following letter, written by Lady Pembroke in the reign of Charles II. I quote from memory, but think that Lady Pembroke wrote to Lord Arlington, who had insisted on her allowing Sir Joseph Williamson to be returned member for her borough of Appleby:

SIR—I have been bullied by a usurper, I have been neglected by a court, but I will not be dictated to by a subject. Your man sha'n't stand. ANNE PEMBROKE.

I have some memory of a story that some person wrote to the first Duke of Wellington, threatening to publish certain letters of his, and that he replied:

DEAR JULIA—Publish and be damned. Yours, WELLINGTON.

When Lord John Russell announced the breaking up of Earl Grey's cabinet on May 27, 1834, Mr. Stanley, colonial secretary, wrote the following to Sir James Graham, first lord of the Admiralty:

MY DEAR G.—Johnny has upset the coach.

Yours, etc.

Sir Walter Scott said that the most pointed letter he knew was the answer of Lord Macdonald to the head of the Glengarry family:

MY DEAR GLENGARRY—AS soon as you
can prove yourself to be *my chief*, I shall
be ready to acknowledge you; in the meantime,
I am *yours*, MACDONALD.

The following is quoted as Francis Jeffrey's wicked reply to a begging letter:

Sir—I have received your letter of
6th inst., soliciting a contribution in behalf
of the funds of ——. I have very
great pleasure in subscribing [with this
word the writer contrived to end the first
page, and then continued overleaf] myself,

Yours faithfully,

FRANCIS JEFFREY.

A certain lady having written to Talleyrand informing him of the death of her husband, he replied:

DEAR MARQUISE—Alas! Your devoted
TALLEYRAND.

At a later date the same lady wrote telling him of her approaching marriage. To this he replied:

DEAR MARQUISE—Ho, ho! Your devoted
TALLEYRAND.

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BRAHMA.

THE SUBTLE VERSES IN WHICH EMERSON GAVE EXPRESSION TO THE MYSTICISM
INVESTING HINDU RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.



The four stanzas composing Emerson's poem "Brahma" afford perhaps in the smallest compass the best example of the Concord philosopher's subtle mode of expression with a meaning so elusive as to require careful thought on the reader's part to render it intelligible.

There is a pleasing vagueness which the music of the lines imbues with a nameless charm. Here, more than anywhere else, Emerson has caught in a few simply written stanzas the very essence of mysticism—strange, fleeting, and yet full of suggestiveness that shifts and shimmers like the shadow and the sunlight of which the poem tells.

The interpretation of the poem is to be found in an understanding of what Brahma really means in the Hindu religion and philosophy. It is not a personal divinity; but rather the creative force of the universe, an all-pervading presence, bringing power, devotion, and holiness, unlimited by time or space, and signifying soul and spirit. Hence, Brahma views with equal unconcern both life and death, both doubt and faith, both shame and fame. Those who attain to a true conception of this ideal have no need to think of heaven, since heaven is everywhere.

By **RALPH WALDO EMERSON.**

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanished gods to me appear;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;
When me they fly, I am the wings;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;

The First Piano in Camp.

BY SAM DAVIS.

The story which is published herewith under the title of "The First Piano in Camp" originally appeared several years ago in the *Virginia City Chronicle*, and was then named "A Christmas Carol." Its literary merit, quaint humor, and pathos were at once recognized, and in the course of the next six months it was republished in scores of newspapers throughout the country. It next reached England, and from there its popularity spread to the Continent, with the result that it was translated into nearly every European language.

In several cases newspapers in reprinting the story failed to give the name of the author, and, believing that it had originally been published anonymously, a number of persons asserted that it had been written by them. These claims were quickly disproved, however, and in the numerous collections of specimens of American humor in which it now appears due credit is given to Sam Davis, who was brought up in the same atmosphere which gave life to the genius of Bret Harte and Mark Twain. Mr. Davis was for several years editor of the *Virginia City Enterprise* and the *Virginia City Chronicle*. He is now the State Comptroller of Nevada and the proprietor and editor of the *Carson Appeal*.

"The First Piano in Camp," as here printed, is taken from "Little Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor," edited by Thomas L. Masson, and published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

In 1858—it might have been five years earlier or later; this is not a history for the public schools—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset.

When the day was over, these men did not rest from their labors, like honest New England agriculturists, but sang, danced, gambled, and shot one another, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef and that the bodies were coming in. Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses well worn out with their pull. The cart contained a good-sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible, through the glimmer of a stray light, than it began to affect the idlers.

Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued, and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was immediately surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe and lighted it as he continued:

"Wish the bones and load had gone over the grade!"

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the teamster at once.

"I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster coolly. "Just burst the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other for a moment, and then the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about hoping to see corpses go over a bank all I have to say is that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking, I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got a board off, and then pulled out some rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astonished.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he had made up his mind to pull his weapon at the first sight of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole of the box-cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "this is a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke due attention.

Had a dozen dead men been in the box their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that lonely piano caused. But the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace a hurdy-gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest individual in the State. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position amid a confusion of tongues, after the manner of the Tower of Babel.

Of course, everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned up, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thrummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete. One day a three-card-monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of the piano, if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in." This report spread about the camp, but on being questioned he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man gloating over a beef-steak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt but that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his finger-ends, but did not dare to make trial of his strength after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch the piano. There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

It was Christmas eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-hell with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play the instrument.

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"Christmas night, and no piano-pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper, he scrawled:

\$20 REWARD
TO A COMPETENT PIANO PLAYER

This he stuck up on the music-rack, and though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merrymaking went on; the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man, crouching near the fireplace. His garments—such as were left—were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent. He looked about him once in a while as

if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of the revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this waif of the storm had brought in with him all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advanced and remarked cheerily:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch-counter, fell to work upon some roast bear, devouring it as any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger he seemed to expand and lighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

"Do you always have your place decorated like this?" he finally asked of Goskin.

"This is Christmas eve," was the reply.

The stranger was startled.

"December 24, sure enough."

"That's the way I put it up, pard."

"When I was in England I always kept Christmas. But I had forgotten that this was the night. I've been wandering about in the mountains until I've lost track of the feasts of the Church."

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the expression.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box, he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty-dollar bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with the glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

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The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his cords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man treading uncertain paths, but he gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads they had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough and squeezed out tears as from a wet sponge.

As the strains flowed one upon the other, the listeners saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple-blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the old New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they recalled the heather of Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea, as it beat upon their memories, vaguely. Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe, and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry or devilment left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, with his head on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning? I'd like to see his face once before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out into the storm the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin. It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down, astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's track through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card-monte man, who used to deny pointblank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind how the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 24, 1858.

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ALL KINDS OF THINGS.

George Washington as the Farmer of Mount Vernon—The Dress, Manners, and Personality of John Hancock—Men Whose Names Live in Their Inventions—The Strange Story of a Revolutionary Spy and a Silver Bullet—Treasure Trove in Unexpected Hiding-Places—Political Routes That Have Led to the White House—With Other Items of Interest from Various Sources.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE THRIFTY FARMER OF MOUNT VERNON.

FIFTEEN SQUARE MILES OF LAND.

System of Crop Rotation Made the
Wheels Go Round Smoothly on
Washington's Plantation.

As military leader and statesman, George Washington is the great figure in our history. His greatness as a farmer is not so generally appreciated. Yet as soon as the Revolution ended he turned his attention to agriculture with a keen eye to improve his estate.

Finding that the cultivation of tobacco exhausted his land, he gradually substituted grass and wheat, as better suited to the soil. He began a new method of rotation of crops, drawing up an exact scheme by which all his fields were numbered and the crops assigned for several years in

advance.

The extent of his farming operations appears in the following account, printed many years ago in the *Maine Cultivator*:

The farm of General Washington at Mount Vernon contained ten thousand acres of land in one body—equal to about fifteen square miles. It was divided into farms of convenient size, at the distance of two, three, four, and five miles from his mansion house. These farms he visited every day in pleasant weather, and was constantly engaged in making experiments for the improvement of agriculture.

Some idea of the extent of his farming operations may be formed from the following facts: In 1787 he had five hundred acres in grass; sowed six hundred bushels of oats, seven hundred acres of wheat, and as much more in corn, barley, potatoes, beans, peas, etc., and fifty with turnips.

His stock consisted of one hundred and forty horses, one hundred and twelve cows, two hundred and thirty-five working oxen, heifers, and steers, and five hundred sheep. He constantly employed two hundred and fifty hands, and kept twenty-four plows going during the whole year, when the earth and the state of the weather would permit.

In 1786 he slaughtered one hundred and fifty hogs for the use of his family and provisions for his negroes, for whose comfort he had great regard.

ELABORATE APPAREL OF OLD JOHN HANCOCK.

APTNESS AT PUNISHING THE PUNCH.

Pen Picture of the Revolutionary Statesman
Shows Him Garbed Gorgeously
in a Blue Damask Gown.

Our revolutionary heroes were not all plain-garbed farmers. Indeed, not a few of them were rather dandified—which is not surprising, inasmuch as men dressed more showily in those times than they dress now.

John Hancock, whose bold signature is so prominent among those of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, was addicted to rich apparel. One who saw him in 1782 says that he then had the appearance of advanced age, though his years were only forty-five. [Pg 514]

He had been repeatedly and severely afflicted with gout, probably owing in part to the custom of drinking punch—a common practise in high circles in those days. As recollected at this time, Hancock was nearly six feet in height and of thin person, stooping a little, and apparently enfeebled by disease. His manners were very gracious, of the old style; a dignified complaisance. His face had been very handsome.

Dress was adapted quite as much to the ornamental as useful. Gentlemen wore wigs when abroad, and commonly caps when at home. At this time, about noon, Hancock was dressed in a red velvet cap, within which was one of fine linen. The latter was turned up over the lower edge of the velvet one, two or three inches.

He wore a blue damask gown lined with silk, a white stock, a white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small clothes, white silk stockings, and red morocco slippers. It was a general practise in genteel families to have a tankard of punch made in the morning and placed in a cooler when the season required it.

At this visit Hancock took from the cooler standing on the hearth a full tankard, and drank first himself and then offered it to those present. His equipage was splendid, and such as is not customary at this day.

His apparel was sumptuously embroidered with gold, silver, lace, and other decorations fashionable among men of fortune of that period; and he rode, especially upon public occasions, with six beautiful bay horses, attended by servants in livery.

He wore a scarlet coat, with ruffles on the sleeves, which soon became the prevailing fashion; and it is related of Dr. Nathan Jacques, the famous pedestrian of West Newbury, that he passed all the way from West Newbury to Boston in one day, to procure cloth for a coat like that of John Hancock, and returned with it under his arm on foot.

Hancock was a rich man. In 1764 his uncle, Thomas Hancock, left him about eighty thousand pounds and the control of a large mercantile business. His position as a colonial aristocrat emphasized the importance of his defection from British allegiance. His patriotic services are well remembered, but it is true, also, that he was somewhat vain and somewhat jealous.

MEN WHOSE NAMES LIVE IN THEIR INVENTIONS.

ODD COINING OF SUITABLE WORDS.

McAdam, MacIntosh, and Guillotin Examples of Men Whose Inventions Transmit Their Names to Posterity.

Many common words have been derived from proper names, just as many proper names have been derived from common words. The London *Globe* cites several instances of men who have been immortalized by the application of their names to inventions.

While the word "macadamize" was rapidly establishing its position in the English language, no less an authority than Jeremy Bentham gave it a helping hand on its way by declaring that "the success of Mr. McAdam's system justified the perpetuation of his name in popular speech."

This is, perhaps, the most perfect example of a spontaneous popular impulse whereby an inventor who had benefited mankind was embalmed, so to say, in his own invention. His name, connected indissolubly with it, was handed down to future ages with a certainty that it would endure as long at least as the language continued to exist.

But, curiously enough, at almost the same time when the great roadmaker was achieving immortality, another inventor, with a no less obviously Scotch name, was treading the same path to linguistic fame.

The labors in the field of chemistry which enabled MacIntosh to perfect and patent a new sort of clothing—and that in a time when traveling by stage coaches rendered it particularly welcome—were almost as prolonged as those which qualified his fellow countryman in a long life to solve the problem of constructing a durable roadway for wheeled traffic.

A third notable specimen of the conversion of a name into a vernacular word may be taken from France, where Dr. Guillotin found himself effectually, though not perhaps very agreeably, immortalized in connection with the lethal implement which still bears his name. The popular belief that he perished by the machine which he had introduced appears to be erroneous. This rather left-handed compliment was not paid him by the authorities, but by the voice of public opinion, which insisted that the association of the doctor with his invention should be thus commemorated.

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This list might be extended by many names which have become descriptive of their original owner's acts or theories. There is, for example, the case of Captain Boycott. And more recently, of course, people have begun to use the verb "to Oslerize."

HOW INSECTS CONDUCT THEIR CONVERSATIONS.

THE MUSIC OF THE GRASSHOPPER.

Some Insects Talk by Vibrating Their Wings, Others Stridulate, and Others Emit Sounds from the Thorax.

Insects, like birds and animals, have their calls. But the sounds they produce include the rubbing together of their limbs or wing covers and the vibration of their wings, so they cannot always be spoken of as voices. For that matter, when man knocks at a door, or rings a bell, or snaps his fingers to attract the attention of a waiter, he is communicating by other than spoken sounds—as is also the case when he uses the telegraph. Says an old exchange:

Flies and bees undoubtedly mean something when they hum louder or lower. Landoise has calculated that to produce the sound of F by vibrating its wings, they vibrate 352 times a second, and the bee to create A vibrates 440 times a second.

A tired bee hums on E sharp. This change is perhaps involuntary, but undoubtedly at the command of the will, and is similar to the voice.

When seeking honey a bee hums to A sharp.

Landoise noticed three different tones emitted by insects—a low one during flight, a higher one when the wings are held so that they cannot vibrate, and a higher one yet when the insect is held so that none of his limbs can be moved. This last is of course the voice proper of insects and is produced by the stigmata of the thorax.

No music is as familiar as that produced by the locusts, grasshoppers, and crickets, and, although they are not produced by the mouth, they answer as calls, and are undoubtedly a language to a certain extent, and indeed their calls have been reduced to written music.

The music of grasshoppers is produced in four different ways, according to Scudder. First, by rubbing the base of one wing upon the other, using for that purpose veins running through the middle portion of the wing; second, by a similar method, by using the veins of the inner part of the wing; by rubbing the inner surface of the hind legs against the outer surface of the wing covers; and, fourth, by rubbing together the upper surface of the front edge of the wings and the under

surface of the wing covers. The insects which employ the fourth method also stridulate during night.

The first method is used by the crickets, the second by the green or long-legged grasshoppers, the third and fourth by certain kinds of short-horned or jumping grasshoppers. Butterflies have been heard to utter a loud click, and the same is true of many beetles; while the cicada, or seventeen-year locust, utters a most remarkable note or series of sounds.

Spiders have often been heard to utter sounds. John Burroughs says in his "Pepacton," that one sunny April day his attention was attracted by a soft, uncertain, purring sound made by little spiders that were running over the dry leaves.

LUCKLESS SPY WHO SWALLOWED A BULLET.

A MESSAGE STRANGELY CONCEALED.

Alertness of Governor Clinton's Men Defeated
the Stratagem of a British
Courier on His Way to Burgoyne.

One of the strangest incidents of the American Revolution is the story of a silver bullet.

The year was 1777. Burgoyne, pushing down from the north, was expecting to effect a junction with Sir Henry Clinton at Albany. The field of Saratoga was still before him. Clinton was pressing up the Hudson Valley from New York. After taking Fort Montgomery, in the Highlands, he sent a letter to Burgoyne with news of his movements.

As the message had to pass through the American lines, the letter was enclosed in a silver bullet, coated with lead, and the spy who carried it placed it in his pocket with a few real bullets. [Pg 516]

In Dutchess County the spy was captured. His captors found nothing incriminating, and were about to release him, when one of them happened on the bullets, and noticed that one bullet was lighter than the others.

"Why," he exclaimed, "this can never be a bullet; it is too light!"

At this moment the spy snatched the bullet and swallowed it. The incident was promptly reported to Governor George Clinton, commander of the Revolutionary force, and by his direction a surgeon recovered the bullet. In it was found Sir Henry Clinton's letter, which read as follows:

FORT MONTGOMERY, OCTOBER 8, 1777.

Nous voici, and nothing between us but *Gates*. I sincerely hope this little success of ours may facilitate your operations. In answer to your letter of 28th September, by C.C., I shall only say that I cannot presume to order, or even advise, for reasons obvious. I heartily wish you success.

Faithfully yours,

HENRY CLINTON.

To General Burgoyne.

The spy was hanged on a tree at Hurley, a few miles from Kingston.

FINDING MONEY IN UNEXPECTED PLACES.

WEALTH WAS HIDDEN IN A CRUTCH.

Mustard-Tins, Bicycle Handle-Bars, Bibles,
Nests of Mice, Chimneys, Etc.,
Have Concealed Treasure.

Old stockings are proverbially the savings-banks of the poor—and no interest on deposits. To-day, when all towns have their banks, the family hoard is usually more safely placed than in a domestic cranny.

Queer hiding-places are, however, still uncovered. There are savers who will not trust the banks. An English exchange, having collected facts in a number of cases where money has been found in very strange places, presents the following interesting incidents in this way:

A few months ago a dealer in old furniture secured for thirty shillings, at an auction held in a village near Carnarvon, North Wales, an oak dresser, part of the property of an old lady who had just died. On his arrival home he proceeded to overhaul his purchase, when to his surprise he discovered, on the top shelf, a mustard-tin filled to the brim with sovereigns and half-sovereigns.

An old bicycle was not long since knocked down to a gentleman for a mere song. In due course it was sent to a cycle repairer in Hampstead to be put in working order. During this process nine

half-sovereigns were found concealed in the handle-bars.

In October of 1899 a gentleman residing at East Dulwich purchased at a local auction-room for a few shillings a parcel of second-hand books, among which was an old Bible. On the following Sunday his wife, on opening this, found several of the leaves pasted together. These she took the trouble to separate, when six five-pound Bank of England notes dropped out. On the back of one of these notes the former owner of the Bible had written his will, which ran as follows: "I have had to work very hard for this, and having none as natural heirs, I leave thee, dear reader, whosoever shall own this holy book, my lawful heir."

On the appraisers of the estate of an old miser, who died a year or so back at Newburgh, searching his house, they came upon an old cupboard seemingly filled with rubbish. This they overhauled, to find in a corner a family of young mice comfortably ensconced in a nest constructed of bank-notes to the value of four hundred pounds.

A mouse was the cause of a still greater find. As an old Paris hawker, named Mme. Jacques, was endeavoring to dislodge one of these little animals that had taken refuge in her chimney, she knocked aside some bricks and laid bare a cavity containing a number of bank-notes, amounting in value to forty thousand francs, which had belonged to a former tenant of the house, who had died seven years previously.

'Tis an ill-wind that blows no one any good. Some time ago an old Birmingham woman, who had the misfortune to lose her leg, purchased a pair of crutches at a second-hand dealer's. Not long after one of the crutches snapped beneath her weight, disclosing a hollow in the wood, within which were secreted twenty pounds in notes and a diamond scarf-pin.

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Among a quantity of household effects, forming one lot, that a gentleman purchased some years since at a sale in Kent, was a stuffed parrot. This being of no value was given over to his children, who, after the manner of their kind, proceeded in due course to inspect its anatomy. Curiosity in this case met its reward, for within the bird reposed fifteen sovereigns and two spade guineas of George III—no bad return for the few shillings invested originally in the purchase of the entire lot.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO THE PRESIDENTIAL CHAIR. ROUTES THROUGH POLITICAL MAZE.

Senators, Representatives, Governors, and
Others Who Have Made Their Way
to the White House.

The road to the Presidency is as uncertain as the course of a Western river. Men have marched to the White House by so many different routes that it seems as if any path might lead to that center of our political labyrinth. On the other hand, any path may unexpectedly present an obstacle to the ambitious traveler.

Senator La Follette hesitated to leave the Governorship of Wisconsin for the Senate, and at the time political experts said pointedly that the Senate was not the road to the Presidency. The ghost of that old superstition is laid by the Louisville *Herald*:

This statement does not bear investigation. Virginia sent two men who had served as Senators, James Monroe and John Tyler, later on to the White House. Martin Van Buren served as a Senator from New York before he became President. James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, served in the Senate from 1834 till 1845, when he became Secretary of State under President Polk. John Quincy Adams was elected to the Senate in 1803.

Andrew Jackson, of Tennessee, was sent to the Senate twice, first in 1797 and second in 1823. He did not become President till 1829. Andrew Johnson, of the same State, was elected to the Senate in 1857, and became President in 1865.

Franklin Pierce was a Senator from New Hampshire in 1837. Benjamin Harrison went direct almost from the Senate to the White House, the term which he served in the Senate expiring in 1887, the year before his election to the Presidency.

Abraham Lincoln was a defeated candidate for the Senate, and his leading opponent for the Presidency, Douglas, a full-fledged Senator at the time of the election of Lincoln for President. Breckinridge, another of Lincoln's opponents, was Vice-President from 1857 till 1861.

Successful soldiers find, it is often said, an easy road to the White House; but not all the soldiers who have been candidates for the Presidency have succeeded. Scott and Fremont both failed of election. So did McClellan and Hancock.

Scott was beaten by another soldier, Franklin Pierce, but Fremont was in turn defeated by a civilian, Buchanan. McClellan was defeated by Lincoln, a lawyer, and Hancock by another soldier, Garfield.

McKinley had served a long time in the House of Representatives before becoming

a candidate for the Presidency. His opponent, Bryan, had also served for a time in the House of Representatives. James G. Blaine, who so often aspired to the Presidency, had, like Henry Clay, also a frequent Presidential aspirant, served with distinction as Speaker of the House.

President Roosevelt broke, in 1904, the tradition that no Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency by the death of the actual incumbent could be elected President.

BRIDEGROOM NAMED A BABY AS SECOND WIFE.

TRUTH BORN IN HONEYMOON JEST.

Twenty Years Later John Thacher's
Prophecy Came True When He Married
His Son's Sweetheart.

Thacher is a solid name in American history. Beginning with Thomas Thacher, the minister and physician, who came from England to New England in 1635, there is a long line of educators and professional men; and the cognate branches of the family have also contributed many prominent citizens, including James Thacher, the famous surgeon of the Revolution.

An old copy of the Yarmouth (Massachusetts) *Register* gives an anecdote concerning John Thacher, son of one of the first settlers at Yarmouth.

He married, in 1661, Miss Rebecca Winslow, of Duxbury, Plymouth County, if we mistake not. On his way home with his new bride, he stopped for the night at the house of a friend, a Colonel Gorham, of Barnstable, one of the most prominent citizens of the town.

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Merriment and gaiety prevailed, and during the evening a female infant about three weeks old was introduced, and the night of her birth being mentioned, Mr. Thacher observed, "That is the very night on which we were married," and, taking the child in his arms, he presented it to his bride and jokingly said: "Here, my dear, is a little lady that was born on the same night that we were married. I wish you would kiss her, for I intend to have her for my second wife."

"I will, my dear, with great pleasure," replied she, "but I hope it will be very long before your intention is fulfilled in that respect."

Mr. Thacher and his wife lived happily together until her death, about twenty years later. She left him a large family of children, among whom was a son named Peter.

After Mr. Thacher had mourned a reasonable length of time he began to think of getting another partner. None of the maidens, young or old, seemed to please him like Lydia Gorham, the little lady of the preceding part of the story, now grown up, if we may believe tradition, to a fair, comely girl.

But there was one impediment in the way. His eldest son, Peter, had shown a predilection for the girl, and the old man was at a loss to decide whether she favored the suit of the sire or the son.

The one rode a black horse in his visits, and the other rode a white. There was a kind of tacit agreement between the two that one should not interfere with the visits of the other; so when the father found a white horse tied in front of Colonel Gorham's, unlike the good Samaritan, he crossed over on the other side; and the son, when the black horse was there, returned the favor.

Thus things went on till the patience of the elder gentleman was well-nigh exhausted, and he resolved upon a desperate step to decide the matter. Taking his son one side, he said to him:

"Peter, are you or are you not going to marry Lydia Gorham?"

Peter replied that he had not yet made up his mind.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "I will make you an offer; if you will give her up and court her no more, I will give you thirteen pounds in money and the pair of black steers. What do you say to that?"

The young man hesitated but a moment. "'Tis a bargain," said he; and it is due the parties to say that it was observed by them all with perfect good faith.

Whether Lydia knew the bargaining that her charms had occasioned, tradition sayeth not; but she subsequently became Mr. Thacher's wife, and bore him ten children.

A LEARNED BLACKSMITH AND THE IRON HORSE.

BURRITT, THE SELF-MADE SCHOLAR.

Word-Picture of the Locomotive, "Strutting
Forth from His Smoky Stable,"
and the "Man in the Saddle."

A considerable figure in his time, Elihu Burritt has left no very definite impress on American life or letters. Born in New Britain, Connecticut, December 8, 1810, the son of a shoemaker, he became a blacksmith, but his desire for learning was so insatiable that in the intervals of his trade he mastered many branches of study, and especially languages, for which he possessed great aptitude.

His strongest claim to remembrance lies in his work in the interest of peace. The first international congress of Friends of Peace, held in Brussels in 1848, was organized by him. He died in New Britain, March 9, 1879.

Mr. Burritt, the "Learned Blacksmith," made frequent lecture tours. His descriptive power is seen in the following word picture of the steam locomotive:

I love to see one of those huge creatures, with sinews of brass and muscles of iron, strut forth from his smoky stable, and, saluting the long train of cars with a dozen sonorous puffs from his iron nostrils, fall gently back into his harness.

There he stands, champing and foaming upon the iron track; his great heart a furnace of glowing coals; his lymphatic blood is boiling in his veins; the strength of a thousand horses is nerving his sinews—he pants to be gone.

He would "snake" St. Peter's across the desert of Sahara if he could be fairly hitched to it, but there is a little sober-eyed, tobacco-chewing man in the saddle, who holds him in with one finger, and can take away his breath in a moment should he grow restive and vicious.

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I am always deeply interested in this man; for, begrimed as he may be with coal, diluted in oil and steam, I regard him as the genius of the whole machinery, as the physical mind of that huge steam horse.

BIG FORTUNES FOUND IN DISEASED WHALES.

ONE LEVIATHAN YIELDED \$100,000.

A Dirty-Looking Lump of Ambergris Is
Worth More Than Half Its
Weight in Gold.

Ambergris is one of the most valuable products of the sea. The mariner who spies floating on the waves a grayish mass, fatty in appearance, will, if he knows what ambergris is, betray considerable excitement, for the substance fetches high prices.

Captain James Earle, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, is said to have been the luckiest of all skippers in the old whaling days. From a single sperm whale he realized more than a hundred thousand dollars. It was not the ninety barrels of oil which gave the leviathan its extraordinary value, for that was sold for something like four thousand dollars; but within the whale's vast interior there was found a solid piece of ambergris weighing seven hundred and eighty pounds. This was sold in chunks in all markets of the world for about one hundred thousand dollars.

The finest piece, if not the largest, obtained in recent years weighed one hundred and sixty-three pounds. It was sold in London in 1891.

As to what ambergris is, we may quote the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening post*:

There is no longer any mystery as to the origin of ambergris. It is a morbid secretion due to a disease of the liver of the sperm whale, in the intestines of which animal lumps of it are occasionally, though rarely, discovered. Dr. C.H. Stevenson, of the United States Fish Commission, who has made a special study of the subject, says that the whales which yield ambergris are sickly and emaciated.

Anciently, the substance was known as amber—a name which was subsequently applied also to the fossil gum now commonly so called. But, to distinguish the two, one was called "*amber gris*" (gray), and the other "*amber jaune*" (yellow).

So it appears that ambergris means simply gray amber. Like the fossil gum, pieces of it were found now and then on the seashore, where they had been cast up by the waves; hence, doubtless, the giving of the same name to both.

The substance has been used for centuries in sacerdotal rites of the church, and with fragrant gums was formerly burned in the apartments of royalty. To some extent it was employed as a medicine and to flavor certain dishes. Nowadays it is utilized almost exclusively by perfumers, in the preparation of fine scents, being first converted into a tincture by dissolving it in alcohol.

ORIGIN OF HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

ANCIENT PARALLEL OF OUR JINGLE.

"A Kid! A Kid!" Sang the Hebrew
Children in Lieu of Our Parable from
the Pages of Mother Goose.

The sources of our nursery rhymes are many, and slowly to be traced out. Many of them have a lineage with serious historical meaning; others seem to have been suggested by the forms of more serious verses or parables.

Take "The House That Jack Built"; many sources and parallels have been dug out. The Kafirs of South Africa tell a story like it in form and substance. The most interesting parallel, however, is an ancient Hebrew parable called "The Two Zuzim," the summation of which is as follows:

[This is] the kid that my father bought for two zuzim.
[This is] the cat that ate the kid, etc.
[This is] the dog that bit the cat, etc.
[This is] the stick that beat the dog, etc.
[This is] the fire that burned the stick, etc.
[This is] the water that quenched the fire, etc.
[This is] the ox that drank the water, etc.
[This is] the butcher that slew the ox, etc.
[This is] the angel of death that killed the butcher, etc.
[This is] Yaveh, that vanquished the angel of death, etc.

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Spartacus to the Gladiators at Capua.

BY ELIJAH KELLOGG.

It is Friday afternoon. The "scholars" of School Number Nine, having droned through a week of lessons, are beginning the "weekly exercises." Come visitors—Freddy Jones's mother and aunt, and William Groso's father, and the minister, and old Mrs. Huggins, who never misses the occasion, though she has no children of her own. Teacher, working into her voice an unwonted note of encouragement, calls the first name on the program, and Freddy Jones, his legs very stiff, marches to the platform, jerks his head toward teacher, and faces his mates. His legs are no longer stiff; on the contrary, his knee-joints seem to be made of whalebone. His mouth is dry and his forehead is clammy.

Freddy is not the biggest or strongest of the boys; he is not a leader among them. He has even been known to play with the girls. He is sandy as to hair and complexion, and stubby as to hands and feet and nose. Yet he begins: "Ye call me chief—"

How often, while practising the lines up in the attic, he has attained to an exalted sense of his leadership! How often he has leaned metaphorically upon his sword and surveyed with scornful contempt the fawning groundlings, the Roman Adonises, the shouting rabble! He was Spartacus then. But now—now he is a small boy with a doubtful memory; and mother, from the front row of benches, has to prompt him twice.

This thrilling old piece of declamation, this address of Spartacus to the Gladiators, was written by the Rev. Elijah Kellogg, who also wrote a great many books for boys—"The Elm Island Series," the "Pleasant Cove Series," the "Whispering Pine Series," and others which are still read. He was born in Portland, Maine, May 20, 1813; went to Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary; served as a minister and chaplain from 1843 to 1865, and thereafter devoted himself almost exclusively to writing until his death, at Harpswell, Maine, March 17, 1901.

Ye call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who for twelve long years has met upon the arena every shape of man or beast the broad Empire of Rome could furnish, and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among you who can say that ever, in public fight or private brawl, my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth and say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Syrasella.

My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army.

I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I know not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse—the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling! To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph!

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I told the prætor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Aye! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and tremble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the prætor drew back as if I were pollution, and sternly said, "Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans." And so, fellow gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd lad, who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe—to gaze into the glaring eyeballs of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews, but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sesterces upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he has tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be! If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men, follow me!

Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O comrades! Warriors! Thracians! If we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

THE AVERAGE AGES OF ANIMALS.

The Elephant and the Whale Dispute the Record for Longevity, With the Camel Third.

Elephants are perhaps the longest-lived members of the animal kingdom, averaging between one hundred and two hundred years.

It is said that when Alexander conquered India he took one of King Porus's largest elephants, named Ajax, and turned him loose with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, dedicated Ajax to the sun," and that this elephant, bearing this inscription, was captured three hundred and fifty years later.

Most naturalists allow the whale about the same length of life as the elephant—from a century to two centuries; but Cuvier declared that some whales, at least, attain the age of a thousand years.

The average ages of other animals are as follows:

	YEARS.
Ass	30
Bear	20
Camel	75
Cat	15
Cow	15
Deer	20
Dog	14
Fox	14
Goat	12

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Guinea-pig	4
Hare	8
Hippopotamus	20
Horse	25
Hyena	25
Jaguar	25
Leopard	25
Lion	40
Monkey	17
Mouse	6
Ox	30
Pig	15
Rabbit	7
Rat	7
Rhinoceros	20
Sheep	10
Squirrel	8
Tiger	25
Wolf	20

LINES ON A SKELETON.



A reward of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered more than three-quarters of a century ago, for the discovery of the identity of the author of "Lines on a Skeleton" was as unsuccessful in attaining its object as had been the search made by the literary world of Great Britain, and it now seems scarcely likely that the person who wrote this remarkable poem will ever be known as its author.

The story of the finding of the manuscript is to the effect that in the year 1820 an attendant in the Museum of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, in London, came upon a couple of sheets of paper lying near a human skeleton. Glancing at the sheets, he saw that they contained verses. The ink with which they had been written was scarcely dry, and the idea occurred to the finder that they might have been penned by some official of the institution. Accordingly he took the sheets to one of his superiors, and in the course of the next few days the manuscript passed through the hands of several well-known medical men who were wont to visit the college. One of these gentlemen copied the verses and sent them to the *Morning Chronicle*, which promptly printed them.

The poem made a marked impression on the public mind, and earnest efforts were made by several prominent literary people to discover the identity of the author.

ANONYMOUS.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot,
What dreams of pleasure long forgot,
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?

To hew the rock or wear a gem
Can little now avail to them.
But if the page of Truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on Wealth and Fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod?
If from the bowers of ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned—
These feet with angel wings shall vie,
And tread the palace of the sky!

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THE BEGINNINGS OF THINGS.

EVOLUTION OF THE PIANO.

The pianoforte was directly evolved from the clavichord and the harpsichord. In 1711, Scipione Maffei gave a detailed account of the first four instruments, which were built by Bartolommeo Cristofori, named by him pianoforte, and exhibited in 1709.

Marius, in France, exhibited harpsichords, with hammer action, in 1716; and Schroter, in Germany, claimed to have invented the pianoforte between 1717 and 1721.

Marius at first was generally credited with the invention, for it was not until 1738, when Cristofori's instruments had become famous, that the Italian advanced his claim, and it was in 1763 that he brought forward the proof of his contention.

Pianos of that period were shaped like the modern grand, the first square piano being built by Freiderica, an organ builder of Saxony, in 1758. The first genuine upright was patented in England and the United States by John Isaac Hawkins, an Englishman, in 1800.

THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE.

There is excellent authority for stating that the first lighthouse ever erected for the benefit of mariners was that built by the famous architect Sostratus, by command of Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt, between 285-247 B.C. It was built near Alexandria, on an island called Pharos, and there was expended upon it about eight hundred talents, or over a million of dollars.

Ptolemy has been much commended by some ancient writers for his liberality in allowing the architect to inscribe his name instead of his own. The inscription reads: "Sostratus, son of Dexiphanes, to the protecting deities, for the use of seafaring people." This tower was deemed one of the seven wonders of the world and was thought of sufficient grandeur to immortalize the builder.

It appears from Lucian, however, that Ptolemy does not deserve any praise for disinterestedness on this score, or Sostratus any great credit for his honesty, as it is stated that the latter, to engross in after times the glory of the structure, caused the inscription with his own name to be carved in the marble, which he afterward covered with lime and thereon put the king's name.

In process of time the lime decayed, and the inscription on the marble alone remained.

ORIGIN OF THE TYPEWRITER.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the typewriter is not, as they imagined, a distinctly modern invention. So long ago as 1714 a patent was taken out in England by Henry Mill for a "machine for impressing letters singly and progressively as in writing, whereby all writings may be ingrossed in paper so exact as not to be distinguished from print."

His machine was very clumsy and practically useless, however. It was not until more than a century later (1829) that anything more was attempted. Then the first American typewriter, called a "typographer," was patented by W.A. Burt.

In 1833 a machine was produced in France having a separate key lever for each letter, and between the years 1840 and 1860 Sir Charles Wheatstone invented several machines which are now preserved in the South Kensington Museum, London.

In 1873, C.L. Sholes, an American, after five or six years' work, succeeded in producing a machine sufficiently perfect to warrant extensive manufacture. He interested E. Remington & Son, the gun-manufacturers, in it, and in 1874 the first model of the modern typewriter was put upon the market.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.

The first book printed with type, according to Pettigrew, was the Latin Bible printed by John Gutenberg, at Mayence, about 1455; but Haydn is inclined to assign a somewhat later date to this, making the Book of Psalms, by Faust and Scheffer, printed on August 14, 1457, the first book.

The Gutenberg book is called the Mazarin Bible, having first been found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin.

There are only twenty copies of this first edition known to exist, and the workmanship in type, ink, and paper far exceed any of the subsequent editions for two hundred years.

Christopher Sower (or Saur) made the first punches and matrices and cast the first type in America at Germantown, Pennsylvania, about 1735. The anvil on which he hammered them out is still preserved. They were for a German Bible which Sower published.

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"The price of our newly finished Bible, in plain binding, with a clasp, will be eighteen shillings," he said, "but to the poor and needy we have no price."

THE INVENTION OF MATCHES.

Friction matches are a comparatively modern invention. They were first made by John Walker in England, in 1827, but were rather crude affairs; he improved them somewhat in 1833 by using phosphorus. But the first really practical friction match was made in the United States in 1836 by L.C. Allin, of Springfield, Massachusetts. Before this time a clumsy form of match was imported from France, which had to be dipped into a bottle of sulphuric acid before it was lighted.

This took a great deal of time and trouble, and Allin, seeing the necessity for friction matches, set about to make them, and succeeded. He neglected to patent them, however, and on finally applying for a patent found that a man named Alonzo Phillips, who was a peddler, had discovered through a third person the secret of making the matches and had already obtained a patent. Allin, though the real inventor, was forced to become a mere manufacturer under another man's patent.

THE FIRST HORSE-CARS.

The modern street-railway for passenger service is distinctly an American invention. The first in the world was operated in New York in 1831-1832, when a horse-car, much like an old English stage-coach, was run on wooden rails from Prince Street and the Bowery to Yorkville and Harlem, following, for some distance, the route now taken by the present Madison Avenue line, which still operates under the original charter of 1831.

This remained the only line in the world until 1852, when charters were granted for the Second, Third, Sixth, and Eighth Avenue lines.

In 1856 a line was built in Boston, Massachusetts, and Philadelphia established one in 1857.

In 1860, through the efforts of George Francis Train, the first line was started in Birkenhead, England, but it was not until 1868 that one was laid in Liverpool and in 1869-1871 in London.

The first line in Paris was built in 1875, though there had been one from St. Cloud to Paris since 1856.

BEAUX AND GALLANTS OF FORMER DAYS.

How the Splendid Sir Walter Raleigh and Later the Duke of Buckingham Sought to Dazzle Envious Eyes in the English Court.

At the present time, when so much is said about ostentatious display, when the luxury of the rich is compared with the luxury of Rome in her decline, we may be partly reassured by looking back only one or two or three hundred years. It is but a century since the time of Beau Brummel, the exquisiteness of whose toilet could hardly be the aim of a modern gentleman. And the glories of the Pump Room at Bath in the eighteenth century, when Beau Nash held sway over social England, would not be emulated by modern dressers. Looking a little farther back we see gallants in whose effulgence the brilliance of all their successors would pale.

Sir Walter Raleigh wore a white satin pinked vest, close-sleeved to the wrist; over the body a brown doublet, finely flowered and embroidered with pearl. In the feather of his hat a large ruby, and a pearl-drop at the bottom of the sprig, in place of a button; his trunk of breeches, with his stockings and ribbon garters, fringed at the end, all white; and buff shoes with white ribbon.

On great court days his shoes were so gorgeously covered with precious stones as to have exceeded the value of six thousand pounds sterling; and he had a suit of armor of solid silver, with sword and belt blazing with diamonds, rubies, and pearls.

King James's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham, had twenty-seven suits of clothes, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, gold, and gems could contribute. One was of white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds valued at eighty thousand pounds, besides a great feather stuck all over with diamonds, as were his sword, girdle, hat, and spurs.

Considering how much greater was the value of money at that period, the cost of the clothing of the Elizabethan and Jacobean gallants was simply enormous.

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CASEY'S REVENGE.

By JAMES WILSON.

Being a Reply to the Famous Baseball Classic "Casey at the Bat."

There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more;
There were muttered oaths and curses—every fan in town was sore.
"Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat!
And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that."

All his past fame was forgotten; he was now a hopeless "shine."
They called him "Strike-out Casey" from the mayor down the line,
And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh,
While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

The lane is long, some one has said, that never turns again.
And Fate, though fickle, often gives another chance to men.
And Casey smiled—his rugged face no longer wore a frown.
The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

All Mudville had assembled; ten thousand fans had come
To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;
And when he stepped into the box the multitude went wild.
He doffed his cap in proud disdain—but Casey only smiled.

"Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began;
But in that throng of thousands there was not a single fan
Who thought Mudville had a chance; and with the setting sun
Their hopes sank low—the rival team was leading "four to one."

The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score;
But when the first man up hit safe the crowd began to roar.
The din increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard
When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

Three men on base—nobody out—three runs to tie the game!
A triple meant the highest niche in Mudville's hall of fame;
But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night
When the fourth one "fouled to catcher" And the fifth "flew out to right."

A dismal groan in chorus came—a scowl was on each face—
When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place;
His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed; his teeth were clinched in hate;
He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

But fame is fleeting as the wind, and glory fades away;
There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day.
They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored, "Strike him out!"
But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.

The pitcher smiled and cut one loose; across the plate it sped;
Another hiss, another groan—"Strike one!" the umpire said.
Zip! Like a shot, the second curve broke just below his knee—
"Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.

No roasting for the umpire now—his was an easy lot.
But here the pitcher whirled again—was that a rifle shot?
A whack! a crack! and out through space the leather pellet flew—
A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.

Above the fence in center field, in rapid whirling flight
The sphere sailed on; the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight.
Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit;
But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit!

Oh, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun,
And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun;
And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall;
But Mudville hearts are happy now—for Casey hit the ball!—*Exchange*.

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A Course From Trimalchio's Dinner.

By GAIUS PETRONIUS.

Translated from the Latin by HARRY THURSTON PECK, Professor of Latin, Columbia University.

The first realistic novel of which any portion has been preserved to modern times is the so-called "Satyricon" of Gaius Petronius, who lived at Rome in the early part of the first century A.D. Petronius was the favorite courtier of the Emperor Nero. Men knew him as one who set the fashions in dress and manners, so that he had been compared to Beau Brummel. He was, however, under all his foppishness, a person of much intellect, which he showed both as an administrator in high political office and as an author. Enemies who were jealous of him accused him to the emperor of treason; and, knowing that his condemnation was certain, he resolved to die by his own hands. He therefore opened a vein and slowly bled to death, checking, however, the flow of blood from time to time, and down to the very last chatting and joking with his friends. A very interesting and probably accurate pen-picture of him is given by Henryk Sienkiewicz in his famous novel "Quo Vadis."

The "Satyricon" of Petronius was originally a lengthy novel of which there remains to us only about a hundred pages. The book related the adventures of two disreputable sharpers who lived by their wits; and the portion which we still have gives many glimpses of vagabond existence in ancient Italy. The selection here reprinted contains part of the account of a lavish dinner given by a vulgar old millionaire named Trimalchio, and the guests are mainly ignorant and boastful friends of the host, who talk and brag after their own fashion. This passage is remarkable because it contains the only continuous specimen of Latin slang which we now possess, and which differs decidedly from the elegant Latin of literature. It bears many resemblances to the English and American slang of the present day, and makes the ancient Romans appear almost modern. The translation is that of Professor Harry Thurston Peck in his "Trimalchio's Dinner," and is reprinted here by the courteous permission of Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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We had already taken our places, all except Trimalchio himself, for whom the seat of honor was reserved. Among the objects placed before us was a young ass made of Corinthian bronze and fitted with a sort of pack-saddle which contained on one side pale-green olives and on the other side dark ones. Two dishes flanked this; and on the margin of them Trimalchio's name was engraved and the weight of the silver. Then there were little bridge-like structures of iron which held dormice seasoned with honey and poppy-seed; and smoking sausages were arranged on a silver grill which had underneath it dark Syrian plums to represent black coals, and scarlet pomegranate seeds to represent red-hot ones.

In the midst of all this magnificence Trimalchio was brought in to the sound of music and propped up on a pile of well-stuffed cushions. The very sight of him almost made us laugh in spite of ourselves; for his shaven pate was thrust out of a scarlet robe, and around his neck he had tucked a long fringed napkin with a broad purple stripe running down the middle of it. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a huge gilt ring, and on the last joint of the next finger a ring that appeared to be of solid gold, but having little iron stars upon it. Moreover, lest we should fail to take in all his magnificence, he had bared his right arm, which was adorned with a golden bracelet and an ivory circle fastened by a glittering clasp.

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As he sat there picking his teeth with a silver toothpick, he remarked:

"Well, friends, it was just a bit inconvenient for me to dine now; but, so as not to delay you by my absence, I have denied myself a considerable amount of pleasure."

While we were still eating the *hors d'œuvres*, a tray was brought in with a basket on which a wooden fowl was placed with its wings spread out in a circle after the fashion of setting hens. Immediately two slaves approached and amid a burst of music began to poke around in the straw, and having presently discovered there some pea-hens' eggs, they distributed them among the guests.

Trimalchio looked up during this operation and said:

"Gentlemen, I had the hens' eggs placed under this fowl; but I'm rather afraid they have young chickens in them. Let's see whether they're still fit to suck."

So we took our spoons, which weighed not less than half a pound each, and broke the egg-shells, which were made of flour paste. As I did so, I was almost tempted to throw my egg on the floor, for it looked as though a chicken had just been formed inside; but when I heard an old diner-out by my side saying:

"There's bound to be something good here," I thrust my finger through the shell and drew out a plump reed-bird, surrounded by yolk of egg, well seasoned with pepper.

I was unable to eat another mouthful; and so, turning to my companion, I tried to draw as much information out of him as possible, and to get the run of the gossip of the house, asking, in the first place, who the woman was who was darting here and there about the room.

"Oh," said he, "that's Trimalchio's wife. Her name is Fortunata. She has money to burn now, but a little while ago what do you suppose she was? Your honor will excuse me for saying so, but really in those days you wouldn't have taken a piece of bread from her hand. And now, without any why or wherefore, she's at the top notch and is all the world to Trimalchio—in fact, if she should say it was night at noonday, he'd believe her. As for Trimalchio himself, he's so rich that he doesn't know how much money he's got; but this jade has an eye to everything, even the things that you wouldn't think about yourself. She doesn't drink, she's as straight as a string—in fact, a really smart woman; but she has an awfully sharp tongue, a regular magpie on a perch. If she likes any one, she likes him way down to the ground, and if she doesn't like him, she just hates him! Trimalchio's estates are so large that it would tire a bird to fly over them, and he has heaps on heaps of cash. Take his silver plate, for instance. Why, there's more of it in his janitor's office than most persons have in their entire outfit; and his slaves—well, sir, they're so numerous that I don't think a tenth part of them would recognize their own master. In fact, when it comes to money, he can buy up any of these chumps here ten times over; and there's no reason for his paying out money for anything at all, because he produces everything on his own place—wool and cedar wood and pepper—why, if you were to ask for hens' milk, you'd get it. To give you an instance: He found that he wasn't getting very good wool, so he bought some rams at Tarentum and changed the breed of his sheep. Again, because he wanted to have Athenian honey right here on his estate, he imported bees from Athens, and incidentally these improved the breed of the native bees also. Only a few days ago he wrote and ordered mushroom-seed to be sent him from India. He hasn't a single mule on his place that wasn't sired by a wild ass. Just see how many cushions he has here. Every single one of them has either purple or scarlet stuffing. That's what I call being rich. But you're not to suppose that his associates here are to be sneezed at, for they've got plenty of rocks too. Just look at that man who has the last place at the table. Even he has to-day his little eight hundred thousand, and yet he started out with nothing. It wasn't very long ago that he was a porter carrying wood on his back through the street. But, as the saying goes, he found a fairy wishing-cup. I never grudge a man his good luck. It only means that he knows how to look out for himself; and this chap over here not long ago put up his shanty for sale with this sort of an advertisement:

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"'Gaius Pompeius Diogenes will let this lodging from July first, having just bought a large house for himself.'

"Now, take the case of that other man over there who has the freedman's place at the table. How well off do you suppose he is? I don't know anything against him, but he's seen the time when he had his little million; only, somehow or other, he went wrong. To-day I don't imagine he has a hair on his head that isn't mortgaged, and it isn't his own fault either, for there's no better man in the world; but it's the fault of his confounded freedmen who made way with everything that he had. You know the saying, 'Too many cooks spoil the broth,' and the other saying that 'He who loses money loses friends.' And what a fine profession he had, too, just as you see him now! He was an undertaker. He used to dine like a king on wild boar with pastry and birds, and he had cooks and bakers by the score. They used to spill more wine under his table than most men have in their wine-cellars. In fact, he was a fairy vision rather than a man. When his affairs got into Queer Street and he was afraid his creditors would think that things were in a bad way, he wanted to raise some money on his goods and chattels; so he advertised an auction of them in this fashion: 'Julius Proculus will hold an auction for the sale of his superfluous property.'"

After this course, Trimalchio left the room for a few minutes, so that, feeling a certain freedom in the absence of our master, we began to draw each other into conversation. Dama, first of all, calling for a goblet, remarked:

"A day is nothing. Night comes before you can turn around. That's why I think there's nothing better than to go from your bed straight to the dining-room. It's a cold climate we have here. Even a bath scarcely warms me up. In fact, a hot drink is my wardrobe. I've had several stiff drinks already, so that I'm loaded for bear; for the wine has gone to my head."

At this point Seleucus interrupted him, remarking:

"Well, for my part, I don't take a bath every day. The cold water nips you so that when you bathe every day your courage all oozes out of you. But after I've swigged a toby of booze, I tell the cold to go to the devil. But I couldn't take a bath to-day, anyhow, for I was to a funeral. Chrysanthus, a fine man and *such* a good fellow, kicked the bucket. I saw him only the other day—in fact, I can

hear him talking to me now. Dear me! we go around like blown-up bladders. We're of less consequence than even the flies, for flies have some spirit in them, while we are nothing but mere bubbles. But as to Chrysanthus, what if he wasn't a total abstainer? Anyhow, for five days before he died, he never threw a drink in his face nor ate a crumb of bread. Well, well, he's joined the majority. It was the doctors that really killed him, or perhaps just his bad luck; for a doctor is nothing after all but a sort of consolation to your mind. He was laid out in great style on his best bed, with his best bedclothes on, and he had a splendid wake, though his wife wasn't sincere in her mourning for him. But I say, what if he didn't treat her very well? A woman, so far as she is a woman, *is* a regular bird of prey. It isn't worth while to do a favor for a woman, because it's just as if you'd chucked it down a well. But love in time becomes a regular ball-and-chain on a man."

He was getting to be rather boresome when Phileros chimed in:

"Oh, let's think of the living. Your friend has got whatever was his due. He lived an honorable life and he died an honorable death. What has he to complain of? From having nothing, he made a fortune, for he was always ready to pull a piece of money out of a muck-heap with his teeth; and so he grew as rich as a honey-comb. By Jove! I believe the fellow left a cool hundred thousand, and he had it all in cash. I'm giving you this straight, for I have a rough tongue. He was a man of unlimited cheek, a tonguey fellow, and he always had a chip on his shoulder. His brother was a good sort of chap, a friend to a friend, a man with an open hand, a generous table. At the start he had a hard row to hoe, but his first vintage set him on his legs again, for he sold his wine at his own price. But what especially kept his head above water was this, that he got hold of a legacy, and waltzed into a good deal more of it than had been really left him. But this friend of yours, because he had quarreled with his brother, left his fortune to some outsider. I tell you a man has to go mighty far to get away from his relatives! Unfortunately he had slaves who blabbed all his secrets and harmed him. A man makes a mistake who trusts others too readily, especially if he's a business man. Nevertheless, while he lived, he enjoyed what he had."

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After Phileros had finished, Ganymedes started in:

"All this talk of yours isn't the least bit to the point. No one here seems to care about the high price of grain. By Jove, I couldn't get a mouthful of bread to-day! And how the drought keeps on! We've had a sort of famine for a year. Confound the officials anyhow, who are standing in with the bakers! 'Scratch my back and I'll scratch yours,' as the saying goes. So the public has to suffer for it and their jaws get a long vacation. Oh, if we only had those roaring blades that I found here when I first arrived from Asia! I tell you, *that* was life! If the flour sold wasn't equal to the very best, they used to go for those poor devil officials as if Jupiter himself was angry with them. I remember Safinius. In those days he used to live down by the old archway, when I was a boy. He was hot stuff! Wherever he went he used to make the ground smoke! But he was perfectly straight, a man to rely on, a friend to a friend, a chap with whom you could safely throw dice with your eyes shut. In the court-room, too, how he used to make things hum! And he didn't talk in figures either, but straight to the point, and when he was arguing his voice used to swell like a trumpet. How affable he was. In those days, I tell you, grain was as cheap as dirt. If you bought a loaf of bread for a penny, you couldn't eat it up, even if you hired another man to help you; whereas nowadays, I've seen bulls'-eyes that were bigger than the loaves. Dear, dear, every day things are getting worse! The town is growing backward like a calf's tail. And why do we have a mayor who's no good and who thinks more of a penny piece than of the lives of all of us? He has a soft snap in private, for he takes in more money in a day than most of us have in our whole fortunes. I know one source from which he got a thousand gold pieces. If we had any spunk he wouldn't be so stuck on himself. But our people are lions in private and foxes in public. As far as I'm concerned, I've already eaten up my wardrobe, and if this sort of a harvest keeps on I'll have to sell my shanties."

The thing had gone to a disgusting extreme when Trimalchio, sodden with drink, hit upon a new sort of exhibition, and had hornblowers brought into the dining-room. Then having been propped up on pillows, he sprawled himself out upon the lowest couch and said:

"Imagine that I am dead. Play a nice tune over me."

The hornblowers blew a funeral march; and one of them, the slave of the undertaker, who was really the most respectable man in the crowd, blew such a tremendous blast that he roused up the whole neighborhood. The police who were on duty in the vicinity, thinking that Trimalchio's house was on fire, suddenly broke down the door and rushed in with axes and water, as was their right. Seizing this very favorable opportunity, we gave Agamemnon the slip, and made our escape as hastily as though we were really fleeing from a conflagration.

The thoughts that come often unsought, and, as it were, drop into the mind, are commonly the most valuable of any we have, and therefore should be secured, because they seldom return again.—**Locke.** (1632-1704.)

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[Continued from page 433.]

SIXTH DECADE.

1851

Revolutionary activities continue throughout the world. President Fillmore warns American and foreign adventurers against developing plots or enterprises in this country in connection with Cuba and Mexico. Notwithstanding this, Lopez projects his second expedition against Cuba, and meets with overwhelming defeat; his trial, conviction, and execution follow. Slavery agitation becomes more and more marked; the question is not yet the existence of slavery within the States, but its admission into the Territories. The Federal enforcement of the unpopular Fugitive Slave Law produces riots in the North. Work begun upon the extensive wings of the National Capitol, the laying of the foundation stone being the occasion of one of the last great patriotic orations of Daniel Webster, Secretary of State.

Webster's tilt of the preceding year with Austrian diplomats in the matter of our alleged "interference" in the struggle of Hungary for freedom had further aroused American patriotism. It had also increased sympathy for the brave people from whom success had been plucked by the intervention of Russian arms in behalf of Austria. By authority of Congress, Louis Kossuth, Hungarian patriot chief, is given an asylum on an American war vessel. He visits England and later the United States, and is received with great distinction and respect by the President and all officers of the government, acting unofficially.

Founding of the Congressional Library at Washington, and of the University of Wisconsin at Madison. United States begins soundings for an Atlantic cable. The New York *Times* and New York *Ledger* appear. Death of J.F. Cooper, American novelist, and J.J. Audubon, American naturalist.

In England, the year opens with great excitement due to the discovery of gold in Australia. The first great World's Fair is opened in London, in Hyde Park, and is a great success; exhibition building subsequently removed to Sydenham, and known as the "Crystal Palace." American yacht America wins international prize cup at the Cowes Regatta in a match around the Isle of Wight. The English colonists wage fierce warfare with Kafir and Hottentot natives in South Africa. France and England are connected by telegraphic cable. Invention of the ophthalmoscope by Helmholtz. Death of Oersted, discoverer of relation between electricity and magnetism.

In France, on the night between December 2 and 3, the president, Louis Napoleon, successfully plans and executes his famous *coup d'état*, making himself practically a dictator. Officers of the government and leaders opposing him are quietly arrested and locked up; later many are banished, including M. Thiers. The legislative assembly is dissolved and universal suffrage proclaimed. Paris being declared in a state of siege, there are barricades and sanguinary conflicts. On the 21st an election throughout France confirms Napoleon as president of the republic for ten years. In England, Lord Palmerston is dismissed from the ministry because of official indiscretion in expressing congratulations over events in France (see 1852). Death of Thomas Moore, Irish poet; in France, of Daguerre, inventor of first photographic process.

POPULATION—Washington, D.C., 40,001; Chicago, 29,963; New York, 515,547; London, 2,362,236; United States (census of 1850), 23,191,876; Great Britain and Ireland, 27,368,736.

RULERS—United States, Millard Fillmore, President; Great Britain, Victoria; France, Louis Napoleon, President; Spain, Isabella II; Prussia, Frederick William IV; Russia, Nicholas I; Austria, Francis Joseph; Pope, Pius IX.

1852

In France, on New Year's Day, the prince-president is installed with impressive ceremony at Nôtre Dame, and takes up his official residence at the Tuileries. He exiles opponents, reorganizes the National Guard, promulgates a new constitution, and restores titles of nobility abolished in the Revolution of 1848. The birthday of Napoleon I, August 15, is proclaimed a fête day. Meanwhile public sentiment develops in favor of the restoration of the empire and the Bonaparte dynasty. In November a national election results overwhelmingly in favor of imperial government. On December 2, anniversary of his *coup d'état* and of the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon is crowned Emperor of the French under the title of Napoleon III. English colonial conquest is extended in South Africa, and in India the province of Pegu is wrested from the Burmese.

Death of the Duke of Wellington and his interment in St. Paul's Cathedral; in Austria, of the premier, Prince Schwarzenberg; in America, of Daniel Webster and Henry Clay.

In England, great uneasiness develops as to Napoleon's further designs, despite his proclamation that "the empire is peace." To allay panic, the government undertakes a bill to revive the militia—local only. Palmerston proposes an amendment to constitute not a local but regular militia that may be sent anywhere in any emergency. His success in carrying his resolution to that effect is a

defeat for the government. New government is formed under Lord Derby, whose offer of a place to Palmerston is declined; Disraeli becomes chancellor of the exchequer; the navy is strengthened, and militia bill passed. This government is defeated in turn on account of its protectionist principles. Lord Aberdeen forms a coalition government out of the chiefs of the Whig party and followers of Sir Robert Peel; Gladstone becomes chancellor of the exchequer, and Palmerston home secretary. Free-trade principles gain rapid ascendancy. Some friction with America over the fisheries question.

In the United States, great excitement follows the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; sales reach one million copies within a year. First institution for the co-education of the sexes incorporated in Ohio (Yellow Springs). Public library at Boston founded. The United States undertakes the enterprise of breaking the historic isolation of Japan, and Commodore M.C. Perry is entrusted with the mission (see 1853). Yellow fever virulent in New Orleans, eleven thousand deaths occurring in two months. Five hundred and seventy-six thousand Englishwomen, headed by the Duchess of Sutherland, adopt an address to the "women of America" in reference to slavery. Third National Woman's Rights Convention held at Syracuse, New York; Susan B. Anthony's first public appearance.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that in France the President becomes the Emperor Napoleon III.

1853

Revolution in Mexico again establishes General Santa Anna as president of the Mexican Republic (see 1855). In the United States, Franklin Pierce is inaugurated as fourteenth President, and reiterates the Monroe Doctrine. The expedition to Japan under Commodore Perry enters the Bay of Yeddo, producing wild excitement and alarm (see 1854). Second Grinnell arctic expedition, under the leadership of Dr. Kane, starts in search of Sir John Franklin (see 1855). Congress debates the feasibility of a Pacific railroad, and makes appropriation for exploration of possible routes. Territorial expansion through acquisition of remainder of Arizona from Mexico, under the Gadsden Purchase; sum paid, ten million dollars. The new Territory of Washington organized in the far Northwest. Yellow fever epidemic in Gulf States, and cholera in Europe. Controversy with Austria over case of Martin Koszta, a Hungarian refugee who had taken out initial papers of American citizenship; having been seized and imprisoned on an Austrian brig in the harbor of Smyrna, he is summarily released under menace of guns of an American war-ship. Another "foreign incident" is a duel at Madrid between Pierre Soulé, American minister to Spain, and M. Turgot; the latter crippled for life.

In France, Napoleon III marries the beautiful Countess Eugénie de Montijo, daughter of a grandee of Spain. Czar Nicholas I proclaims protectorate over the Greek Christians in Turkey; resistance of Turkey sustained by England and France. Russia promptly invades the Danubian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia, whereupon Turkish troops move across the Danube, the allied fleets sweep through the Dardanelles, and the great Crimean War begins (1853-1855).

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Franklin Pierce becomes President of the United States.

1854

Commodore Perry concludes a commercial treaty between Japan and the United States. England and other countries hasten to secure similar treaties, and Japan joins the family of nations. The United States and Great Britain effect a reciprocity treaty respecting Newfoundland fishing, international trade, etc. Passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill, which abolishes the terms of the Missouri Compromise and gives these new Territories the option of deciding whether they will have slavery or not; alarm and dissatisfaction throughout the North; strengthening of forces opposed to slavery. Republican party formed. Astor Library opened in New York under bequest of John J. Astor.

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Revolution started in Spain by O'Donnell; Espartero becomes prime minister, and O'Donnell secretary of war; Queen Isabella's sovereignty is unaffected.

A Russian army under Paskievitch crosses the Danube to invade Turkey, whereupon France and Great Britain declare war against Russia (March 28). A British and French expedition lands in the Crimea, defeats the Russians at the Alma, and moves upon Sebastopol, the Czar's chief naval port and fortress on the Black Sea. The battles of Balaklava—famous for the charge of the Light Brigade—and Inkerman are fought without decisive result, and the allies, suffering terribly from the severe climate and from their lack of supplies, settle down to the siege of Sebastopol.

Meanwhile Paskievitch, having vainly attacked Silistria, retreats across the Danube. The British and French fleets in the Baltic are equally unsuccessful, and accomplish nothing by an ineffective bombardment of Kronstadt.

In England, consent given for the establishment of the Orange River Free State in South Africa. Cholera in London. Commander McClure arrives, accomplishing the Northwest Passage after imprisonment in the ice for three years.

In Brazil, the first railway opens. In the same month, April, San Salvador is destroyed by an

earthquake with property loss in one minute of four million dollars; earthquakes in Japan result in great destruction and loss of life. Slaves emancipated in Venezuela. The steamer San Francisco founders, two hundred and forty United States troops being drowned.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1855

In Kansas occur great election riots and bloodshed incidental to a bitter struggle for supremacy between pro-slavery and anti-slavery partisans. War with the Sioux and other Indian tribes. The Niagara Railway Suspension Bridge is completed. Dissatisfaction over rapidly increasing immigration develops the new "American" or "Know Nothing" party; riots and disturbances occur. Relief expedition rescues Dr. Kane, the arctic explorer.

In Nicaragua, General Walker's American filibustering expedition effects a conquest, and a republic is established with Walker as president (see 1856). In Mexico, Santa Anna is finally overthrown by the party of Alvarez and Comonfort, and goes into exile; Alvarez resigns government to Comonfort. In Panama, a railway across the isthmus is opened.

In England, the mismanagement of the Crimean campaign brings a storm of indignation upon the Aberdeen ministry. Anticipating a motion for a committee of inquiry, Lord John Russell tenders his resignation, which is followed by overwhelming defeat of the government. Lord Palmerston, now over seventy years of age, is called upon to form a cabinet. Except for one brief interval, Palmerston remains prime minister through the rest of his life. Victor Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, joins in the war against Russia; notable rise and influence of his great minister, Cavour (see 1859). Fall of Sebastopol, and negotiations for peace (see 1856). Great international exhibition opened at Paris. Two attempts made upon life of Napoleon. In England, Captain McClure receives a reward of five thousand pounds and knighthood for discovering the Northwest Passage. Meanwhile, in Africa, Livingstone is pushing steadily across the Dark Continent, and discovers the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi. Severe earthquakes at Tokyo, in Japan, and at Broussa, in Asiatic Turkey.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that Nicholas I is succeeded by his son, Alexander II, as Czar of all the Russias.

1856

THE Treaty of Paris terminates the Crimean War; terms, free navigation of the Danube and neutrality of the Black Sea; guarantee of independence of the Ottoman Empire; Russia renounces protectorate over the Danubian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia (now forming Rumania), and cedes a portion of Bessarabia. Great Britain, France, and Austria form treaty guaranteeing integrity of the Turkish Empire. Turkey places Christians on equality with Moslems.

In France, great rejoicing and strengthening of Napoleonic dynasty owing to birth of an imperial prince; amnesty granted to one thousand political prisoners.

In England, Dr. Livingstone, African explorer, arrives on a visit and is enthusiastically welcomed and honored. Beginning of second war with Chinese as punishment for frequent attacks upon foreigners and persistent violation of treaties. British and French cooperate in this war; Canton is bombarded and partially destroyed. The Persians having taken Herat, the "key to Afghanistan," in violation of treaty, and Afghanistan being England's northwestern gate to India, war is declared against Persia; British prevail, and Bushire taken. Lord Canning made Governor-General of India. The annexation of Oude (northern India) completes British subjugation of the Indian peninsula from Cape Comorin to the Himalaya Mountains. Great Britain and France remonstrate against the tyrannical policy of the King of Naples, and withdraw their ministers.

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Heine, famous German poet; Hugh Miller, Scottish geologist; Sir W. Hamilton, Scottish philosopher; Delaroche, French painter; Thierry, French historian; and Schumann, German composer, died.

In Spain, Espartero is superseded by O'Donnell as prime minister; insurrections occur in Madrid and Barcelona due to latter's dictatorial measures; Narvaez in turn succeeds.

In Central America, war is waged against President Walker by confederation of states led by Costa Rica; Walker defeats three thousand Costa Ricans at Rivas. In Mexico, General Comonfort is elected president. In China, a United States squadron destroys barrier forts near Canton because of an attack on an American boat.

In the United States, civil war wages in Kansas; great political struggle continues there between Free Soil and Slavery factions, and is reflected in Congress; a speech of Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, provokes violent personal assault by Representative Brooks, of South Carolina. Nine weeks' contest for Speaker of the House of Representatives. Resolution against slave-trade passed by the House. Congress passes an act to aid in the laying of the Atlantic cable. Dispute with England on the construction of the Bulwer-Clayton Treaty and alleged violation of the neutrality laws. Mr. Crampton, the British minister, receives his passports, and the consuls at New York, Philadelphia, and Cincinnati are dismissed. Later in the year the matter is satisfactorily adjusted and articles agreed upon for settlement of Central American questions. American whalers, having brought into port the British arctic relief-ship Resolute, a derelict,

Congress purchases it, refits it, and sends it to Queen Victoria as token of American good-will.

First bridge over the Mississippi is built at Minneapolis. Beginning of experiments with the Bessemer process for the production of steel. Condensed milk is patented. James Buchanan, Democrat, elected President of the United States, and J.C. Breckinridge, Vice-President; defeated candidates: John C. Fremont, Republican, and Millard Fillmore, American or "Know-Nothing."

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1857

In India, outbreak of mutiny among the Sepoys or native soldiers. Rebellion spreads rapidly under Nana Sahib and other hostile chiefs. Savage cruelties upon Europeans are perpetrated by Sepoys at Meerut, Delhi, and particularly at Cawnpore, where four hundred and fifty men, women, and children are massacred; all central India in revolt. Cawnpore and Delhi recovered by British; garrison at Lucknow besieged and relieved by Havelock, who in turn is besieged and relieved by Sir Colin Campbell. British defeat Persians at Khooshab, and treaty of peace ends Persian War. English, aided by French, continue punitive war against China. The Mont Cenis tunnel through the Alps is begun. Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie pay visit to Queen Victoria. Commercial panic in England.

Death of Douglas Jerrold, English novelist and dramatist; Comte, French speculative philosopher; Eugène Sue, French novelist; and Béranger, French poet.

In the United States, a great commercial panic occurs, commencing in New York with suspension of the Ohio Life & Mutual Trust Co. Panic spreads throughout the country, causing general suspension of banks; failures in the United States and Canada, five thousand one hundred and twenty-three; liabilities two hundred and ninety-nine million eight hundred thousand dollars. Completion of the Atlantic cable; messages received from London; public excitement and rejoicing in New York; cable fails after a few messages. People of Oregon Territory adopt a constitution prohibiting slavery.

The "Dred Scott" decision by the Supreme Court nullifies the terms of the Missouri Compromise and similar measures, changing the status of the negro in the free States, as well as denying him all civic rights. This excites great indignation and consternation in the free States, further increasing the feeling against slavery. In Utah Territory the Mormons rebel against Federal authority; the President despatches troops under command of Colonel A.S. Johnston to enforce authority; most of the supply-teams attacked and destroyed by Brigham Young's Rangers, leaving the Federal forces exposed to the desert winter (see 1858).

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RULERS—The same as in the previous year, except that in Prussia, the Prince of Prussia (afterward William I), becomes regent during the incapacity of Frederick William IV; and in the United States James Buchanan is inaugurated as President.

1858

In the United States, the Mormons submit to Federal authority and allow Federal troops to be quartered in Utah Valley (withdrawn 1860). Minnesota is admitted to statehood (free State). Valuable commercial treaty made with China, by which travelers with passports are protected, foreign ministers recognized, new ports opened, Christianity tolerated, and missionaries protected. Discovery of gold at Pike's Peak, Colorado. Massacre of emigrants at Mountain Meadows, Utah. Rising prominence of Abraham Lincoln; he wins national reputation in struggle and debates with Douglas in Illinois in contest for the Senate. Kansas finally rejects the Lecompton Constitution, which had provided for safeguarding slavery.

In Mexico, Comonfort retires as president; the clerical and reactionary party elects General Zuloaga. Juarez, Liberal, organizes a rival provisional government (see 1859).

In France, a third attempt is made to assassinate the emperor—this time by Orsini, an Italian; it appearing that the plot had been hatched in England, great indignation prevails in France, and a remonstrance is addressed to the British government, urging it to make stricter laws against political refugees. Lord Palmerston introduces a bill for this purpose, and upon its rejection by the House of Commons he tenders his resignation. The Derby ministry is installed. The Livingstone expedition sails from England for Africa. The Princess Royal is married to the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterward Emperor Frederick III. Property qualification of members of Parliament abolished. End of the Indian Mutiny; the government of India transferred from the East India Company to the crown.

Death of Robert Owen, English philanthropist and social reformer. Launching of the Great Eastern, largest steamship constructed prior to the Celtic, 1901. John Speke, English explorer in Africa, discovers Victoria Nyanza, a vast lake of nearly the area of Scotland, and principal source of the White Nile. The Danubian principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia effect a personal union (see 1861). The Italian astronomer, Donati, discovers a comet surpassing in brilliancy all others seen since 1811. Passage of an act removing the disabilities of Jews in Great Britain.

In Italy, violent eruption of Vesuvius. In China, the treaty of Tientsin with Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States checks the allies' advance on Peking. However, owing to Chinese violation of treaty, war is really not concluded until 1860 (see 1860). China cedes to Russia the

widely extended but sparsely populated Amur country.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1859

In the United States, Oregon is admitted to the Union as a free State. Petroleum oil obtained in Pennsylvania by method of boring wells. Silver discovered in Nevada. Harper's Ferry, Virginia, and United States arsenal captured by a force under leadership of John Brown, his purpose being to hold the place as a refuge for fugitive slaves. Brown is besieged by citizens, State militia, and Federal marines; makes stout defense, but is captured, tried for treason, and executed. Sympathy mingled with reprobation in the North and alarm in the South over John Brown's act; his execution arouses indignation among the abolitionists and helps to precipitate approaching national conflict over slavery.

Washington Irving, American author and diplomat, the first to win foreign recognition for American literature; Prescott, American historian; Rufus Choate, American lawyer and orator; and Horace Mann, American educator and statesman, died.

In Europe, Austria, distrustful of the rapid strengthening of the Italian kingdom of Sardinia, issues an ultimatum demanding its disarmament. Sardinia promptly replies with a formal declaration of war; following this, Austria receives a declaration of war from Napoleon III, who has been secretly cooperating with Sardinia. Austrians defeated in battles of Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, and Melegnano. The entry of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel into Milan is followed by the battle of Solferino, in which the Austrians, being again defeated, are compelled to sue for peace. Lombardy restored to Sardinia. Later in the year the Treaty of Zürich was signed by Sardinia, France, and Austria. In this war splendid service is rendered by the patriot Garibaldi and his "Chasseurs of the Alps." In Naples, Ferdinand II ("Bomba"), notorious for his abuses, dies and is succeeded by his son, Francis II. Death of the Austrian diplomatist and statesman, Prince Metternich, and of Alexander von Humboldt, German philosopher and traveler.

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In England, the second Derby ministry resigns, and Lord Palmerston again succeeds as prime minister, holding position during remainder of life. Henry Hallam, historian and essayist; Leigh Hunt, poet, essayist, and critic; Brunel and Stephenson, civil engineers; De Quincy, essayist; and Lord Macaulay, historian, essayist, and poet, died. Publication of Darwin's "Origin of Species."

In Spain, war is declared and waged successfully against Morocco for attacking Spanish possessions on northern coast of Africa (see 1860). Death of Ludwig Spohr, German musician. In Africa, Livingstone explores Lake Nyassa. In Mexico, General Miramon defeats the Liberal party of Juarez and assumes presidency. Miramon government borrows large sums in France. Juarez declares confiscation of church property. In China, during a river engagement between English and Chinese, the American Commodore Tatnall assists the English, declaring that "blood is thicker than water."

Severe earthquakes at Quito, Ecuador, and at Erzeroum, Asia Minor.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

1860

In the United States, the year opens with great apprehension and tension, owing to approaching Presidential nominations, campaign, and election. The Prince of Wales, aged nineteen (afterward King Edward VII), visits the United States. Central Park, in New York City, opened to the public. The Great Eastern reaches New York on her maiden voyage.

Democratic convention in Charlestown develops irreconcilable conflict in party; pro-slavery platform rejected; Southern delegations secede; regular convention convenes in Baltimore, and after further secessions from ranks nominates Stephen A. Douglas for Presidency. The seceding groups of Democrats nominate John C. Breckinridge; the Constitutional Union party—avoiding discussion of slavery and standing simply for preservation of Union under the Constitution—meets at Baltimore, and nominates John Bell. The Republican party convention at Chicago, while disavowing intention to interfere with institutions in any State, renounces "new dogma" in the Dred Scott decision, and demands immediate admission of Kansas as a free State and the adoption of a protective tariff; Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, nominated on third ballot over William H. Seward and Salmon P. Chase.

Election in November, with four Presidential candidates in the field; every Northern State is carried by the Republicans except New Jersey, from which, however, they gain four out of seven electoral votes. Douglas secures only the electoral votes of Missouri and three from New Jersey; Breckinridge carries the entire South, and Bell the Border States of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia. Lincoln's electoral votes 180 to 103 for all other candidates. State Legislative Convention meets in Charlestown, South Carolina, December 20, and adopts articles of secession. Year drawn to close with breach widening between North and South and sectional hostility straining the ties of political union.

In Italy, revolution occurs in Tuscany, Parma, Modena, Sicily, Naples, and the Papal States, and the people declare for annexation to Sardinia. With exception of Venice (reserved to Austria by treaty of Zürich) and a small territory around Rome still retained by the Pope, the King of

Sardinia becomes supreme over Italy. Garibaldi directs revolution of the Two Sicilies, and defeats and deposes Francis II, the last King of Naples. Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi enter Naples November 7. The kingdom of Italy is proclaimed, with Cavour president of the council. Savoy and Nice ceded to France in accordance with former treaty.

The Chinese having violated the late Treaty of Tientsin, France and England send new expedition, which reduces the Taku forts and advances on Peking. Chinese emperor's summer palace sacked and burned and the capital invested. Chinese sue for peace, and Treaty of Peking ends war. In Mexico, the Liberal party under Degollado triumphs; Miramon defeated.

Earthquake at Mendoza, Argentine Republic, destroys seven thousand lives. Spectrum analysis established by Bunsen and Kirchoff. Theodore Parker, noted American preacher and abolitionist; Sir William Napier, English historian and soldier; Baron von Bunsen, German diplomatist, theologian, and philologist; and Schopenhauer, German philosopher, died.

RULERS—The same as in the previous year.

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The Beginnings of Stage Careers.

By MATTHEW WHITE, JR.

A Series of Papers That Will Be Continued from Month to Month
and Will Include All Players of Note.

SHE BEGAN IN "1492."

Actress Who Will Have Stellar Rôle in
"The Little Cherub" First Saw Thespian
Light as a Chorus Girl.

When "The Little Cherub" is brought over from London to New York, in this month of August, and installed at the Criterion Theater, on Broadway, Hattie Williams's name will go up over the doorway in electric brilliancy as the star of this musical comedy from the Prince of Wales's Theater. She has won this distinction at the hands of Charles Frohman by the excellence of her work in the support of Sam Bernard during the exploitation of "The Girl from Kay's" and "The Rollicking Girl."

I called on Miss Williams the other afternoon and found her not in the least exalted in mind over her approaching launch into stellar spaces. Indeed, seldom have I encountered in the ranks of Thespis a more modest young woman.

Although she has been in musical comedy almost continuously throughout her career of thirteen years, she admits quite frankly that she cannot sing, and that she has placed herself in the hands of a good master to learn how. You see, she sets her standard of vocal attainments considerably higher than do those who talk their songs in the musical plays.

At Fifteen Dollars a Week.

"Yes," she said, in answer to my reminder about her start, "I began in the chorus of '1492,' at fifteen dollars a week. How did I get the job? Why, I was simply stage-struck. I saw in the newspapers that Mr. Rice wanted chorus-girls for his new production, so I went to the theater and asked for him. He saw me at once, and engaged me.

"You see, I was a Boston girl, and knew something of the show, as it had been given first by our crack regiment, the Boston Cadets. I remember among the girls with me in that special chorus group, which afterward made up the Daily Hints from Paris, were Grace Rutter (now Grace Elliston), who is the *Mouse* in 'The Lion and the Mouse,' and Minnie Ashley, who married Mr. Chanler a while ago and left the stage.

"When the show was brought to New York, the management gave me, in addition to my chorus specialty, the small part of the *Infanta*, and my pay was advanced to thirty-five dollars. Then A.M. Palmer, in whose theater we were having our long run, offered to make me the dancing girl in 'Trilby,' and I accepted. After that I went into the Hoyt farces and got up next to leading woman. And this reminds me of a funny experience—funny now to look back on, but rather exasperating at the time.

"I had been understudy to the lead in 'A Day and a Night' one season, and was getting fifty dollars a week. The next year they wanted me to go out as leading woman in the same piece, and offered me the same money. I naturally thought that I ought to have more, and told them so.

Those Elusive Sleepers.

"'Look here, Hattie,' said the manager, 'I tell you what we'll do. I'll make it fifty-five a week and your sleepers. How does that strike you?'

"I was delighted. With my sleeping-car berths settled for by the company, I stood to save a good bit at every jump, which was just like putting so much extra money in my pocket. I accepted, and, will you believe it, we never used sleepers once during the whole tour, for we did all our traveling by daylight. The joke was on me, all right, that time."

When "The Girl from Maxim's" exhausted its drawing power after a long run in town and was sent on the road the lead was awarded to Miss Williams, who acquitted herself so well that she was put into "The Rogers Brothers at Harvard," and played for the first time as a real principal on Broadway. Her imitations of different types, in this show were extremely clever, and she was engaged again for the Washington experiences of the Rogers Brothers the next season. In short, Hattie Williams had "arrived."

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She has most peculiar views on applause.

"People come to the theater," she told me, "for relaxation and amusement. I do not see why, after they have paid to be entertained, I should expect them to go to the exertion of applause in tight gloves. If I have satisfied them—made them feel that they have had their money's worth—I should be content to let it go at that. Their being willing to come to see me again is the real test of their good opinion."

HYMN GOT WOODRUFF ON.

The Future "Brown of Harvard" Landed
His First Engagement by Singing
"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

It was his singing of the hymn "Onward, Christian Soldiers" that obtained for Henry Woodruff, the star in "Brown of Harvard," his first engagement. The play was "H.M.S. Pinafore," by a juvenile company; the line, chorus work; and the pay, two dollars a week. This was back in 1879, and Harry was only nine years old at the time.

Just what led up to this decisive step I shall let Woodruff tell for himself in a memorandum he sent me some years ago in response to a request for information in regard to his start behind the footlights. The Park Theater mentioned was in New York, at the corner of Broadway and Twenty-Second Street (where Brooks Brothers now stands), and I saw it destroyed by fire, as did Mrs. Langtry, who was watching from a window of the Albemarle and wondering where she was going to make her American début, for it had been arranged that she should appear at that theater on that very night. Woodruff's memorandum is as follows:

"In 1879 'Baby' was given at the old Park Theater, with Edwin Thorne in the cast. It was preceded by 'Old Love-Letters,' performed by Mrs. Agnes Booth and Joseph Whitney. Doubtless neither the actors nor the audience knew that the night was to prove itself an important one in dramatic history, nor that the words which were spoken and listened to in the careless fashion of every-day life were to inspire a young heart with an ambition as boundless as it was sincere.

Chorus Boy In "Pinafore."

"In the center of the orchestra, by the side of a dignified, stolid business man, sat a young boy whose golden hair, breathless face, and ardent eyes attracted the attention of more than one careless spectator. The boy was Henry Woodruff, nine years of age, spellbound at his first glimpse of the actor's world. The man was his father.

"The flushed cheeks and the tingling soul were not the effects of a mere holiday treat; no, they long outlasted the holiday time; they disturbed his lessons. The memory of that one night filled his dreams, kept him awake nights, sent him to the newspapers in the hope of finding he knew not what, and finally riveted his eyes on a paragraph advertising for children for the 'Pinafore' company at the Fourteenth Street Theater.

"Then the beating heart and the eager eyes realized their own purpose, and silently, without assistance from friend or foe, the little man made his plans, started from his home, asked his way patiently from Jersey City to Chickering Hall, and finally stood inside beside the big manager, who was examining a hundred or more children who had applied for the position. In time he turned to the newcomer.

"What can you sing, my little man?"

"With a horrible sense of misfitness he remembered he knew nothing but Sunday-school hymns, but he answered bravely:

"I can sing "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"Try it,' said the man.

"They put him on the stage, and, fired by the great desire which had never left him since he had seen those noble actors, the little fellow sang out with all his soul."

How the Rungs Were Climbed.

He stayed in the chorus only three weeks, being promoted, first to the part of the boatswain, then

to that of *Ralph Rackstraw*, leading man, in which capacity he went on the road. Daniel Bandmann then engaged him for the page in his production of "Narcisse."

The next year young Woodruff was with Adelaide Neilson, in her last engagement, presenting "Cymbeline." She took a great fancy to the little fellow, and used to make up his face for him and give him the flowers her admirers sent her. To the boy she seemed the wonder of the earth, and she was continually talking about the sunshine of his hair and the earnestness of his blue eyes. [Pg 539]

After that, young Woodruff was for two seasons with Edwin Thorne, doing *Ned* in "The Black Flag"—the same Thorne who had inspired the boy with his great ambition. His longest step forward was made in 1887, when he joined the stock company maintained by the late A.M. Palmer, at the Madison Square Theater, starting with *Jack Ralston* in "Jim the Penman," and creating *Lathrop Page* in Augustus Thomas's first great success, "Alabama."

Afterward Mr. Thomas wrote for him the rôle of *Arthur Hubbard* in "Surrender," a war play which unhappily did not chance to hit the popular taste.

SELWYN LOST JOB AS USHER.

Grit, Self-Assurance, and Impudence
Served Author-Playwright Faithfully
in Long Up-Hill Struggle.

"Although I began as an usher, it was failure to do myself credit in the first part that I ever acted that determined me to take up the stage as a career."

This bit of personal history was whispered to me by Edgar Selwyn, the never-to-be-forgotten *Tony* of "Arizona," who is now the head of the prosperous play-broking firm of Selwyn & Co., the author of "It's All Your Fault," and two new farces to be brought out by George Cohan.

I sought him out in his offices, the other day, to obtain from his own lips for THE SCRAP BOOK the story of his start, and it certainly proved to be one full of incident and bristling with disappointments. I will give it here in his own words, prefacing the narrative with the remark that Mr. Selwyn is dark and good-looking, with the white teeth and swarthy skin that instantly suggest him for such rôles as *Tony* and *José*, whose "Pretty Sister," a few years since, was Maude Adams.

"I was born in California, but I always had an idea of getting to the city where the money was—New York. During the World's Fair I had a job in a store in Chicago, and afterward managed to get to New York, where I landed with scarcely a cent in my clothes. Then I started in to tramp the streets in search of a position. I went into store after store on a block, not picking out the most likely places, but taking them all in. You see, my need was desperate, and I wasn't taking any chances.

How a Job Was Captured.

"Well, one Saturday I went into a men's furnishing store on Fulton Street. There wasn't anything doing there, they told me. But as I was going out a fellow was bringing in some fresh stock, carrying a high-piled heap of collar-boxes. He over-balanced them, and over they went on the sidewalk. It was raining, and I made a quick dash and picked up the lot, carrying them back into the store.

"Of course, the proprietor couldn't very well ignore this, and as I had put in a very earnest plea for a job he now came forward and said that he would give me two dollars if I cared to stay and help them through that busy Saturday. On Monday morning I reported for duty again. The proprietor wasn't there when I arrived, and his brother asked me if I had been regularly engaged.

"I think so, sir,' I said shamelessly.

"When the boss turned up, he looked at me in amazement.

"I didn't hire you regularly,' he said.

"But I need the job,' I told him.

"He looked at me hard for a minute, then he said: 'See here, Selwyn, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five per cent on all the goods you sell to-day.'

An Energetic Salesman.

"Well, I didn't need any more than that. I started in to work, and any man who came in that store to buy a collar was lucky if he escaped from my clutches without leaving a dollar or two behind him for several other articles—shirts, neckties, any old thing. Whether he needed them or not was all one to me, so long as I got my five per cent. When the day was over, the proprietor found he owed me three dollars and eighty-five cents.

"Accordingly, he proceeded to make a new deal.

"I engage you,' he said, 'at eight dollars a week.'

"He raised me later to ten dollars, and then to twelve. At length the firm failed; but meantime I

was getting into the theatrical atmosphere. That came about in this way:

"Among the chaps I met where I boarded was one who knew somebody who knew somebody else who was connected with the Herald Square Theater, which was about to be opened. I needed the money, so I decided to put in a plea for the job of usher in the new house. I got it, and used to linger after the show to watch any rehearsals that might be put on.

"Then I took to imitating the actors for the benefit of my comrades on the usher staff—and sometimes to the enjoyment of those higher up in the government of the theater. I remember that once while Mansfield was playing in the house I was doing a travesty on him for the edification of the Slocum brothers, his managers at the time, when the mighty Richard himself walked into the room and discovered me. What he said I don't remember now, but it went home at the time all right, and it's a wonder I didn't go there too.

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"After Mansfield, 'Rob Roy,' the comic opera, held the boards at the Herald Square for quite a time. Joe Herbert, one of the comedians, left the cast, and Dave Warfield was picked to succeed him. But he couldn't seem to remember the lines and business of the part. I was pat on it from seeing the show every night from the front, so I remember one time after the performance Warfield got me to coach him in a sort of parlor off to the left of the auditorium.

A Series of Discouragements.

"Naturally, my imitations of other people suggested to some of the boys that I might be able to act myself, and one fellow I had met got up a performance in a town on Long Island. Well, I went on, and when I came off they shipped me back to New York as the worst actor they had ever seen—and it was a sort of amateur show at that. This touched my pride and fired my determination, so when I lost my job as usher by 'grafting' on seats, I made up my mind that I would be a regular actor and show my critics that they had been mistaken.

"But how to get a chance? That was the mighty question. In this emergency I turned to Ben Roeder, manager for David Belasco, whom I had met when 'The Heart of Maryland' was at the Herald Square. I went up to the offices, which were then in Carnegie Hall, told Mr. Roeder that I was out of a job and must get something as quickly as possible.

"After thinking a bit, he said that the only company not wholly filled, of which he knew, was that being gathered for William Gillette in 'Secret Service.' He gave me a card of introduction to the stage manager, and I hustled down to the Garrick Theater.

"'Nothing doing,' I was told. Everything was filled, even to the extra men.

How Selwyn Held Up Gillette.

"Then what do you think I did? I was desperate, you see. The fifty cents a performance I had been getting at the Herald Square as usher did not enable me to pile up a very big sum against a rainy day such as had now overtaken me. I determined to see Mr. Gillette himself. I found out that he was staying at the Plaza Hotel. I went up there, wrote on a card, 'Edgar Selwyn. Important,' and sent it up to him.

"Pretty soon the message came down that he would see me.

"'Well,' he said, when I appeared, 'what do you want?'

"'I want a job,' I answered.

"He was so taken aback at this that he hardly knew what to say for a minute. Then he told me that everything in the company was taken.

"'Oh, I don't want a regular part,' I explained. 'Just a chance to go on and work my way up.'

"'Oh, an extra man,' he said. 'I haven't anything to do with engaging those. You will have to see my stage manager about that.'

"I kept mum as an oyster about having already had an interview with that gentleman, and never turned a hair while Mr. Gillette took out his card and wrote on it an introduction to this individual for me. With this I went back to the Garrick, and handed it in with a lordly air; the stage manager thought it meant an order from Gillette to put me on, and he forthwith proceeded to dismiss some poor duffer he had already engaged, and put me on in his place at eight dollars a week.

Selwyn's Varied Make-Ups.

"Of course I had nothing to say, for I merely marched on as one of the soldiers. I used to amuse myself, though, by making up differently each night, sometimes as an old man, till I got a calling down for exceeding the age limit in the army. After a while I was made assistant stage manager, which meant that I had to ring up the curtain and look after the stage properties; but all the same my salary stuck at that little eight dollars a week. I thought I deserved more, but I didn't like to ask for it.

"One night I heard Gillette say to somebody that he wished Miss Busby and Odette Tyler, the two leading women in the cast, wouldn't delay him by talking to him as he came off. He was always in

a hurry to get to his dressing-room to work on some plot of a play he had in hand.

"Send somebody to me with a request that I am wanted,' he added.

"I made a mental note of the thing, and the next time I saw the ladies halt Gillette in the wings I made a bolt for him and blurted out: 'Oh, Mr. Gillette, I want to see you about something very particularly.'

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"Well, what is it?' he demanded when I had drawn him off to one side. He appeared to have forgotten all about his request of the stage manager, and I was up against it for a second. What should I tell him? Suddenly I had an inspiration.

"Mr. Gillette,' I said very soberly, 'don't you think I am getting too little money?'

"Well, I don't know,' he replied, when he recovered his breath.

"But the next pay-day I received a raise of four dollars.

The Turning of the Long Lane.

"The season approached its end, and then came the announcement that the whole company was to go to London. I went about on air for a while, just before the keenest disappointment of my life. One night I was told that it had been discovered that there was one too many in the party, and I was *it*. I was to be left behind.

"Well, of course I couldn't help myself any by kicking. I just had to grin and bear it, and hustle for another job. But this was mighty hard to find at that time of the year. I hunted the papers for ads of the summer snaps. Finally I landed on one from Louisville, which stated that the Cummings stock company wanted a juvenile man. I sat down and wrote to them at once, enclosing my picture and putting my salary at twenty-five dollars per week. And I had an answer telling me to come on.

"You ought to have seen that manager's face when he saw me! But he let me go on. I couldn't be discharged, because they weren't making enough to pay salaries. We finally went to Washington, by some hook or crook, where we didn't do any better. I was only getting my board and lodging, but after we shifted to Rochester we struck it big, and the manager nearly paralyzed me one day by paying me eight weeks' salary in advance. He also put on my first play—a one-act affair, 'A Night in Havana.'

Stranded in Chicago.

"From the Cummings stock company I went with Sothern in 'The King's Musketeer.' I didn't care for the company, and began writing more plays. I got a man named Isham interested in my 'Rough Rider Romance,' and left the company to go to Chicago, where it was to be put on. I had just five dollars in my pocket when I arrived, to be greeted by the telegram: 'Isham committed to insane asylum.'

"There I was, stranded in the Windy City, with a fiver. I went to my friend, Edwin Arden.

"What shall I do, Ed?' I said.

"I'll lend you twenty-five to get back to New York on,' he replied.

"I took the money, calling blessings down on his head. 'Arizona' was playing in Chicago at the time, and passing the theater that evening I handed in my card at the box-office, and they passed me in. Vincent Serrano was *Tony*, and as I watched him I told myself that that was the part for me. I found out that Kirk La Shelle, the manager of the show, was in New York, and I was for starting East by the first train to see him; but for some reason I didn't, and I found out later that the train was wrecked.

"But there was more luck than that in my delayed departure, for when I finally walked into La Shelle's office in the Knickerbocker Theater Building, and said abruptly, 'I want to play *Tony* in "Arizona,"' he looked up with a funny smile on his face, and waved a telegram toward me.

"That's queer,' he said. 'This message has only this instant arrived from my Chicago manager: 'Serrano wants more money. What shall I do?'

Striking the Iron While It Was Hot.

"You see, if I had turned up earlier he would simply have told me that he had a man for *Tony*, and there was nothing doing. As it was, he looked at me, and then asked:

"Are you a Spaniard?'

"No,' I answered, 'I am a Jew.'

"Can you sing?' he went on.

"Oh, yes,' I replied easily.

"Then he told me that Gus Thomas, the author of the play, had a big finger in picking out the

people for it, and that I would have to see him.

"Where is he?' I inquired.

"In New Rochelle.'

"I left Mr. La Shelle and went straight down to the telegraph office in the same building, and wrote out this message to Augustus Thomas:

"Be at office ten-thirty to-morrow. Important.'

"And I signed it boldly, 'Kirke La Shelle.'

"Well, the next day, a few minutes after ten-thirty, I turned up at the La Shelle offices, and there, sure enough, was Gus Thomas, with one of his boys in tow. I was introduced to him, he looked me over, and finally he and La Shelle agreed between them that if I was willing to go out to Chicago at my own risk and give a performance of *Tony*, they would promise to engage me for the part if I made good in it.

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"That's fair, Selwyn, I am sure,' added Mr. La Shelle.

"Ye-e-s,' I answered hesitatingly. One of my hands was in my pocket; then I drew it out and deposited about twenty-three cents in silver on the desk.

"That,' I announced, 'is my sole cash capital, gentlemen.'

"They saw the point and finally arranged to give me transportation to Chicago, declaring that it would do no good for me to give a reading of the part there in the office, which I wanted to do.

A Staggering Blow.

"I hurried back to Chicago by the first train, with a letter of introduction to Mr. Hammond, resident manager there. Rushing into the lobby of the Grand Opera House, I plumped the letter in front of him, breathlessly asking him when I could have my try-out.

"But, my dear Mr. Selwyn,' was his reply, 'you have come too late. I am sorry to say that I have just engaged Mr. Perry for the part.'

"This was the last straw. I had gone through so much that this rebuff, just when my hopes were at their highest, was more than I could stand. Grown man that I was, then and there I began to cry, and hardly knowing where to go, and certainly not caring, I turned and went back into the lobby again, only to run up against Mr. Thomas, who must have come to Chicago by another road.

"Why, my boy,' he said, after one look at me, 'what is the matter?'

"I seized him as a drowning man would clutch at a straw, and between my sobs I told him the dreadful truth. He settled matters, fixed it up with Perry, I had my trial, made good, and played *Tony* for three years. And seven years from the time I was getting eight dollars a week with Gillette in 'Secret Service' he was paying me one hundred and fifty to play a part in 'Sherlock Holmes.'

"I mustn't forget to add that Bleiman, who brought out my 'Rough Rider's Romance,' was the same man who dismissed me as an usher at the Herald Square."

LOVE.

A SONNET FROM THE PORTUGUESE.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being an Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise;
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Chops the Dwarf.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

When Charles Dickens visited the United States in 1867 and gave the course of public readings which netted him two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a few months, he prepared special versions of his popular stories for platform use. All these versions are more dramatic and more pointed than the originals, containing as they do more dialogue and less description. Among them was the tale of "Chops the Dwarf," first written as a Christmas story. In it Dickens dwells upon a kind of life which seems greatly to have attracted him—the career of the traveling showman, with its oddities, its careless Bohemianism, and its happy-go-lucky, hand-to-mouth existence.

In "Chops the Dwarf," humor and pathos are reinforced by a touch of satire, which is directed against the emptiness and the restraints of fashionable life. For some reason or other this tale has been overlooked by many of the students and editors of Dickens. It is not contained in some of the editions of his works which profess to be complete, and several of the standard reference-books do not mention it.

At one period of its reverses, the House to Let fell into the hands of a showman. He was found registered as its occupier, on the parish books of the time when he rented the House; there was therefore no need of any clew to his name. But he himself was less easy to find, for he had led a wandering life, and settled people had lost sight of him, and people who plumed themselves on being respectable were shy of admitting that they had ever known him.

At last among the marsh lands near the river's level, that lie about Deptford and the neighboring market-gardens, a grizzled personage in velveteen, with a face so cut up by varieties of weather that he looked as if he had been tattooed, was found smoking a pipe at the door of a wooden house on wheels.

The wooden house was laid up in ordinary for the winter near the mouth of a muddy creek; and everything near it—the foggy river, the misty marshes, and the steaming market-gardens—smoked in company with the grizzled man. In the midst of the smoking party, the funnel-chimney of the wooden house on wheels was not remiss, but took its pipe with the rest in a companionable manner.

On being asked if it were he who had once rented the House to Let, Grizzled Velveteen looked surprised, and said yes. Then his name was Magsman. That was it, Toby Magsman—which was lawfully christened Robert; but called in the line, from an infant, Toby. There was nothing agin Toby Magsman, he believed? If there was suspicion of such, mention it!

There was no suspicion of such, he might rest assured. But some inquiries were making about that house, and would he object to say why he left it?

Not at all; why should he? He left it along of a dwarf.

Along of a dwarf?

Mr. Magsman repeated, deliberately and emphatically, "Along of a dwarf."

Might it be compatible with Mr. Magsman's inclination and convenience to enter, as a favor, into a few particulars?

Mr. Magsman entered into the following particulars:

It was a long time ago to begin with—afore lotteries and a deal more was done away with. Mr. Magsman was looking around for a good pitch, and he see that house, and he says to himself, "I'll have you if you are to be had. If money'll get you, I'll have you."

The neighbors cut up rough, and made complaints; but Mr. Magsman don't know what they all would have had. It was a lovely thing.

First of all, there was the canvas representin' the pictur' of the Giant in Spanish trunks and a ruff, who was half the height of the house, and was run up with a line and pulley to a pole of the roof, so that his Ed was coeval with the parapet.

Then there was the canvas representin' the pictur' of the Albina lady, showin' her white 'air to the Army and Navy in correct uniform.

Then there was the canvas representin' the pictur' of the Wild Indian scalpin' a member of some foreign nation.

Similarly, there was the canvas representin' the pictur' of the Wild Ass of the Prairies—not that we never had no wild asses, nor wouldn't have had 'em as a gift.

Last there was the canvas representin' the pictur' of the Dwarf, and like him too (considerin'), with George the Fourth in such a state of astonishment at him as his Majesty couldn't with his utmost politeness and stoutness express.

The front of the House was so covered with canvases that there wasn't a spark of daylight ever visible on that side. "MAGSMAN'S AMUSEMENTS," fifteen foot long by two foot high, ran over the front door and parlor winders. The passage was a arbor of green baize and garden stuff. A barrel-organ performed there unceasing. And as to respectability—if threepence ain't respectable, what is?

But the Dwarf is the principal article at present, and he was worth money. He was wrote up as "Major Tpschoffki, of the Imperial Bulgraderian Brigade." Nobody couldn't pronounce the name, and it never was intended anybody should. The public always turned it, as a regular rule, into Chopski. In the line he was called Chops; partly on that account, and partly because his real name, if he ever had any real name (which was very dubious), was Stakes.

He was an uncommon small man, he really was. Certainly not so small as he was made out to be, but where's your dwarf as is? He was a most uncommon small man, with a most uncommon large Ed; and what he had inside that Ed nobody never knowed but himself; even supposin' himself to have ever took stock of it, which it would have been a stiff job for him to do. The kindest little man as never growed! You never heard him give a ill name to a giant. He did allow himself to break out into strong language respectin' the Fat Lady from Norfolk; but that was an affair of the 'art; and when a man's 'art has been trifled with by a lady, and the preference giv' to a Indian, he ain't master of his actions.

He was always in love, of course; every human nat'ral phenomenon is. And he was always in love with a large woman; I never knowed the dwarf as could be got to love a small one. Which helps to keep 'em the curiosities they are.

One sing'lar idea he had in that Ed of his, which must have meant something, or it wouldn't have been there. It was always his opinion that he was entitled to property. He never put his name to anything. He had been taught to write by a young man without any arms, who got his living with his toes (quite a writing-master *he* was, and taught scores in the line), but Chops would have starved to death afore he'd gained a bit of bread by putting his hand to a paper.

This is the more curious to bear in mind, because he had no property, except his house and a sarser. When I say his house, I mean the box, painted and got up outside like a reg'ler six-roomer, that he used to creep into, with a diamond ring (or quite as good to look at) on his forefinger, and ring a little bell out of what the public believed to be the drawing-room winder.

And when I say a sarser, I mean a Cheney sarser in which he made a collection for himself at the end of every entertainment. His cue for that he took from me:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain."

He had what I consider a fine mind—a poetic mind. His ideas respectin' his property never come upon him so strong as when he sat upon a barrel-organ and had the handle turned. Arter the vibration had run through him a little time, he would screech out:

"Toby, I feel my property coming—grind away! I'm counting my guineas by thousands, Toby—grind away! Toby, I shall be a man of fortun'! I feel the mint a jingling in me, Toby, and I'm swelling out into the Bank of England!"

Such is the influence of music on the poetic mind. Not that he was partial to any other music but a barrel-organ; on the contrary, he hated it.

He had a kind of everlasting grudge agin the public; which is a thing you may notice in many phenomenons that get their living out of it. What riled him most in the nater of his occupation was that it kep' him out of society. He was continiwallly sayin':

"Toby, my ambition is to go into society. The curse of my position towards the public is that it keeps me hout of society. This don't signify to a low beast of a Indian; he ain't formed for society. This don't signify to a Spotted Baby; *he* ain't formed for society—I am."

Nobody never could make out what Chops done with his money. He had a good salary, down on the drum every Saturday as the day came round, besides having the run of his teeth—and he was a woodpecker to eat—but all dwarfs are. The sarser was a little income, bringing him in so many half-pence that he'd carry 'em for a week together, tied up in a pocket-handkercher.

And yet he never had money. And it couldn't be the Fat Lady from Norfolk, as was once supposed; because it stands to reason that when you have a animosity towards a Indian which makes you grind your teeth at him to his face, and which can hardly hold you from goosing him audible when he's going through his war-dance—it stands to reason you wouldn't under them circumstances deprive yourself to support that Indian in the lap of luxury.

Most unexpected, the mystery came out one day at Egham races. The public was shy of bein' pulled in, and Chops was ringin' his little bell out of his drawin'-room winder, and was snarlin' to me over his shoulder as he kneeled down with his legs out at the back door—for he couldn't be shoved into his house without kneeling down, and the premises wouldn't accommodate his legs—was snarlin':

"Here's a precious public for you; why the devil don't they tumble up?" when a man in the crowd holds up a carrier-pigeon and cries out:

"If there's any person here as has got a ticket, the Lottery's just draw'd, and the number as has come up for the great prize is three, seven, forty-two! Three, seven, forty-two!"

I was givin' the man to the furies myself, for calling of the public's attention—for the public will turn away, at any time, to look at anything in preference to the thing showed 'em; and if you doubt it, get 'em together for any individual purpose on the face of the earth, and send only two people in late and see if the whole company ain't far more interested in taking particular notice of them two than you—I say I wasn't best pleased with the man for callin' out, wasn't blessin' him in my own mind, when I see Chops's little bell fly out of the winder at a old lady, and he gets up and kicks his box over, exposin' the whole secret, and he catches hold of the calves of my legs and he says to me:

"Carry me into the wan, Toby, and throw a pail of water over me, or I'm a dead man, for I'm come into my property!"

Twelve thousand odd hundred pounds was Chops's winnins. He had bought a half-ticket for the twenty-five thousand prize, and it had come up. The first use he made of his property was to offer to fight the Wild Indian for five hundred pound a side, him with a poisoned darnin'-needle and the Indian with a club; but the Indian being in want of backers to that amount, it went no further.

Arter he had been mad for a week—in a state of mind, in short, in which, if I had let him sit on the organ for only two minutes, I believe he would have bust—but we kept the organ from him—Mr. Chops come round and behaved liberal and beautiful to all.

He then sent for a young man he knowed, as had a wery genteel appearance and was a Bonnet at a gaming-booth (most respectable brought up, father havin' been imminent in the livery-stable line, but unfortunate in a commercial crisis through paintin' a old gray, ginger-bay, and sellin' him with a pedigree), and Mr. Chops said this to Bonnet, who said his name was Normandy, which it wasn't:

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"Normandy, I'm going into society. Will you go with me?"

Says Normandy: "Do I understand you, Mr. Chops, to hintimate that the 'ole of the expenses of that move will be borne by yourself?"

"Correct," says Mr. Chops. "And you shall have a princely allowance too."

The Bonnet lifted Mr. Chops upon a chair to shake hands with him, and replied in poetry, his eyes seemingly full of tears:

My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea,
And I do not ask for more,
But I'll go—along with thee.

They went into society, in a chaise and four grays, with silk jackets. They took lodgings in Pall Mall, London, and they blazed away.

In consequence of a note that was brought to Bartlemy Fair in the autumn of next year by a servant, most wonderful got up in milk-white cords and tops, I cleaned myself and went to Pall Mall, one evening app'inted. The gentlemen was at their wine arter dinner, and Mr. Chops's eyes was more fixed in that Ed of his than I thought good for him.

There was three of 'em (in company, I mean), and I knowed the third well. When last met, he had on a white Roman shirt, and a bishop's miter covered with leopard-skin, and played the clarionet all wrong, in a band, at a wild-beast show.

This gent took on not to know me, and Mr. Chops said:

"Gentlemen, this is an old friend of former days"; and Normandy looked at me through a eyeglass, and said, "Magsman, glad to see ye!" which I'll take my oath, he wasn't.

Mr. Chops, to get him convenient to the table, had his chair on a throne, much of the form of George Fourth's in the canvas, but he hardly appeared to me to be King there in any p'int of view, for his two gentlemen ordered about like emperors. They was all dressed like May-day—gorgeous!—and as to wine, they swam in all sorts.

I made the round of the bottles, first separate (to say I had done it), and then tried two of 'em as half-and-half, then t'other two. Altogether, I passed a pleasant evenin', but with a tendency to feel muddled, until I considered it good manners to get up and say:

"Mr. Chops, the best of friends must part. I thank you for the wariety of foreign drains you have stood so 'ansome. I looks towards you in red wine, and I takes my leave."

Mr. Chops replied:

"If you'll just hitch me out of this over your right arm, Magsman, and carry me down-stairs, I'll see you out."

I said I couldn't think of such a thing, but he would have it, so I lifted him off his throne. He smelt strong of Madeary, and I couldn't help thinking, as I carried him down, that it was like carrying a large bottle full of wine, with a rayther ugly stopper, a good deal out of proportion.

When I set him on the door-mat in the hall, he kept me close to him by holding on to my coat-collar, and he whispers:

"I ain't 'appy, Magsman."

"What's on your mind, Mr. Chops?"

"They don't use me well. They ain't grateful to me. They puts me on the mantel-piece when I won't have in more Champagne-wine, and they locks me in the sideboard when I won't give up my property."

"Get rid of 'em, Mr. Chops."

"I can't. We're in society together, and what would society say?"

"Come out of society," says I.

"I can't. You don't know what you're talking about. When you have once got into society, you mustn't come out of it."

"Then, if you'll excuse the freedom, Mr. Chops," was my remark, shaking my Ed grave, "I think it's a pity you ever went in."

Mr. Chops shook that deep Ed of his to a surprisin' extent, and slapped it half a dozen times with his hand, and with more wice than I thought were in him. Then he says:

"You're a good feller, but you don't understand. Good night, go long. Magsman, the little man will now walk three times around the Cairawan, and retire behind the curtain." [Pg 547]

The last I see of him on that occasion was his tryin', on the extremest verge of insensibility, to climb up the stairs, one by one, with his hands and knees. They'd have been much too steep for him if he had been sober; but he wouldn't be helped.

It warn't long after that, that I read in the newspaper of Mr. Chops's being presented at court. It was printed:

"It will be recollected"—and I've noticed in my life that it is sure to be printed that it *will* be recollected whenever it won't—"that Mr. Chops is the individual of small stature whose brilliant success in the last State Lottery attracted so much attention."

"Well," I said to myself, "such is life! He has done it in earnest at last! He has astonished George the Fourth!"

On account of which I had that canvas new painted, him with a bag of money in his hand, a presentin' it to George the Fourth, and a lady in ostrich feathers fallin' in love with him in a bagwig, sword, and buckles correct.

I took the house as is the subject of present inquiries—though not the honor of being acquainted—and I run Magsman's Amusements in it thirteen months—sometimes one thing, sometimes another, sometimes nothin' particular, but always all the canvases outside. One night, when we had played the last company out, which was a shy company through its raining heavens hard, I was takin' a pipe in the one pair back, along with the young man with the toes, which I had taken on for a month (though he never drawed—except on paper), and I heard a kickin' at the street door.

"Halloa!" I says to the young man, "what's up?"

He rubs his eye-brows with his toes, and he says:

"I can't imagine, Mr. Magsman"—which he never could imagine nothin', and was monotonous company.

The noise not leavin' off, I laid down my pipe, and I took up a candle, and I went down and opened the door. I looked out into the street; but nothin' could I see, and nothin' was I aware of, until I turned round quick, because some creeter run between my legs into the passage.

There was Mr. Chops!

"Magsman," he says, "take me on the hold terms, and you've got me; if it's done, say done!"

I was all of a maze, but I said, "Done, sir."

"Done to your done, and double done!" says he. "Have you got a bit of supper in the house?"

Bearin' in mind them sparklin' warieties of foreign drains as we'd guzzled away at in Pall Mall, I

was ashamed to offer him cold sassaiges and gin-and-water; but he took 'em both and took 'em free; havin' a chair for his table, and sittin' down at it on a stool, like hold times—I all of a maze all the while.

It was arter he had made a clean sweep of the sassaiges (beef, and to the best of my calculations two pounds and a quarter), that the wisdom as was in that little man began to come out of him like perspiration.

"Magsman," he says, "look upon me?—You see afore you one as has both gone into society, and come out."

"O, you *are* out of it, Mr. Chops? How did you get out, sir?"

"SOLD OUT!" says he. You never saw the like of the wisdom as his Ed expressed, when he made use of them two words. "My friend Magsman, I'll impart to you a discovery I've made. It's wallable; it's cost twelve thousand five hundred pound; it may do you good in life. The secret of this matter is, that it ain't so much that a person goes into society, as that society goes into a person."

Not exactly keeping up with his meanin', I shook my Ed, put on a deep look, and said, "You're right there, Mr. Chops."

"Magsman," he says, twitchin' me by the leg, "society has gone into me to the tune of every penny of my property."

I felt that I went pale, and though not naturally a bold speaker, I couldn't hardly say, "Where's Normandy?"

"Bolted—with the plate," said Mr. Chops.

"And t'other one?"—meaning him as formerly wore the bishop's miter.

"Bolted—with the jewels," said Mr. Chops.

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I sat down and looked at him, and he stood up and looked at me.

"Magsman," he says, and he seemed to myself to get wiser as he got hoarser, "society, taken in the lump, is all dwarfs. At the court of Saint James they was all a doin' my bisness—all a goin' three times round the Cairawan, in the hold Court suits and properties. Elsewhere, they was most of 'em ringin' their little bells out of makebelieves. Everywheres, the sarser was a goin' round—Magsman, the sarser is the universal institution!"

I perceived, you understand, that he was soured by his misfortuns, and I felt for Mr. Chops.

"As to Fat Ladies," says he, giving his Ed a tremendous one ag'in the wall, "there's lots of *them* in society, and worse than the original. *Hers* was a outrage upon taste—simply a outrage upon taste—carryin' its own punishment in the form of a Indian!"

Here he giv' himself another tremendous one.

"But *theirs*, Magsman, *theirs* is mercenary outrages. Lay in Cashmere shawls, buy bracelets, strew 'em and a lot of 'andsome fans and things about your rooms, let it be known that you give away like water to all as come to admire, and the Fat Ladies that don't exhibit for so much down upon the drum will come from all the p'int of the compass to flock about you, whatever you are. They'll drill holes in your 'art, Magsman, like a cullender. And when you've no more left to give, they'll laugh at you to your face, and leave you to have your bones picked dry by wulturs, like the dead Wild Ass of the Prayries that you deserve to be!"

Here he giv' himself the most tremendous one of all, and dropped.

I thought he was gone. His Ed was so heavy, and he knocked it so hard, and he fell so stony, and the sassaigereal disturbance in him must have been so immense, that I thought he was gone. But he soon come round with care, and he sat up on the floor, and he said to me, with wisdom comin' out of his eyes, if ever it come:

"Magsman! The most material difference between the two states of existence through which your un'appy friend has passed"—he reached out his poor little hand, and his tears dropped down on the mustache which it was a credit to him to have done his best to grow, but it is not in mortals to command success—"the difference is this: When I was out of society, I was paid light for being seen. When I went into society, I paid heavy for being seen. I prefer the former, even if I wasn't forced upon it. Give me out through the trumpet, in the hold way, to-morrow."

After that, he slid into the line again as easy as if he had been iled all over. But the organ was kep' from him, and no allusions was ever made, when a company was in, to his property. He got wiser every day; his views of society and the public was luminous, bewilderin', awful; and his Ed got bigger and bigger as his wisdom expanded it.

He took well, and pulled 'em in most excellent for nine weeks. At the expiration of that period, when his Ed was a sight, he expressed one evening, the last company havin' been turned out, and the doors shut, a wish to have a little music.

"Mr. Chops," I said (I never dropped the "Mr." with him; the world might do it, but not me)—"Mr. Chops, are you sure as you are in a state of mind and body to sit upon the organ?"

His answer was this:

"Toby, when next met with on the tramp, I forgive her and the Indian. And I am."

It was with fear and tremblin' that I began to turn the handle; but he sat like a lamb. It will be my belief to my dying day, that I see his Ed expand as he sat; you may therefore judge how great his thoughts was. He sat out all the changes, and then he come off.

"Toby," he says with a quiet smile, "the little man will now walk three times round the Cairawan, and then retire behind the curtain."

When we called him in the mornin' we found he had gone into much better society than mine or Pall Mall's. I give Mr. Chops as comfortable a funeral as lay in my power, followed myself as chief, and had the George the Fourth canvas carried first, in the form of a banner. But the house was so dismal afterwards, that I give it up, and took to the wan again.

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Royal Visitors in America.

Attempts to Strengthen a Spirit of International Good-Feeling Have Been Responsible
for the Coming of Some Princely Guests—Others Have
Found an Asylum Here During Periods of Exile.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Many royalties have visited the United States since the first princeling landed here in 1782. Such visits were not very frequent in the early days, but they have so increased in number that now we might almost say that we welcome the coming even while we speed the parting royal guest.

The first royal visitor to the United States was William IV, son of George III, who came to us in 1782 as midshipman in a British line-of-battle ship, one of Admiral Digby's fleet sent over to conquer us as a rebellious colony. An attempt was made by Colonel Ogden, of the First New Jersey Regiment, to capture him while his vessel was lying off New York, but the scheme failed, and the prince lived to become King of Great Britain and uncle of Queen Victoria, who succeeded him in 1837.

Queen Victoria's father, the Duke of Kent, was a hasty guest of this country a little later on, while he was on his way to join his regiment, then stationed in Canada. He subsequently became Governor of Nova Scotia, and commander-in-chief of the British forces in North America. It was in his honor that St. John's Island changed its name, and has since been known as Prince Edward Island.

The Visit of Louis Philippe.

In 1796, Louis Philippe, accompanied by his two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier and Comte de Beaujolais, landed in Philadelphia, bearing letters of introduction from Gouverneur Morris, then American minister to France. He traveled very extensively over the country, and sailed for Havana, whence he intended sailing to Spain to see his exiled mother, but by orders from the Court of Madrid he was detained there some time.

He returned to the United States, whence he sailed for England in 1800, became the "citizen king" of France, and died in England two years after the revolution of 1848.

The Brothers of Napoleon.

In 1803, Jerome Bonaparte, nineteen years of age, arrived in New York. Visiting Baltimore, he fell in love with Miss Elizabeth Patterson, and was accepted by her, and married with great ceremony by the Catholic bishop of the diocese.

In 1805 he started for France, leaving his wife to follow. An order of the emperor prohibited her entering France at any place, and she saw her husband only once after his departure.

The First Consul had their marriage annulled by his council of state, and forced Jerome, who was his youngest brother, to marry the daughter of the King of Würtemberg. Six days after the ceremony the young prince was made King of Westphalia.

Joseph Bonaparte, a brother, one year older than the emperor, was by him invited—or, rather, compelled—to accept the kingdom of Naples in 1806, and the kingdom of Spain two years later.

After Wellington's victory at Waterloo, Joseph, with leave of his brother, quitted France, and coming to the United States as the Comte de Survilliers, he purchased an estate of fifteen hundred acres of land in Bordentown, New Jersey, and settled down to the life of an opulent gentleman and philosophical student. He also established a summer residence at Lake Bonaparte, in the Adirondacks. In 1832 he returned to France to aid in sustaining the pretensions of his nephew, Louis Napoleon, to the throne, and failing in this he went to Florence, where he died in 1844.

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Three other Bonaparte princes who crossed the Atlantic were Charles Lucien, Pierre, and Antoine, sons of Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Canino, and nephews of the great emperor. Pierre—best remembered, perhaps, as the man who shot Victor Noir in a duel—and his brother Antoine were mere transient visitors, but Charles Lucien lived in Philadelphia for half a dozen years. He was a man of quiet tastes, and an enthusiastic student of bird-life. He devoted most of his time to the preparation of a revised and enlarged edition of Alexander Wilson's "American Ornithology." The work appeared in three volumes, from 1825 to 1833, with both Wilson's name and that of Charles Lucien Bonaparte upon its title pages. Before the third volume was issued the prince had returned to Europe, where the rest of his life was spent.

The Two Sons of Murat.

Two sons of Joachim Murat, who married the first Napoleon's sister, Caroline, and was proclaimed King of the Two Sicilies in 1808, settled in Florida a few years after their father was shot by the Neapolitans. Napoleon Murat was of a scientific turn of mind, and took great interest in our educational institutions. He married a grandniece of George Washington, and died in Tallahassee in 1847.

His brother, Napoleon Lucien Charles, came to America in 1825, and married a Miss Frazer, of Bordentown, New Jersey. He went to France in 1848, and received the title of a prince of the imperial family.

In 1836, Charles Louis Napoleon, the late Emperor of the French, was banished to the United States for attempting to gain the throne of his uncle, the first emperor, by revolutionary means. He landed at Norfolk in March, 1837, and then came to New York, where he remained until May, when he sailed for Switzerland to see his dying mother.

Two visits to this country were made by the Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis Philippe, and brother-in-law of the late Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. On the first he arrived in New York in 1842, where he met with a reception due the son of a king of France, who had also been the custodian of the remains of the great emperor when they were brought from St. Helena to Paris.

On the second visit, made in 1861, the Prince de Joinville was accompanied by his son, the Duc de Penthièvre, and his nephews, the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres. He placed his son in the naval service, and accepted for himself and nephews commissions on General McClellan's staff, as the Army of the Potomac was about to resume the march upon Richmond. After the removal of "Little Mac" the prince returned to France.

The Prince of Wales's Tour.

In September, 1860, the Prince of Wales, traveling as Baron Renfrew, with his tutor, the Duke of Newcastle, arrived at Detroit, after a tour through Canada. He received a most generous series of ovations in the United States, going as far west as Illinois, and while in Washington he was the special guest of President Buchanan.

Shortly after the departure of the Prince of Wales we had a visit from Prince Napoleon and his bride, the Princess Clothilde, daughter of Victor Emmanuel II, and aunt of the present King of Italy. This prince was a son of Jerome Bonaparte and his second wife, Catharine of Würtemberg. The couple made many friends during their brief sojourn.

Queen Emma, widow of a former king of the Sandwich Islands, landed at San Francisco in 1866, and, after making a thorough inspection of our religious and educational systems, she went to England via New York.

On January 21, 1870, Prince Arthur, third son of Queen Victoria, who is now the Duke of Connaught, arrived in New York from Montreal, whither he had been ordered on military service. Three days later he was introduced to President Grant by the British minister, and was honored with a grand ball in the Masonic Temple in Washington.

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Early on the morning of November 19, 1871, the Grand Duke Alexis, son of the Czar Alexander II of Russia, appeared in his flagship in the lower bay of New York Harbor. His reception was of a dual character: first as an officer of the Russian navy, and then as the son of an imperial father.

Kings and Princes From Many Lands.

Kalakaua, King of the Hawaiian Islands, stepped ashore at San Francisco, in November, 1874, visited our chief ports, examined our industrial resources and capabilities, and endeavored to hasten the negotiation of a commercial treaty between his government and that of the United States.

The Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro, visited the United States in 1876, during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia.

Queen Liliuokalani came to plead her cause after she was deposed from the Hawaiian throne, during President Cleveland's second administration.

The Comte de Paris, accompanied by his son, the present Duc d'Orleans, again came to the United States in 1890 to visit the grave of General McClellan, on whose staff he had served

during our Civil War.

In 1893 the Princess Eulalia, daughter of the late Queen Isabella of Spain, and aunt of the present king, came to the United States as the official representative of the queen regent at the time of the World's Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago.

The Crown Prince of Siam, Somdetch Chowfa Maha Vajiravudh, with his brother, who is next in succession to the throne, visited this country on his way home from his ten years' college life in England, in 1902. In that same year the Grand Duke Boris, of Russia, cousin of the Czar, and Prince Henry of Prussia, brother of the German Kaiser, also visited us.

His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, Hindu prince of the first rank, came to the United States in May of this year. He was chosen ruler when a boy of twelve, and he began at once the careful study of the needs of his state and people. Under his rule the slovenly Hindu town of Baroda became a fine modern city with colleges for men and women, and a technical school.

THE AGE OF THE EARTH.

On this Subject Our Planet Is as Secretive as a Woman, and Inquisitive Scientists Can
Do Nothing More Than Guess at It.

The earth is almost as secretive on the subject of its age as is a woman who has passed the thirty mark. Several years ago Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated astronomer, addressed himself to an investigation of the subject, and then wrote as follows:

The age of the earth is placed by some at five hundred millions of years; by others, one hundred million years; and still others, of later time, among them the Duke of Argyll, place it at ten million years. None place it lower than ten millions, knowing what processes have been gone through.

Other planets go through the same process. The reason that other planets differ so much from the earth is that they are in so much earlier or later stages of existence. The earth must become old. Newton surmised that it would lose all its water and become perfectly dry. Since then other scientists have confirmed his opinion.

As the earth keeps cooling, it will become porous, and great cavities will be formed in the interior, which will take in the water. It is estimated that this process is now in progress, so far that the water diminishes at the rate of the thickness of a sheet of paper each year.

At this rate, in six million years the water will have sunk a mile, and in fifteen million the water will have disappeared from the face of the globe.

The nitrogen and oxygen in the atmosphere are also diminishing all the time. It is in an inappreciable degree, but the time will come when the air will be so thin that no creature we know could breathe it and live; the time will come when the world cannot support life. That will be the period of old age, and then will come death.

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE LINKS.

Flowers of History, Philosophy, and Mendacity Culled by Caddies to the Muse
Whose Metrical Feet Have Wandered Into the Debatable Territory
That Lies Between Fiction and Fact.

THE FANTOM OF THE LINKS.

By Jessie Pope.

When morning crowns the distant downs
With veil of azure gossam;
When black bat wheels, and twilight steals
The blush from every blossom—
Hist! to a sudden mysterious click,
The caddie shudders and shrinks,
The scarlet-jacketed heart beats thick—
'Tis the fantom of the links.

The first was he on the family tree
Of canny professional laddies,
In Pluto's halls he hungers for balls—
They say he's a weakness for caddies.
Hist! when you feel a thrill in the breeze,
A whisper that rises and sinks,

When there looms a shape by the misty trees—
'Tis the fantom of the links.

Then fly the green tho' fit and keen
To drive like soaring rocket,
You'll search till dark for balls you mark—
They're in his intangible pocket.
Back from the cliff and the shimmering bay,
The dune and the pebble-strewn brinks,
Mortal, you'll get the worst of the play
With the fantom of the links.

When through the gray the dawning day
Slants over gorse and heather,
When sun has set and grass is wet.
And mist-wreaths twine together—
List to a sudden mysterious click,
The caddie shudders and shrinks,
The scarlet-jacketed heart beats thick—
'Tis the fantom of the links.

London Queen.

THE LOST BALL.

Standing one day on the golf-links,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And I baffled and fozzled idly
Over the whins and tees.
I know not what I was dreaming,
Or where I was rubbering then;
But I swiped that ball, of a sudden,
With the force of two score men.

It sped through the crimson twilight
Like a shot from a ten-inch gun;
And it passed from my fevered vision
To the realm of the vanished sun;
It chasséed over the bunker,
It caromed hazard and hill;
It went like a thing infernal—
I suppose it is going still.

It shied each perplexing stymie
With infinite nerve and ease;
And bored right on through the landscape
As if it were loath to cease.
I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That ball of the strenuous pace,
That went from the sole of my niblick
And entered into space.

It may be some blooming caddie
Can sooner or later explain;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall find that ball again.

Smart Set.

GOLF IN CACTUS CENTER.

We were propped against the 'dobe of that joint o' Poker Bill's,
When a tenderfoot was spotted, actin' queerlike in the hills;
He'd a ball of gutta-percha, and was puttin' in his licks,
Jest a-knockin' it to glory with a bunch o' crooked sticks.

Well, we went up there quite cur'us, and we watched him paste the ball,
'Til a itchin fer to try it seemed to get a holt of all.
And at last Packsaddle Stevens asked to give the thing a swat,
And we gathered round to see him show the stranger what was what.

Well, the golfer stuck the speroid on a little pile o' dirt,
And Packsaddle swiped and swatted, but he didn't do no hurt.
He barked his shins terrific, and he broke his little stick,
And when he heard a snicker his guns came out too quick.

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We dropped behind the cactus, with some holes clipped in our clothes,
While the golfer for the sky-line wagged his checker-boarded hose;
And when we took home Stevens and three others that was hurt
The golf-ball still was settin' on its little pile o' dirt.

So we ain't no new St. Andrews, and we hope no golfer thinks
He can cut loose here in Cactus with a set of oatmeal links;
We go in fer games that's quiet, and stir up no blood and fuss,
And down in Cactus Center poker's good enough for us.

From an Old Scrap Book.

WHEN MACLAREN FOOZLED OUT.

The links were bright and bonny wi' the tartan and the plaid
When the pride o' Skibo village met the best St. Andrews had;
The play was fast and furious, and sair the ball was thwacked,
And in the final test o' skill one point Maclaren lacked.

The caddies stood wi' bated breath, and every face was set,
For not a man was in the crowd but had his siller bet;
And one lad cried, as wi' his stick Maclaren loomed up tall:
"Hoot, mon! now show 'em hoo Old Skibo kills the ball!"

The gowfyer lookit at the sky, and then doon at the dirt,
And cannily he weighed his stock and loosed his plaided shirt;
He slowly planted both his feet, and then replanted each,
And dinna doot he swung his arms as high as he could reach.

Grim death at just that moment would have been Maclaren's wish,
For the atmosphere resounded to that mighty empty swish;
His stick flew like a rocket, but, alas! the wo decreed!
The ball rolled two feet sickly, when it just lay doon and deed.

Oh, somewhere in our bonny land the pipes skirl all the day,
And somewhere lads and lassies shout, and men are passing gay;
But we are dour in Skibo, and no joy is hereabout,
Since the day when, like one Casey, our Maclaren fozzled out.

Denver Republican.

THE LOST GRIP.

It was a joy to be alive,
 When I could always see
My golf-ball, from a slashing drive,
 Go soaring off the tee;
When, as my lowered handicap
 Fell ever nearer scratch,
I held my own with any chap
 In medal play and match.

Then fozzles never made me groan;
 Then, gripping like a vise,
I swung my club; then all unknown
 Were top and pull and slice;
Then all my deft approaches sped
 Directly to their goal;
Then all my longest putts lay dead,
 Or fell into the hole.

Oh! cruel Fate that bade me look,
 On one ill-omened day,
Upon the pictures in the book
 Of Vardon's hints on play!
For, though I quickly laid it by,
 That one unlucky dip
Into its pages made me try
 The overlapping grip.

Now all my fingers are like thumbs,
 My club turns round and round;
And divots, as it downward comes,
 Fly upward from the ground.
My golf-ball skips to right or left
 A few short yards and stops;

Or, with its surface deeply cleft,
Into a bunker drops.

And though I swear and fume and fret,
My efforts are in vain;
And, what is worse, I cannot get
The old style back again.
So now with sighs and tears and frowns
I curse the diagrams
That cost me numberless half-crowns,
And ah! so many—regrettable comments.

Punch.

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THE WORLD'S GREAT OPERAS.

Wagner's *Rienzi*—No. 1.

This is the first of a series of articles upon the great operas of the world offered to the readers of *THE SCRAP BOOK*. To the out-of-town devotees the echoes from stageland sound only remotely as they are given forth by the press. Moreover, the critics deal with the specific production, not with the opera itself in relation to the history of music, or the conceptions of the composers. It is our purpose in these articles to look at the opera from a different point of view, and to glimpse the minds of the great men who have developed the art of the music drama. Even those familiar with the subject may find new light here.

Rienzi.

The fourth opera written by Wagner. The first three, "The Wedding," "The Fairies," and "The Novice of Palermo" are scarcely known to-day. The music of "The Wedding" was never completed; "The Fairies," although finished in 1833, was first produced in 1888, five years after Wagner's death, when the theater at Munich obtained sole rights for its production. During the tour season it is still frequently placed on the boards of that theater, with all the scenic appurtenances of an operetta. Neither Wagner himself nor the admirers of his later work could claim for it any strong originality or power.

"The Novice of Palermo" had only one performance. That was conducted under Wagner's own direction, in 1836, in Magdeburg. The best comment upon this occasion was made by the succeeding performance, when the audience consisted of three persons—Wagner's housekeeper, her husband, and one Polish Jew!

After this discouraging event, Wagner abandoned Germany for Paris, and there wrote his five-act opera, "Rienzi," which was shortly afterward accepted by the Dresden Theater. Its success was immediate and brilliant, and this notwithstanding the fact that its performance lasted six hours.

The opera is still occasionally produced in Germany, but it is practically unknown to the lyric stage in the English-speaking countries.

Wagner.

Born in Leipsic, in 1813. He was a child of tastes and enthusiasms, but of no apparent genius. He loved philology, history, and mythology; but, most of all, he loved the drama. His early associations were musical, and at the age of sixteen he resolved to become a musician.

During his period of apprenticeship he wrote a few concert pieces, but his love of drama led almost at once to his real vocation—the opera. In 1836 he married an actress, Minna Planer, who, despite beauty and a talent for her art, and despite a faithful nature, failed to comprehend Wagner's genius, or to make him happy.

For twenty-five years they struggled to appreciate each other, then separated. Wagner subsequently married Cosima, daughter of Liszt, and divorced wife of Von Bülow. The union was one of ideal happiness.

Argument.

The scene is laid in Rome of the fourteenth century, when the patriot, *Rienzi*, is leading his insurrection against the nobles. The first act represents a street riot, occasioned by the patricians, under *Orsini*, who have scaled *Rienzi's* house by a ladder and are seeking to abduct his sister, *Irene*.

While *Irene* struggles for freedom, a rival faction of patricians arrives, led by *Colonna*, whose son, *Adriano*, is in love with *Irene*. *Adriano* fights his way to her side and protects her. Then, in the midst of the disturbance, *Rienzi* appears and the crowd scatters.

A prelate, *Cardinal Raimondo*, asks *Rienzi* how soon he is going to begin his warfare upon the nobles, and *Rienzi* replies that when he hears a long trumpet-note sound across the city the hour will have come. He turns to *Adriano Colonna*, and fervently beseeches him to forsake his party and to join the popular cause of Roman freedom. Remembering *Irene*, *Adriano* pledges his loyalty to *Rienzi*.

He is then left alone with the beautiful girl, and they sink into the tender ecstasies of love, till they are roused by the ominous sound of the trumpet-call which heralds the uprising. The day dawns, and within the church the organ and chorus simultaneously break out to greet it.

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Borne in by the populace, *Rienzi* arrives. The people seek to crown him king of Rome, but the only title he will accept is that of tribune. A great composite voice rises from the piazza, swearing vengeance on the nobles.

Rienzi's cause triumphs, and in the hall of the capitol the patricians are forced to do homage to the victor. Goaded by wounded pride, *Orsini* forms a conspiracy to stab *Rienzi* during the festivities which are in preparation.

Adriano hears the plot, and warns *Rienzi*, who consequently wears, when he appears at the festa, a steel breastplate.

This scene commences in an abandon of joyousness. The crowd cheers a pantomime, and knights fight in tourney.

Suddenly *Orsini* presses his way to *Rienzi's* side, and draws his knife. But *Rienzi* is saved by his breastplate. He sentences all the nobles to death, and the festa ends in tragedy. But *Adriano* pleads for his father's life, and finally *Rienzi* pardons all the conspirators on their oath of submission.

The third act is ushered in by alarm-bells. The nobles are again in insurrection; the people clamor for *Rienzi*, who appears, swearing to exterminate the faithless patricians. He goes out to victory, and presently the body of *Colonna* is borne past his son, *Adriano*, who forthwith deserts *Rienzi's* cause.

Adriano finds his opportunity for revenge in confirming a story which gains credence with the fickle Roman populace; he declares that *Rienzi* is a traitor to his country, and meant himself to become a noble through the marriage of his sister with *Adriano*.

Rienzi appears in a procession, marching toward church. As he places his foot on the steps, a malediction sounds from within the sanctuary. *Cardinal Raimondo* steps to the door and pronounces upon him the ban of excommunication. The nobles have won victory for their cause by an alliance with the Church.

In the hall of the capitol, *Rienzi* prays that his work for freedom may not be undone. *Irene* and *Adriano* enter, and *Rienzi* begs them to flee together from danger. But *Irene* refuses to desert her brother's cause. The noise outside the besieged capitol increases.

The scene shifts to the open square, where the populace, deaf to *Rienzi*, who from a balcony seeks to address them, sets fire to the capitol. *Adriano*, darting in and out among the mob, sees *Irene* arm in arm with her brother, within a huge flower of flame which curls about them.

Through the fire he rushes toward her; at that moment the capitol collapses, and he is caught with *Rienzi* and *Irene* in its ruins. The nobles turn upon the people, and with drawn swords cut them down like blades of grass.

WHERE ROOSEVELT USED THE PHRASE "THE STRENUOUS LIFE."

In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preeminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of **the strenuous life**—the life of toil and effort, of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

Theodore Roosevelt in a speech delivered before the Hamilton Club of Chicago, April 10, 1899.

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SYMBOLISM OF PLAYING-CARDS.

Soldier Arrested for Shuffling the Pasteboards in Church During Divine Service Won His Liberty by Convincing Magistrate That They May Be Utilized as Pages of a Prayer-Book.

If the devil invented playing-cards, as more than once has been asserted, he was a very cosmopolitan devil; for cards have been used in every country whose people were intelligent enough to play with them. There is evidence that the Egyptians played cards in the days of Joseph. Later, the Hebrews brought cards into Palestine when they returned from the Babylonian exile. The Chinese played cards at a period when western Europe was a wilderness inhabited by wild beasts and prowling barbarians. In India the pack contained ten suits, each being symbolic of an incarnation of Vishnu.

Europe got its cards, apparently, from the Orient, in the days of the Crusades—for your Crusader was a great gambler. In the European history of the pack we find that the cards have frequently been used as symbols, political or social. But no more remarkable card symbolism has ever been evolved than that which is described in the following brief narrative:

A private soldier by the name of Richard Doe was taken before a magistrate charged with playing cards during divine service.

It appears that a sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers, he took the text.

Those who had Bibles took them out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor Book of Common Prayer. Pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them before him.

The sergeant of the company saw him, and said:

"Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard.

When the service was over, a constable took Richard before a magistrate.

"Well," asked the magistrate, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Prisoner, what have you to say?"

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible nor Book of Common Prayer. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

And, spreading the cards before the magistrate, he began with the ace:

"When I see the ace, it reminds me there is but one God. When I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son. When I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. When I see the four-spot, it reminds me of the four evangelists—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

"When I meet the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps—there were ten, but only five were wise, while five were foolish and were shut out.

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day He rested from the great work He had created, and hallowed it.

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world—namely, Noah and his wife, with his three sons and their wives. When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour; there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks.

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on tables of stone. When I see the king, it reminds me of the King of Heaven, which is God Almighty.

"When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man. She brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys' apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the magistrate, "you have given a good description of all the cards but one."

"What is that?"

"The knave," said the magistrate.

"I will give your honor a description of that, too, if you will not be angry."

"I will not," said the magistrate, "if you do not term me to be the knave."

"Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here."

"I do not know," said the magistrate, "if he is the greatest knave, but I begin to think that he must have been a fool to arrest so devout a man."

"When I count the number of cards in a pack," continued the soldier, "I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks in a year; and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year; and on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So, you see, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, almanac, and prayer-book."

THE BATTLE OF THE "YATCHES."

The Rhythmical Lamentation of a British Tar On the Occasion of the Famous Victory of the Yankee Yacht America in English Waters.

In no branch of sport is there a trophy more valuable or highly cherished than that which is so dear to the hearts of American yachtsmen—the America's Cup. While the original cost of this celebrated piece of silverware was only about five hundred dollars, the expenses of fitting out challengers and defenders and maintaining them while in commission have aggregated many millions of dollars.

The cup was originally offered by the Royal Yacht Club and was won on August 22, 1851, by the American schooner-yacht America, which had as competitors no less than fourteen British yachts. The Yankee boat won by eighteen minutes, and her victory inspired a general feeling of chagrin among the owners and crews of the British boats who had regarded their nation as invincible in the yachting world. The following verses, published shortly after the America's victory, are said to have been written by a sailor on a British ship of war from which a view of the race had been obtained:

Oh, weep, ye British sailors true,
Above or under hatches,
Here's Yankee Doodle's been and come,
And beat our crackest yatches!
They started all to run a race,
And wor well timed with watches;
But oh! they never had no chance,
Had any of our yatches.

The Yankee she delayed at first,
Says they, "She'll never catch us,"
And flung up their tarpaulin hats—
The owners of the yatches!
But presently she walked along;
"Oh, dear," says they, "she'll match us!"
And stuck on their tarpaulin hats,
The builder of our yatches.

Then deep we plows along the sea,
The Yankee scarcely scratches;
And cracks on every stitch of sail
Upon our staggering yatches.
But one by one she passes us,
While bitterly we watches,
And utters imprecations on
The builder of our yatches.

And now she's quite hull down a-head,
Her sails like little patches,
For sand-barges and colliers we
May sell our boasted yatches.
We faintly hear the club-house gun—
The silver cup she snatches—
And all the English clubs are done,
The English clubs of yatches!

They say she didn't go by wind,
But wheels, and springs, and satches;
And that's the way she weathered on
Our quickest-going yatches.
But them's all lies, I'm bound to say—
Although they're told by batches—
'Twas bulk of hull, and cut of sail,
That did for all our yatches.

But novelty, I hear them say,
Fresh novelty still hatches!
The Yankee yatch the keels will lay
Of many new club yatches.
And then we'll challenge Yankee land,
From Boston Bay to Natchez,
To run their crackest craft agin
Our spick-and-span new yatches.

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Wit and Cruelty as Allies.

The Temptation to be Clever at Another's Expense is so Irresistible That
Whenever We Find a Modern *Bon Mot* We See a Victim
Picking Up Pieces of His Shattered Egotism.

It is almost a proverb that a witty person is also a cruel one. True wit does not need to be caustic; but it is so much easier to be clever at some one's expense than in any other way, that the person with a reputation to sustain for saying witty things will fall into the habit of sarcasm very readily if his heart is not particularly kind.

The Parson's Suggestion.

It is related of a famous English clergyman that when presiding at a meeting where the necessity of wood-paving a street in his parish was under discussion he became greatly disgusted at the want of intelligence displayed by many of those present. Finally, unable to control the annoyance which a more than usually frivolous objection occasioned him, he said:

"Gentlemen, do not let us discuss the matter further. You have only to put your heads together and the thing is done at once."

Lamb's Unkind Thrust.

Charles Lamb, than whom no gentler or kinder-hearted wit ever breathed, at times found it impossible to restrain himself from the personal; as, for instance, when he covered a friend with shame at a whist-party by blurting out:

"Gad, James, if—if dirt were t-t-trumps, what a hand you would have!"

A Weighty Politician.

A personal *bon mot*, perpetrated at the expense of the late Sir William Harcourt, is harmless enough:

"You must admit that he is a most weighty politician," insisted one of his admirers.

"A weighty politician!" said an irreverent one. "I should think so! When he moves to the east the west tips up."

Religiously Personal.

"Sir," said a little blustering man to a religious opponent—"I say, sir, do you know to what sect I belong?"

"Well, I don't exactly know," was the answer, "but to judge from your make, shape, and size, I should say you belong to a class called the in-sect."

A Beggar's Benison.

An Irish beggarwoman, following a gentleman who had had the misfortune to lose his nose, kept exclaiming:

"Heaven preserve your honor's eyesight!"

The gentleman was at last annoyed at her importunity, and said:

"Why do you wish my eyesight to be preserved? Nothing ails my eyesight, nor is likely to."

"No, your honor," said the Irishwoman, "but it will be a sad thing if it does, for you will have nothing to rest your spectacles upon."

Hard Hit by Napoleon.

When Napoleon was only an officer of artillery a Prussian officer said in his presence, with much pride:

"My countrymen fight only for glory, but Frenchmen for money."

"You are right," replied Napoleon; "each of them fights for what he is most in want of."

A Triumph for Billingsgate.

The Rev. Matthew Wilkes, a celebrated London preacher, was caught in a shower in the famous Billingsgate Market, where the profanity of the women who sell fish there is proverbial. As he stopped under a shed among them, he felt called upon to at least give his testimony against their wickedness.

"Don't you think," said he, speaking with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, "I shall appear as a swift witness against you in the day of judgment?"

"I presume so," said one, "for the biggest rogue always turns state's evidence."

David vs. Goliath.

Lord Roberts once found himself among new friends in a London club. There was a very tall man present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense.

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On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked:

"I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen only with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied:

"I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

An American Woman's Retort.

Lord Sackville was never much of a lover of America, and what love he ever had was considerably affected by his dismissal in disgrace as British ambassador in President Cleveland's administration.

Some time after his return he was a guest of honor at a dinner which was also attended by Lady Randolph Churchill, now Mrs. Cornwallis West, who is an American. His lordship did not air his personal grievances, but he lost no opportunity of decrying everything American. He was especially severe upon American table manners.

"Do you know," he remarked, "that I have seen Americans eating with their knives and spilling their soup on the table-cloth?"

Lady Randolph's eyes had flashed several times during the dinner, but this was a little too much. She leaned quietly toward the distinguished diplomat and remarked, in her cool, sarcastic voice:

"What poor letters of recommendation you must have had, my lord!"

Silencing the Surgeon.

At a certain dinner-table with General Miles, one night, was a distinguished Washington surgeon, who listened with a certain air of superiority to some of the soldier's reminiscences of various experiences during the Civil War.

"And how do you feel, general," he finally asked, with just a touch of sarcasm, "after you've professionally killed a man?"

"Oh," replied General Miles, "I dare say I don't mind doing that any more than you do."

Thomas Lawson's Sharp Tongue.

A Marblehead fisherman reports hearing, while out one day in the bay, this bit of repartee between Thomas Lawson and a young woman, evidently no respecter of persons.

As Mr. Lawson, in a naphtha launch, passed the rowboat containing the girl, she called out:

"Hullo, Tom, how's copper?"

Instantly came the retort: "First-rate. How's brass?"

The Deacon Smelled Sulfur.

Old Deacon Morse was as good at repartee as any man living. One time he was taking a vessel down New York Harbor. Another vessel collided with his, and the two drifted on together.

"Cut loose! Cut loose!" called the other captain.

Morse couldn't, but demanded that the other do so. This the stranger wouldn't do, but he warned Morse that if he didn't they would soon reach Hell Gate.

"Well," replied Morse, "you won't stop at the gate if you don't cut loose from us in about two minutes!"

Laying Up Treasure for Heaven.

Francis Baylies, an historian of note, on returning from a church meeting one Thanksgiving Day, met Nicholas Tillinghast, one of the most humorous and also one of the most eloquent of the members of the Bristol County bar, in the sitting-room of an hotel.

In the course of the conversation which ensued Mr. Baylies said to Mr. Tillinghast:

"I have deposited a ten-cent piece in the contribution-box, to be placed on interest until I reach heaven."

Mr. Tillinghast replied:

"Ah, yes! That will amount to a very large sum before you will be admitted there."

Tact of Disraeli.

When it was more expedient to evade a question than to give a definite answer, Disraeli could do so with consummate tact. A story illustrative of this is told in the "Memoirs of Mary Duchess of Teck."

The great statesman was very fond of the princess, and admired her grasp of political problems; but he never allowed himself to be charmed into telling cabinet secrets.

One evening at dinner, during a crisis in foreign affairs, Princess Mary, who was puzzled at the inaction of the government, turned to him and said:

"What are we waiting for, Mr. Disraeli?"

The prime minister paused for a moment to take up the menu, and, looking at the princess, gravely replied:

"Mutton and potatoes, madam."

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A HOROSCOPE OF THE MONTHS.

By MARION Y. BUNNER.

What the Astrological Traditions Have to Say of the Characteristics and the Destiny of Those Born Under the Sign "Leo."

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

LEO: THE LION.

JULY 24 to AUGUST 23.

CUSP: RUNS JULY 22 to JULY 28.

The constellation Leo—the fifth sign of the zodiac, and the middle point of the magnet of the Fire Triplicity—is a masculine, fiery, changeable, northern sign, governing the heart and blood of life. The higher attributes are belief and self-control.

Persons born under this sign are kind-hearted, sympathetic, and jovial. The willpower is firm, and is combined with enterprise and perseverance. Their bearing is perfectly natural and without self-consciousness. They are animated and convincing talkers, and excel in repartee. They always make a point, and never fail to see one.

Leo gives to those born under its influence a lofty mind, a spirit of fair play, an unbending dignity, and a generous heart. While they have a great respect for law and authority, their imperious and independent nature causes them to feel resentment when commanded.

The special aptitudes of the subject will be of a martial character. They make many friends to whom they are devotedly attached, and who frequently impose upon them. Their actions are guided by their impulses and emotions.

Leo people are steadfast, virile, proud, and liberal, with great brilliancy that may render them egotistical and presumptuous. The temper is kindly though firm, courageous, and magnanimous.

Those born under this sign are likely to have strong, wiry bodies, round heads, light complexions, keen perceptive faculties, deep, mellow voices, and friendly expressions of the eyes. They walk with a quick, buoyant step.

Their physical temperament will be nervous-sanguine, with remarkably fine health and a long life.

They will find their most congenial friends, first, among Sagittarius people; next, among those born under Libra and Aries.

The faults of these persons are trickery in business affairs, prevarication, and laziness. They are chronic borrowers. They are hot-headed, impetuous, fiery, and passionate. Leo is the only sign governed by the sun, and to this solar influence is ascribed the passion and impetuosity of its subjects.

A union with a person born in Sagittarius or in Aries is likely to be most happy and to produce the strongest offspring. Leo children are quick to observe any duplicity or inconsistency on the part of those around them, and will meet it with corresponding hypocrisy and a deep cunning.

The gems are the ruby, diamond, and sardonyx. The astral colors are red and green. The flower is the morning-glory, the one which responds most readily to the influence of the sun. The lucky months for a Leo subject are January and October. Sunday is traditionally the most fortunate day of the week.

The ancient Hebrew tribe over which Leo has rule is that of Joseph. The ruling angel of the sign is Verchiel.

August, originally Sextilis, the sixth month in the pre-Julian Roman year, received its present name from the Emperor Augustus, in the year 8 B.C. August was selected, not as being his natal month, but because in it his greatest good fortune had come to him, and it is a rather curious example of the irony of fate that he should have died August 29, 14 A.D.

As July contained thirty-one days, and August only thirty, another day was added, in order that Augustus might not be in any respect inferior to Julius Cæsar, his predecessor, in whose honor the month of July was named.

Napoleon Bonaparte, Sir Walter Scott, General Ballington Booth, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland were born under Leo, and are good examples of the soldierly, commanding characteristics, and the ability to make friends, of the sign.

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