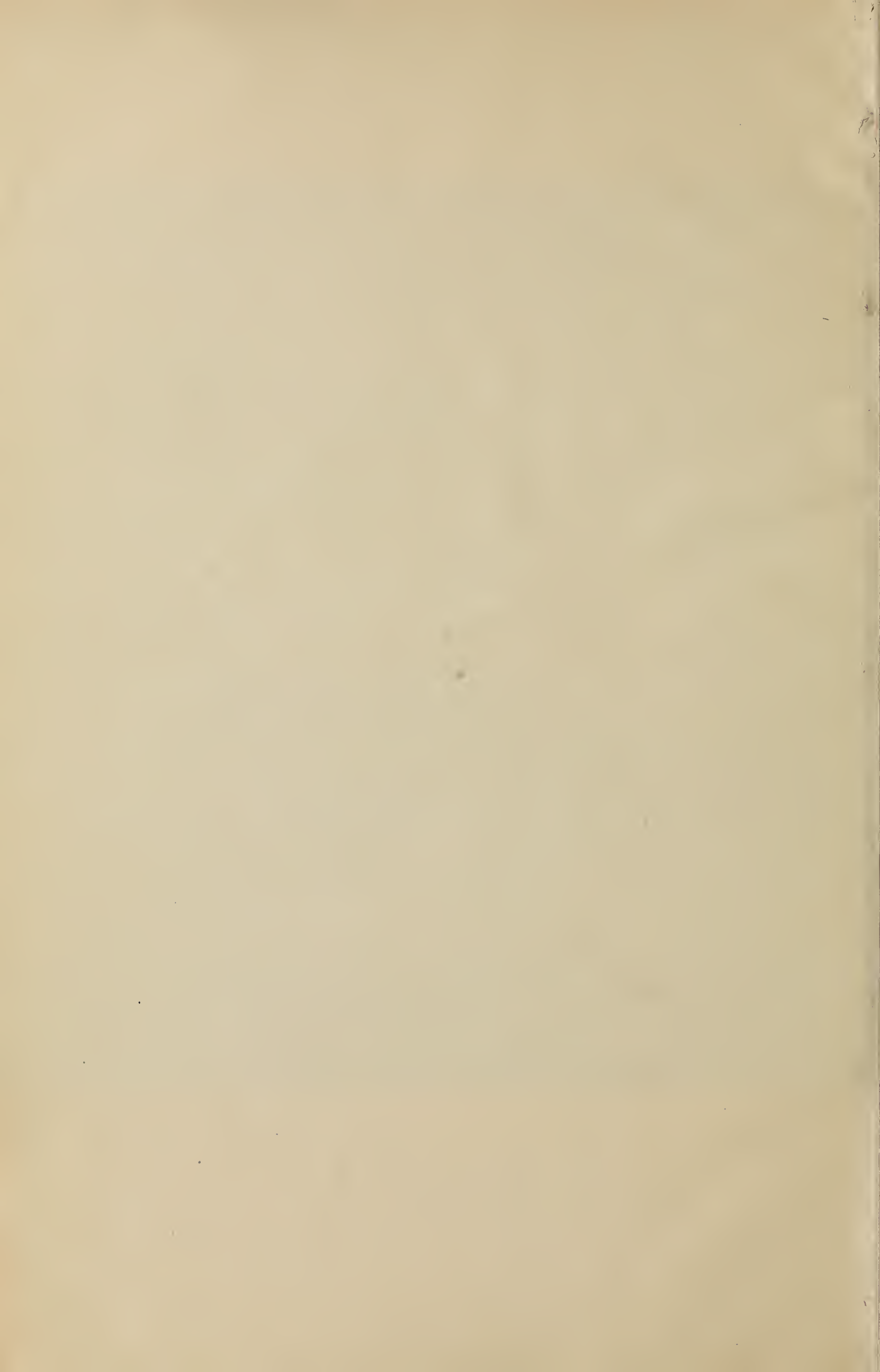


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DURING THE FAIR.

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# THE PELLETT.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, APRIL 16, 1872.

Alfred Mudge & Son, Printers, 34 School Street.

WE do not regard the reader of THE PELLETT with that cold and calculating eye which editors usually fix upon their subscribers. He is not a person upon whose dollar we have a sordid and selfish design ; he is a co-worker with us in a noble charity, and we purpose at this time and in this place to take him frankly into our confidence. If anything goes wrong in the editorial sanctum, — the precise locality of which is something of a mystery to us, — the reader shall hear of it. If one editor insists on writing all the best things and doing all the hard work, the reader's moral influence shall be promptly invoked to suppress him. If a stout contributor, with a heavy cane, drops down upon us to inquire about that typographical error which occurred in his article, the reader shall be called in to preserve the peace and the editors. If we get into trouble with our poets, — but that is not possible. In short, we shall share our perplexities and our tribulations with the gentle reader, and shall not hesitate to draw upon his interest and friendliness in drafts to suit our convenience. In the mean while, we have nothing but the pleasantest of matters to communicate. We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank the various writers who have so generously responded to our call for literary contributions. To give from the superfluity of one's purse is good ; but to give in that coin which, when genuine, is produced only by the most exhausting toil, is the finest sort of charity. We trust and believe that the sympathetic men and women who have sent us such gold, will be rewarded in some way like the widow in the eastern story, who, having given her last sequin to the sick man, finds the other end of her purse full of diamonds.

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WE are indebted to Mr. McCleary for many curious extracts from the old records of Boston, which, we believe, have never before been printed.

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THE interesting statement and translation on the seventh page, in relation to the early use of anæsthetics, is contributed by Mr. Longfellow.

## OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

WE do not think that any intelligent person, who is at all familiar with the policy heretofore pursued by this paper, can, with any show of reason, accuse us of assuming a dictatorial tone in our treatment of governmental questions. While we have always held ourselves free to express independent opinions upon the questions of the day, and to that end have steadily refused to accept any office of emolument under the government, we have sought to lead the administration in the path of duty by taking high, general, moral ground ; in other words, by appealing to its reason instead of its fears.

It was once well said by somebody that wealth was a duty as well as a privilege. There are times when it is the duty of the independent press to speak out ; when to remain silent would be criminal. In what we have to say at this time upon the complicated state of our foreign relations, we disclaim any feeling against individuals. We have the kindest personal feelings for President Grant and Queen Victoria. That they have made serious mistakes in government few will deny ; but we honestly believe that those mistakes were the result of bad judgment and not positive wilfulness. Of their secretaries — Mr. Fish and Earl Granville — we think that public opinion will sustain us in saying almost as much. Fish, who has been a general favorite during the lenten season, is a finished gentleman ; and from what we have heard of Granville, we are led to believe that he has many gentlemanly qualities. It is not enough, however, that they are gentlemen. George the Fourth was a gentleman, — except to his wife.

Disclaiming, as we have said, all personal feelings in this matter, we propose to hold those who are responsible for the present disturbed state of the relations between the two countries to a strict account.

We have given the subject a good deal of attention, and we have satisfied ourselves that Great Britain ought to pay some damages for something. As long as we get the money, "it's of no consequence," as Mr. Toots would remark, whether it is paid for consequential damages or inconsequential damages. Now Fish ought to stick his pen under his gills, and just settle down on that point. By entering into a correspondence with Granville, he will eventually be drawn into a net. Supposing Granville gets Fish to say he does'nt want any consequential damages. Granville goes before the Geneva Board and says, "Gentlemen, Fish has acknowledged that he is not entitled to consequential damages from us ; then, gentlemen, if he is here for anything, it must be for inconsequential damages, and that is absurd."

The foreign members of the board will overhaul their Webster Unabridged [N. B. Copies of this valuable work generously contributed by the publishers are for sale at the book table — No. — Music Hall], and come to the conclusion that the American claim is not well grounded.

Let Fish see to this, and not be caught by a gilded gudgeon.

We had intended to say something about the relations with Russia, but our limited space forbids any discussion of that important subject to-day. When we do take it up, we shall have to deal very severely with M. Catacazy. Consideration for his family has alone deterred us from doing this before.

SOME years ago an honest citizen of Newburyport, who had acquired a competence by hard work, was appointed by His Excellency a Justice of the Peace. The appointment, which had been unsolicited, was regarded by him as a very great honor, and he determined to make himself worthy of it by retiring from active business and giving his attention to books. His first purchase was a copy of the General Statutes; his next a volume of the plays of Shakespeare, about whom, as he told his wife confidentially, he had heard the big guns say a good deal. The great poet produced a powerful impression upon him. "I don't suppose," he said, speaking of it afterwards to his friends, "there are twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book."

"Cæsar transiit Alpes summâ diligentîâ."  
Cæsar crossed the Alps on top of a coach.

"Nemo mortalium horam omnibus sapit."  
No mortal knows when the omnibus starts.

"Exegi monumentum ære perennius."  
*Horatius F.*

Behold a monument unequalled in brass.

*Horace G.*

THE letter from Bombay, printed in this number, gives some account of social life among the Parsees, which will be found highly entertaining. The firm of Dossabhoy, Merwanjee and Company, at whose house our correspondent was entertained, is almost as well known to our merchants as the Barings.

THE author of "Une petite Boule pour les Jeunes Filles," is requested to inform the editors where a proof can be sent.

BISMARCK appears to be no respecter of parsons.

MR. SAFFORD has also investigated the proper motive of Sirius in declination, and has obtained an interesting confirmation of Bessel's hypothesis, that this star revolves around an invisible companion in its near vicinity. — *President Felton's Annual Report.*

Pretty doings are these for a well behaved star !  
A very decided and marked "declination" ;  
Who would have thought in those regions of light,  
To meet with a case of suppressed conjugation ?

To keep a young asteroid, blooming and sweet,  
Hid away from our sight in some harem celestial,  
Is conduct decidedly churlish and wrong,  
Even when tried by a standard terrestrial.

On Earth it is true, that a long-hidden wife  
Turns up now and then, to her husband's confusion ;  
But taste and good morals agree to proclaim,  
Invisible wives an unfit institution.

The rich, ruddy gleam which we see in your face,  
Is nought more or less than a flag of confession ;  
A secular blush that for ages has glowed  
On your cheek at the thought of your secret transgression.

Now, Sirius, think what a Bluebeard you are,  
When all the young stars the blue vault are gemming,  
To keep that sweet creature imprisoned at home  
Darning a sock, or a handkerchief hemming.

Do not flatter yourself that misconduct like this  
Any longer can hope to escape prompt detection ;  
For Safford and Tuttle are spying about,  
With glasses that note every starry deflection.

She is young for a star, and pretty — of course ;  
A star in her teens — soft, blushing and tender ;  
Lead her forth to our gaze : let the dark see her light,  
Enrich the blue vault with her tremulous splendor.

No longer presume as a bachelor orb,  
Gentle wishes to wake by a stellar flirtation ;  
Bring out from her cell that invisible girl,  
And set her in front of the bright congregation.

GEO. S. HILLARD.

NO mortal has a right to wag his tongue, much less to wag his pen, without saying something. He knows not what mischief he does, past computation, — scattering words without meaning, to afflict the whole world yet before they cease. For thistle-down flies abroad on all winds and airs of wind, — idle thistles, idle dandelions, and other idle products of Nature, or the human mind, — propagate themselves in that way, like to cover the face of the earth, — did not a man's indignant providence, with reaper hook, with rake, with autumnal steel and tinder, intervene. It is frightful to think how every idle volume flies abroad like an idle globular downbeard, embryo of new millions ; every word of it a potential seed of infinite new downbeards and volumes : for the mind of man is voracious, is feracious ; germinative, above all things, of the downbeard species. — *Carlyle.*

## A HOMŒOPATHIC CONVERSAZIONE.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

"BUT I promised the editor of THE PELLET that I would write for him if the mercury stood below 98° in the shade."

"I must admit," said the doctor, "that in this climate there might have been more consideration for me in such a promise than would appear at first sight in the month of January, to the unreflective mind. I wore my summer overcoat yesterday. Nevertheless —"

"The thermometer was 5° below at breakfast time," said Mädchen.

"And a couple of pages will do," said I.

"Not a couple of lines!" said the doctor.

"But I pledged my professional word and honor."

"That is of no consequence," said the doctor.

"To be sure, I have n't anything to say, that I think of, particularly."

"That is of no consequence," said Mädchen; "pray don't allow that to stand in the way."

I can stand the doctor.

A certain amount of ferocity is a necessity to success in the profession, and I swallow a mental blow or a moral stab from the doctor along with the aconite and bryonia, as a matter of course. But when Mädchen goes over to the enemy, the most abject influenza recoils and rebels.

"I have long been desiring and intending," said I, with as much severity and hauteur as can be assumed by an individual prone upon the lounge, sweltered in three shawls, two clouds, a hood, a tippet, a soapstone, and a sense of having no back-hair, "to address the State of Massachusetts upon the subject of —"

"Wait, and put it into a poem in the 'Spring Talma,'" observed the doctor.

"Or the 'Walls of Zion,'" hummed Mädchen, soothingly.

"The fact that I should have had a brain fever next week, if I had n't been a homœopathist this, does not, so far as I can see," said I, sternly, "exempt my friends and physicians from regard to the ordinary etiquette of healthy and cultivated, even allopathic society; and any further interruptions shall be —"

"To address the State of Massachusetts?" suggested Mädchen, cajolingly.

Condescending to take the bait, for the sake of making the point, I began again.

"Upon the subject of opportunities of medical education for women." It was of no consequence, he supposed, the doctor said, that no such opportunities (homœopathic) existed in the State for men?

"Not the least in the world. Nothing would please me better than to see our school of medicine exhibit, at one grand stroke of unparalleled justice, that candor and consideration, the lack of which we have had such preëminent occasion to observe in the head and heart of old school society. Nothing would put us upon a better, and truer, and, I will not omit to say, more politic footing, with the influential inhabitants of the millennial era, than to give women the first chance at our first educational advantages."

"While waiting for that imminent occasion, shall we send our young men to Germany or allopathy?" de-

manded the doctor with forced calmness; "or, shall we not have any young men?"

"We will take our young men," I returned, with the lofty serenity and sense of superiority to the common altitude of the world's opinions, which a suddenly-murdered cold in the head always induces in a right-minded homœopathist, — "we will take our young men into a summer course of study. They have the stronger constitution to start with, and can more easily than their sisters, endure the Boston summer. You shall lecture to us in the winter and to them in the summer. We will admit their names into the catalogues, if there are enough of them, and they pass an equally satisfactory examination with ourselves and give evidence of good moral character and accurate spelling. We will neither exclude nor maltreat them. They shall pass to and fro from the lecture-room uninsulted; and consultation with them shall not be made a breach of our code of ethics. Once grant us the benefit of the endowments, and we can afford to share them with male doctors, I think you will find, in a magnanimous and lady-like manner. The physicians of the future will unquestionably be women —"

"Your pulse, if you please!" said the doctor suddenly, starting.

"The physicians of the future will be mainly women. Two-thirds of your patients, to-day, sir, are women and children. Two-thirds of the educated physicians of the great to-morrow, will be women. That school which most generously educates its *women* will have the *prestige* with posterity. Massachusetts homœopathists are behind the homœopathic age. In Cleveland, women and men have combined their individual colleges into one successful institution. In Philadelphia the Hahnemann college has this very week opened its doors to women students, offering the old standard advantages and the complete and identical course of lectures to women, in a spring and summer term. In New York, a homœopathic hospital for women is about to be founded, as the result of the personal efforts of a young medical student, a lady.

When Boston begins to educate her own homœopathists, let her begin in a royal Boston way. Let us raise \$150,000. Let us tax the best educating skill in the country. Let us court our first feminine, and deal justly by our first masculine, talent. Let us perpetuate our hospital by the connection with a permanent institution. Let us build the college —"

"Miss Mädchen," said the doctor at this point, in his death-bed whisper, "Another tumbler, if you please. The symptoms disappoint me. I never knew delirium to set in so suddenly on such a pulse. If belladonna does not relieve the patient by nine o'clock, I should like to be called again."

"However," said Mädchen, returning to her allegiance when the doctor's sleigh-bells had fairly tinkled out of hearing, "I took notes."

WHAT Secretary Fish said when he heard that M. Cataczy had been snubbed by his august master: —

"There is something in the misfortunes of our best friends which does not wholly displease us."

A SOCIAL CALL UPON THE FIRE WORK-SHIPERS.

BOMBAY, January 11th.

MY DEAR EDITORS:—In the days when we puzzled over those marvellous tales of quaint John Mandeville, I little dreamed that I should ever visit any of the “Iles that ben abouten Inde.” But, borne by favoring breezes and angry gales past the enchanting purple hills of Madeira, southward through the sultry tropics where the southern cross gleams low, past the Cape of Good Hope, about which we were tossed and tumbled so remorselessly by turbulent seas, northward through waters animate with numberless living creatures, we reached at last the shores of Bombay. I have been here almost three months, and every day the skies have been cloudless, and the evenings delightfully cool. We have driven somewhere about the island almost every evening, and I am sure you will wish to know something of the people one sees in these crowded, bewildering streets. They are truly cosmopolitan; and Jew, Arabian, Chinese, Hindu and Turk, with others of every nationality, seem equally at home.

The Parsees are to me the most interesting. Many of them can speak English very well, and as they are less exclusive and superstitious than the Hindus, they serve as a convenient medium in the transaction of business between the natives and Europeans.

Long years ago, their ancestors were driven from Persia by invading Mohammedans, and found here an asylum. Though they live in friendly relations with the Hindus, they preserve strictly the distinctions of their caste, and their peculiar traits and belief as Zoroastrians. For the Mohammedans, they cherish bitter contempt and hatred.

The Parsee gentleman is quite imposing in appearance, with his white garments and shining turban, as he rides along the esplanade in his comfortable carriage. He has an intelligent face, full, dark eyes, and Jewish nose. Most of them are quite ambitious of adopting European customs. Shoes and stockings are coming into general use; but I blush to relate, that, with only one or two exceptions, I have never seen them without an irreparable hole in the heel. Meanwhile, the wife sits at home embroidering in velvet and jewels, gorgeous caps for her children, gossiping with female friends, or preparing with scrupulous nicety food for her husband.

Parsee ladies, with their dark pathetic eyes and clear olive skin, are often very pretty, in spite of their ungraceful dress and the inevitable white linen band about the head, concealing their hair entirely, and giving the impression of an epidemical headache. It is quite out of character for them to be seen in public with their lords; but if they are very good they are allowed to ride or visit among themselves occasionally. When the youthful Parsee marries the one chosen by his parents, he does not go to a separate home of his own, but remains under the paternal roof; and thus it happens that the family often numbers thirty or forty members. The oldest woman rules the others in the domestic *ménage*, and I think it quite remarkable that discord is said to be the exception.

There is great uniformity in the termination of Parsee names; most of them ending in *jee* and *bhoy*. I have before me a card of invitation to a fair held at the house of

one of the wealthy Parsees, who bears the name of Venayeckrow Jugonnathjee Sunkersett. Unfortunately, it occurred on Sunday evening, and I could not attend. We have had, however, a very pleasant little visit at the house of Dossabhoy, Merwanjee & Co. We were invited especially to see the children of the family, by the uncle, Cursetjee Wadia, who has since died. He was a kindly old man; very fond and proud of “his children,” as he called them all; and he was evidently looked upon with great veneration and love by the whole family. Passing up a long flight of stone steps, and through dark passages, we were received very courteously by our host. There is a dreary, homeless appearance about all these houses, however fine the surroundings, which quite oppresses one. The extreme dampness of the atmosphere during the southwest monsoons, and the dust of the dry season, soon discolor and deface all the buildings, and make walls, furniture, and everything look gray and dingy. The Bombay furniture is of dark wood, similar to walnut, very elaborately carved. Our friends, however, were particularly happy in the possession of chairs of American manufacture, a swinging cradle in which “Baba” cooed and frolicked, and some settees on which two or three of the women sat uneasily. Poor things! they were used to sitting Turkish fashion on their couches, and evidently felt ill at ease. They could not speak a word of English, and as we were not introduced to them, there was some difficulty in making friendly advances. They were gorgeous in yellow china silk and silver lace; one of them fairly glittering with jewels,—an emerald necklace, ear-rings, bracelets, and rings numberless. I have never seen a Parsee woman wearing those hideous nose jewels, which so disfigure their Hindu sisters.

The children are bright, active little creatures, not at all rude, or ill-behaved. They were resplendent in their embroidery. The pattern of their garment is simple enough, being a single piece of silk folded once and sewed together at the sides, leaving places for the arms to pass through, and an opening cut at the top large enough to admit the head, and tied at the throat. Its ornamentation is very elaborate, however, being often completely covered with birds and flowers, beautifully wrought. They all wear little caps covered with figures in gold tinsel, and often valuable gems. This dress they wear until they reach the age of eight years, when, with religious ceremonies, they are invested with the sacred girdle and garments of maturity.

The future fate of “Baba” in her cradle was beginning to exercise the minds of her relatives; and her father told me he was making arrangements for her betrothal to his brother’s son, a child of four years. It would not probably be consummated until she was eight years old. A pretty, sprightly little miss of that advanced age was presented to us as affianced, wearing the betrothal jewels and crimson mantle received that day from her father-in-law. She displayed her pearl ear-rings, bracelets, etc., with infinite complacency, seeming to think the whole affair very jolly and nice. The concluding marriage ceremony does not usually take place before the age of fourteen, although it may at any time after the betrothal, if the interested parties choose. The opening phrase in the service performed by the priest, strikes me as particularly funny;

especially as the poor Babas are mere puppets in this little drama. It is this: "Know ye that ye two have liked each other, and have therefore come together," etc.

But to return to our entertainment. We had admired and caressed the children, till our host was quite assured of our appreciation; had allowed them to examine our watches to their heart's content; had listened to the extent of their attainments in the English language,—which was the very American "thank you,"—and had examined the fine collection of five hundred photographs, and were beginning to feel that the resources were nearly exhausted, when, much to our satisfaction, in walked those ever-welcome cheats, the Boras, with their attendant servants, bringing huge boxes containing treasures of sandal wood, cashmeres, ivory, precious stones, rich needle-work from Delhi; in short, enough to turn the brain of any woman.

It is neither convenient nor agreeable to go shopping in the bazar; so these travelling merchants are always on the watch, and besiege the house or hotel where they see a stranger enter. There is a perfect fascination about their wares on one's first arrival here; but woe to his purse if he puts the slightest faith in their honesty or veracity. I had already been victimized by offering just one half the proposed price of sundry articles, and resolved on no more purchases unadvised by proper authorities; so I was not sorry to meet them where they would scarcely attempt imposition. We amused ourselves some time with the "barbaric splendor" of their goods. The senior member of the Dossabhoj house has had great experience in cashmere shawls, and told me many interesting things connected with their manufacture. An English importer of India shawls, in Liverpool, told me that he "Never heard any one but an American speak of camel's hair shawls,"—a statement that quite exasperated me at the time, and I looked for something from our Parsee authority to sustain the national honor on that question, but failed in getting any information concerning them. He knew of none made from any material but the wool of the cashmere sheep, which varies greatly in quality.

One young man belonging to this family has studied four years in London, travelled on the continent and lived eighteen months in the States. He is fine looking, intelligent, and agreeable in manners. We often meet him, and I quite respect his taste when he pronounces "Boston the most civilized city he visited in America." After cakes and wine, he made a neat little speech, regretting their present social customs which forbade our entertainment in their families, in the free and hospitable manner of our own country, and ended with earnest wishes for the education and social elevation of Parsee ladies; predicting that the time was not far distant when they would be fitted for, and assume, their proper relations in family and society.

During all this, his female relatives, whoever they were, sat gazing at him with a listless, vacant look, not knowing, of course, a word he said, and caring quite as little.

Our host then sprinkled us all profusely with rose water from a silver vase, and gave to each guest a little triangular packet of betel and cardamon seeds wrapped in gold leaf. This is called *pan soparee*, and is supposed to possess a protective charm. Then he presented each lady with a bouquet of lovely roses, and a vial of attar. Bowing

low, he took the hand of each departing guest in both his own, expressing simply his pride and pleasure in our visit. And so we left him, laden with fragrant memories.

MRS. J. L. JORDAN.

### ANÆSTHESIA.

THE use of anæsthetics in surgical operations is far more ancient than most people imagine. The following extract from Du Bartas, shows the idea to have been familiar to the minds of men as early as the sixteenth century.

The Sieur du Bartas, poet, Huguenot and captain in the army of Henry of Navarre, was born in 1544, and died in 1590, from wounds received at the battle of Ivry. His chief work is "La Sepmaine, or the Week of the Creation of the World," which was translated into English by Joshua Sylvester, "gentleman of Kent." From this translation, the extract is made, the old orthography being preserved. The subject is the Creation of Eve.

Even as a Surgeon, minding off-to-cut,  
Some cureless limb, before in use he put  
His Violent Engins on the vicious member,  
Bringieth his Patient in a senseless slumber,  
And griefless then, (guided by Use and Art,)  
To save the whole, sawes off th' infested part;  
So God empal'd our Grandsire's lively look,  
Through all his bones a deadly chilness strook,  
Siel'd up his sparkling eyes with Iron bands,  
Led down his feet (almost,) to Leithe's sands,  
In briefe, so numm'd his Soule's and Bodie's sense,  
That (without pain) opening his side, from thence  
He took a rib, which rarely he refined,  
And thereof made the Mother of Mankinde.

### CYPRIS TO ADONIS.

FROM BION.

STRETCHING her arms far out, she groaned, "O, linger Adonis!  
Linger, ill-starred Adonis, that one last time I may meet thee,  
That I may clasp thee about, and lips with lips may commingle!  
Rouse thee a little, Adonis, and kiss me even this last time;  
Kiss me with what faint life thou still hast left in thy kisses,  
Yea, till the breath of thy soul shall enter my mouth,—till it even  
Glides to my heart, and I drain that sweet love-charm thou possessest,  
Drinking thy love all out; and O! this kiss shall be hoarded,  
As 't were Adonis himself, since thou, ill-fated, dost fly me!  
Far thou fleest, Adonis, and unto Acheron goest,—  
Unto the ruthless abhorred king; but I am a goddess;  
I, woe's me! live on, and cannot thither pursue thee.  
Thou, Perséphonê, take my spouse; for thou in thy realm art  
Mightier far than me, and all fair things are thy portion!  
Ay, I am utterly hapless, and have insatiate sorrow;  
I am distraught with grief, lamenting Adonis, my lost one.  
O, thou hast died, thrice longed-for, and fled as a dream in my  
longing!  
Stricken is Cytherea,—the Loves are forlorn in her chamber.  
Now, at thy death withal, my girdle is powerless; rash one,  
Why must thou hunt? ah, why, so fair, wouldst strive with a  
monster?"  
Thus mourned Cypris aloud; the Loves re-echo the wailing;  
*Alas! alas, Cytherea, the fair Adonis has perished.*

—EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

WE had hoped to present a complete list of the preliminary entertainments which have been given in aid of the various tables, for the sake of showing what an unprecedented amount of effort has been devoted to the preparations for the fair; but we are unable to do so in this number. From the data received we have made up a partial statement which may be of some interest. Three entertainments were given in aid of the Dorchester table, the first consisting of the reading of *Midsummer-Night's Dream* by a club of ladies and gentlemen, and instrumental and vocal music by Mr. B. J. Lang, and a corps of assistants,—yielding \$332; the second, a vocal concert at the residence of Daniel B. Steadman, Esq., yielding \$300; and the third, a tea party at Lyceum Hall, which yielded about \$100.

In aid of Mrs. J. H. Woodbury's table, Boston, four parties were given,—a masquerade, a domino, a calico, and a pillow-case party,—netting altogether, \$420. A private theatrical entertainment, given for Mrs. Ahlborn's table, Boston, at the hall of the Young Men's Christian Union, yielded \$300. A concert in Lyceum Hall, Cambridge; a reading at Brackett's Hall, by the Hon. Mr. Murray, British Consul at Portland, with singing by Miss Gates and the Highland Quartette; and a lecture at the Wesleyan Hall, by the Rev. Dr. Stockbridge, and singing by Mrs. Barry, netted altogether about \$300 for the table of Mrs. George A. P. Darling, Boston. Three entertainments were given in aid of the Malden table,—a concert, realizing \$125; a lecture by Mr. Fred. Grant, \$100; and a dramatic entertainment, \$62. From a private concert in aid of the Cambridge table, at the residence of Mrs. Mickell, \$52 were secured; a lecture on Thomas Carlyle, by Mr. Henry James, yielded \$53; and another concert, at the house of Mrs. W. R. Fletcher, brought \$55 into the treasury of that table. A theatrical entertainment, by children of New Bedford, yielded \$50, and an entertainment by Harvard students, \$97, for the table from that city.

A masquerade party, under the direction of Mrs. Asa Cottrell, in aid of the Lexington tables, netted \$50. A concert was given for the Andover tables, from which the proceeds were \$300. For the Brookline table a concert and private theatricals, "Scenes from Dickens," were given at a private residence,—profits over \$300. In Chelsea, six entertainments have been given,—a parlor concert at the house of Mrs. R. S. Frost; the second, a coffee party at the house of Mrs. Frank B. Fay; the third, a musical entertainment with readings at Ricker's Hall; the fourth, a dancing party at Granite Hall; the fifth, a Dolly Varden dancing party at the same hall, and the sixth, an operatic entertainment. The first four alone yielded \$500, net. An exhibition of tableaux in aid of the Hingham table yielded \$35, and a parlor reading by Professor Snyder, at the house of Dr. J. H. Woodbury, in this city, for the benefit of the same table, brought in net proceeds of \$50. Several entertainments were given for the benefit of the East Boston table, viz.: instrumental music by Junius Hill, and readings by J. F. Blackinton, at the house of Dr. E. F. Spaulding, net profits \$41.50; tableaux, \$74.37; fancy dress party at the residence of Mrs. William

Dudley, about \$70; a musical party at Sylvanus Smith's residence, net \$41.

Under the management of Geo. M. Baker, a series of amateur theatricals in aid of the Homœopathic Fair have been carried out with great success. The first series was projected by Mrs. Dr. L. Macfarland, and were given at the Doctor's residence, No. 2 East Brookline street, on the evenings of March 19, 21, 23. The plays performed were: "The Ladies' Battle," and the farce of "Betsey Baker," by "The Harvards," on the 19th; "Bread on the Waters" and "Nan the Good for Nothing," on the 21st; and "All is not Gold that Glitters." Among the leading performers were H. C. Barnabee, Mrs. Sweet, Mrs. Mayhew, Geo. M. Baker, John A. Lowell and others. The second series was projected by Mrs. Julia Kimball, and the performances were given at Commonwealth Hotel on the evenings of April 8th, 10th and 13th. An elegant little theatre was fitted up in the billiard hall, and the following pieces acted,—April 8th: "The Last Loaf," and "The Loan of a Lover." April 10th: "Bread on the Waters" and "Twenty Minutes for Refreshments." April 13th: "All that Glitters is not Gold," and "The Two Buzzards." The attendance was large, the acting spirited, and the receipts all that could be desired.

This long list of entertainments probably does not include more than one-half of all that have been given; but it serves to show how earnestly and assiduously the ladies engaged in the work have labored to prepare for the opening of the grandest fair ever held in the country.

THE chief marshal of the fair, Colonel Arnold A. Rand, has made very complete arrangements in his department, the value of which will be appreciated by all who are engaged in the fair. The marshals will be detailed in military style, and when on duty will wear badges. The chief marshal will be distinguished by a badge of gold, with white ribbon. The assistant marshals will wear gold, with blue ribbon; and the adjutants, silver, with blue ribbon. The latter will be employed for the transmission of orders from the marshal to his aids, and will be very useful. The table marshals will wear badges of silver, with red ribbons. The badges are a neat monogram of the initials, "M. H. H.," and quite pretty. The list of assistant marshals selected on Saturday included the following names: Hillman B. Barnes, Winslow Warren, Horace P. Chandler, Edward Sherwin, George W. Seavey, George F. Greene, James H. Bowditch, George B. Taylor, Lewis Higginson, Isaac Taylor. Four young gentlemen from Mr. Ladd's school will act as adjutants. The following-named gentlemen have been designated as table-m Marshals, and others will be duly appointed: 1, B. A. Sawtelle; 2, F. H. Nickerson; 4, Henry T. Fay; 6, Wm. L. Frothingham; 7, George H. Davis; 9, John Warner; 11, F. H. Sargent; 12, F. R. Allen; 13, Mr. Hooper; 14, Charles Babson; 2d, 15, Dr. H. C. Clapp; 17, Dr. Swasey; 18, Ward B. Frothingham; 27, Ed. H. Davis; 28, Richard S. Bolles; 29, Mr. Hollingsworth; 31, Dr. C. G. Brooks; 33, Gilman Pritchard; 34, G. Willis Rice; 35, Ed. T. Holmes; 36, B. B. Leman; 40, William A. Wheeler; 41, Chester G. Cutler; 43, William P. Clarke; 44, George H. Raymond; 45, John E. Atkins; 47, W. Erving Ellis; 48, James P. Colt; 50, Frank Rand; 52, Warren Jacobs; 55, Andrew Wellington.

THE album of pictures contributed by Boston artists, which will be on exhibition at the table of Mrs. Ahlborn, No. 26 Music Hall, is the most valuable object in the fair; the worth of the pictures, over forty in number, being estimated at three thousand dollars. No more beautiful collection, probably, was ever disposed of at an American fair. The list of artists who contribute to the album embraces the names of George L. Brown, Foxcroft Cole, A. Ordway, Champ., E. T. Billings, W. E. Norton, and S. P. Hodgdon, while there are two or more contributing artists from abroad, including C. G. Thompson, of New York. The pictures rest in a solid black walnut case, designed especially for the purpose by a Boston architect, and itself a work of art. The pictures will be exhibited day by day during the fair, and as it will be impossible to show them all at once, the collection will be exhibited in groups on successive days. The album will be sold by raffle, the shares in which will be five dollars each. No one will need to be urged to examine these beautiful works of art, and to purchase a share in the collection. The following are the names of the contributing artists, with the exception of one or two whose pictures were not sent in on Saturday:

E. Billings, "The Newsboy"; A. F. Bellows, "View in Auburndale"; H. K. Benedict, "Bunch of Black Hamburg Grapes"; Miss A. K. Southwick, "Vase of Flowers"; Miss H. W. Merrill, "———"; W. E. Norton, "Coast Scene and Fog"; S. W. Griggs, "Under the Maples"; A. A. Gibson, "Watching the Crows"; J. J. Enneking, "Wilmington Pass, Adirondacks"; E. D. Lewis, Phila., "Wilmington Falls, Adirondacks"; G. W. Seavey, "Flowers"; Dr. G. M. Pease, "Lake View"; Miss E. M. Carpenter, "View from Oakland, Cal."; T. T. Spear, "The Cook's Maid"; D. A. Clough, "The Patient Waiter"; Miss M. R. Baker, "Bird"; J. Foxcroft Cole, "Stable Yard"; Miss H. Reed, "Child's head," crayon; Miss Robbins, "Wild Flowers"; S. P. Hodgdon, "View in Groton"; Mrs. Henry, "Lilies"; C. G. Thompson, N. Y., "Sheltering Arms"; Champ, "The Brigand"; William Keith, "Scene in Maine"; H. Hahn, "Boy Watching Kittens"; Miss M. W. Merrill, "Fairies Bowl," Castleton; George E. Niles, "Young Boat-builder"; A. Ordway, "The Homœopathic Dose"; W. H. Titcomb, "Lake Winnipiseogee"; Miss H. M. Knowlton, "View in Swampscott"; Cobb Brothers, "The Alchemist"; Mrs. Tooker, "Landscape"; F. E. Wright, "Crayon Head"; Moses Wight, "Italian Peasant Girl"; C. B. Russ, "Landscape"; Isaac S. Adams, "Water Lilies"; J. R. Key, "View in California"; George L. Brown, "Old Barn in West Canipton"; Mrs. G. N. Cass, "View on the Kennebec"; G. N. Cass, "Old Bridge"; Mrs. C. S. Homer, "Catskill Wild Grapes"; Fred. P. Vinton, "Italian Girl."

SATURDAY was a busy day for the ladies connected with the fair, all of whom were engaged in preparing their goods for removal to the halls. Quite a number of the ladies in the city placed their articles on exhibition at their residences, either on Friday or Saturday.

THE German theatricals Horticultural Hall on Saturday evening were very successful. The entertainment was under the management of Dr. Wesselhoeft, who was assisted by the Misses Wesselhoeft, Mr. Carl Zerrahn, Mrs. Zerrahn, Dr. De Gersdorff, Mr. Schultze, Mr. Babson, Mr. Krauss and Mr. Tucker. The entertainment consisted of the comedy "Der gerade Weg der beste (The straightforward way the best) in one act, and the farce, "Mueller and Miller," in three acts. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and the audience was of a very select character. The acting was very good, as the frequent applause attested, and the entertainment proved as satisfactory to those who attended as the result was gratifying to the projectors.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS has very generously volunteered to repeat his lecture on "The Lost Arts," in aid of the fair. It will be given at Tremont Temple on the evening of Monday, the 22d instant. Tickets can be procured at Mrs. Haven's table, Number 11, Horticultural Hall. Two thousand dollars were realized when Mr. Phillips delivered this lecture in aid of the French Fair, in New York, and a very full attendance is anticipated on this occasion, also, since the object is no less deserving, and the lecture is Mr. Phillips's best.

A SOLDIERS' messenger post is established in each of the Halls, for the general convenience, subject to the usual tariff.

#### THE NEW YORK HOMŒOPATHIC FAIR.

THE Homœopathic Fair which is now open in New York was undertaken for the purpose of raising funds to add a surgical department to the N. Y. Ophthalmic Hospital, an institution of many years' standing, which has lately come under homœopathic management. Under the new regime, the hospital has received the most substantial encouragement, and has been enabled to erect a very large and beautiful building. Mrs. Henry Keep recently presented the hospital with \$100,000.

The following telegraphic correspondence explains itself:—

"BOSTON, April 13, 1872.

MR. ALFRED MACKAY,

*Chairman of Executive Committee:—*

The Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital Fair sends greetings to the New York Homœopathic Fair.

May the success of both be commensurate with the noble charities they foster.

HENRY S. RUSSELL,

*Chairman of Executive Committee."*

"NEW YORK, April 13, 1872.

COL. HENRY S. RUSSELL,

*Chairman of Executive Committee:—*

The New York Homœopathic Surgical Hospital Association cordially reciprocate the brotherly greeting of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital Fair. May the success of both enterprises inaugurate a new era in the brilliant history of the better method of cure.

ALFRED MACKAY,

*Chairman of Executive Committee."*

## LANGUAGE.

WHAT the plague do people mean — people of education too — by “another *one*?” Here we have it in Hall’s “Monitor” of March 16th, 1871, heading a paragraph, in small capitals, to secure attention.

Again. Why do all our editorial brethren, our preachers, our lawyers, and our leading literary men say, yesterday morning, yesterday noon, or yesterday evening? Do they not know, or have they forgotten, that *yester* is an adjective, and that yestermorning, yesterevening, and yesternoon, have the same origin (from the old English, the Saxon, and the Latin), and the same authority as yesterday and yesternight? or do they never look into a dictionary?

But worst of all, and commonest of all, perhaps, among our best writers of “English undefiled,” is the following barbarism. Take half a hundred examples from newspapers, and books, and preachers, gathered within the last few days for another purpose.

“The chances are that the experiment will be a *profitable one*.” — *Christian Union*. H. W. B. on cheap literature.

“The trial was an eminently *satisfactory one*.” — *World*, Feb. 23. *Log of the Hasslen*.

“For the republican party the crisis is a *grave one*.” — *World*, Feb. 24.

“The spectacle was really an *imposing one*.” — *Rev. Mr. Fenn*, March 3, 1872.

“Perhaps the speech will be considered a *great one*.” — *Liverpool Daily Post*, Feb. 26.

“The occupation (of a knife-grinder) is not generally considered a *healthy one*.” — *Hartford Courant*.

“But the precedent is rather a *queer one*.” — *Liverpool Albion*. Gladstone’s Letter.

“The present term of the S. J. Court is a *remarkable one*.” — *Oxford Democrat*.

“This made the issues *moral ones*.” — *Portland Press*, Feb. 24. W. W.

“The slight was an *intentional one*.” — *World’s Cor.*

“The claim (that he Judge Carpenter) is opposed to President Grant is a *false one*.” — *Portland Press*, Feb. 28.

“The scene at the Windmills, including the guerilla band, was a *picturesque one*.” — *Sir Henry Holland*, p. 67.

“The judgment is a *good one*.” — *Prof. Barbour*, *Sermon at High Street*, March 17.

“This day has been a *gloomy one*.” — *Piccadilly, World’s Cor.*

“The voyage was a *very pleasant one*.” — *Mrs. Barr*, *Christian Union*.

“The road he travels is always a *short one*.” — *Old and New*. *Lossing, on Grant and Washington*.

“His task was an *ordinary one*.” — *Rep. of School Committee, Ev’g Advertiser*, March 7.

“The narrative must needs be a *very desultory one*.” — *Sir H. Holland*, 22.

“Their relationship is a *vital one*.” — *Monitor*, Mar. 16.

“The letter was an *excellent one*.” — *Lord Melbourne to Faraday*.

Sir Henry Holland is bewitched on the subject. For example: “I have spoken of my professional life gener-

ally as a *very prosperous one*,” p. 30. “The interruption (a messenger with news of the Salamanca battle) was in every sense a *welcome one*,” p. 96. “Of the fifty-five years which have since elapsed, the retrospect must be a *much more general one*,” p. 151. “The change has been a *gradual one*,” p. 169. “The answer (to Leopold) was an *obvious one*,” p. 181. “The object may well be deemed a *worthy one*,” p. 190.

But enough. If such men will do such things, how can we help it?

JOHN NEAL.

## A MOST TRAGICAL INCIDENT.

[This narrative is from Fielding’s “*Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*,” a work which is not only unknown to the general reader (who, let me say in passing, is lamentably ignorant of most good books), but to many of the students of “*Tom Jones*” and “*Joseph Andrews*.” J. E. B.]

A MOST tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making as will appear no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water: an alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and who received it with the utmost concern and many bitter oaths. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favor of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less indeed at the captain’s extreme tenderness than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for if puss had had nine thousand lives instead of nine, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stripped himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leaped boldly into the water, and to my great astonishment in a few minutes returned to the ship, bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly, may seem to that of my fresh-water reader. The kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain’s humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to show he could bear it like one; and, having declared he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they had passed about two-thirds of their time.

But as I have perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavored to raise the tender passions of my readers in this narrative, I would consider myself unpardonable if I concluded it without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain, but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favorable wind; a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

## EXTRACTS FROM OLD BOSTON RECORDS.

No. 1.

MARCH 30, 1640. John Palmer, carpenter, now dwelling here, is to be allowed an inhabitant if he can get a house, or land to set a house upon, it being not proper to allow a man an inhabitant without habitation.

JANUARY 25, 1640. Our sister Parton, widow, is granted for this present year following, to mow the marsh in the new field, which our sister Mellows hath been formerly granted to mow.

NOVEMBER 29, 1641. It is ordered that the constables shall pay unto Robert Turner, for diet, for the townsmen, £2. 18s.

It is ordered that the constables shall pay unto John Briggs, six pounds, six shillings, ten pence, for work done about the Magistrate's seat.

FEBRUARY 28, 1641. The town having considered the great damages done by goats unto gardens, orchards, and cornfields, the great grievance that often arises among the inhabitants by reason of them, the many orders made about them, yet altogether ineffectual, do therefore advise that whosoever now keep any of them, shall take course to put them off, seeing that the town is resolved to make an order for the removing them altogether from this neck at their next meeting.

MARCH 28, 1642. It is ordered upon the considerations laid down in an order made about goats, the last meeting of the selectmen, that all and every inhabitant of this town shall remove all their goats from this neck by or before the next second day of the week, and never more to keep any of them upon this neck under the penalty of three shillings four pence a goat for every goat seen abroad from this day forward. And whereas, divers brethren pleaded necessity of milk, they may repair unto Richard Fayrebankes, who hath promised to give his endeavor in dealing with such as have milk to sell, and to direct them where they may be provided for.

APRIL 25, 1642. John Ruggle is chosen to keep the cattle in this neck all this next summer; and it is ordered that he shall go forth with them at sun an hour high and bring them home at six of the clock, and for his service herein he is to have a bushel of Indian corn for each cow.

MARCH 18, 1644. There is granted to William Teffe a parcel of land near the south windmill, on condition that he shall fence it with posts and rails and not build upon it. nor plant it with Indian corn, nor anything that may hinder the windmill.

JUNE 24, 1661. Edward Barker is ordered to dig y<sup>e</sup> new buriall place orderly, either beginning att one end or one side and so lay y<sup>e</sup> corps orderly to bee buried.

NOVEMBER 5, 1661. Whereas Thos. Deane hath employed a negro in y<sup>e</sup> manufacture of a Coop contrary to y<sup>e</sup> orders of y<sup>e</sup> towne. Itt is therefore ordered y<sup>t</sup> y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> Thos. Deane shall nott employ y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> negro in y<sup>e</sup> s<sup>d</sup> manufacture as, a coop or any other manufacture or science after y<sup>e</sup> 14<sup>th</sup> day of this month on y<sup>e</sup> penalty of twenty shillings each day.

JUNE 27, 1670. Stephen Sergeant is ordered to take care that Abraham Radford whome he brought into the

towne be transported to the place from whence he brought him or secure the towne from future charge, upon the penaltie of ten shillings per weeke for every weeke he shall stay in the towne after his next saylinge eastwarde.

APRIL 28, 1662. If the watche find any younge men, maydes, women or other persons not of known fidellitie, and upon lawfull occasion walking after 10 of the clock at night, that they modestly demand the cause of their being abroad, and if it apeare that they are upon ille minded employment, then to watch them narrowlye, and to command them to repair to their lodgings, and in case they obstinately refuse to give a rational account of their business, or to repair home, then to secure them untill the morninge.

MARCH 25, 1672. It was ordered that notice be given to the severall persons underwritten, that they within one month after the date hereof, dispose of their severall children (herein nominated or mentioned), abroad for servants, to serve by Indentures for some term of years, accordinge to their ages and capacities, w<sup>th</sup> if they refuse or neglect to doe, the magistrates or selectmen will take their said children from them, place them with such masters as they shall provide.

MAY 6, 1672. It is ordered that whosoever shall put any cove into the comon ground this yeare shall deliver the same to the care and charge of Edward Davis, the present cove keeper at or about the shop door of Theophilus Freney, where he will attend the receiving of them every morninge this weeke.

JULY 10, 1676. John Lewis who came from Road Island, where his wife gave him a paper of dismissal from her in Oct. last, and liberty to marry another woman, and is now ingaged to y<sup>e</sup> widow Williams to marry her, is returned to y<sup>e</sup> Court.

DECEMBER 18, 1682. It was voted by the inhabitants that same committe with y<sup>e</sup> selectmen consider of and provide one or more free schooles for the teachinge of children to write and cypher within this towne.

MAY 17, 1714. Voted, That some suitable casks of powder, well bound and cased w<sup>th</sup> leather, well fitted for blowing up of houses, be lodged in several convenient places of the towne, and y<sup>t</sup> suitable persons be appointed to attend and carry the same, in case of the breaking out of a fire.

Voted, That it is the opinion of the town that such persons as shall be employed in blowing up of houses, in case of fire, should have a competent reward for such service.

APRIL 19, 1723. Whereas, throwing or flinging of the bullet, com'only called Throwing the Long Bullet, in the Com'on Training field, highways, streets, lanes or alleys of the towne is attended with divers inconveniences and may be of pernicious consequence to His Majesty's good subjects in walking about their necessary affairs and business, for preventing whereof it is ordered, that whosoever shall presume to use and exercise themselves in throwing, rolling or flinging the bullet or any such like instrument made of iron, lead, brass, stone, wood, or any other matter or substance that may endanger the live or limbs of any of His Majesty's subjects, shall forfeit and pay the sum of twentie shillings upon conviction.

"SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR."

IN the Middle Ages, the monks had this proverb: "If the Devil gets into a house, he must be driven out through the same door by which he entered." Undoubtedly the monks knew a great deal about the Devil; for the chronicles of those times abound with stories of his pestilent doings, and of the miraculous power the monks had of making him run for his life, as soon as he became aware that they were after him. Their familiarity with him is also indicated by the pictures of him, which they have handed down to us, representing him with horns, and cloven feet, and a caudal appendage, suggestive of Darwinian origin. The adage I have quoted implies that when he got possession of any premises, they expelled him on the principle of "Similia similibus curantur"; but it is a great pity they did not inform us of the details in their process of driving him out, for it now seems to be a lost art.

Jack Frost is an imp as mischievous and playful as Puck; and at times he is terribly malignant. When he is in a frolic, he throws beautiful white wreaths over trees and bushes, and powders them with diamonds. He spends whole nights in ornamenting windows with fern-leaves, flowers, stars, and other ice-embroidery. He is a bad tempered fellow, though, and bites hard when he is in an angry mood. But there is one thing to be said in his favor. If applied to, he will himself cure the bites he gives, and he does it on the principle of "Similia similibus curantur." If he makes your feet ache cruelly by filling them full of frost, he will draw it all out again, if you plunge them in ice-cold water, or cover them with snow.

The Fire King is another powerful imp. When kept within proper bounds he does beautiful things. In the coldest days of January, his breath will make a house as warm as the genial temperature of June. He makes ugly, black minerals glow like rubies; and when he passes his tongue over wood, he converts it into brilliant, waving plumes of red, yellow, and blue. But he is an awful demon if he is allowed to run at large. He bites, and his bite is malignant and tormenting. But if he is applied to in season, he also will cure the pain he causes, and he does it on the principle of "Similia similibus curantur."

The tea-kettle lid rose by steam, ages before men took the hint and made steam-power available to move ships and carriages. So for centuries, the Devil, and Jack Frost, and the Fire King, were cast out through the same way by which they entered, before the illustrious Dr. Hahnemann discovered that "Similia similibus curantur" was the platform of medical science.

L. MARIA CHILD.

ALMANACS.—The ancient Saxons used to engrave upon certain square sticks about a foot in length the courses of the moon for the whole year, whereby they could tell when the various changes of that satellite took place; such carved sticks they called *Al-mon-acht*, literally, all-moon-heed; hence our modern word, Almanac.

It is said that all South Carolina people who have pains go to Aiken.

ANCESTRAL VENERATION.

THE present iron fence around Boston Common was constructed in 1836, under the mayoralty of Samuel T. Armstrong. Previous to this date, the Central Burial Ground upon the Common extended to the sidewalk on Boylston street, and was there bounded by a high, dilapidated brick wall.

Mr. Armstrong being desirous of extending the mall through this burial ground, opened negotiations with the several owners of the tombs to be affected thereby; and after many tedious and protracted consultations, all the said owners save one, Mr. H—, agreed to relinquish to the city their rights in the tombs. Mr. H— persistently and indignantly refused to entertain any proposition to deprive him of his rights. He vehemently declared that he "would stand at the door of his tomb with a *drawn sword* to prevent any disturbance of the sacred bones of his honored ancestors!"

Nevertheless, the desirable enterprise was pushed through, and as a part of the undertaking, the city constructed the range of new granite tombs, which is parallel with the Providence railroad path. One day, after the completion of these new tombs, Mr. Armstrong met Mr. H— on the premises, and together they examined these new receptacles. The mayor told Mr. H— that he would give him the first choice among the tombs in this new range if he would consent to forego his right to the old tomb. To this proposition Mr. H— at last reluctantly consented, to the great joy of the mayor, who, taking him by both hands, expressed his heartfelt satisfaction at the settlement of the controversy.

"Now, Mr. H—," said the mayor, "I wish you to ask your own sexton, at an early day, to assist you in the removal of the remains of your family in a careful manner from the old tomb into this new one."

"What?" rejoined Mr. H—, "do you suppose I'll have my nice, new tomb *dirtied up with those old bones*? No, close her up, and the bones with them!"

Which was done, and that tomb was hermetically closed, and with others still exists under the mall which adjoins the cemetery.

QUAINT TITLES.—The following are the titles of some of the religious books published in the time of Cromwell. "A most Delectable, sweet-perfumed Nosegay for God's saints to smell at;" "The Snuffers of Divine love;" "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches;" "Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant;" "High heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness;" "The Spiritual Mustard-pot to make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion;" "Salvation's Vantage-ground, or a Louping Stand for Heavy Believers;" "A Shot aimed at the Devil's Headquarters through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant;" "A Reaping Hook for the Stubborn Ears of the coming Crop;" "Biscuits baked in the Oven of Charity carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, Sparrows of the Spirit and the sweet Swallows of Salvation."

THE only mica mine known to exist in the United States is in North Carolina.

### SOMETHING ABOUT HOMŒOPATHY.

[From the Washington Correspondent of the Commonwealth].

WASHINGTON, April 8, 1872.

I hear you are to have a fair in Boston in aid of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital. The movement excites my warmest sympathy; for I rejoice in the increasing strength of homœopathy for scientific, philanthropic and economic reasons. You can therefore imagine the satisfaction with which I read the announcement that you had outgrown the capacity of Music Hall, and had been obliged to secure, in addition, Bumstead and the two Horticultural Halls. Rumors of your extensive preparations have led me to turn to my notes in regard to homœopathy in general, and its history in the national capital in particular, which includes allopathic manœuvres as absurd as those with which I have been familiar in Boston.

I have watched the persecution of homœopaths by allopaths with the greatest interest and curiosity; but I never understood their divine right of annihilation till I came to Washington. In a conscientious effort to get at the truth of the matter by reading official documents from both schools, I find that allopaths are in the line of apostolic succession, a claim which I suppose is intended to close the question and silence discussion at once and forever. On page 7 of a "Report of a Special Committee of the (allopathic) Medical Society of the District of Columbia" "Upon the Claims of Homœopaths and Other Irregular Practitioners for Professional Recognition in the Medical Service of the United States Government," etc., are these words: "the power of our profession over the entire public rests, not on jealousy and illiberality, nor on numbers, but on a consciousness in that public that we represent the progress of medicine from apostolic times, in continuous succession, from which all smaller shoots of practitioners are offshoots fostered by ambition or vanity and continued by obliquity of intellect or sordid self-interest." There you have it, and isn't it a big "blue pill"? I hope my distinguished brother of the press, Thomas Nast, will make a picture of it. I believe he does such things very neatly! In any case, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that I have made Boston happy by presenting a theological aspect of the controversy; for Boston, being naturally grave and correct in thought and deportment, never quarrels with all her heart, except from a sense of duty, and on theological ground.

In 1825, Dr. Gram, who settled in New York city, brought homœopathy from Germany to this country. In 1835 Dr. Herring, also a German, came to the United States and settled in Philadelphia; and in 1844, these gentlemen formed a society of a score of members which was named "The American Institute of Homœopathy." This institute, after contending with persistent and apparent malignant opposition, is now recognized as a power in the land. At the annual meeting in Philadelphia, last June, it numbered 1,200 persons; and it adds to its ranks from two to three hundred members yearly. Dr. Gram is not living, but Dr. Herring still lives in Philadelphia. He is a large, keen-eyed man, of imposing but kindly presence. His temperament would make him a scholar for the sake of scholarship; but his laborious researches are transfigured by the noble motive which prompts them—a desire to diminish the sum of human misery and increase the sum of human health and happiness.

During twenty-six years, ending in 1867, the number of homœopathic physicians in Philadelphia increased over seven-fold, while during the same period in the same city the number of allopathic physicians decreased nearly ten per cent. During the last seven years the increase of the number of members in the Albany County (N.Y.) Homœopathic Medical Society has been one hundred per cent., while in the Allopathic Medical Society of the same county it has been only ten per cent.

Homœopathy counts at least seven thousand physicians in the United States. I speak within bounds, for the estimate is sometimes put as high as ten thousand. It has over fifty dispensaries, more than one hundred and

twenty societies, nine colleges, twelve journals, and several hospitals, towards the erection of one of which, a State hospital for the treatment of insane persons, New York has given one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Homœopathy resorts to no stratagem, but appeals to the judgment and common sense of free and intelligent people. I am, therefore, at liberty to consider the reasons, if there are any, why aid and comfort should be given to the colleges and hospitals.

Homœopathy does not claim infallibility, nor apostolic succession; but it challenges the fullest investigation of its practice, and it declares, with abundant facts to sustain the assertion, that its method of cure is safer, surer, and more economical of human suffering, than that of any other system.

In communities that support societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, and exercise themselves over the barbarities of vivisection, this claim should command instant and respectful attention. I will not burden you with the statistics that crowd upon my mind as I write, but will glance and hint at one or two of them for the benefit of that class of my fellow-citizens who are constantly groaning over taxation for the support of public institutions.

In 1860, the authorities of the Michigan State Prison adopted homœopathy as the treatment in the prison hospital, and during the three following years, the average number of convicts being 544, there were twenty deaths, less than 10,000 days' labor lost by sickness, while less than \$500 were expended for hospital stores; during the three preceding years, under allopathic treatment, the average number of convicts being 344, there were thirty-nine deaths, over 23,000 days' labor lost by sickness, and \$1,678 expended for hospital stores.

Statistics from hospitals in Paris and Edinburgh show that in the treatment of pneumonia—and this item has peculiar significance in New England, where winter threatens to absorb the year—homœopathy is far in advance of all other systems: and I have myself known severe cases of whooping-cough in children permanently cured by four doses of a certain remedy,—an argument which most mammas will appreciate.

Many people are prejudiced against homœopathy by the confident tone in which allopaths assert that "homœopaths are no surgeons; they never use the knife." It is true, they do not use the knife as much as allopaths, because their method of cure is constantly diminishing the number of diseases requiring surgical treatment. It is their humane effort so to do, and for this purpose many of their most interesting studies are made.

They cure enlarged tonsils, glandular swellings, piles, and many other diseases for which the knife has been considered the inevitable resort. It is not true, however, that homœopaths do not, in cases of necessity, perform surgical operations. They not only do so in the most competent manner, in cases of strangulated umbilical hernia, for instance, but by their treatment after operations they prevent or subdue inflammation, which would, in other hands, in nine cases out of ten, prove fatal. Of more than twenty successful homœopathic surgical operators whose names occur to me, though I have not space to write them, I will only mention Dr. I. T. Talbot of your city, whose success has come within my own personal observation.

There are, in Washington, ten homœopathic physicians, two of whom are women. With four of the gentlemen, Dr. Pope, Dr. Hatch, Dr. O'Connor and Dr. Verdi, I have had brief but very agreeable interviews. Although homœopathy is so respectably represented in the capital, it is only about two years since it has had any rights that anybody was bound to respect. Educated physicians of that school could not even collect their bills by legal process. But in April, 1870, they asked Congress for a charter to incorporate the "Washington Homœopathic Medical Society," with the same rights and privileges given to the allopathic school. Their petition was granted, thus securing what is the only claim of homœopathy the world over, a fair field and fair play.

You doubtless recall the fact that during the war our poor soldiers had no choice of physicians or remedies,—homœopaths, as far as possible, being excluded from the army and navy. No matter how firm their faith in a milder treatment might be, if bleeding and blistering were decreed, bleeding and blistering must be endured. This compulsion was the more cruel and ridiculous from the fact that Gen. McClellan, Sec. Steward, Sec. Chase, Postmaster-General Blair, and the Secretary of the Navy were homœopaths, and, during some part of that period, patients of Dr. Verdi. They were at that time, however, powerless to cut the meshes of allopathic red-tape. Matters were brought to a crisis at Washington by the action of Dr. Van Aernam, who, in being appointed to the office of Commissioner of Pensions, found that his predecessor had ventured to commission several homœopaths, in different parts of the country, as Pension Surgeon-Examiners. The province of a Pension Examiner is not to prescribe for ailments, not to administer, whatever may be his predilection, aconite or calomel, but simply to ascertain the existence of disease, and pronounce upon the claims of diseased persons to government pensions. Hence, it would seem that an educated physician of any school might with propriety be employed in this capacity. But this Commissioner, with a singular forgetfulness of the scriptural injunction, to “count the cost” before engaging in any great enterprise, removed from the Pension Bureau all homœopathic examiners. They were dismissed simply for non-adherence to the allopathic system, and by this act the Commissioner assumed the responsibility of committing the government of the United States to the support of allopathy as a *national system of medicine*. Homœopaths, not only in Washington but throughout the country, protested against this outrage, and were vigorously sustained by the public press. Dr. Verdi of Washington, with a delegation of homœopaths from different States, appealed in person to President Grant for redress. The President referred them to the Secretary of the Interior, Columbus Delano, and the latter declared that the action of Dr. Van Aernam was “subversive of the principles of a free government.” A short time after these occurrences, the Commissioner was allowed to resign, his resignation taking effect in May, 1871. Gen. Baker, of Minnesota, was appointed in his place, and immediately restored the proscribed homœopaths to power,—a triumph which should be called the second abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia.

Good Dr. Watts tells us of a being who

“Worries whom he can't devour,  
With a malicious joy.”

In imitation of this illustrious example, the allopaths of Washington, having failed to “devour,” enlisted for the war as worriers.

The bill passed by Congress for the reorganization of the government of the District provided for a Board of Health, with officers to be appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate. Among the number, the President appointed Dr. C. C. Cox, an allopath, and Dr. T. S. Verdi, a homœopath, both of whom were confirmed by the Senate. The allopathic Medical Association of Washington was so indignant with Dr. Cox for accepting an appointment in connection with a homœopath that they excluded him from the association, and this proscription deprived him of the privilege of consultation with his colleagues, according to a provision in the by-laws forbidding consultation with any person who is not a member. Dwell for a moment upon the bigotry and inhumanity of this act, by which these professors of the art of healing were pledged to refuse counsel or assistance in any emergency of life or death so long as their brother held an office given by the President and confirmed by the Senate, in connection with another gentleman whose appointment had the same official sanction. The next day after this expulsion, or proscription, Dr. Bliss, an allopath and member of the Association, sent for Dr. Cox to consult with him in regard to the case of Vice-President Colfax, who

was then very ill; and for this transgression of the rules of the Association he was subjected to a trial. I am happy to state, however, that Dr. Bliss was not burned at the stake, but still lives, practises, and, so far as I know, consults whom he pleases.

The Board of Health, of which Dr. Cox was chairman, adopted a code of laws, and Dr. T. S. Verdi, President of the Washington Homœopathic Society and a member of the Board of Health, became Health officer of the District, with specific duties, not to prescribe remedies for disease, but to prevent disease by compelling obedience to the laws of hygiene,—a science in which all schools should have an interest. In view of the enormity of allowing a homœopath to become the health officer of the District, seventy-four allopaths, styling themselves “The Medical Profession of the District of Columbia,” memorialized the “Legislative Assembly,” bringing various charges against the Board of Health, and praying that they might not be subjected to “the control of one man who is an irregular in practice, and not recognized by the American Medical Association.” The Board of Health, of course, defended its own action and proved the utter falsity of the charges brought against it. Dr. Verdi replied to the personal statements of the seventy-four allopaths in clear and strong terms, pointing to his spotless record as a man and a physician, and defying them or any one else to bring a single case of moral or professional malpractice against him during fifteen years' residence in Washington. He closed with an able defence of homœopathy, and I only regretted, as I read his brave and manly words, that the valiant Italian had not foemen “worthy of his steel.”

You will observe that the name of Dr. Verdi occurs frequently in these notes. Conspicuous for courage and culture, he is “a shining mark” for the shafts of malice and bigotry. Dr. Tullio Suzzara Verdi was born of gentle parentage, in Mantua, Italy, in the year 1829. He was educated in the Gymnasium of Science and Literature in that city.

In 1848 he entered the Sardinian army of King Charles Albert, who was then marching into Lombardy against the Austrians. In 1849, after the defeat of the Italians in the battle of Novara, young Verdi, to avoid imprisonment, escaped to Switzerland, thence to Paris, where, Louis Napoleon being president of the *Republic*, he was not allowed to remain, but was obliged to repair to England. The vigilance of Austria was so great that during a year of wandering he was not able to communicate by letter with his family. The writings of the Italian historian Botta had awakened his enthusiasm for the free institutions of America, and after a short sojourn in England, his heart turned towards this country as the only land of promise. Tremblingly he examined his purse and found it contained but thirty dollars, twenty-five of which he learned to his delight would defray the expenses of the voyage, and bidding his friend in exile, Mazzini, good-by, he was soon outward bound. He reached New York in 1850, where he met Garibaldi, who gave him letters of introduction and recommendation to George Washington Greene, then professor of modern languages in Brown University, Rhode Island.

Under the auspices of Prof. Greene, he was well received in Providence, and in a short time was able to support himself by teaching French and Italian, at the same time studying English himself, in which language he made such progress that in two years he was lecturing in English upon the Italian Revolution. Three years after his arrival in Providence, Prof. Greene resigning his office in the University, President Wayland offered it to Verdi, who accepted it and sent for his two brothers, exiles like himself. They completed their education by a collegiate course in this country. One of them is a homœopathic physician in Mt. Vernon, Ohio; the other went back to his own country in season to fire the last gun against Austrian oppression, and is now practising his profession in Milan, Italy.

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**BOSTON.**

# THE PELLETT.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 17, 1872.

THE next number will contain the first chapter of a charming story, translated for THE PELLETT by Miss Lucy A. Williams, from the German of Ernst Eckstein.

IT was not our intention, originally, to publish the news of the day in this paper; but the great favor which an intelligent public has extended to our enterprise calls for some recognition on our part. The despatches which we print this morning, from various parts of the world, tell their own story. They are furnished to THE PELLETT exclusively. No other paper has anything like them. Of the expense involved in procuring them we have nothing to say. There is such general dissatisfaction with the Associated Press despatches that no excuse is needed for ignoring them altogether.

## DESPATCHES.

### ENGLAND.

LONDON, April 16, 2 A. M.

I have collated the despatches received from John Brown during the last twenty-four hours, and am able to inform you that the Queen has about made up her mind not to attend the International Musical Festival in Boston. LARGELY.

2.30 A. M. Since sending the above, I have received the following:—

“The Queen has given no instructions up to this time about packing her trunks.” BROWN, WINDSOR.

THE money market was tight last night in consequence of a dinner given by the Directors of the Bank of England. It is somewhat depressed this morning. Consuls are below Parr—in age and intelligence. Stocks (good quality black silk) had an upward tendency in the early part of yesterday, but fell again at night. Parasols are a shade lower.

### SPAIN.

THE ALHAMBRA, April 15.

PRINCE Paul has succeeded to the affections of the Queen. Fritz is in disgrace. The army is demoralized. King Asmodeus will fly.

### AFRICA.

UPPERN ISLE, April 13.

I still live; but I am not having a good time.

LIVINGSTONE.

### JAPAN.

MIACO, April 13.

THE Mikado has sent instructions to the Japanese Embassy to attend the Homœopathic Hospital Fair, in Boston, and confer with the great medicine men, and tell him all about it.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

U. S. G. We think your chances are pretty good. We must positively decline, however, to use this journal to promote the interests of any political party. As you desire us to “state frankly, as man to man,” what we think of your course during the past four years, we can only say that you have disappointed us in many respects. But we are willing to admit, at the same time, that the country might do worse than hire you for another four years. We are not sufficiently in the secrets of the various political cliques to tell you who will be your strongest opponent. The Judge is not a bad man. Good *designios* are worth \$18.00 the box here, duties paid.

H. G. As you have an organ of your own we cannot give up our valuable space to personal explanations of your reasons for refusing “the highest office in the gift of the people.” We have no doubt of your honesty, and all that; but your right hand makes some queer motions when it closes on a pen. “Do we think the Cincinnati Convention will be in the interests of free trade?” Well, sometimes we think it means free trade, and then, again, we don’t know.

FLOWER-GIRL. We shall be quite sure to receive “a little button-hole bouquet,” if left at the pagoda about eleven o’clock in the morning. We are very fond of flowers. There is a freshness, a delicacy, and that sort of thing about them, which, when presented by a charming young lady, makes us entirely willing to accept and wear them,—for a little while.

P. OF W. Undoubtedly you would have recovered sooner if you had been under homœopathic treatment; but no school of medicine can preserve a man’s health if he persists in eating mince pie at 11 o’clock in the evening. Be virtuous and you will be happy, but you may not enjoy yourself.

A PARTY by the name of JOHNSON inquires if Ex-Presidents of the United States are to be invited to attend “Gilmore’s World’s International Peace Festival Jubilee.” If they are he has a word to say about the “internationals” who are hanging on the verge of two or three governments. We must refer him to the City Council.

IT is not true that the author of “Their Wedding Journey” is engaged upon a sequel to be entitled “Their Divorce Case.” He has in hand, however, another work of fiction, the title of which has not transpired. We tried to secure the new story for serial publication in the columns of THE PELLETT, but the *Atlantic Monthly* outbid us.

## INCIDENT.

IN spite of her being a young lady and his being a young gentleman delightfully alone together in a whole car full of strangers, they had begun to find the ride tiresome. It was a hot day, the dust descended upon them in a cloud, the cinders from the locomotive ticked like a small, bitter rain against their closed windows, through which they cared no longer to look at the landscape, — at its darkling or glistening river, its dusty-bladed fields of corn, its half-mown meadows, its line of distant hills against a horizon piled or strewn with sultry clouds dry as ash-heaps.

They had almost ceased to care for the country-stations when they came to Ulyssesville, but the absurdity of the name amused them; and so they looked for the twentieth time at the bustle and the business of such stations; the girl-operator within bending over her telegraph ribbon, the station master coming out of the door with a despatch in his hand; the recumbent dog with his tongue out; the man in his shirt-sleeves getting a drink of water at the bucket in the waiting-room. Then they saw, hurrying around the corner, a man in white linen overalls, who had a paint-pot in one hand, and must be a house painter. With the other hand he led a pretty boy of six years, whom he left there by the corner to stare wide-eyed at the cars, and came aboard, turning first for a pleasant glance back at the little one. "Run home now, Willy," he said, "and tell mother I'll be back on the six o'clock train to supper"; and as the boy unheeded of his voice stood still, rapt in admiration of the train, he called out again, "Run, Willy!" and Willy, wheeling swiftly about, ran off as hard as he could.

"How cunning!" cried the young lady, who interpreted the drama at once, and perceived that Willy, as a signal favor, had been allowed to come to the station with his father, having promised that he would go straight home again as soon as his father left him. "Would n't you like to know what kind of home he is running to, and what sort of woman mother is? She must be very nice; Willy looked so well kept, and his father is as neat as a pin in those white linen overalls. I wonder if she made them? I wonder if Willy will forget his message? I wonder what kind of home it is."

"O," said the young gentleman, humoring her fancy, "it is a house of four rooms, and it has a little garden that the painter tends himself. They eat in the kitchen in winter, but the supper is going to be in the sitting-room to-night, because it is so hot. Willy has a sister four years old, and a little brother of six months. The mother has the baby on her arm while she pours out the tea."

He spoke, with his eye on the painter, who had now come inside, and with a glance at his paint-bucket, had taken a seat in the corner of the car, as if he were afraid the smell of the paint might be offensive. There was nothing else noticeable about the man, and his face was as common and as good a kind face as one could anywhere see. A pleasant glow was in it, as if his heart had reflected its tenderness there, and his recent thoughts of wife and children were made visible. So the young gentleman fancied, and saw no shadow descending.

He has no shadow, the terrible, the inexorable, the inevitable! He moves unseen among us, and his touch

falls upon one and another, who vanish swiftly or fade slowly away, and leave a vacant name and a passing memory. It seems if his approach, from far or near, should be deeply and unmistakably figured in those doomed suddenly to die, as if some awful distinction must invest them, hallowing them from the friendly or unfriendly slight with which we treat each other, and making them august and dear to us. They are to go on that long, strange journey, but no token of departure is in them; they stand at the borders of another world, but it is only the light of our own that illumines them; and we cannot know them for souls hovering upon eternity, but must forever mistake them for men like others, full of time's uses, and cares and stains.

Presently our friends, having paid their homage to the painter in his quality of husband and father, began to think him somewhat disagreeable in his character of house-painter, and to fancy that the pungent odors of his turpentine were helping to make the atmosphere of the car still more oppressive. The conductor half-paused, and looked doubtfully at him as he passed, and after a little while, the painter rose, and stepped out of the car. The young gentleman, going to get a drink at the water-jar in the corner, saw him sitting on the steps, and taking in great comfort the draft of air made by the train. He was holding fast by the iron railing, and the young gentleman was sensible of a vague feeling of envy for him as he turned to resume his own seat in the sultry car. But he talked to the young lady of other things, and had forgotten the painter, when the train came rather abruptly to a stand-still, and he noticed that it had stopped in the open country, among fields where mowers were clattering up and down the broad meadows. With two or three others, he quitted the car for a breath of the open air, and walked mechanically to the rear of the train. Two brakemen were running down the track; one of the men in the meadows had left his mower, and was leaping through the tall grass towards the same point. At that point between the rails lay a little white heap, very still.

A train came roaring up out of the west, and being signalled, stopped, and sent out other brakemen, and there was a little parley. Then what was there was lifted aboard that train. He had promised to come home on it.

When the young gentleman returned to his place, "Are n't you looking rather pale?" asked the young lady. "What did we stop for? Ought we to have met that train here? Have we come near an accident?"

"Very near," he answered.

W. D. HOWELLS.

MIRANDY had nothing but contempt for the new master until he developed the bull-dog in his character. Mirandy fell in love with the bull-dog. Like many other girls of her class, she was greatly enamored with the "subjection of women," and she stood ready to fall in love with any man strong enough to be her master. Much has been said of the strong-minded women. I offer this psychological remark as a contribution to the natural history of the weak-minded women. — *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*.

## OLD BALLAD.

BY THOMAS HOOD, THE ELDER.

[Now first printed in America.]

*Air*—"THERE WAS A KING IN THE NORTH COUNTRÉE."

THERE was a fairy lived in a well,  
And she pronounced a magical spell:  
"Whoever looks in this wave," she said,  
"Shall see the lady that he's to wed!"

A king came by with his hunting-spear,  
And stopped to look in the waters clear;  
He laid by the brim his signet of gold,  
And gave his brother his crown to hold.

But, while he knelt, and was looking down,  
His brother stood and tried on the crown;  
The pearls were bright, and the rubies brave,  
So he tumbled his brother into the wave.

"Oh brother! oh brother! you've got my ring,  
And the lawful crown that made me king;  
But your heart shall fail, and your hand shall quake,  
And the head that wears my jewels shall ache!"

The murderer stood and look'd from the brink.  
"The sun is so hot, I should like to drink!"  
But lo! as he stoop'd with a silver cup,  
His head went down, and his heels flew up!

"Oh brother! oh brother!—I've got your crown,  
But the weight of the jewels has pull'd me down.  
You shall be crown'd in the skies again,—  
But I shall be mark'd on the brow, like Cain!"

Down he sank in the dismal wave,  
As cold as death, and dark as the grave;  
But when he came to the stones at last,  
The fairy caught him and held him fast.

She took him into her crystal hall,  
And there he saw his face in the wall;  
She look'd rosy, but he look'd white,  
And all the tapers were burning bright.

The king leaped down from his fairy throne,  
With eyes that brighter than diamonds shone;  
His left hand balanced a golden globe,  
But his right hand lifted his purple robe.

"Oh brother! oh brother! bend down your knee,  
But kneel to Heaven, and not to me;  
For God may frown on your grievous sin,  
But I'm too happy you pushed me in.

"Come hither, come hither, your'e welcome now,  
To my crown of gold that decks your brow;  
There's smiles worth heav'n on my true-love's face,  
And she has made me king of this place!"

## RONDEAU.

MABEL in her purple dress,—  
May heaven treat her  
Tenderly in her distress,  
Until I meet her!  
Time, deal gently with her youth,  
Gently with her loveliness,  
Keep her for me, Grace and Truth,  
In her purple dress!

## A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

[This brief Narrative is taken from Hazlitt's "Sketches of the Principal Picture Galleries in England" (a work which has never been reprinted in the United States), and is interesting, not only as a "Romance of real life," but because it is the original of Tennyson's "Lord of Burleigh." Perhaps the story as told in Hazlitt's modest prose is almost as beautiful as in the Laureate's stately verse.—F. E. B.]

I AM no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh House of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gayety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like." He determined to seek out a second wife in an humbled sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and called *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish; his mode of life was retired; it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns; there was something in the manner of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled homewards across the country. In this manner they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping, till they came to the entrance of Burleigh Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drove nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh House; it is the house I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said, the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. *Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Nights Entertainments!* hide your diminished heads! I never wish to have been a lord, but when I think of this story.

"THE Finger of Fate" is the title of Captain Mayne Reid's last production. In writing this book, the gallant captain seems to have written with a very unskilful finger; he also appears to have put his foot into it.

A CERTAIN philosopher (he must have rolled in wealth himself, or he would never have taken so complacent a view of the matter) says that poverty is merely an idea. It is an idea which a great many people have. It is not a good idea.

## A NERVOUS HEADACHE.

TAKEN FROM LIFE.

DID you ever have a headache? Not one of those milder uneasinesses which accompany an influenza or an indigestion, but a solid, uncompromising nervous intensity, which is as deep as the sea, as high as the sky, and as wide as the earth? If you have not, I shall describe to you something new; if you have, we will shake hands as fellow-travellers in a strange land, and you will be only too ready to confirm what I have to say about it. Indeed, lest you regard me as egotistical, I will allow you to have this one yourself, and will simply describe your sensations.

When *it* has fairly gotten hold of you, your first outcry will be, "Hung be the heavens with black!" and as that cannot be done at your bidding, you darken your chamber to its utmost possibilities of gloom, put an impenetrable bandage over your anguished eyes, bury your head in your pillow, and then — why then, you feel as if you were in the middle of the public square, with the noonday sun pouring its pitiless beams on your unlidded eyeballs; or, as Mrs. Browning has said in quite another connection, as if "Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare of the absolute heavens!"

Thus admirably situated for the observance of your own sensations, you may proceed to analyze them at leisure, for the subject has become of absorbing interest, and you have ample time before you. The most prominent early discovery you make pertains to the enormously increased dimensions of your cranial appurtenance and its capabilities for extended sensation. It reminds you of a prairie on fire; of the meteoric shower in November; of the desert of Sahara; of the bottomless pit. You are aware, by turns, of a herd of buffaloes galloping wildly over the prairie; of a catastrophic convulsion from a collision among the meteors; of several simooms at once on Sahara; or, of an émeute in Pandemonium. Your complete acceptance of these facts is followed by a brief lull, during which you find yourself alone with your head, which is quite company enough. Suddenly a corkscrew is ingeniously inserted into your left eye; you naturally open the right to see what is going on, but are prevented from obtaining information by the insertion of a chisel into that one, and for a while you are conscious only of these new wounds.

Presently you learn that your jaws are constructed on the plan of a piano-forte, and each tooth is a hammer, which in hopping up touches a nerve instead of a string. An invisible artist presides at the key-board, and with delicate skill brings out quavers and demi-semi quavers of exquisite agony. The membranes of the ear vibrate in unison, the bridge of the nose is sympathetic as that of Paganini's fiddle, and an unerring metronome beats time with the pulses of the temples. Each individual hair becomes a stringed instrument of torture, the brain is a vast sounding-board, responsive to each undulatory wave; and an orchestral accompaniment is organized by pains which start up from neck and shoulders. Without any warning a diversion takes place, and your head becomes a well-stocked poultry yard, whereon descends a hawk. A fierce-beaked pain tears the brooding chickens of your thoughts, though they nestle in the remotest

corner of your brain. While you helplessly watch the feathers flying, the scene changes, and you have instead, an iron pint-pot for a head, but that pint-pot is filled with seething mush, which goes round and round to the tune of Boil and Bubble, Toil and Trouble, and you feel as if, could you get the cover off, the pain might be poured out. At this moment an icy chill rushes over you from head to foot, caused, as you suppose, by the sudden stopping of the earth in its orbit, but which proves to have been the slamming of a door in a distant part of the house. You resume the boiling and the bubbling until you have mush enough to more than fill the room you are in, the pint-pot bursts with a loud explosion, and your head is once more thrown back on your hands much the worse for wear. Now an illy-adjusted locomotive of a thousand horse power is set up inside, the steam-whistle shrieks, the bell rings, everything that moves ought to stand still, and everything that stands still ought to move. The first rush takes you off the track, everything is smoke, noise and confusion; but you lose consciousness of it in wonder at a sky-rocket which is let off from one of your teeth and comes out at the eye which had the chisel in it. Your other eye has gone you know not whither, and beholds you know not what.

One would suppose that these experiences were quite sufficient to absorb your intelligent attention; on the contrary, your mind was never so active on other matters. Every painful recollection of the past, any dreaded prognostic of the future, every wearing perplexity of the present, makes haste to present itself and demand an interview. *They all get in and they all say their say*, and the turmoil deepens horribly. But a preternatural distinctness of perception presides over the performance, a double and treble consciousness is established within. Psychological problems arise which you run to some odd conclusion; your own form of existence changes; you are and you are not, or you are at once the bird which soars in air, and the eye which watches its flight; the weapon which stabs, and the heart which bleeds at the stroke; the corpse which lies helpless, and the surgeon who dissects it. In this wretched mixture of cause and effect, of body and spirit, this identity of contraries, this misery of miseries, the hours roll on in an undistinguishable mass. When the conflict ends an utter inanity ensues, and a dull, aimless, hopeless interval follows ere you sadly gather together the scattered fragments of your being to resume the uneven tenor of your way, till the tormentor is again at your gates.

MARGARET J. M. SWEAT.

A careful calculation as to the number of human beings addicted to cannibalism at the present time gives a total of only a fraction inside of two millions, which actually represents the six hundred and nineteenth part of the whole population of the globe. The motives assigned beyond mere hunger, induced by dearth of other animal food, are the passions of revenge and hatred, as well as religious sentiments and gloomy superstition.

A Des Moines druggist has the regular custom of forty opium-eaters. The mild eyed melancholy opium-eaters are said to lay in a supply once a week.

## THE CHOP-DOLLAR BRIDE.

No one who has ever been in China will forget the quantities of Spanish and Mexican dollars which serve as legal tender in the Chinese shops, or the trick each vender has of stamping his trade-mark upon every coin he passes. In process of time, each dollar becomes disfigured past recognition, and is finally indeed chopped to pieces; so that when a Chinaman makes change with you, he can do it, as we cannot, with literal fractions of a dollar.

The preliminaries for a case of matrimony in that curious country are arranged by the parents, or by professionals. The results are not always angelic. In some provinces, however, the groom can restore his bride if she does not suit; provided, also, it be done within twenty-four hours. In one of the American Hongs at Shanghai, in the winter of 1853, one of the servants obtained leave to return home to Ningpo to be married, and stipulated for an absence of three weeks. Full of hope, the dazed lover set forth, his heart busy with the highly imaginative pictures drawn for him by his friend, the matchmaker, who had planned the nuptials. His beautiful Ying-yang was an enchantress; her complexion bright as the sun, and fair as the moon; her flowing tresses like the trailing plumes of the bamboo; her eyes like the stars of night; her dimpled hands like a child's; her feet smaller than her hands; the clouds danced in the sky when she walked abroad, and the flowers were more fragrant beneath her tread. But, alas for mundane hopes, especially the connubial dreams of Ayuke! Long before the honeymoon had passed, his solemn visage re-appeared behind his master's chair at dinner. "What is the matter, Ayuke? Why didn't you stay?" The dismal bridegroom could scarcely be hired to explain. At last, with a funereal shake of the head he wailed, "No likee! My no likee! My friend he makee lie! My believe um too much — no likee — *no likee!*" Instead of his beatific ideal, the unlucky swain had found his Dulcinea ill-shapen, awkward, and far from seraphic, even in temper; her feet had never been cramped and remained of the first magnitude; her pitted face had been ravaged by the small-pox, and suggested to her disconsolate partner the likeness of "chop-dollar." "No likee," groaned Ayuke; "too muchee big feet! facee all same chop-dollar facee! *No likee! NO LIKEE!*" He might still have executed that flank movement which the law allowed him, and escaped his doom. But the fates, or his ardent devotion to *samsu*, had determined otherwise. The runaway bridegroom had indulged in such deep potations that he did not wake to his disappointment till it was too late. The twenty-four hours were up. He had passed the Rubicon of that inexorable law. Ayuke and the incomparable Ying-yang were husband and wife.

JOHN S. SEWALL.

AN exchange spoke of an eminent citizen as a "noble old burgher proudly loving his native State"; which neat little compliment came from the compositor's hand reading, "a nobly old burglar, prowling round in a naked state."

## MINORITIES.

ON the whole, honor to small minorities, when they are genuine ones. Severe is their battle sometimes, but it is victorious always like that of gods. Tancred of Hauteville's sons, some eight centuries ago, conquered all Italy; bound it up into organic masses, of vital order after a sort; founded thrones and principalities upon the same, which have not yet entirely vanished, — the last-dying wrecks of which still wait for some worthier successor, it would appear. The Tancred Normans were some four thousand strong; the Italy they conquered in open fight, and bound up in masses at their ordering will, might count eight millions, all as large of bone, as eupeptic and black-whiskered as they. How came the small minority of Normans to prevail in this so hopeless-looking debate? Intrinsically, doubt it not, because they were in the right; because in a dim, instinctive, but most genuine manner, they were doing the commandment of Heaven, and so Heaven had decided that they were to prevail. But extrinsically, also, I can see, it was because the Normans were not afraid to have their skin scratched; and were prepared to die in their quarrel when needful. One man of that humor among a thousand of the other, consider it! Let the small minority, backed by the whole universe, and looked on by such a cloud of invisible witnesses, fall into no despair.

Carlyle.

A BOMBAY paper tells a story of which we can only say, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato.*" A Madrassie going on a journey, took with him some money and jewels and a monkey, of which he was very fond. The poor man was, however, waylaid, robbed, and murdered by a party of ruffians, who went their way, after throwing the corpse into a dry well and covering the latter up with twigs and dry leaves. But they had overlooked the monkey who saw the whole proceeding from the top of a tree. As soon as the road was clear, the intelligent beast set off for the Tchseldar's, or police officer's house, and having drawn his attention by cries and moans, forced him on by dumb signs to the tell-tale spot. In due time the body was discovered, and then, through the monkey's help, the Tchseldar found the stolen property where the thieves had buried it. He then followed the monkey to the bazaar. There the monkey picked out one of the murderers, ran after him, and with his teeth held him fast by the leg until the man was secured. This feat he seems to have repeated until all the murderers were caught. It is added that they have confessed their crime and have been committed for trial before the Tellichery Court. An Agra contemporary suggests that such a monkey ought to be made an inspector of police. Would not that be rather a descent for the monkey? We would like to hear more about him, — how he behaved, for instance, in giving his evidence before the magistrate. What sort of an equivalent for an oath would be required of him; and would the identity of the culprits be proved by his showing his teeth? If the story should prove to have any foundation, it will deserve a prominent place in the next edition of one of Dr. Frank Buckland's amusing volumes.

### NOTES OF THE FAIR.

To purchase a fine horse for a dollar is a piece of fortune which few men have ever experienced, but such is to be the luck of some patron of the fair. The Fearnought yearling, "Cassandra," has been given to the fair, and will be raffled. The shares, one dollar each, are for sale at the table of Mrs. Hunt in Horticultural Hall. The animal is valued at two thousand dollars.

THE tickets for Mr. Phillips' lecture at Tremont Temple, on the 22d instant, are for sale at the table of Mrs. Thayer, in Music Hall, as well as at the table of Mrs. Haven, in Horticultural Hall.

THE following are the names of table marshals which were not given in the first number of the PELLET:—

5, Mr. Sears; 10, W. W. Howard; 16, H. W. Noble; 19, J. M. Forbes; 22, J. H. Foster; 26, J. R. Hooper; 32, Mr. Hayward; 37, Joseph Guild; 41, A. S. Austin; 44, S. M. Pitman, E. A. Maynard; 45, J. E. Atkins; 46, C. C. Goodwin; 48, James P. Coes; 49, Geo. H. Wellman; 53, W. O. Stevens; 54, G. A. Fisk; 56, C. E. Brown; 58, G. F. Hunting; 62, E. D. Bangs.

FINDING a very large stock of goods in her hands, Mrs. Ahlborn, No. 26 Music Hall, held a sale at her house on Saturday afternoon, and disposed of some six hundred dollars' worth without materially dimishing the attractions of her table.

### THE BABY HOUSE

THAT has been designed and fitted up by one of Dr. Jackson's patients in Roxbury, is about five feet high, four feet long, and, including the porch, three feet wide. It has a Mansard roof, is three stories high, and contains six rooms and three halls. It has black walnut stairs; doors (with silver-plated hinges and handles) and windows that open. The front door is of black walnut—upper half glass—with name, number, and a bell that rings. The house is supposed to be inhabited by Mr. John Eliot—a lineal descendant of John Eliot, the apostle to the Indians, who lived in Roxbury some two hundred years ago. His wordly condition is a great improvement on that of his highly respected ancestor. The family consist of Mr. and Mrs. Eliot, nine children, grandpa and grandma. There is a little boy making a visit, a neighbor's child, who has come in to play, four colored servants, seven dogs, two cats, canaries, gold-fish, and a fly! The following description of this wonderful establishment has been furnished:—

KITCHEN.—Green wall, grained finish; canvas carpet; sink, with faucets; grained dresser; tables and chairs; zinc under and back of the stove; cooking stove, with all the pots and kettles; cats, with pan of milk; clock, flat-irons, holder, etc., on mantel; kitchen roller; wash-tub; pail, with cocoanut dipper; dish-tub, with mop; silver-towel; dishes of turkey, green peas, chops, etc.; silver and glass on tray, brought out from the dining-room to wash; colored cook, with dish-towel in hand, at work; clothes-horse, full of clean clothes; white china

set, jars, pitchers, gravy-bowls, etc.; churn, broom, wash-basin, and tin dipper; barrel, coal-hod, shovel, tongs, etc.; waiter; looking-glass; large yellow bowl with flour in it; bell that rings from the front door; bronze gas fixture; gray linen curtain that rolls up.

LOWER HALL.—Buff walls, black walnut finish; white marble floor; blue mats; blue velvet hall chair; hall glass, with marble-topped table under it, with card-receiver, hat, and morning paper; hat-stand, with umbrella, travelling-bag, and travelling-shawl, with embroidered shawl-strap; cuckoo-clock; pictures; dog, and two puppies; the oldest boy taking the youngest child but one, to ride in a perambulator.

DINING ROOM.—Buff walls, black walnut finish; dark blue silk drapery curtains; Brussels carpet, with blue velvet border; blue furniture, sofa, chairs, and foot-rest; child's high chair; side table with silver drawer, silver soup-tureen, and lobster; side-board lined with crimson, containing silver; on it, caster, ice-pitcher, silver butter-dish, and knife; piece of butter with ice on it; spoon-holder; lettuce with salad, spoon and fork; child's mug, etc. Dessert left standing on dinner-table, which is set with blue and white gilt-edged china, silver knives and forks, tea tray and service, urn, spoons, child's porringer and mug, glass goblets, napkins, coffee cups of Sevres china, cake, cheese, bread, ladies' fingers, oranges, etc. Cato, the waiter, just clearing away the things; bell-rope; pictures; mirror; marble statuary; bronze chandelier; candelabras with candles; vases with flowers; clock; black walnut mantel-piece; soft-coal fire in grate; coal hod, shovel, tongs, etc.; cuspidor.

LIBRARY.—Buff walls, black walnut finish; drapery curtains of green silk and lace; green and wood-colored carpet, worked by hand; green sofa and chairs; library table, green cloth top; Bible stand the same; also, Davenport desk; book-cases with glass doors, well filled with books; several valuable illustrated works, some in French; photograph book; on the library table, study lamp, euchre pack of cards, inkstand, double-bladed pen-knife, engravings, and excellent photograph of Abraham Lincoln; black walnut mantel piece, with mirror over it; fire-board of inlaid black marble; escritoire, with pigeon-holes for letters; writing table; bronze chandeliers; candelabras; vases; clock; busts of Goethe, Schiller, Hahnemann, and others. Also, white marble busts of Washington and Franklin; very valuable paintings, one from an original of John Eliot; the old Eliot family Bible of 1631, rebound; worked sofa pillow; wall-basket full of letters, and ottoman; red feather duster; checker-board; waste-basket; ornaments; small globe; compass; helmet; vases; basket of flowers, etc. In this room are grandpa, grandma, and little girl; also, a fly on the bust of Franklin; bell rope; cuspidor.

SECOND HALL.—Buff walls and black walnut finish; carpet of green and wood color, worked by hand; long window, with curtain that draws; vine, in large pot, trained against the wall; canary bird in cage; bronze side bracket for gas; pictures; poodle dog; neighbor's child feeding dove at the window.

DRAWING ROOM.—Light grey walls, window and mop-board white; worked carpet, grey ground, with medal-

lion of crimson and white roses, rose-buds strewn over it, and crimson shaded border; drapery curtains of crimson satin brocade, and lace; furniture of rosewood, and gilt, with crimson satin; two lounging-chairs, piano-stool, and foot-rest of crimson velvet; piano that plays a tune! mirror with white marble slab under it, on which is an angel in marble; etagère, on it a marble group of deer (very beautiful), also, a rare work bound in ivory, "Fabuliste du Jeune Age," and various ornaments; white marble centre table with ivory easel and painting on ivory, opera-glass, odor-stand, fan, etc. Black walnut mantel piece, with mirror over it; inlaid marble fire-board; French clock with bronze horseman on it; ivory fans that were old Mrs. Eliot's; gilt candelabras; gilt chandelier; hanging basket with flowers; wall basket with flowers; bell-rope; sofa-pillow; tidies; cuspidor; the Immaculate Conception, by Murillo, and other paintings—a choice collection—by the old masters. Eldest daughter about to play on the piano, with music. Papa with his meerschaum, and illustrated paper. Mamma with work-basket, coming to sit with them. Boy in blue, "the light of the house," playing with frisky little dog.

MRS. ELIOT'S CHAMBER.—Delicate blue or lavender walls—the paint tinted to match; worked carpet, the same throughout this story, blue, pink, and wood-colored; lavender silk curtains; bedstead with lace curtains, with sheets, blankets, quilt, and pillow-shams, embroidered with "E," and hem-stitched; wardrobe; bureau with cushion, hand-glass, comb and brush; somnole; washstand, with a full set; bowl, pitcher, tumbler, etc. Toothbrush and soap; towel-stand, with towels and sponge; furniture covered with soft Roman silk, the same colors as the carpet; white marble mantel-piece, with small gilt clock; vases with flowers, and bronze candlesticks; open soft coal fire, fire-pan, coal-hod, shovel and tongs, etc. Gilt chandelier; watch hanging on the wall; dressing-glass; catch-all; boot-jack; cradle; nurse just taking baby down to see papa; pictures; bell-rope.

THIRD HALL.—Walls buff; carpet like chambers; white muslin curtains looped up with pink; bird-cage; flower-stand in window, full of blossoming plants; globe of gold-fish; watering-pot; bronze brackets for gas; little girl going down stairs with her doll.

NURSERY.—Pink walls, paint tinted to match; curtains of pink silk; bedstead with lace curtains; bedding the same as Mrs. Eliot's; wardrobe; washstand with full set; towel-stand; toilet-table with comb and brush; white marble mantelpiece with dove on it; also, vases of flowers, and candlesticks; all the pictures suitable for children; open wood fire, andirons, fender, shovel and tongs, and bellows; gilt chandelier; candlestick and snuffers; pin-cushion; baby's basket complete with comb and brush, soap, pin-cushion, powder-box, etc. Nurse giving the children their bath—their clothes, boots, playthings, etc., on the floor; bell-rope; gilt cornice throughout the house.

SIXTY dollars worth of court-plaster was given to the fair a day or two ago. It will be sold for the benefit of the table of Mrs. J. H. Woodbury.

### TABLE TALK.

— One of the tables in the fair has a contribution from an allopathic physician, who gave it, he said, in acknowledgment of what homœopathy has done for the old system of medicine.

— Among the many things of beauty and service to be voted to popular physicians is a medicine chest at the table of Mrs. Ahlborn, No. 26 Music Hall, which is one of the most valuable articles in the fair. It was made by Tiffany of New York, and is given by Royal E. Robbins, Esq. The chest is covered with Russia leather, ornamented with emblematic designs on solid silver, and there is an engraved likeness of Hahnemann, which is quite a marvel of delicate workmanship. The chest contains eighty bottles, and will make a most attractive addition to some physician's office table,—whose, it remains for the patrons of the fair to determine.

— Attention is called to the fact that, at the Jamaica Plain table, No. 59 Music Hall, Mrs. C. E. King, president, a specialty is made of the sale of kitchen ware and household goods. Here the useful predominates, and the variety is complete.

— At the table of Mrs. J. H. Woodbury, No. 31 Music Hall, are to be found four or five very desirable chairs, which will be raffled. One is a very attractive smokers' chair, another is a reclining chair, and a third is a richly ornamented camp-chair; a gentleman might think himself fortunate to possess either of them. Other attractions are a superb fire screen, several beautiful lamp screens, and a specimen of wax flower work, showing remarkably rich and delicate coloring.

— At the Boston and Andover table, No. 14 Horticultural Hall, Mrs. Henry J. Stevens, president, there is an elegant English edition of "The Silent Partner," presented by the author, Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, with her autograph. There is, also, a beautiful oil painting, by A. F. Bellows, of "Morning in the Welsh Mountains," which has been on exhibition recently in the window of Messrs. Lee & Shepard. This painting will be raffled, together with a sewing machine, and a gold (Waltham) watch. There is, of course, the usual variety of fancy and useful articles, the contributions having been made from Andover and this city.

— Ever since it was decided that the fair should be held, the patients in the hospital have been working for it; and the result is, the accumulation of articles which entitles them to a separate table in the fair, which is to be known as the "Patients' Table." The earnestness with which they have devoted themselves to the work, is at once very creditable to them, and a noteworthy testimonial of the value of the object for which the fair is held.

— Mrs. Havens' table, No. 11 Horticultural Hall, has four raffles. The fire screen, which is to be sold in shares of \$1 each, is a fine piece of work elegantly framed. A unique clock is to be sold in 75 shares of \$2 each. A bronze statue of the Goddess of Fortune, will be raffled in shares of \$1 each. The other raffle is a combination of several articles of fancy work, which makes up a very attractive set.

## A VISIT TO A CHINA SHOP.

[From a Paper read before the Thursday Club in Boston.]

ONE evening in 1792, a collection of gentlemen calling themselves "The Academy," assembled at Marseilles to hear one of the members read a paper on experiments in decorating pottery. The manuscript, still preserved, shows the great interest of the good people of that day in such matters, and how warmly they applauded any attempted improvement in ornamentation and design of plates, bowls, vases, cups and saucers. From the enthusiasm manifested in the composition of that old document penned and read so many years ago, I judge that particular member of the so-called academy had the true feeling for his subject, and I wish the old gentleman could have lived eighty years longer, and visited Boston. He would have been invited here of course to-night, and then I should have been a listener instead of a talker. For one I should have enjoyed his rapture over the collection before us, and his amazement over the larger one, from which this has been borrowed for this occasion of our meeting to night.

At the corner of one of the busiest streets in our city, is a shop so admirably adapted to despoil the purses and educate the tastes of our citizens and their wives that it deserves special mention as one of the institutions of Boston. Our townsman, Richard Briggs, is entitled to honorable mention for having added an artistic attraction to this metropolis, quite exceptional and worthy of notice; and with your permission I will occupy a few minutes in briefly describing his beautiful collection of wares at the corner of Washington and School streets, and what he has done for improvement in the useful arts. All of us have suffered, no doubt, more or less, as victims to his taste and skill. One finds it almost impossible to leave his glittering precincts without a diminution of greenbacks; and many of us, even after pecuniary depletion, find ourselves,—so fascinating is the search after faultless pottery and glass,—repeating the words of the old hymn,—

"I have been there, and still would go."

And fitting it is that we *should* go there. I am told by travellers, persons of taste and refinement, who have hunted through the shops of the Old World for similar works of art to those collected by Mr. Briggs, that under no one roof can be found the variety assembled at the corner of School street in Boston. Years ago, the proprietor of that establishment resolved that he had the courage, the means, and the will to found a business in such artistic productions as would obviate the necessity of any purchaser's looking further than Boston to have all his wants supplied, no matter how refined his taste or expensive his needs. Mr. Briggs, of course, had to labor hard to conquer an existing prejudice in favor of buying in European markets. He was obliged to compete with London, and Paris, and Venice, and Vienna. He was, in short, determined to make Boston the headquarters, instead of those cities, for American buyers. New York and Philadelphia must be beaten also, and the old store on Washington street must be made to contain all the treasures a reasonable human being, with plenty of money, could desire. And bravely his determination has been accomplished. It is said that in no shop in the world but Briggs' can be found for sale

dinner sets of ware made in so many different countries. He can supply your table from Dresden, Japan, China, Germany, Austria, France, England, and America, and if you want a genuine *Sevres* set, it is there at your service. During the year 1869 and '70, more cases of India China were shipped from Hong Kong to the old shop on the corner, than to all the rest of the United States. This fact is chronicled in the Hong Kong Annual Circular.

Many gentlemen present, no doubt, dropped in to see the magnificent arrival from Japan last month. Seventy cases of ancient and modern articles were opened from that remote corner of our planet, and most of the choicest are already disposed of. It took the whole year's time of an expert commissioned by Mr. Briggs to roam round the kingdom and pick up those treasures. No such gems were ever seen in America before. France has tried for half a century to imitate the Japanese lacquer and inlaying, and spent millions in the trial; but the secret is still as profound as ever.

In walking around Mr. Briggs' premises, one is naturally attracted, among the first objects of art, to his specimens of Sevres ware. He did not leave to agents the business of picking up, here and there, whatever was allowed to leak out of the great factory into Paris; but he made a special mission to the spot, and arranged, personally, very important matters with the directors themselves. For instance, it was the rule of the factory, that out of every hundred articles that were made, five of the most perfect were to be selected for royal purposes, and the remaining ninety-five were to be offered for sale. The inspector at Sevres has permitted his best workmen to decorate these pieces out of hours, as it is called, for Mr. Briggs, on condition that none of them should be sold in Paris. So they now come to Boston. Mr. Briggs tells me that the finest specimens of Sevres china in this country are those pieces which the French Prince sent out several years ago as a present to Mr. Seward, and on which Mr. Secretary was obliged to pay such heavy duties. Mr. Briggs, by the way, was sent for to appraise the ware at the New York Custom House, his knowledge of values being well known there.

In communicating with a man who is so thoroughly in love with his business as Mr. Briggs, I catch something of his enthusiasm, and learn much that is interesting. He has the same burning desire to possess a perfect piece of Sevres porcelain, as a book collector might evince over a unique copy of the Decameron of Boccaccio. He once offered a thousand francs for an exquisite little bowl which he saw and fancied in the French factory; but the stamp of royalty was already on it, and the sum was, of course, declined. Every year Mr. Briggs goes to Europe on a tour of inspection. He sailed this week on his eighth cruise about the world of pottery, china and glass. Apart from mere gain, it is a delightful occupation for him to go roaming about the Old World like an intelligent Dr. Syntax in search of the picturesque. Now selecting beautiful Pallisy ware from the collection of Barbizot in Paris; now wandering about the old city of Limoges, near Bordeaux, where the best clay for porcelain is found; now hunting for choice bits in the new Dresden factory, the proprietors of which formerly worked their

wonders of beauty in a charming old chateau overlooking the Elbe at Meissen; now walking about the museum of porcelain, established at Berlin, containing perhaps the most attractive collection in the world; now coming quite unexpectedly, in the city of Copenhagen, upon some of the finest Etruscan copies yet made in Europe; now journeying by wagon through the mountains of Bohemia to find the most exquisite glass ware in design and execution; now plunging through the black forests of Thuringia to see what the workmen were doing there for art; then crossing the channel for a tour of inspection among the renowned English factories; visiting the famous old establishment in Worcester, founded there so long ago as 1750; then running down into Staffordshire to see what the Mintons are producing that is fresh and elegant; then dropping in among the grandchildren of old Wedgewood, who still carry on the works, to select from their ever-attractive and classic designs from Flaxman and others; then pottering about among the old Chelsea ware, which Dr. Johnson tried so hard to improve, and over which he nearly burnt his dear old eyes out.

Here is a glass vase which he brought home lately. Observe its beauty. All these outlying graceful ornaments and handles are in separate pieces, and had to be put on the main body of the vases at the same moment by nine workmen. For the whole must be formed at once while the glass is in a state of fusion. A moment's delay and it is useless. The men come together as if by machinery and with steady hands form at once this thing of beauty.

I cannot conceive of more charming journeys than those which Mr. Briggs is called by his business to take. To-day floating in a Venetian gondola from factory to factory; a few weeks afterwards chatting with the famous French artist, Dessore, over his charming sketches, and hearing the enthusiastic Frenchman declare that he will reserve all his best designs for the American Republic.

The decoration of pottery and porcelain has of late engaged the attention of some of the most celebrated modern European painters. Several eminent artists in Paris have been amusing themselves by trying their skill in this way. I saw two years ago, at the house of a gentleman on the Champ Elysees, a collection of dinner plates that had been recently painted for him by Fortuné, Zamacois, and Vibert. One of these plates, thus decorated with comic figures by Zamacois, while the china was yet unbaked and had a surface fitted to receive color, has a value I should not dare to name.

Mr. Briggs uses his own eyes when he is contemplating new designs for ornamentation. He sees a wren's nest hanging from an old wall, a fungus peculiarly rich in shape and color clinging to a tree, a cluster of autumn leaves larger and finer than common, a spray of apple blossoms more than usually delicate, and straightway they are detached from their homes and transferred in *fac simile* to brackets, dinner plates, breakfast sets, and vases. Not long ago he observed in a curiosity shop window a quaint antique pitcher, the fashion of which centuries had left behind, but the beautiful form and color of which no length of time could obliterate, and forthwith the old relic was borne away, and made to stand as pattern for numerous copies in modern clay, and do duty over again in reproduction for another hundred years, perhaps.

Seeing how inconvenient it always is to convey into a sick room soup, dry toast, and other matters for the patients' comfort, on various dishes and bowls, Mr. Briggs invents an article to hold all these things at once in a more portable form. He has even invented a plate for the accommodation of six raw oysters, and left room for a bit of lemon in the middle of the magic circle.

His wit is always on the alert, and his invention is tireless for new decoration.

And it certainly is most important that Mr. Briggs himself should look after the ornamentation part of his business, *that* in itself being a kind of education in art among our people; for what is before us every day must influence our taste for the better or worse, as the case may be. The amount of common goods sent from the Staffordshire potteries, alone, to the United States, annually, is over six hundred thousand pounds sterling; and if these articles can be so decorated as to instruct as well as to serve our daily needs, surely such efforts for excellence as those made by Mr. Briggs are not trivial or unimportant. Let me make the songs of a people, and I care not who may make the laws, is a good saying; and so when I see a man introducing among his countrymen the best intelligent thought in porcelain, and bronze, and glass,— seeking for treasures of art in China, Japan, Italy, France, Germany, and England,— I count him in among the *educators*, and wish him all manner of success. J. T. FIELDS.

EVERY person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some locked, some bolted,— with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers. There is almost always, at least, one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!— *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

ICEBERGS IN THE ATLANTIC.— There is something impressive and dismal in the fate of those cold and lonely wanderers of the deep. They break loose, by some great effort of nature, from the shores and rivers of the unknown regions of the north, where for centuries, perhaps, they have been accumulating, and commence their dreary voyage, which has no end but annihilation. For years they may wander in the Polar sea, till some strong gale or current bears them past its iron limits; then, by the predominance of winds and waters to the south, they float past the desolate coasts of Newfoundland. Already the summer sun makes sad havoc in their strength, melting their lofty heights; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on glides the great mass, slowly, solemnly. You cannot perceive that it stirs; the greatest storm does not rock it, the keenest eye cannot discover a motion, but moment by moment, day by day, it passes to the south, where it wastes away and vanishes at last.

## FRAGMENTA AURA.

(Selected for the PELLET.)

## ARISTOCRACY.

To thee be all men heroes : every race  
Noble : all women virgins : and each place  
A temple : know thou nothing that is base.

*Owen Meredith.*

## THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A WIDOW ! she had only one,  
A puny and decrepit son ;  
Yet, day and night,  
Though often fretful, — weak and small,  
A loving child, he was her all —  
The widow's mite.

The widow's mite, ay, so sustain'd,  
She battled onward, nor complain'd  
When friends were fewer :  
And while she toil'd for daily fare,  
A little crutch upon the stair  
Was music to her.

I saw her then, — and now I see,  
That though resign'd and cheerful, she  
Has sorrow'd much :  
She has — He gave it tenderly —  
Much faith — and carefully laid by,  
A little crutch.

*Frederick Locker.*

## THERE'S A WOMAN LIKE A DEW-DROP.

THERE'S a woman like a dew-drop — she's so purer than the  
purest ;  
And her noble heart's the noblest — yes, and her sure faith's  
the surest ;  
And her eyes are dark and humid, like the depth on depth of  
lustre  
Hid i' the harebell, while her tresses, sunnier than the wild-  
grape cluster,  
Gush in golden-tinted plenty down her neck's rose-misted  
marble ;  
Then her voice's music, — call it the well's bubbling, the bird's  
warble !

And this woman says, "My days were sunless and my nights  
were moonless,  
Parched the pleasant April herbage, and the lark's heart's out-  
break tuneless,  
If you loved me not !" And I who (ah, for words of flame !)   
adore her,  
Who am mad to lay my spirit prostrate palpably before her, —  
I may enter at her portal soon, as now her lattice takes me,  
And by noontide as by midnight make her mine, as hers she  
makes me !

*Robert Browning.*

## ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined  
Shall now my joyful temples bind ;  
No monarch but would give his crown,  
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
The pale which held that lovely deer ;  
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,  
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there  
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair.  
Give me but what this ribbon bound,  
Take all the rest the sun goes round !

*Edmund Waller.*

## IT WAS NOT IN THE WINTER.

It was not in the winter  
Our loving lot was cast ;  
It was the time of roses, —  
We plucked them as we passed !

That churlish season never frowned  
On early lovers yet ;  
O no ! — the world was newly crowned  
With flowers when first we met.

'T was twilight, and I bade you go ;  
But still you held me fast.  
It was the time of roses, —  
We plucked them as we passed !

*Thomas Hood.*

## THE ONE GRAY HAIR.

THE wisest of the wise  
Listen to pretty lies,  
And love to hear them told :  
Doubt not that Solomon  
Listened to many a one —  
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never sat among  
The choir of Wisdom's song ;  
But pretty lies loved I  
As much as any king  
When youth was on the wing,  
And (must it then be told ?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas ! and I have not  
The pleasant hour forgot,  
When one pert lady said,  
"O Landor ! I am quite  
Bewildered with affright :  
I see (sit quiet now !) a white hair on your head !"

Another, more benign,  
Drew out that hair of mine,  
And in her own dark hair  
Pretended she had found  
That one, and twirled it round :  
Fair as she was, she never was so fair !

*Walter Savage Landor.*

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BELOW Mount Jura lies a vale  
Extremely dark and deep and wide,  
Where once — if we may trust the tale —  
Good Saint Verena lived and died.

A pious damsel, sooth, was she,  
Who made her lowly life sublime  
With works of grace and charity ;  
The marvel of her age and clime.

To heal the sick, and teach the young,  
And lead the weak in Virtue's ways,  
Her daily life, — and every tongue  
In all the valley sang her praise.

Save one, — of course the " Evil One," —  
Who, being evermore at strife  
With pious folks, left naught undone  
To end good Saint Verena's life !

Sometimes he turned — the legends say —  
A mountain torrent in her path ;  
In vain ! dry shod she held her way,  
Unhurt, despite the devil's wrath !

And once a murderer, in the night,  
The fiend employed to take her life ;  
In vain ! for when his lantern light  
Revealed her face, he dropped his knife !

And so it fell the devil's skill  
No harm to Saint Verena brought ;  
He failed to work his wicked will,  
And all his malice came to naught.

Enraged, at last he seized a stone,  
Intent at once to crush her dead,  
(A rock that weighed at least a ton !)  
And held it poised above her head.

Whereat she turned, and at the sight  
(Such angel-beauty filled her face),  
Poor Satan shuddered with affright,  
And fain had fled the holy place !

And in his fear he trembled so  
He dropt the stone — down — down it goes !  
To fall on Saint Verena ? — No !  
It falls instead on Satan's toes !

And since that day he limps about,  
Unable more to leap or run ;  
And, that the story none may doubt,  
You still may see the very stone ;

With five deep marks on either side,  
Which — so the pious peasant hints —  
(Though wicked sceptics may deride)  
Are clearly Satan's finger-prints !

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# THE PELLET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1872.

THE numerous ladies who are working so devotedly to make the Homœopathic Hospital Fair a success, may appropriately be called "Good Fair-ies."

ON the opening night of the Homœopathic Surgical Fair in New York, Mdle. Nilsson assisted at table No. 16, — "sweet sixteen" it was, on that occasion.

WE have just received from the Messrs. G. & C. Merriam, of Springfield, a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. If the orthography of THE PELLET is not faultless throughout, we are without an excuse, for we have constantly had within consulting distance the best authority in the language.

## CONCERNING A BEAR.

IT frequently happens that documents not intended for the public eye contain matters of so general interest that their publication becomes imperative. But even in such cases the greatest discretion and delicacy should be exercised. As the following extract is from a private letter, and as we print it without the cognizance of the writer, we feel it would be indiscreet in us to say anything that would lead the reader to connect Mark Twain with the matter.

"Do you know," says the writer, whose name we are forced to shroud in mystery, "do you know the prettiest fancy and the neatest that ever shot through Bret Harte's brain? It was this: When they were trying to decide upon a vignette for the cover of the *Overland*, a grizzly bear (of the arms of the State of California), was chosen. Nahl brothers carved him, and the page was printed, with him in it, looking thus:

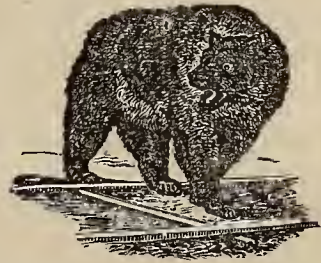


"As a bear he was a success, — he was a good bear. But then it was objected that he was an *objectless* bear, — a bear that *meant* nothing in particular, signified nothing, — simply stood there snarling over his shoulder at nothing, and was manifestly a boorish and ill-natured intruder upon the fair page. All hands said that; none were satisfied. They hated badly to give him up, and yet they hated as much to have him there when there was no *point* to him. But

presently Harte took a pencil and drew these two simple lines under his feet,



and, behold! he was a magnificent success! — the ancient symbol of California savagery, snarling at the approaching type of the highest progressive Civilization, the first overland locomotive!



"I just think that was nothing less than inspiration itself."

We think it was perhaps only a milder form of inspiration that prompted us to take our correspondent's letter from its dusty pigeon-hole in our desk, and lay this pleasant, unique anecdote before the readers of THE PELLET.

LORD DUNDREARY says that Browning's last poem, *Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau*, is "one of those things which *no fellah* can find out."

THE number of poor puns that have been perpetrated on the word "pellet" during the past few days is calculated to give any stranger who may chance to be among us a very erroneous impression as to the average intelligence of this community. We feel sorry for Mr. Tanaka, of the Japanese embassy, who is at present in Boston, quietly studying our ways and our manners. We beg leave to assure him that there is nothing better than American humor, when it is good, — and when it isn't, there's nothing worse.

CONSIDERING the brevity of our existence, there is, perhaps, a kind of effrontery in our welcoming *The Daily Globe*, — the largest-sized pellet among newspapers — to the field of journalism. We believe there is room in Boston for a first-class eight-page daily paper, and we wish the new enterprise success. Apropos of the literary department of the paper, a New York journal says, "Mr. E. P. Whipple is now writing for *The Globe*." This is not the first time Mr. Whipple has written for all the world!

THE PELLET resembles Boccaccio's *Decamerone* in this respect, — it is only a ten days' entertainment.

## EXTRACTS FROM OLD BOSTON RECORDS.

No. 2.

1701, MAY 26. The Representatives are farther desired to promote y<sup>e</sup> economizing of y<sup>e</sup> bringing white servants to put a period to negroes being slaves.

MAY 5, 1725. If any of the occupiers of houses, lands, or tenements shall refuse or neglect to take and sweep together in heaps such dirt and trash as lyes by or before their respective houses, lands or tenements, in the space of twenty-four hours after warning given by the scavenger, shall forfeit and pay the sum of five shillings for every such neglect, and treble the cost the scavengers shall be at in doing the same.

1735, APRIL 30. The several Watchmen in a moderate tone to cry the time of night and give account of the weather, as they walk their rounds after twelve o'clock.

1735, MAY 30. Voted that Mrs. Alice Haynes be prosecuted for presuming to set up and to keep a school within this town contrary to the laws of this province, in y<sup>t</sup> case made and provided.

1735, JULY 28. Mr. Brownell has liberty to keep a school "for the instruction of youth in reading, writing, cyphering, dancing, and the use of the needle."

1742, SEPTEMBER 1. The Selectmen gave a certificate y<sup>t</sup> there had been paid out of the Town Treasury to sundry persons for 4,968 rats killed in or near this town since April 5 last, £82, 16s. old tenor.

1742, DECEMBER 14. Census of y<sup>e</sup> Inhabitants. 16,382 souls, 1,719 houses, 166 wharves, 1,374 negroes, 418 horses, 141 cows.

N. B. The negroes are included in the above number of souls.

1756, MAY 19. A committee was appointed to fix the vane on Faneuil Hall Market, which was thrown down by the great earthquake the 18<sup>th</sup> of November last, and to repair the steeple.

1766, APRIL 29. The lane commonly called *Pudden Lane* having since y<sup>e</sup> late fire been enlarged into a street is now named by the selectmen DEVONSHIRE STREET, in honor to that gentleman, who is a merchant of Bristol and generously gave £100 sterling to the sufferers by the late fire.

SEPT. 20, 1766. Mr. Sheriff Greenleaf applied to the selectmen for the use of Faneuil Hall on Monday next, being the Coronation Day, when the Governor and Council propose to drink the King's health. Voted that liberty be granted.

APRIL 28, 1703. George Ripley is appointed cow-keeper for the ensuing summer, he to procure assistance so as that due care be taken in the discharge of his trust, and that he take care of watering the bulls and put them up at night in the burial place.

DECEMBER 28, 1719. Ordered, That the Granary be opened on Wednesdays and Frydays, and on those dayes Mr. Calvin Galpine be directed to sell to y<sup>e</sup> inhabitants of this town (except y<sup>e</sup> com<sup>r</sup> on bakers) at the following prices: Indian, 3s. 9d.; Rey, 5s.; Wheat, 7s.; and that he give notice thereof by crying.

1715, DECEMBER 14. Voted, That it be recommended to y<sup>e</sup> Representatives of this town to endeavor to procure an Act to prevent Stage Plays, &c., w<sup>ch</sup> may have a tendency to corrupt Youth, and that y<sup>e</sup> town clerk give y<sup>e</sup> same in writing.

1736, SEPTEMBER 15. Whereas the Justices and Selectmen are informed of the frequent profanation of the *Lord's Day* by loose vain persons, negro's, &c., unnecessarily travelling or walking to or from Roxbury with neglect of attending the Publick Worship of God in either place, it is therefore ordered by the said Justices and Selectmen, that from and after the date hereof and until the seventeenth day of October next ensuing, the Constables of and within the town of Boston, and every of them by turn, do warn and appoint six meet and sober persons, inhabitants of the said town, on each Lord's day within the said town to Ward on the Neck or highway between Boston and Roxbury, at some convenient place near the line of defence. Three of the said persons are to give their attendance there from seven o'clock in the morning until half an hour after twelve at noon, and then to be relieved by the other three, who are there to continue upon duty until the dusk of the evening.

And such constables, respectively in their turns, as aforesaid, are to attend also with their staves, and to give in charge to such Ward, that they take due care to prevent and suppress such disorder, to examine all passengers; to restrain all persons from disporting, idle walking, or unnecessary travelling on the Lord's day.

---

THE popular doctrine of the division of labor, which universally prevails in the kitchens of the present day, was superbly rebuked by the late H. G. Otis, who was Mayor of Boston in its early municipal career.

During a severe storm in winter, when the snow had so impeded the highways that the milkmen from the rural districts were prevented from reaching their customers at their usual hours, Mr. Otis was informed by his maid that no breakfast could be had till the milkman arrived. He thereupon called his coachman, and bade him go to the nearest grocer's for a supply of milk. But John, not fancying this job, replied, "It is not my place, sir!"

"Indeed," rejoined Mr. Otis, in that dignified manner which so became him; "and pray, sir, what *do* you consider to be your province in my establishment?"

"Why, sir," said John, "I was engaged to take charge of the horses and carriage, and to attend the door and table."

"Very well," replied Mr. Otis; "put the horses in harness, and drive the carriage to my door."

This was done, and Mr. Otis then bade the maid take the pitcher and enter the carriage, and told John to take her to the store and bring her back.

---

THE cultivation of the poppy in France is steadily increasing, and it now occupies about 50,000 acres, of the value of 4,500,000 francs, yielding opium to the value of 2,000,000 francs per year. Different samples of opium raised in various parts of Europe yielded from 8 to 13 per cent of morphine.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE OF LIVORNO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNST ECKSTEIN.

BY LUCY A. WILLIAMS.

## PART I.

IN Pisa I became acquainted with a young Swedish artist, Gustav Runeberg, by name. We were living at the same hotel, and soon became good friends. We usually took a walk together at twilight, relating our experiences and observations as we sauntered along, or gazed into the languishing Juno-like eyes of the fair women of Pisa. Gustav was at that time making studies of the Cathedral and the world-renowned leaning tower, while I was employed on an interesting collection of public archives; so there was no lack of varied and lively suggestions in our conversation.

One Sunday morning the young Swede entered my room, seeming slightly weary of life, and asked if I had any special plans for the day.

I answered in the negative.

"Good! Then come with me to Livorno! I feel today so tired of Pisa, so—how shall I express it? I need a little shaking up, else the blood will stagnate in my veins."

"You are right," I answered. "This quietest of all Italian cities has a wonderfully soporific effect upon one. I have never been able to understand how Pisa is said to contain fifty thousand inhabitants."

"You will go with me, then?" asked Gustav.

"Certainly! Is there any particular attraction in Livorno?"

"I do not know that there is. But the harbor, the sea air, the smell of tar, all this will be marvellous refreshment to a thirsty soul."

"Va benissimo! And when shall we start?"

"At once, if you like. The express train leaves in twenty minutes. You cannot spend much time on your toilet."

"I am ready; but you?"

He laughed.

"Wait two seconds!" said he, in the tone of a man who is sure of his cause.

In fact, he appeared after a few minutes with his dress entirely changed. The careless morning costume was exchanged for an elegant walking suit, which was remarkably becoming, and I could easily imagine how interesting he must seem to the fair maidens in our vicinity.

Quarter of an hour later we were steaming along the coast towards Livorno. Having reached our destination, we wandered arm in arm through the broad, unpoetic streets, and then directed our steps to the harbor, the sleepy stillness of which was even more lifeless than we had imagined. Indeed, the sun was already burning so fiercely that, as the proverb says, only dogs and Englishmen would think of walking out; but Christians must demand a siesta in the shade.

"Corpo di Bacco!" sighed I, "you are leading me into the region of purgatory."

"It is tolerably cool in the tower," replied Gustav.

"But, for heaven's sake, why must we climb these battlements, most incomprehensible of Swedish artists?"

He smiled like one who is about to reveal a sweet secret.

"Let us rest here," said he, "and I will explain why I would like to ascend the tower in spite of this terrible heat, and when you have heard my story, perhaps you, also, may feel a desire to exert your weakened muscle,—provided I tell the tale with any degree of skill."

"You excite my curiosity. What bond of sympathy can attach you to this lighthouse? Ah, I forget; you are an artist."

He shook his head.

"No, indeed, my calling is taken very little into account this time," said he.

In a few minutes he produced a flask of wine and invited me to drink with him.

"The health of the fair Cosima!" he cried, in the Swedish tongue.

He drained his glass, pushed his hat back from his brow, leaned back as comfortably as possible, and began as follows:—

Three years ago I entered this famous town for the first time, and had scarcely unpacked when the gods bestowed upon me a proof of their favor. I had brought with me a half-finished picture, representing three Genoese girls talking together, two figures of which were nearly completed; but for the third I could find no satisfactory model. An ideal hovered before me which my powers were unequal to portraying; therefore I sought everywhere for a living original, and despairing of finding that for which I longed, had nearly decided to leave the picture unfinished, when the first day of my abode in Livorno showed me the maiden of my dreams.

I was sitting in my room, resting in one of the hard arm-chairs, when I heard a gentle rap at the door.

"Come in!" I cried.

The door opened, and a slender, dark-eyed blonde appeared on the threshold. She had carelessly twined a white cloth around her luxuriant hair; her plump arms were bare to the shoulders; her elastic figure, her gentle, modest, pleasing face, the grace of her movements, all produced an inexpressible fascination in my astonished soul. So must my Genoese maiden bend her dazzling neck! So must the smile play about her lips! Something mysterious, unfathomable, lay in those deep, dark eyes; just so should my fair Genoese lean over the parapet and listen to the words of her companions.

I see you do not quite understand what the visit of the beautiful blonde might mean. However prosaic it may sound, I cannot depart from the truth. The lovely child came to bring fresh linen for my bed; the slender goddess was Sunta, the chambermaid.

With a polite greeting she approached me, and in a voice whose sweetness penetrated my soul, asked if she might begin at once, or if she should wait until the Signor had gone out.

The question seemed to me as foolish and unreasonable as if any one had doubted whether I wished to see or to breathe during the next month.

"You do not disturb me at all, my beautiful child," I said, with feigned indifference. "On the contrary, it will give me pleasure to look at you."

She went about her work, and in so doing, displayed a grace, a beauty of form which my artist-heart could not sufficiently admire. I was resolved that this beautiful girl

should sit for my Genoese maiden, cost what it would. It was important, therefore, to bring about an acquaintance as soon as possible.

"You are from Livorno?" I asked.

"No, sir; from Spezzia."

"You have magnificent hair which many a princess might envy. You must not take it ill that I say this at once, for beauty belongs to my profession, and wherever I may find it, it always claims my admiration."

"The Signor is a painter?" asked she with a ravishing smile.

"If you like, yes. I paint, indeed, only for my portfolio; but my heart is none the less susceptible for that,—none the less inspired by all that the master hand of Nature has created. What is your name, my dear child?"

"My name is Sunta. But why do you call me 'dear child?' I am not your dear child."

"How singular you are! that is such a mere form."

"But it is not proper for a strange gentleman, with whom one has scarcely exchanged three words, to be so tender! You know, Signor, what evil tongues the people here have."

"Alas," thought I; "how shall I induce her to sit for a model."

"You seem to be a pattern of virtue, Sunta," I answered kindly; "your principles are right, but caution is unnecessary with me. I have a fair young bride who is in no wise inferior to yourself. Moreover, I am a painter, and we are the most harmless men in the world."

She looked searchingly into my face, and then in a cordial tone said:

"Do not deem me rude, caro Signor. But I did not know you. Now that I know you have a bride——"

"Now you will be reasonable," I added, "and grant me a favor——"

She blushed, and looked at me inquiringly.

"Yes indeed, Sunta," I continued. "I am painting a little picture for which I need a maiden fair and slender like yourself; will you stand still a moment for me?"

As she did not quite understand what I wanted, I took the sketch from my portfolio and showed it to her.

"See, Sunta, this figure here, the outlines of which are hardly discernible yet,—it shall wear your features. If you will permit me I can begin immediately."

She shook her head.

"It will not do, good Signor. What would people say! It would look just as if——"

"You are a simpleton! Duchesses and princesses have sat as models for the great painters of your fatherland. Leonardo da Vinci's female figures are, throughout, more or less accurate portraits of her majesty, Queen Joanna, of Naples. And you refuse to give your face to a young man whose work, in all probability, will never be known to the public; who keeps his sketches in his desk, and promises to lock up this picture with threefold care if you wish."

She drew herself up proudly, and in a tone of unchangeable conviction, replied:

"You have a bride, Signor. What would you say, if, in your absence, a handsome young man should lay before her the request you have now made of me?"

I was startled.

"Hem," I replied; "that would depend upon circumstances."

"No, caro Signor!" said she, quickly, "you would consider it a matter of doubtful propriety under any circumstances. And now you see that what is right for one is right for another!"

"So you are betrothed, fair Sunta?"

"I did not say that!" stammered she, "not by any means. But why do I stand here wasting my time in talking, when I have my hands full of work to do? Have you any further commands, Signor?"

"No. Only I could wish that my charming Sunta were not quite so distrustful! Perhaps you will change your mind when you see how honest are my intentions. Farewell for the present, and do not be angry with me."

Lightly as a gazelle she left the room. I could not resist watching her from the door.

"Heavens!" said I to myself; "what a celebrated beauty would this girl be if fate were to transplant her to princely halls! But here the rose will fade unseen, only now and then admired by some enthusiast, or wooed by a good-for-nothing fellow! One might grow melancholy at the thought."

I went to bed early, and, naturally enough, dreamed the whole night of my picture and the fair blonde. Indeed, I have never seen such a union of the most golden hair with the blackest of eyes. And this beautiful, captivating face tortured me with the full power of its charms until the dawn of day. I was angry with myself, for I knew I was not in love with Sunta;—had I really been heart-sick this disturbance of my nightly rest would have been excusable. But to be robbed of my peace by artistic enthusiasm,—this was too much!

In a frame of mind which could not exactly be called roseate, I dressed myself and went out on the veranda to enjoy the glorious April morning.

I might have sat there ten minutes when I heard Sunta's voice. Bending forward, I saw her standing on the steps, looking more beautiful than on the day before. She seemed to be giving a young gardener a lesson similar to the one I had received from her.

"Spare yourself the trouble, Pietro," she said quietly, but in a not unfriendly tone. "You know I do not accept any presents; keep your bouquet, or give it to some one else!"

The gardener looked at the lovely girl with a sorrowful expression, and then gently said:

"What have I done to you, Sunta, that you will take nothing from me? You ought to know me and be convinced that my intentions are far different from those of the flighty English gentlemen who swarm around you only on account of your pretty face; can you not find it in your heart to show me a little kindness?"

The girl made an impatient movement.

"Let me pass, Pietro. I thought my words had been sufficiently clear. I am not angry with you, and do not understand what more you want. Therefore, do not detain me, for I have my work to do."

"Sunta, Sunta, you do not well to trifle with me so cruelly! Pride goes before a fall, and no one can escape his fate. Who knows how soon you will repent that you have rejected my honest suit so harshly? I cannot,

indeed, offer you palaces and castles, as the Englishmen do; but I love you dearly, very dearly, and would give my life to call you mine, only one single day! In a few weeks I shall be my own master, and can offer you a home where you will be better off than you are here."

"Who said that I am discontented with my lot?" answered Sunta, defiantly. "Do not trouble yourself about the affairs of others, good friend, and, once more, let me pass! I have no time to be chatting with every one; do you understand, Pietro?"

"Very well, I will go!" said the young man, bitterly. "May you prosper, Sunta! But if you ever chance to hear that Pietro Pitani has perished, lay his death to your account. You would not have it otherwise, and one more or less will make no difference. Adieu, Sunta!"

He was about to rush down the steps when the girl seized him by the arm.

"How wickedly you talk, Pietro!" said she, in an agitated tone. "Pardon me, if I have wounded you; but you must have sense enough to see that one cannot compel herself to love! I am kindly disposed to you, Pietro, as a sister to a brother; but more you must not demand. And now go, in God's name, and promise me that you will be reasonable. Your hand, Pietro."

"Well, I will be reasonable, because you command it, Sunta. Adieu!"

With those words the young man disappeared. The fair blonde stood for a while, lost in thought, and then entered the house, and I soon heard her fresh, melodious voice humming a familiar national air.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ANECDOTES OF BEETHOVEN.—The composer's manner was singular and not attractive. There was a surliness about him, a disregard to the conventionalities of society, which made an unfavorable impression on those who did not know him.

On one occasion he was playing at a musical party, and was much annoyed by incessant conversation in the room. After in vain endeavoring by frowns and other signs to obtain silence, he rose abruptly from the piano, exclaiming in a loud voice, "For swine such as these, I do not play."

He one day requested Schuppanzigh, the violinist, to call on him on business. Schuppanzigh called on his way to a dinner party, with a white vest and cravat on. Beethoven was busily engaged in composition, and took no notice of his friend on his entrance. The violinist being pressed for time, stepped up to the table and spoke to Beethoven. The latter, dipping his pen into the ink made a large cross with it on Schuppanzigh's white vest, and pointed to the door exclaiming, "*You may wait; this cannot!*"

PEORIA shipped 30,000 car loads of grain during the year 1871. It goes against her *grain* to have such weather as has prevailed in the State during the last few weeks.

THE Des Moines *Leader* places church notices under the head of "Amusements"; by which means a great many people are induced to go to church under the impression that it is a dramatic entertainment.

#### SONG FROM HEINE'S REISEBILDER.

TELL me, who first invented time?  
Who counted the hours' and minutes' chime?  
He was a cold and dreary wight,  
He sat and thought thro' the winter night;  
He counted the swift mice one and all,  
And the even tick of the worm in the wall.

Tell me, who first invented kisses?  
A man alive to all earthly blisses;  
He kissed, and thought no harm away,  
'Twas in the beautiful month of May;  
The flowers all over the earth were springing,  
The sunshine laughed, and the birds were singing.

KATE HILLARD.

#### THE SNOW.

PEACEFULLY, dreamily, slowly  
It comes through the halls of the air,  
And falls to the earth like a spirit,  
That kneels in its beauty at prayer.

Mid the sere leaves she layeth her forehead,  
While the forests are murmuring low,  
And telling the beads she has brought them  
The beautiful spirit, — the snow.

CELIA BURLEIGH.

#### SELF-DECEPTION.

My heart was sad; I went unto my friend  
To tell my secret grief,  
Sure that his loving sympathy would lend  
Solace and sweet relief.

I found him in the merriest of moods,  
His face one broadening smile;  
His hands were heaped up high with this world's goods,  
Garnered with this world's guile.

There was no room for sorrow in his heart;  
I would not check his mirth;  
We were dear friends, but now we stood apart,  
Far as the heavens from earth!

Then to the queenly maiden I adored  
I bent my thoughtful way;  
There all the passion of my life was stored —  
There all my treasure lay.

I found her brow serene with peaceful thought, —  
Her spirit free from care.  
I could not offer her the gift I brought,  
What right had sorrow there?

So to my home I turned again, and sighed  
To think how oft in vain  
Each restless heart so eagerly has tried  
To share its inward pain, —

Cheating itself with ever-new belief, —  
And ever deeming near  
That twin-born soul to whom its joy and grief  
Shall as its own appear.

MARGARET J. M. SWEAT

### NOTES OF THE FAIR.

ALL the wrapping paper and twine required for use in the fair are generously furnished by Henry K. W. Hall, paper and twine dealer, at Nos. 24 and 26 Hawley street.

A PARLOR Grand Piano, valued at nine hundred dollars, is one of the most desirable articles in the fair. It belongs to the table of Mrs. T. P. Bowker, Number 7 Horticultural Hall, where the shares in the raffle are for sale. Mrs. Bowker has also a tea service valued at two hundred dollars, which will be raffled.

WE don't know exactly whom to appeal to in behalf of a fine Jersey calf, which is to be raffled at the table of Mrs. Farwell, in Music Hall, but the holder of some one of the shares out of seventy-five that are offered at a dollar apiece, will become the possessor of this valuable animal.

A RING, "onyx with pearl," and a jet ear-ring were lost in Horticultural Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The finder will be suitably rewarded by leaving them at table No. 17 in that hall.

THE "Pellet Table" is located on the platform of Music Hall, and is under the charge of Mrs. N. P. Hallowell. It is needless to say that this is one of the most attractive—perhaps the most attractive—table in the fair.

AMONG the celebrities who visited the fair on Tuesday, were Henry W. Longfellow, John G. Whittier, and Wendell Phillips.

THE valuable assistance of Messrs. Calder and Otis, florists, in the floral department, should not be forgotten. All contributions of flowers, instead of being sent to the hall, where they would be apt to wither for want of care, are entrusted to their hands, and sent to the hall when needed. A great saving is thus made.

THE shares for the art album in Music Hall are in very good demand, and the pictures excite the admiration of all who see them.

THE Keystone Sewing Machine Company have given to the fair one of their valuable machines, which is in the hands of the executive committee, and is, of course, for sale.

THE Punch and Judy show has been removed to the space underneath the gallery in Music Hall. There was not room for our lively entertainers in Horticultural Hall.

MR. T. S. MITCHELL, the agent of the California Wine Company, corner of Milk and Federal streets, has contributed a number of bottles of his delicious wines, which are for sale in the restaurant at low prices.

AT the "baby house" on the platform of Music Hall, there is for sale a droll little story of this interesting establishment, called "Johnny's Visit to the Eliots." The story was written by Susan Coolidge, the author of "The New Year's Bargain," a very successful book for children. The price of the story is twenty-five cents, and is designed especially for the young folks, who will be greatly amused by the entertaining narrative.

MR. DRAPER, of the American Steam Safe Company, proposes to give to the fair a "Number 6" safe of their excellent pattern, on condition that the price, three hundred dollars, shall be subscribed by other parties. Thus he intends to secure the gift of \$600 to the hospital. The principle upon which these safes are manufactured is well-known, and its value is everywhere acknowledged. It is to be hoped that the subscription will be secured at an early day, in order that the whole amount may be assured to the hospital.

### THE NEWTON DOLL TABLE.

THE Newton Doll table, Number 6 Horticultural Hall, is one of the special features of the fair, and deserves some extended notice. We therefore subjoin the following description. The idea upon which this table is raised, is to provide articles for children, whose complaint so often has been at fairs, that there was nothing especially intended for them that their means would enable them to purchase. To meet this want, the managers of this table have prepared several hundred garments for dolls, of all kinds, such as waterproofs, socks, wrappers, summer-suits, and under-clothing, as well as a full stock of millinery; all of three and four different sizes. These garments are to be sold by themselves, at very reasonable prices. All the under-clothing is made of the nicest materials, and in the most finished manner, and the garments are models of neatness and beauty.

Another department of this table is the paper patterns for these garments—a la Demorest—which will give children an opportunity to learn the art of cutting garments for themselves. These are to be sold very cheap. The number of dressed dolls is over two hundred. One interesting and unique feature of the table is an immense shoe for the "old woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do." This contains a *little* "old woman" with several hundred dolls of all sizes.

There is, also, a most elaborately and exquisitely dressed imported French doll, "La Grande Duchesse" to be sold in shares; also, a large "Boy Doll" with his sailor suit, and a lot of twenty-five costume dolls, to be sold in shares. "The Bride," "Flower Girl," "Swiss Peasant," "Ballet Girl," etc.

The attention of the little folks especially, is called to the beautiful infant dolls, with complete outfits; also, the little German family.

Previous to the opening of the fair, an entertainment was held in aid of the table at the house of Mrs. E. O. Rockwood, the president, which netted \$25.

NOT the least attractive part of the fair is the restaurant, which occupies the lower Horticultural Hall. If a hungry man in attempting to pass by on the way to the upper hall, should catch a glimpse of the Dolly Varden syrens in attendance, he would succeed no better than did the ancients in steering clear of Scylla and Charybdis. The restaurant is free to the public, the entrance being at the head of the marble stairway, from Tremont street. It is just the place where business men should dine. As all the food comes from the Parker house, he must be unimpressible, indeed, who fails to make it his dining place while the fair is in progress. Everything is under the careful supervision of Mrs. C. A. Vinton, who is the president of this department, and is assisted by Mrs. Gavitt and Mrs. Barnes, cashiers, and Mrs. George Young, who supervises the tea and coffee table. Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Polley, and Mrs. Willey, have also kindly volunteered their assistance. Mr. J. W. Foster is the marshal. And then the beautiful young ladies in attendance, dressed in their bewildering Dolly Vardens. A fresh company comes every day, and so the regular customer has the pleasure of witnessing new galaxies of beauty daily. The following are the names of the corps of Wednesday:

Miss Emma J. Brown, of Lynn; Miss Louise C. Cummings, of Boston; Miss S. F. Tewksbury, of Lynn; Miss Abbie Tuttle, of Boston; Miss Vina Tuttle, of Boston; Miss Carrie Tapley, of Lynn; Miss Rosa Rhodes, of Boston; Miss Flora Barker, of Boston; Miss Ella Bacoll, of Boston; Miss Carrie Bacoll, of Boston; Miss S. Lizzie Green, of Boston; Miss Lizzie Wellington, of Cambridge; Miss Etta Wellington, of Cambridge; Miss Ida Dorr, of Cambridge; Miss Luttie Putney, of Boston; Miss Georgie Putney, of Boston; Miss May Bryant, of Cambridge; Miss Mary Odiorne, of Cambridge; Miss Sarah Odiorne, of Cambridge; Miss Nellie Safford, of Boston; Miss Minnie Cole, of Boston; Miss Annie Devine, of Boston; Miss S. Ida Dudley, of Boston; Miss Alice S. Duncan, of Boston; Miss Healey, of Boston; Miss Emma J. Polley, of Boston; Miss Abbie Hastings, of Boston; Miss Emma Wiggin, of Boston; and Miss Lillie Clark, of Cambridge.

A PORTRAIT of Ralph Waldo Emerson, painted by Mrs. Roselier, is to be exhibited in the fair, and sold for the benefit of the hospital. We understand that Mr. Phillips and other friends of the "Sage of Concord," regard it as the best one that has ever been painted. There will, undoubtedly, be a contest for the possession of this picture, which will be sold by raffle.

#### TABLE TALK.

— One of the principal attractions at Mrs. Hunt's table, No. 12 Horticultural Hall, is a lot of stylish feathers for young ladies' hats from the wing of the curlew. These feathers are a delicate shade of rose finish, and are said, by Professor Wyman, to be as rare as they are beautiful. At this table there are also for sale some unique Japanese goods, and novelties from Lebanon and the Mount of Olives.

— There is more than one baby house in the fair, as patrons will discover at the table of Mrs. A. G. Farwell, No. 33 Music Hall. It is a large and attractive establish-

ment for a little girl, and is put within the reach of all the little folks, the shares being only twenty-five cents each. At this table chances are also offered in an elaborately embroidered white cashmere opera cloak, seventy-five shares at two dollars each; a black embroidered jacket, fifty shares at one dollar each; and a combination raffle of an embroidered rug, and Prang's "Homestead," framed, fifty shares at one dollar each.

— There are manifold attractions at the Boston Highlands' table, No. 30 Music Hall. Among the the principal ones are a very fine easy chair, worked by Mrs. Samuel Little, price \$150; a very curious set of jewelry, made of pearls and fish skins, valued at \$250, or more; a Wilson Sewing Machine, and a patent ice chest. Attached to this table is a wholesale cake table, which will be one of the novelties of the fair.

— At the Salem table, No. 41 Music Hall, are to be found three handsome chairs, a screen, carpet-bags, and footstools of rug work; many other tasteful articles, and a large assortment of "plain work," and "Salem Giblartars." For the Salem table, by the way, we learn that two entertainments were given: one a select calico party, at Hamilton Hall, Salem, which yielded \$200; and the other an "antiquarian party," at the residence of Mr. E. B. Bolles, which brought nearly a hundred dollars to the treasury of the table, over which Mrs. S. M. Cate presides.

— Two fine gold watches are to be raffled at the table of Mrs. Ahlborn in Music Hall. One is a gentleman's gold watch, valued at three hundred dollars, and the other is a lady's watch, worth one hundred and fifty dollars. The shares in each are a dollar.

— One of the daily papers thinks all the latent talent in the community was drawn upon in the arrangement of the decorations of the halls. Certainly the decorations are prettier and more tasteful than any that we have ever seen in either of the halls. It is no easy task to transform Music Hall into a bright and cheerful place in the day time; but this task has been accomplished by the decorators, while Horticultural Hall has an atmosphere of lightness and elegance which savors of oriental luxury. But the latter is the most pleasing hall in the country to decorate.

— Especial attention is called to a valuable painting presented to the Newton table by one of our first artists, Edward L. Custer, Esq., — a most exquisite landscape, — a Venetian view, near the "Bridge of Sighs." This generous offering to the fair will be sold in shares. There is also a very beautiful album of water colors presented to the table, by Miss M. E. Moody, of Cambridge, which will attract all lovers of the beautiful. The binding of the book and the decorations of the covers, show exquisite taste.

— The "Hahnemann medicine glass," a glass tumbler with a cover, is an article which every patient needs. The only ones in the fair are for sale at the table of Miss A. B. Henshaw, No. 18 Horticultural Hall. A bed tray, for invalids, is another useful thing at this table. Miss Henshaw has also some unique articles of Sorrento wood-carving, which are very beautiful.

## GREAT YOUNG MEN.

DON JOHN, of Austria, won, at 25, the greatest battle of modern times. Had it not been for the jealousy of Philip, the next year he would have been emperor of Mauritania. Gaston de Foix was only 22 when he stood a victor on the plains of Ravenna. Every one remembers Conde and Rocroi at the same age. Gustavus Adolphus died at 38. Look at his captains, that wonderful Duke of Weimar, only 36 when he died. Banier himself, after all his miracles, died at 45. Cortez was a little more than 30 when he gazed upon the golden cupola of Mexico. When Maurice of Saxony died, at 32, all Europe acknowledged the loss of one of the greatest captains and profoundest statesmen of the age. Then there are Nelson, and Clive, and Napoleon. But these are warriors, and perhaps you may think there are greater things than war. I do. I worship the Lord of Hosts. But take the most illustrious achievements of civil prudence. Innocent III., the greatest of Popes, was the despot of Christendom at 37. John de Medici was a Cardinal at 15, and, Guicciardini tells us, baffled with his craft Frederick of Arragon himself. He was Pope, as Leo X, at 37. Luther robbed even him of his richest province at 35. Take Ignatius Loyola and John Wesley, they worked with young brains — Ignatius only 30 when he made his pilgrimage, and wrote the "Spiritual Exercises." Pascal, the greatest of Frenchmen, wrote a great work at 16, and died at 57; which reminds me of Byron, greater, even as a man than a writer. Raphael painted the palaces of Rome, and died, too, at 37. Richelieu was Secretary of State at the age of 31. Well, then, there were Bolingbroke and Pitt, both ministers before other men leave off the cricket. Grotius was in great practice at 17, and Attorney General at 24. And Acquiviva — Acquiviva was general of the Jesuits — ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America before he was 37. But it is needless to multiply instances —

"The history of heroes is the history of youth."

## THE SIGHT OF A MAP OF THE WORLD.

WHAT a poor little spot is a country? A man may hide with his thumb the great territories of those that would be accounted great monarchs. In vain, should the great Khan, or the great Mogul, or Prester John, seek here for his court: it is well, if he can find his kingdom, amongst these parcels. And if we take all together, these shreds of islands, and these patches of continent, what a mere indivisible point they are, in comparison of that vast circle of heaven, wherewith they are encompassed!

It is not easy for a man to be known to that whole land wherein he lives; but if he could be so famous, the next country, perhaps, never hears of his name: and if he can attain to be talked of there, yet the remoter parts cannot take notice that there is such a thing: and if they did all speak of nothing else, what were he the better? Oh, the narrow bounds of earthly glory! Oh, the vain affection of human applause! Only that man is happily famous who is known and recorded in heaven. *Bishop Hall.*

WHAT is hit is history — what is missed is mystery.

## A FAMOUS GLASS EYE.

M. DE METTERNICH, the celebrated minister of Austria, when a young man had the misfortune to lose the sight of his left eye.

But a skilful artist made for him a glass eye, the appearance and movements of which were so deceptive, as to enable Metternich to pass nearly his whole life without the secret being discovered. A singular circumstance at last gave it to the public.

George the IV., King of England, determined to obtain for his gallery portraits of the cotemporary monarchs of Europe. and for that purpose he sent Lawrence, one of his best painters, to the continent to obtain them.

Lawrence, impressed with Metternich's fame, determined to obtain his portrait as well as that of the Emperor Francis. He accordingly asked the prince the favor of a few sittings, which were granted. On one of these occasions, Lawrence observed that a ray of sunlight fell directly upon the left eye of Metternich, and that the prince supported it without any contraction of the lid or brow. He at first admired the eagle glance which thus resisted the sun; but fearing that such a position would fatigue the prince, he proposed to him to change it. But Metternich found himself comfortably seated and preferred to remain where he was. Lawrence insisted several times upon the proposed change, and was utterly unable to comprehend the matter until the *valet* of the prince, by a sign, signified that the left eye of the Chancellor had nothing to fear from the sun.

BOOKS we talked about, and education. Perhaps I was somewhat more learned than she, but I found that the difference between her reading and mine was like that of a man's and a woman's dusting a library. The man flaps about with a bunch of feathers; the woman goes to work softly with a cloth. She does not raise half the dust, nor fill her own eyes and mouth with it; but she goes into all the corners, and attends to the leaves as much as the covers. Books are the *negative* pictures of thought, and the more sensitive the mind that receives their images, the more nicely the finest lines are reproduced. A woman (of the right kind), reading after a man, follows him as Ruth followed the reapers of Boaz, and her gleanings are often the finest of the wheat. — *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

"DID you take the note, Jack, and did you see Mr. A.?"

"Yaas, sir."

"And how was he?"

"Why, he seemed purty well, but he's blind."

"Blind? What do you mean?"

"Why, when I wor in the room, he axed me where my hat wor, and it wor *on my head all the time!*"

TACITUS says: "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks, "When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second! When did the time of simplicity begin?"

*POSITIVE PROOF THAT HOMŒOPATHS  
ARE LONGER LIVED THAN OTHERS.*

DURING the last two months the Homœopathic Mutual Life Ins. Company of New York, has instituted a careful and thorough search in the mortality records of New York city, for the purpose of ascertaining the precise official number of deaths occurring under homœopathic practice. These records are kept in the Bureau of Vital Statistics of the Metropolitan Board of Health; and all the particulars of every death, including the name of the attending physician, are systematically arranged in large books made for this special purpose.

In conducting this search for comparative statistics, they have thrown out all deaths occurring in public institutions of any kind (as they are almost exclusively allopathic): and have also excluded from consideration all still-born cases, and all coroner's cases, as being generally outside of the pale of medical treatment; thus confining themselves strictly and impartially to private patients treated at their homes. The result is highly satisfactory to homœopaths, and fully warrants the company in their practice of insuring homœopaths lower than others, and proves incontestably that those who employ homœopathic physicians, enjoy sounder health and live longer than those who are given up to the old system of dosing and drugging. But let the figures speak for themselves.

The whole number of cases in 1871. Treated by allopaths, 308,400. Deaths as reported, 18,526. This amounts to 6 per cent, or 60 deaths in a thousand. Treated by homœopaths, 34,200. Deaths as reported, 1,178. This amounts to 3.5 per cent, or 35 deaths in a thousand. This shows for the homœopaths a gain of 25 in a thousand cases treated. Had all the cases in New York been treated by homœopathic physicians, there would have been a saving of *seven thousand, seven hundred lives.*

Think of this, homœopaths! E. M. KELLOGG.

*MUNICH PAPERS.*

THE "Neueste Nachrichten." This is the liberal paper of Munich. It is a poorly-printed, black-looking daily sheet, folded in octavo size, and containing anywhere from sixteen to thirty-four pages, more or less, as it happens to have advertisements. It sometimes will not have more than two or three pages of reading matter. There will be a scrap or two of local news, the brief telegrams taken from the official paper of the day before, a bit or two of other news, and perhaps a short and slashing editorial on the ultramontane party. The advantage of printing and folding it in such small leaves is, that the size can be varied according to the demands of advertisements or news (if the German papers ever find out what that is): so that the publisher is always giving, every day, just what it pays to give that day; and the reader has his regular quantity of reading matter, and does not have to pay for advertising space, which in journals of unchangeable form cannot always be used profitably. This little journal was started something like twenty years ago. It probably spends little for news; has only one or, at most, two editors, is crowded with advertisements, which are inserted cheap, and costs, delivered, a little over six francs a year. It circulates in

the city some thirty-five thousand. There is another little paper here of the same size, but not so many leaves, called "The Daily Advertiser," with nothing but advertisements, principally of theatres, concerts, and the daily sights, and one page devoted to some prodigious yarn, generally concerning America, of which country its readers must get the most extraordinary and frightful impression. The "Nachrichten" made the fortune of its first owner, who built himself a fine house out of it, and retired to enjoy his wealth. It was recently sold for one hundred thousand guildens; and I can see that it is piling up another fortune for its present owner. The Germans, who herein show their good sense and the high state of civilization to which they have reached, are very free advertisers, going to the newspapers with all their wants, and finding in them that aid which all interests and all sorts of people, from kaiser to kerl, are compelled, in these days, to seek in the daily journal. Every German town of any size has three or four of these little journals of flying leaves, which are excellent papers in every respect, except that they look like badly-printed handbills, and have very little news and no editorials worth speaking of. An exception to these in Bavaria is the "Allgemeine Zeitung," of Augsburg, which is old and immensely respectable, and is, perhaps, for extent of correspondence and splendidly-written editorials on a great variety of topics, excelled by no journal in Europe except "The London Times." It gives out two editions daily, the evening one about the size of "The New York Nation;" and it has all the telegraphic news. It is absurdly old-grannyish, and is malevolent in its pretended conservatism and impartiality. Yet it circulates over forty thousand copies, and goes all over Germany. C. D. Warner.

WHIMSICAL INSTANCES OF MONOMANIA.—The Rev. Simon Brown died with the conviction that his *rational soul* was annihilated by a special fiat of the Divine will. A patient in the "Retreat," at York, thought he had no soul, heart or lungs. A soldier, wounded on the field of Austerlitz, was struck with a delirious conviction that he was but an ill-made model of his former self. "You ask how Père Lambert is," he would say, "he is dead—killed at Austerlitz: *that* which you now see is a mere machine made in his likeness." Dr. Mead tells us of an Oxford student, who ordered the *passing bell* to be rung for him, and *went himself* to the belfry to instruct the ringers. He returned to his bed only to die. A Bourbon prince thought himself dead, and refused to eat, until his friends invited him to dine with Turenne and other French heroes long since departed. There was a tradesman who thought he was a seven shilling piece, and advertised himself thus:—"If my wife presents me for payment, do n't change me." Bishop Warburton tells us of a man who thought himself a *goose pie*; and Dr. Ferreday, of Manchester, had a patient who thought he had *swallowed the devil*. In Paris, there lived a man who thought he had, with others, been guillotined, and when Napoleon was Emperor, their heads were restored, but *in the scramble he had got the wrong one*. A newspaper editor fancied that he was a *paragraph*, and as he lay in bed, debated whether he should rise *all together, or sentence by sentence*.

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The second system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melodic line with accents and slurs. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment with consistent chordal patterns.

The third system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff features a melodic line with slurs and accents. The lower staff maintains the rhythmic accompaniment with a steady flow of chords.

The fourth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff includes a wavy line for an eighth-note run and various ornaments. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

The fifth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff has a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment with a consistent pattern of chords.

The sixth system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff begins with an 8va (octave up) marking and contains a melodic line with slurs and ornaments. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment.

The seventh system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff includes an 8va marking and a wavy line for an eighth-note run. The lower staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The system concludes with the marking *D.C.* (Da Capo).

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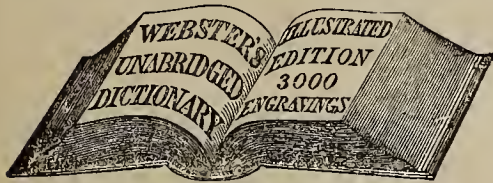
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# THE PELLET.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, APRIL 19, 1872.

WE purpose to set our brethren of the press an example by praising a rival, — the only rival we have. To utilize this rival by abusing it is, of course, the first impulse of the journalistic mind; but gallantry forbids. The Homœopathic Fair in New York has a daily journal called *The Similibus*, edited by Mrs. Carroll Dunham and Mrs. Henry D. Paine, to whom we present our respects and good wishes in no homœopathic quantity. *The Similibus* contains four pages of advertisements and four pages of letter-press, and, like our own timely enterprise, is wound up to run ten days. Aside from the editorial matter, the most notable paper in the first number, — the only number that has reached us, — is the opening portion of a Valedictory Address to the Graduating Class (1872) of the N. Y. Homœopathic Medical College, by Prof. Carrol Dunham, M.D., Dean of the Faculty.

MR. BAYARD TAYLOR, whose sonnet we print in this number, says that, in sending us the verses for our "infinitesimal, 30th potency paper," he is helping a creed in which he does not believe; but that "a Hospital covers all creeds." That is certainly the motto of the Massachusetts Homœopathic Hospital. Our friend's tolerance and charity lead us to think that he must, at heart, be a true homœopathist. At all events, he has in him the making of one. We are glad to say that many a helping hand has been held out to us by people who, like Mr. Taylor, have no faith in our school of medicine. It is only here and there one meets with a man who would fry a brother for a slight difference of opinion. Even such a man has his use and value. It is always the bitterest opponents of a good cause that help it. They are instruments in the hands of Providence. The Reformation might have been delayed a hundred years if Protestantism had not been attacked with fire and sword. We might have played second violin twenty years longer in the colonial orchestra, if England had not insisted on imposing the Stamp Act. Our Homœopathic Fair would not have overflowed into four large halls and been a magnificent success, if a worthy old gentleman, who fell asleep in the Middle Ages, had not waked up the other day and begun a crusade against homœopathy. Great as are our obligations to those who have worked with us, they are almost as nothing compared with what we owe to the unaided and unendorsed efforts of that not well-intending old gentleman, whose name we have ungratefully forgotten.

EXTRACTS FROM OLD BOSTON RECORDS.

No. 3.

1740, DECEMBER 29. Voted, That Mr. Savell be directed to order the butchers to take down the rails they use in the streets to hang their meat upon, the inhabitants being much incommoded thereby in walking the streets, and if any should persist so to do, that he prosecute them in the law.

1741, APRIL 1. Whereas, for many years past there has been erected a beacon on Beacon Hill, which in the winter past was blown down, the question was put whether it would not be for the benefit of the town to have a new one erected on the same place? It passed in the affirmative. Therefore voted, that John Jeffries, Esq., Mr. Hancock, and Mr. Cooke be desired to treat with some proper person about doing the same, and report thereon.

1742, OCT. 20. Voted, That Mr. Savell provide two pair brass candlesticks with steel snuffers, and a poaker, for the Towne's use.

1842, MARCH 4. The Selectmen taking into consideration the unspeakable loss the Town has met with in the death of Peter Faneuil, Esq., Gentleman, who has left such memorials of his bounty in his liberality to this town as has far exceeded anything of the like sort before, as well in the handsome House built at his expense for the accommodation of the Town in all their meetings and the commodious market therein, and likewise his many private Donations to those who stood in need thereof, as multitudes now living are sensible off.

Therefore, Voted, That His Excellency, the Captain General, be desired to suffer the guns at both Batterys, in this town, to be fired at his Funeral, and other Funeral honors paid, that so the Town may shew their great regard to the memory of so noble and Generous Benefactor and that Mr. Thomas Hancock and Capt. John Steel forthwith wait upon His Excellency with a copy of this vote.

Voted, That the Town Clerk wait upon the Relations of Peter Faneuil, Esq., and inform them the Selectmen make them offer of Faneuil Hall for the funeral of said Gentleman.

Accordingly, the Town Clerk waited on Mr. Faneuil and the other relations, and acquainted them with the offer of the Selectmen, and returned answer that they took the offer of the Hall from the Selectmen as a mark of great respect shewed the Deceased, but apprehended it would be attended with so much trouble and inconvenience, that they had determined to Bury him from his own house and returned their thanks to the Selectmen for their offer.

Voted, That a Hatchment with the arms of Peter Faneuil, Esq., be placed at the West End of Faneuil Hall, at the expense of the Town, and Mr. Hancock and Mr. Cooke are desired to see the thing done, and that the Bell on said House be tolled from one o'clock Post Meridian until the Funeral is over.

1742, MARCH 9. The gentlemen appointed to wait on His Excellency, the Captain General, to desire liberty of firing the Guns at the Battery, and other funeral honours at the Funeral of Peter Faneuil, Esq., made report that

they had waited on the Governor and acquainted him their desire, who answered that he would shew all respect to that Gentleman, but apprehended the Firing of the Guns and Lowering the Flag were only due to one of the Royal Family.

1743, Nov. 28. Whereas the Town at their annual meeting in Sept., 1742, voted that the Selectmen be desired to procure the picture of Peter Faneuil, Esq., to be put up in Faneuil Hall, at the expense of the Town, and upon enquiry finding it to be much cheaper to send to London to procure a frame for the same.

Voted, That Mr. Agent Kilby be wrote to for to procure and send a neat gold carved frame of eight feet long and five feet wide, by the first ship, at the charge of the town.

1743, DEC. 7. The Selectmen wrote the following letter to Christian Kilby, Esq. :

*Sir,*—The inhabitants of the Town of Boston, at a meeting in September, 1742, voted that the selectmen of this Town be desired to procure the picture of Peter Faneuil, Esq., to be put up in Faneuil Hall at the expense of the Town, which picture being now finished by Mr. Smibert, we find upon enquiry that a frame for said Picture can be got in London cheaper and better than with us. We, therefore, beg the favour of you, sir, to procure and send a neat gold carved frame of eight feet in length and five feet in wedth, by the fust ship, in as small a box as may be, as it will reduce the freight. Your expense for the same shall be remitted as soon as known, which Frame we hope may be bought for about eight guineas.

We are, sir, your ob't servants, &c., &c.

MARCH 20, 1744. *To His Excellency the Governor,*—Humbly represent, the subscribers, Selectmen of the Town of Boston. That the said Town of Boston are possessed of 215 firearms, a present of the late Col. Thomas Fitch to the Town, with this condition: That the said arms should ever after be kept for the use of the inhabitants, and in case of any of them being lost or becoming useless, the number should be kept up by others of equal goodness being supplied in their stead. The selectmen being informed that your Excellency has granted a Warrant for the Impressing said arms, they think themselves bound in faithfulness to the Town to represent to your Excellency that they apprehend that the carrying said arms out of the town may leave it too much exposed in this time of War, as great numbers of their inhabitants are destitute of Arms and unable to purchase them; and they therefore humbly pray your Excellency that said warrant or order for Impressing may be recalled, and that the said Arms may remain for the use of the inhabitants according to the intent and design of the donor; and your inemorlists shall ever pray.

SAMUEL ADAMS AND OTHERS,  
*Selectmen.*

[ANSWER.]

His Majesty's service and the general interest of the Province will not permit me to recall my warrant, the Impressed arms being indispensably necessary to the service of the expedition against Cape Breton.

W. SHIRLEY.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, March 15, 1744.

SONNET.

WHERE should the poet's home and household be?  
Beneath what skies, in what untroubled air  
Sings he for very joy of songs so fair  
That in their steadfast laws he most is free?  
In woods remote, where darkly tree on tree  
Let fall their curtained shadows to ensnare  
His dreams, or hid in fancy's happiest lair,—  
Some laughing island of the stormless sea?  
Ah, never such to him their welcome gave!  
But, flattered by the gods in finer scorn,  
He drifts upon the world's unresting wave,  
As drifts a sea-flower, by the tempest torn  
From sheltered porches of the coral cave  
Where it expands, of calm and silence born.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THEATRICAL REHEARSALS.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* touches thus upon rehearsals at theatres: The stage manager shouts, "Begin!" and the interesting heroine enters. Now, if the stage manager be a man of soft mould, he is indulgent toward the chief actress; but if he be a functionary well up to his work, he shows no respect of persons, and overhauls the stars as he does the lesser satellites. "I have sacrificed everything to *Henry*," sighs the star; "my maiden innocence, my ——" "Stop!" roars the stage manager; "when you say 'I have sacrificed everything to *Henry*, you must make a resigned gesture, as if you felt the sacrifice to be worth something; and when you say 'my maiden innocence,' try to avoid smiling, as you did just now." "I did n't do anything of the sort," protests the star, hotly. "Then it was the gas made it seem so," retorts the stage manager. "Now, go on." The star does go on, and has a three-hours' drilling of it. Simultaneously with her the satellites get their share, much in this fashion: "Miss A. don't throw your eyes about in that manner; you're always looking at the orchestra stalls." "I do n't look at the stalls." "A good actress," resumes the manager sententiously, "is so enwrapped in her part, that the world ends for her at those footlights." (Miss A. pouts.) "Miss B." goes on the stage manager, "pronounce five times over the word 'harrowing,' which you just pronounced 'arrowing.'"

"H-h-harrowing, then!" cries Miss B. fiercely, "but you're always at me about something." "Miss C." proceeds the stage manager, imperturbably, "three times already I've told you to assume an outraged expression when you are asked to betray your family for gold, and you do n't look outraged in the least." "I shall look outraged at the performance," answers Miss C. "That's what all of you always say," vociferates the stage manager, "and when the performance comes, it's as bad as ever."

WE have been obliged, — not much against our inclination, it must be confessed, — to put to press a second edition of the first number of THE PELLET, and to print greatly increased editions of the subsequent issues.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE OF LIVORNO.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNST ECKSTEIN.

BY LUCY A. WILLIAMS.

### PART II.

DURING the day I made one more vain attempt to win the coy Sunta for my artistic object. She was inexorable to me as to poor Pietro, but with this difference; she had kindly pressed the hand of the love-sick gardener, while she simply turned her back upon me.

"Patience!" said I to myself, as she left me standing thus, as a queen would leave a page. "Patience! let winter rage as it will, still spring must come."

Towards evening I took a stroll on the beach, and afterwards ascended the lighthouse.

The keeper was not present, but his assistant received me with a dignity that would have done honor to the master, and their weather-stained faces shone with pride as they showed me the complicated machinery of which they had charge, and explained it in their peculiar manner.

I was so absorbed in watching the two men and in the magnificent view of the sea, that night surprised me unaware. The lantern was lighted, the machinery began to work, and the glass prism, with its changing colors, revolved around the flame. Above the chain of hills the moon rose, and poured her pale light over the scene; the façades of the city lay in deepest shadow; the roofs, on the other hand, gleaming like molten silver, and the sea, seen from this height, afforded a view of unexpected beauty.

Immediately there arose within me the thought of transferring this wonderful picture to canvas. At this new idea I quite forget my three Genoese girls who had been so near my heart, and at once asked the seamen if I might be permitted to come there two or three times until midnight to take the necessary sketches. They assured me that my presence would not disturb them in the least, and so I appointed the next day to begin my work, gave the good men a couple of francs wherewith to drink my health, and returned to my lodgings in a happy state of mind.

I slept till nearly noon, and awoke so strengthened and refreshed that I deemed myself capable of any victory. After breakfast, therefore, I took out my picture and tried from memory to make the third figure a likeness of Sunta. I worked slowly and with unusual care. I exerted all my power of reproduction, all my artistic skill, but when the clock struck six, I perceived that I had been pouring water into a sieve. Every line had been effaced twenty times; and when I recalled the fair, slender maiden, in all the beauty of her originality and fulness of life, and compared her with my clumsy sketch, the blood rose to my brow, and such anger took possession of me that I could have torn the picture to shreds.

I rose and rang the bell violently.

"Where is Sunta?" I asked, as a servant appeared. "I have several commissions for her."

"Sunta has gone out. This is her holiday, Signor," he answered.

"When will she return?"

The question seemed to astonish the tiresome man, and after giving a highly unsatisfactory answer, he slowly withdrew, like one who was revolving weighty matters in his mind.

At half-past eight I was to be at the lighthouse. I still had, therefore, more than two hours for idleness. The day was hot; what better could I do than empty a bottle of wine?

I wandered leisurely through the broad streets, and entering an inn, seated myself in a niche entwined with ivy, where, without being seen, I could overlook the hall. I filled my glass, raised my lorgnette, and looked around.

Imagine my astonishment as I recognized my charming Sunta at one of the tables! By her side sat a stately, weather-browned man, strikingly interesting in his appearance. His face bore the stamp of keen intelligence, while his mouth wore a soft, almost effeminate expression which might as well be ascribed to frivolity as to kindness of heart. On his lofty brow was a large scar in the form of a cross, which seemed to have been made by two heavy sabre cuts. For the rest, his features were regular, his dress differed in no respect from that of the other guests; and yet, in the whole aspect of the man, there was something strange, unusual, that impressed me deeply.

The relation of this enviable mortal to Sunta appeared to be very intimate. They called each other "thou," and several times he took her hand with an expression of tenderness which irritated me greatly. She, on her part, looked at him with no less feeling; her eyes hung on his lips, which seemed to be whispering the sweetest words to her. Now and then I understood part of their conversation, and thought it turned upon marriage, and particularly upon their own wedding; for such a happy, heavenly smile lighted Sunta's face, that a hundred thousand spirits of jealousy seemed to awake in my bosom.

I could no longer look upon this idyllic scene; I arose noiselessly and left the hall.

It was now eight o'clock, and I slowly wended my way to the lighthouse. Dreamily I walked along the beach. My soul was with Sunta. For this reason had she so steadily refused to let me paint her! For this, had she given the poor devil of a gardener such an unchristian refusal! Poor Pietro! If I was in such a plaintive mood, I, who cared about as much for Sunta as for a Danae of Titian's, what tortures must have consumed thy youthful heart!

I had now reached the spot where lay the bark that was to bear me to the lighthouse. I reached the steps as the clock struck half-past eight. As you see, the stairs are of a respectable height; in mounting, therefore, I paused from time to time to take breath. As I stopped for the third time, a door opened in the tower above me. I listened. "Aha," thought I; "they have seen you and are coming to meet you. Attentive people, these!" I advanced, expecting every moment to be welcomed by one of the watchmen, when, all at once, a voice sweet as honey sounded close to my ear, and asked:

"Is it thou, Antonio?"

I do not know now, whether the sweet sound confused my senses, or whether a wanton spirit gained the upper hand; enough, I answered the unknown who had approached me in the darkness with a faint — "yes."

An instant later I felt myself embraced by two soft, tender arms, while the fullest, freshest lips were pressed to mine in a long kiss.

Now what would you have done in my place? You can

hardly tell; and, for my part, in spite of the charm of the situation, I wished myself a hundred miles away. I seemed to myself a thief, who, by dishonorable artifice brings a jewel into his power; like a deceiver, a forger, and God knows what besides. Ah, and yet the kiss was so sweet, so blissful!

"It is charming that you have kept your word," said the sweet voice, in a slightly agitated tone. "Your little wife loves you so dearly, Antonio! You cannot grieve her again!"

"So, she is married!" thought I. "Now if the devil maliciously leads this Antonio here, there will be bodily injuries more or less severe!"

Reflecting thus, my lips were more silent than the grave, and my feet seemed rooted to the spot on which I had been embraced by Antonio's wife. My conduct must have seemed strange to her.

"What is the matter, Antonio?" said she in a half tender, half reproachful tone. "Come up with me, it is cold here on the stairs."

I now remembered that the lighthouse keeper, according to the report of the seamen, had a beautiful young wife. So much the more possible was it that the injured husband might return within a short time, and if he did not take bloody revenge, still an unpleasant scene would follow.

What was to be done? Should I withdraw? Flee like a coward, flee from an adventure which, in reality, was most harmless? Never! No, I must see the face of the unknown in the clear light, and should she then cry out, fall in a swoon, or show her indignation in a more violent manner, there would still be time to fall at her feet, and with streaming tears of penitence, implore her pardon.

With a beating heart I followed her up the stairs. She opened a heavy door, and we silently entered her apartment.

The next moment brought equal surprise to us both.

I beheld a woman with dark, waving hair, so beautiful, so brilliant that Sunta seemed almost thrown into the shade. She was smaller, more elegant than the charming chambermaid. Her brow had not the dazzling whiteness which lent such a wonderful air of nobility to the queen of Pietro's soul, but every feature of her face breathed infinite passion, infinite longing, infinite love. She looked the embodiment of all that a woman's heart can feel for an adored husband. In my admiration I quite forgot the painfulness of my position, and murmured to myself:

"She is the one! She is like thy ideal! She must sit as a model for the third Genoese maiden!"

Was I not a shameless man to give way to such practical thoughts, instead of hanging my head in contrition for my offence? Yes, scold me, for I deserve it; and the fair Cosima dealt far too leniently with the sinner.

She looked up in terror as she became aware of her mistake and my deceit. Then she covered her face with both hands and turned away without speaking a word.

At length I tried to stammer out an excuse.

But with her eyes flashing fire she approached me, crossed her arms, and in a commanding voice said:

"Who are you? What do you want? Pfui! You ought to be ashamed to frighten a poor afflicted woman in this way."

"Beautiful lady," stammered I, "you are right. My conduct is unpardonable. But fear nothing. I swear to you."

A scornful smile played about her agitated lips.

"Fear? Pah, Cosima knows not what fear is! What can you do to me? See here! Do you still think that I could fear?"

She had taken a revolver from the wall, and with affected indifference, was playing with the trigger.

I should be telling a lie were I say that there was anything agreeable to me in this movement.

"Signora," said I, "you mistake me. I have been guilty of unparalleled rudeness. I beg your pardon. If you will only give me the honor of your society ten minutes you will see that it was merely by chance."

"What do you want here?" she asked in a somewhat less unfriendly tone.

I told her that I had intended to spend a couple of hours there, sketching the landscape by moonlight.

"You are the keeper's wife?" I added.

She did not seem to hear me.

"Antonio may be here any moment," said she, half to herself. "Have you met my husband, Signor?"

"No, but I should indeed be charmed to know the husband of such a beautiful woman."

"Oh, there are few men like him!" she cried, in a touching tone of love and devotion.

"Only a man of distinguished merits is worthy to possess you, Signora."

She looked at me searchingly, as if she would read my very soul.

"You wish to see if you can trust me?" said I, with a smile. "Ah, Signora, if you knew how I burn to show you my penitence. Permit me to wait here until your husband returns."

By her permission I took a seat, and, as I knew of nothing better to say, asked how long her husband had held his present position.

"Only a few months," answered the young wife. "During the last war with Austria, he was pilot of a frigate, and was engaged in the naval battle of Lissa; he nearly lost his life there. I can not be grateful enough to the most blessed Madonna that she protected him at that time with the shield of her favor, for it is a miracle that he escaped. He received two sabre cuts on his forehead,—so and so, in the shape of a cross,—and was taken prisoner by the Austrians."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### THE INFERNAL CALDRON.

[This passage from one of Charles Lamb's letters to Coleridge is not to be found in any American edition of Elia's works.]

I HAVE just lit upon a most beautiful fiction of hell punishments by the author of *Hushthumbo*, a mad farce. The inventor imagines that in hell there is a great caldron of hot water, in which a man can scarce hold his finger, and an immense sieve over it, into which the probationary souls are put—

"And all the little souls  
Pop thro' the riddle holes!"

### ADVENTURES OF THE KOH-I-NOOR.

LARGE diamonds, like first-class pictures, have a European reputation, because they are few in number, are not susceptible of reproduction, are everywhere prized, and can only be bought by the wealthy. Only six *very* large diamonds (called *paragons*) are known in the world. The standard here in view is a minimum weight of one hundred carats (a carat being about  $\frac{3}{16}$ th Troy grains, or one hundred carats, equal to  $\frac{2}{3}$ rd of a Troy ounce. The "Koh-i-noor," in its present perfected state, weighs 102 carats; the "Star of the South," 125; the Regent, or Pitt diamond, 137; the great Austrian diamond, 139; the Orloff, or great Russian diamond, 193, while the largest known, in possession of the Rajah of Malan, in Borneo, weighs 367 carats, but this in the uncut state.

A romantic history is attached to every one of these jewels, owing chiefly to the eagerness of wealthy persons to gain possession of them. The Rajah of Malan, it is said, was once offered by the Governor of Batavia, a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, two large war-brigs, and a complete store of guns and ammunition, for his diamond; but he refused the offer. A portion of this eagerness is attributable to a belief, on the part of Orientals, in certain mystical and medical properties in the diamond.

The Koh-i-noor, which left India on the 6th of April, 1850, to pass into the hands of Queen Victoria, has had an especially notable history. It was found in the mines of Golconda. How many ages this was ago no one can tell; but the Hindoos, who are fond of high numbers, say that it belonged to Kama, King of Anga, three thousand years ago. Viewed within more modest limits, the diamond is said to have been stolen from one of the kings of Golconda, by a treacherous general named Mininzola, and by him presented to the Great Mogul, Shah Jehan, father of Aurungzebe, about the year 1640. It was then in a rough, uncut state, very much larger than at present. Shah Jehan employed a Venetian diamond-worker, Hortensio Borgis, to cut it, in order to develop its brilliancy: this was done so badly that more than half of the gem was cut away, and the rest very imperfectly treated. The Mogul, in a rage, fined the jeweller ten thousand ducats, instead of paying him for his misdirected labors. When Tavernier, the French traveller, was in India, about two hundred years ago, he saw the Koh-i-noor, and told of the intense wonderment and admiration with which it was regarded in that country. After his time, the treasure changed hands frequently among the princes of India, generally by means either of fraud or violence; but it is not worth while to trace the particulars. Early in the present century the possessor was the Khan of Cabul. From him it was obtained in an audacious way by the famous chief of Lahore, Runjeet Singh. "Having heard that the Khan of Cabul possessed a diamond that had belonged to the Great Mogul, the largest and purest known, he invited the unfortunate owner to his court, and there, having him in his power, demanded the diamond. The guest, however, had provided himself against such a contingency, with a perfect imitation of the coveted jewel. After some show of resistance, he reluctantly acceded to the wishes of his powerful host.

The delight of Runjeet was extreme, but of short dura-

tion: the lapidary to whom he gave orders to mount his new acquisition pronouncing it to be merely a bit of crystal. The mortification and rage of the despot were unbounded. He immediately ordered the palace of the Khan to be invested, and ransacked from top to bottom. For a long while all search was vain. At last a slave betrayed the secret; the diamond was found concealed beneath a heap of ashes. Runjeet Singh had it set in an armlet, between two diamonds, each the size of a sparrow's egg." When the Hon. W. G. Osborne was at Lahore some years afterwards, and visited the great Sikh potentate, "the whole space behind the throne was crowded with Runjeet's chiefs, mingled with natives from Candahar, Cabul, and Afghanistan, blazing with gold and jewels, and dressed and armed with every conceivable variety of color and fashion. Cross-legged in a golden chair sat Runjeet Singh, dressed in simple white, wearing no ornaments but a single string of enormous pearls round the waist, and the celebrated Koh-i-noor, or 'Mountain of Light,' upon his arm." Sometimes, in a fit of Oriental display, Runjeet decked his horse with the Koh-i-noor, among other jewels. After his death, the precious gem passed into the hands of his successors on the throne of Lahore; and when the Punjab was conquered by the English in 1850, the Koh-i-noor was included among the spoil. Colonel Mackesan and Captain Ramsay brought it to England in the *Medea*, as a present from the East India Company to the Queen.

The Koh-i-noor, when examined by European diamond merchants, was pronounced to be badly cut; and the Court jeweller employed Messrs. Coster, of Amsterdam, to re-cut it—a work that occupied the labors of thirty-eight days, of twelve hours each. This is not really cutting, it is grinding; the gem being applied to the surface of a flat iron plate, moistened with oil and diamond powder, and rotating with great velocity, in such a way as to produce new reflecting facets. The late Duke of Wellington gave the first touch to this work, as a sort of honorary amateur diamond-cutter. The world-renowned gem has since been regarded as far more dazzling and beautiful than at any former time in its history.

### MULBERRY TREES.

[We take this curious passage about mulberry trees from Fuller's "A Pisgah-Sight of Palestine,"—a work that is almost unknown to readers of the present day.]

MULBERRY trees were plentiful in Palestine. A tree which may pass for the emblem of prudence, slow in consultation, swift in execution, for it putteth forth its leaves the last of all trees, but then (as it is said) all in one night, as if sensible of, and ashamed for its former neglect, she endeavors to overtake other trees with her double diligence. Men feed on the fruit, silk-worms on the leaves thereof; creatures contemptible in themselves, admirable in their qualities, appearing Proteus-like in sundry shapes in the same year, eggs, worms, flies, finishing for the most part yearly their life and work together. But we leave these mysteries to be discussed by naturalists, and will only add, that if the original of silk were well considered, gallants had small cause to be proud of gay clothes, for from worms it came, and to worms shall the wearers thereof return.

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

LATE gifts to the Fair are one-fourth gross of T. T. Holmes' Boston perfumeries, and a case of boys' boots, contributed by Albion Hall, of Weymouth Landing.

FIVE of Mr. Prang's most beautiful chromos are to be had at the book-table in Music Hall. They all speak for themselves, and need no further notice. They have been very kindly given by Mr. Prang, and will undoubtedly find purchasers long before the fair closes.

THE beautiful silver-plated, folding cover, "Keystone" sewing machine, contributed by the Keystone Sewing Machine Company, 220 Washington street, and now on exhibition in Music Hall, is to be given to the wife of the physician receiving the greatest number of votes.

AT the last moment previous to the opening of the fair it was decided not to occupy Bumstead hall, and the numerous attractions which would have been stationed there are, therefore, otherwise disposed of. The large space under the main balcony in Music Hall affords ample space for these entertainments. Punch and Judy, the skating rink, the steam engine and the other diversions, are within easy reach of all visitors to the fair, and everybody is spared the trouble of descending to the gaslit crypt below.

THE fair has, on the whole, been very successful thus far. The unfavorable weather on Tuesday prevented a very large attendance on that day, but the patronage on Wednesday and Thursday was very encouraging. Still larger crowds are looked for to-day and to-morrow.

The general arrangements of the fair are being carried out in an excellent manner under the efficient supervision of the chief marshal, Colonel Rand. The assistant marshals are doing their work satisfactorily and well, and deserve much credit. Colonel Rand's headquarters in the gallery of Music hall are as lively as the business office of a large establishment, and the readiness with which expedients are adopted and arrangements improvised gives the place the air of a military post.

THE refreshment hall is an exceedingly popular feature of the fair. At the dinner and supper hours it is overcrowded with patrons, and the patronage continues until the time for closing arrives. The following are the names of the young ladies who assisted at the tables yesterday:

Miss Sadie Van Praag, Miss H. M. Stetson, Miss Kate A. Ward, Miss Annie Prescott, Miss Eva Bassett, Miss Louise Libbey, Miss Marion F. Libbey, Miss E. J. Polley, Miss Irene T. Studley, Miss Louise Carr, Miss Ida Munson, Miss Abbie Hastings, Miss Emma Wiggin, Miss Lizzie Newhall, Miss Emily E. Maynard, Miss Helen Gilman, Miss Florence Sears, all of Boston. Miss Lizzie Houghton, of Boston Highlands. Miss Addie M. Quimby, Miss E. L. Rand, Miss S. M. Johnson, Miss Bessie M. Rice, of Winchester.

Mlle. BELLA DONNA is the prime attraction at the Lexington table, Number 46 Music Hall. This young lady's wardrobe is so extensive that we have consented to shock the readers of THE PELLET by publishing the catalogue entire. We hope it will be a warning to all dolls which may in the future have extravagant longings.

Reception dress, blue silk, with tulle and pink rose buds; street dress, grey poplin, with brown trimmings, chip hat, with brown feathers and ribbons; walking dress, black silk, blue bonnet; travelling dress, buff linen, with red trimming, — hat to match; evening dress, white muslin, with duchesse lace and lavender silk trimmings; robe de chambre, white cashmere, with cherry trimmings; cherry and white breakfast shawl; two sets underclothes; two white cambric skirts; two night dresses; three muslin skirts; five pair stockings; three pair boots, — brown, blue and white; one pair red slippers; four handkerchiefs; waterproof; umbrella; white parasol, with lace cover; shawl strap with shawl; guipure lace sacque; opera cape and Russian hood; writing case; sewing machine (musical); toilet case; watch and eye glass; glove box, with gloves; handkerchief ring (gold); chemise stud, (gold); jewel box (with five sets of jewelry); card case and cards; work basket; two fans; waiting maid and lap dog.

## THE MUSIC.

The following is the Programme for this (Friday) evening:

## MUSIC HALL.

## Part First.

1. Grand March,— "Bouquet" . . . . . *Saro.*
2. Concert Waltz,— Lieder . . . . . *Gungl.*
3. Cavatina,— "Beatrice" . . . . . *Bellini.*
4. Galop,— "Jolly Fellows" . . . . . *Faust.*
5. Song for the Cornet . . . . . *Schubert.*
6. Selections,— Sonnambula . . . . . *Bellini.*

## Part Second.

7. Overture,— Norma . . . . . *Bellini.*
8. Selections,— Trovatore . . . . . *Verdi.*
9. Concert Waltz,— "Crown Song" . . . . . *Strauss.*
10. Polka, Obligato for Cornet, . . . . . *Faust.*
11. Serenade . . . . . *Eizoldt.*
12. Polonaise,— Fruhlings Awakening . . . . . *Bach.*

## HORTICULTURAL HALL.

## Part First.

1. Overture,— Tancredi . . . . . *Rossini.*
2. Concert Waltz,— "Rodolphe Klange" . . . . . *Strauss.*
3. Selection,— "Robert le Diable" . . . . . *Meyerbeer.*
4. Galop,— "Glocken" . . . . . *Behr.*
5. Scotch Song,— "Sweet Afton" . . . . . *Tannyhill.*
6. Potpourri,— "Barber of Seville" . . . . . *Rossini.*

## Part Second.

7. Grand March,— "Kaiser" . . . . . *Bischoff.*
8. Cavatina,— Beatrice di Zenda . . . . . *Bellini.*
9. Concert Waltz,— "Visioner" . . . . . *Gungl.*
10. Polka Mazurka,— "Beauty" . . . . . *Parlow.*
11. Selections from Il Trovatore . . . . . *Verdi.*
12. Polka,— Wildfeur . . . . . *Strauss.*

## TABLE TALK.

— There are to be found at table No. 3, in Horticultural Hall, a number of Indian baskets made by the Penobscots, at Oldtown, Maine, which are very pretty.

— The elegant smoking chair at the table of Mrs. Woodbury, in Music Hall, is the gift of Mr. Travers. It will not be raffled, but will be sold outright to the first comfort-loving bachelor who comes along.

— The most noticeable and expensive articles on the Cambridge table are a French doll and wardrobe, valued at two hundred dollars, and one afghan, at one hundred, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars. A large variety of children's clothing is also to be found here.

— The Charlestown table, Number 51 Music Hall, Mrs F. Childs, president, is well supplied with desirable articles. Among them are a reception chair, embroidered by Mrs. F. Crosby, valued at one hundred and twenty-five dollars; an oil painting—a fruit-piece—contributed by Mr. J. C. Miles; a lace bed-spread and pillow shams, a sofa-cushion, a guess-cushion, a steel engraving, "The Landing of the Pilgrims," etc., etc.

— A very charming dramatic and musical entertainment was given at Mrs. Hill's, No. 11 Beacon street, on Thursday evening, 11th April, for the benefit of table No. 32 Music Hall, of which Mrs. Alexander Strong is president. The comedy of "Naval Engagements," and the farce of "Old Gooseberry," were admirably performed. In the former, Mr. W. H. Kennard, as Admiral Kingston, made quite a hit. The music by Mrs. Hooper, Miss Wood, Mr. Schultze, Mr. Bancroft, and the members of the Boylston club, was unusually fine.

— The chief attraction of the Lexington table, is the richly-arrayed Mlle. Bella Donna, a description of whose wardrobe is given elsewhere. Second in interest, is a large assortment of useful merchandise, consisting of many varieties of soaps for toilet and laundry purposes. Hoyt's & Burnett's colognes, Burnett's Flavoring Extracts, Pond's Extracts, Littlefield's Court-plaster, Florida Water, and many other articles in the same line. There is, also, a fine collection of Canadian goods from Montreal, and the usual assortment of fancy articles.

— The Dorchester Table is especially rich in works of art. Mrs. Whitten has oil paintings by T. L. Smith and Matthew Wilson of New York, and by Hartwell, Gerry, Hahn, Russ, Norton, Keith, Miss Knowlton, and others of Boston; also some artist proof engravings contributed by Bellows. There is also a choice album of water colors, containing autographs of Whittier, Longfellow, Lowell, Emerson, and Mrs. Whitney, the latter having contributed a very beautiful poem. An elegant chair is to be voted for the friends of the doctors; and a dozen of gentlemen's shirts are to be raffled for.

— The table of Mrs. Wellington, Number 55 Music Hall, although named the Arlington table, is the private table of Mrs. W. and her friends, and not the result of an organized movement in that town. For novelties, the ladies at this table have on sale flower and vegetable seeds, in packages, supplied by the leading seedsmen of Boston. As this is the time of year when seeds are largely in demand, there ought to be a good many pack-

ages sold in the fair. Mrs. Wellington has also flower paintings on oil and silk, and several small paintings, one of which is a correct and valuable likeness of the late John A. Andrew.

— We hope the book table near the platform in Music Hall will have the full share of patronage which the attractive collection merits. Several superb editions of standard authors have been arranged in raffles. A Doré Bible, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, is selling in shares of one dollar each. A Knights' Shakespeare, bound in tree calf, is going in two hundred shares, at fifty cents each. The new Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels is to be sold in two hundred shares of one dollar each. Milton's works, with illustrations by Doré, are to be raffled in shares of one dollar. There is also the latest and best edition of Knights' Encyclopedia, which is going in two hundred shares, a dollar each. These are the special attraction. Other valuable works on the table are too numerous to mention.

— Mrs. W. A. Haskell has contributed a large number of articles to the Boston and Andover table in Horticultural Hall, over which Mrs. H. J. Stevens presides. They were secured by her as gifts from various dealers. The most valuable thing is a cradle given by the Tucker Manufacturing Company, which is worth one hundred and fifty dollars. This will be raffled. Mrs. Wm. Knowlton gives hats and bonnets valued at about forty-five dollars. Hay, Morse and Company give a picture rest; Beal and Hooper a fancy table; Glover and Willcomb a chair; Doe and Hunnewell a footstool; Buckley and Bancroft a nursery bar; and Mrs. Laurutte gives books worth twenty-eight dollars. The whole collection of articles secured by Mrs. Haskell has a value of nearly three hundred and fifty dollars.

— The Portland table is embellished with some excellent works of art by Maine artists. Miss Skeele contributed one of her choicest flower pieces in oil. Mrs. Longley, of Cumberland Mills, a fine string of trout in water colors; Miss Maria Hersey, some pleasant landscapes; Miss Addie Edwards, some beautiful dancing dolls, and Miss Agnes Blanchard, and others, clusters of autumn leaves in wax; wall-pockets, brackets, toilet-sets, slipper cases, embroidered handkerchiefs, dolls' millinery, dressing cases, thread cases, help make up the variety, of which we have not enumerated the half. Perhaps the most elaborate contribution is a superb French doll, surrounded by an almost illimitable wardrobe of the most delicate fabrics and finish, embracing half a dozen full suits, with outer and under garments, shawls, etc., to which is added a Saratoga trunk. This was the work of Mrs. C. C. Tolman, and is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. In addition to this, there is on this table a fine lot of slippers, a large quantity of canned goods, an elegant desk, and a full set of Dickens' works, handsomely bound. Mrs. G. S. Hunt is the president of the Portland table, which is No. 27, in Music Hall.

THE spire as part of a Christian church is not indicative of spiritual aspirations in the Northern people, but is the result of constant association with the firs and spruces of their landscape.—RUSKIN.

## HOW WE CLIMBED KATAHDIN.

WE had pushed up the Penobscot nearly a hundred miles above tide water. We had penetrated the wilderness with a toil that half reminded us of Arnold's laborious march up the Kennebec. We had bivouacked for the night at Mattawamkeag, at Little Schoodic, on the shore of the North Twin, and at the upper end of Umbojejos. We had not caught the rheumatism at any of these unpronounceable camp-fires, albeit we arrived at the last named too late and too tired to pitch our tent, and had to tuck ourselves up as best we could under the big counterpane of the sky, with the impudent stars peeking and winking at us all night.

Friday was a day of foaming rapids, hard tugging through the woods, trout catching and trout eating. We began it ravenously on a grilled hedgehog and a "pretty kettle of fish." The mosquitoes and black flies began it ravenously on us. Here we left one of our three batteaux, with such stores and baggage as could be spared; and shouldering the rest, marched off through the wilderness across Umbojejos Carry, while the boats followed the river bed and scrambled upward over rocks and foam. Above, we found a calm bright stretch of the river; then another hard portage, with as hard a name — Tipscaneck Carry; and then, with poling, and shouting, and paddling, we rounded a point and floated on the ripples of Lake Pascungamook. The scenery was very rich. We knew not which most to admire,— the scalloped shores, the forested hills and gray cliffs, the clouds that drifted above them, the blue dome that roofed them over, and what Byron calls the "bright eye of the universe" looking cheerily down, or the picture of them all in the crystal mirror beneath. A little cove, with sanded floor, embayed between two friendly escarpments of rock, invited us to halt and rest. And so we lay and dozed along the shining beach, or perched upon the fallen tree trunks and dreamily gazed across the glimmering waters, or like overgrown schoolboys munched our hard-tack and herring, and paddled our naked feet in the tempting waves, or tracked the fresh foot-prints of moose back from the shore into

The conscious silences of brooding woods,  
Centurial shadows, cloisters of the elk.

Embarked again, we once more pursued our steady way up the tide, winning our progress, as forty years ago the victory of Ostrolenka was not won, by the Poles. We were now almost under the shadow of the huge mountain we had come to visit. What imposing masses! what steep sides! what a shaggy sackcloth of fir and pine had the primeval giant wrapped around his loins! And with what a comical look of disdain did he scowl down at his pigmy visitors who were scrambling and crawling up his nether limbs!

Half a mile above Pocwocamus we halted at a rocky fall. There, in clouds of misty spray and denser clouds of hungry flies, we roosted on the rocks with hook and line, enticing golden trout out of the foam. The next thing we did was to build a fire and study anatomy. Then we moored one of our boats under a bushy cover, and tugged the other around the falls. It was a big job; granite boulders in the way, — bushes tangled and snarled together, — mosquitoes and black flies omnipresent; the little infernals! I trust they are expiating their bloody feast in another and not better world. When we launched our battered boat in the stream above, we had earned our trout *ex post facto*, by the sweat of our brows. Then, some in the boat, some in the woods, we floundered and straggled a mile further to Aboll's Falls, where, within four miles of the mountain, we pitched our camp. An aldermanic supper of river turtle crowned the day's toil; and late in the evening two of our hunters having returned from an unsuccessful sally for moose, to them was served the sixth and last meal of the day. Then, under the shadow of great Katahdin, we slept.

Next morning, Saturday, at half past three, when

" . . . like a lobster boiled, the morn  
From b'ack to red began to turn,"

we were roused again to our arduous duties; — first, a monstrous kettle of pork and beans baked over night deep in the ground and resurrected in the morning "hot from Tartarus"; second, the storage of shoulder packs with blankets and two days' rations; the third, Forward — march!

Our camp was left standing. How many bears and other aboriginal fillibusters may have rummaged it, or even put up in it, while we were gone, we never knew. None of them stopped to settle for his lodgings. Our long ragged train, humpbacked with burdens, straggled in single file behind the Indian guide; struggled, rather, for every inch of the way was contested by swarms of voracious insects. It was a toilsome march. We rested often, dabbled in the clear brooks that shot bubbling down the hillside, and wondered that the intense coldness they brought from the snow packed in the gorges above did not thaw out by the sheer friction of their swift descent. A hard tramp of four hours brought us out on a "slide"; it proved to be the one our guide had sighted from the camp far below and had chosen as best for the ascent. Oh, how steep it was! We hardly dared move at first, for fear an unwary step might start the slide again and bring the whole mountain side thundering about our ears. However, we rested, studied the situation, fortified ourselves with a lunch, and then scrambled upward on Katahdin's face, as did the black flies on ours. A mile of such knee work brought us singly or in groups to the top.

The summit of Katahdin is an irregular plateau about half a mile square, rising to a narrow ridge which leads your giddy steps to the eastern and topmost peak. Have a care how you tread the ragged causeway; it is a bridge over chaos; and a stumble would land you hundreds of feet below on either side in a wild confusion of rocky fragments. At the tip of the ridge you stand on the highest point in Maine. The view repays the toil and risk. From the centre of a vast circle you look down in all directions upon a wilderness of woody mountains and valleys. The forms are roughly vivid and sharp close beneath your feet, but soften in the distance to milder outline and more nebulous tint. It is a great round shield, and you are standing on the knob in the middle; a shield monstrously carved into hypogriffs of promontory and crag, embossed with odd figures in forest and lake, inlaid with winding river-lines in silver, and so quaintly diversified that on every inch of its disk from knob to rim, nature seems to have tried a separate and different experiment in grouping of colors and forms. You can trace the curves and angles of the Penobscot, ribbed here and there with foamy patches of cascade, whose distant roar can no longer reach your ear. Far to the west sparkle the sunny waters of Moosehead, with its green islets and overhanging Kineo; nearer, the long troughs of Chesuncook and Caribou; and scattered irregularly about them, and, indeed, in all other directions over the whole face of the shield, are other lakes, great and small, christened from time immemorial with Indian names, and rarely disturbed save by the jumping trout, the swoop of the fish-hawk, or the paddle of an occasional lumberman, or trappers. We counted more than forty such lakes and ponds from our eyrie on the crest of Katahdin.

We lingered till nightfall, busily transferring to the mental canvas all it would hold of these scenes of wild beauty. Then a hasty "five minutes for refreshments," to browse upon the last year's cranberries with which the plateau was sparsely strown, to grind a few bites of hard-tack, and to sip from the mossy hollows in the turf the crystal drops distilled by the clouds that so often turbaned the summit; and then, just as the sun was maliciously hurrying out of sight to leave us up there in the dark, we imitated him and went down ourselves, the sun setting, we crawling.

On the southern edge of the slide, about a thousand feet from the brow, we built a green wigwam of cedar and spruce. There we spent our Sabbath, a holy calm, a Sabbath among the clouds, long to be remembered as most like to the Sabbath above the clouds. There were songs of praise, and prayer, and worship, in our gypsy camp. It was a day of inspirations. Looking earthward, we were encompassed by the wildest grandeur. Looking heavenward, the limpid atmosphere almost gleamed with the pearly gates. Katahdin was our Horeb; and we found with Mrs. Browning that

Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God.

When night overspread the scene with its awning of darkness, we lay around our camp-fires overpowered by the sublimity of those mountain solitudes, and by the holy thoughts which had poured in upon our souls. And there we slept, far up with the clouds, and

Visited all night by troops of stars.

Morning came. The day of rest was gone. Now for muscle, brain, sharp eye and steady nerve. Three days retraced the steps of six. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, how they flew, and how flew we, down the brawling, roaring, splashing tide. Like a brood of chickens scared by a hawk, so homeward scampered our ragged eighteen, leaping, racing, tumbling, rolling with laughter, and sometimes growling with bruises; scouring through the hoary woods with a levity which scandalized those solemn vegetables; whisking down streams we had painfully toiled up, rioting down rapids, scrambling down falls, lifting boats over dams, now sweeping along still channels over-arched by domes of verdure, now thundering down water-flumes neck and neck with white steeds of foam, and at last shooting out the dim aisles of the wilderness into the glare and din of civilization as suddenly as ten days before we had vanished.

JOHN S. SEWALL.

### THE QUALITY OF UNFORGIVINGNESS.

THE quality of unforgivingness, existing in a stagnant, voiceless condition, remarkable rather for what it withholds than for what it actually does, is one not met with very frequently. It must not be confounded with that vindictiveness which is actively malignant, but may be described as a passive verb, conjugated by some exceptionally competent person from one day to another over many weary months and years; sometimes, indeed, thirty years elapse before the past tense is arrived at. It occasionally refers to abstract principles, but more frequently to mere sentiments disguised as principles, rules of life, conduct, or religion, in which case whole tribes or divisions of people may be seen nursing what they call their injuries in silent protest, and continuing to do so through long periods of time, when these things should have been condoned and their memory have passed away. They occupy a set attitude of unforgivingness, preserve it during life, and, if possible, make a point of imposing it on their children. Persecuted races and sects have sometimes done this. Perhaps the Jesuits are, and yet are not, a case in point. A large portion of mankind resent their existence; but as a society, not as individuals. Supposing the Jesuits to owe the world a grudge for this, the debt is all the more surely repaid because it is not dependent on nor dictated by individual caprice, but belongs to the action of a collective body that has never yet been known to lack recruits. There are certain bad qualities which

are usually the strongest in inferior organizations, and unforgivingness is one of these. Sometimes it is oddly associated with a person and a principle. A man who has offended you is a partisan of a cause you detest, and this gives a double edge to the thing. You quarrel with the individual who represents the principle and with the principle which recalls the individual; both are alike odious thenceforth. Active vindictiveness is easily understood, and has in all ages accounted for various great crimes,—for treason, assassinations, baseness, and all kinds of treachery. But the simple incapacity to forgive is generally combined with incapacity in other directions,—with a morbid moral condition, limited intellectual powers, a vitiated or unhealthy physique; it is found in persons naturally stupid, maimed, crippled, or of stunted growth. It affects the sexes about equally; for the inclination and power of talking over wrongs destroys it in women, and strong physical exercise works it off in men. Love is rarely, but wounded self-love often, the cause of it; for “L’amour pardonne tout, et l’amour-propre ne pardonne rien.” Often the original offence has been personal, and so small that years after it is actually forgotten, or only recalled by an effort of memory, while the unforgiving spirit remains the same. The mental attitude of implacability has been acquired. Now, in physical life the excitement ceases with the stimulus; but in psychical life the laws of association lead further, and spontaneous reaction, once excited, becomes itself an impulse and a fresh starting-point. A man who habitually broods over one solitary injury seldom fails to end by having more than one to nurse and think about. The ability to preserve silence is necessary to this condition of mind, for who complains loudly will quickly forgive, and of a woman possessed with a dumb devil (and there are such) instinct itself tell us it is useless to hope for pardon. Unforgivingness is essentially an uglifying quality (we have no verb in English equivalent to the French *enlaidir*): the tight-set mouth and lips and hard, unloving eyes are not beautiful; the marks of ignoble cares on the brow and of regrets which are not repentance and having nothing purifying about them, go to make up a picture which few care to look at twice. We have said that it is a thoroughly unhealthy condition of mind, and in fact, it produces not only the appearance, but the reality of ill-health in those who indulge it. As an old writer puts it, “This black choler doth dry up the juices, and will load the blood with bile so that it shall flow sluggishly, and cause the countenance and whole person to seem arid, unfruitful, and ill-favored.” The men and women who have remained young to a great age, physically and mentally, are those who live in the present and the future: the present they enjoy as best they may; the future they tint as sunshine does a soap-bubble; the past they steadily ignore, unless indeed it has been one of unexampled radiance. There are no doubt long-lived old young people, who have been good haters and persecutors; but theirs are comparatively healthy failings—they may disorder the body, but they not unfrequently contribute to social success. Enterprising malignity finds a certain vent in action, even if it be a bad one; hope, however iniquitous, fear of not succeeding or of being punished by retribution, all these things prevent stagnation. Elasticity is the true touchstone of youth; but this steady stupid, passive

unforgiveness shadows forth the fossilizing of old age ; and, in fact, of all mental maladies, excepting actual insanity, it is the one which prematurely ages the most. It is very rare in maniacs, but is often exhibited by idiots. Meat and drink do no good to such men and women as indulge in it. They have lost the capacity for conviviality, and only drink themselves into additional surliness, or, as our neighbours say, "Ils ont le mauvais vin."

It is a disposition unknown in good statesmanship and effective diplomacy, and always proves fatal to the progress of any public man who entertains it in this sense. It is at once costly and incapacitating, for it blinds people to their best opportunities, and causes them to renounce advantages for no other reason than dislike of the source whence they are derived. Sometimes it appears as a family failing ; it may miss one generation ; but, like gout, it is sure to crop up in the next ; and fathers and sons, or sisters and brothers, will be seen in the exercise of their unamiable tempers with a persistency quite remarkable. In a really limited circle of acquaintance there are usually, at least one or two families thus affected, the members of which find it intolerable to live together,—the women especially ; they take their meals in silence, and their walks apart ; and if their means do not admit of their having separate sitting-rooms, they are in very evil case, and their house is not a pleasant one for a visitor.

We have said that the causes which develop an incapacity to forgive are often quite trivial ; wounded vanity, for example, childish jealousy, pent-up spitefulness. But family lawyers, who see life more than most men, constantly observe it as the result of detection and defeat in wrong-doing or deceit. An effort is made to shield some one who ought not to be shielded, or to support some one who ought not to be supported, to levy black mail in favor of one whose only claims are his impecuniosity and general worthlessness ; or a man refuses to condone a fraud, to comply with unreasonable pecuniary demands, to continue to accord benefits and assistance to greedy pretenders,—any of these will suffice ; and the conviction of having been seen through, and the sensation of being routed and overthrown, will, in some natures, arouse the evil spirit which may never be appeased again in this world. These dumb, foolish enmities, often date from the reading of last wills and testaments, and the dead man lies unforgiven in his grave, for all time, as far as one or two persons are concerned. But once in that quiet resting-place, the sterile animosity of survivors no longer has power to affect him, nor is it of their forgiveness that he now stands most in need.

---

"THE strongest propensity in a woman's nature," says a careful student of the sex, "is to want to know what is going on, and the next is to boss the job."

---

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HORACE.

OD. 4, II.

[*Est mihi nonum superantis annum Plenus Albani cadus, etc.*]

I HAVE a cask of Alban wine  
 Ripened more than seasons nine ;  
 And in the garden, Phyllis, see  
 Parsley crowns I wreath for thee ;  
 Store of ivy, too, is mine,  
 Bound with which your locks shall shine ;  
 In the house you silver find ;  
 Vervains pure the altar bind,  
 On which a tender lamb we lay  
 In honor of this festal day.  
 All the house is full of glee ;  
 Boys and girls run merrily  
 Up and down ; — meanwhile the fire  
 Whirls its smoky vortex higher.  
 And that you may understand  
 All the joys for you at hand,  
 Listen ! This is April's Ides ;  
 Venus-day the month divides.  
 Foam-born Venus from the sea,  
 Rose this day, and it for me  
 Holier is, more fit for mirth  
 Than the day that gave me birth :  
 For Mæcenus, my delight,  
 On this day first saw the light ;  
 From this day he counts the years  
 As each newer spring appears.  
 Telephus, for whom you burn,  
 Another loves, and in her turn,  
 Holds the captive she has found  
 In a pleasing fetter bound.  
 Rich and wanton, she I trow ;  
 He, a happier youth than thou.  
 Caution take from Phaeton,  
 Who by steering near the sun  
 Wrecked his hopes, — and Pegasus  
 Holds a warning up to us ;  
 Pegasus, who out of spite,  
 Cast to earth his earth-born knight.  
 What befits thee seek, — nor higher  
 Than becomes thy rank aspire.  
 Come, of all my loves the last,  
 Phyllis come (for in the past  
 I have loved, but nevermore  
 Shall I love as heretofore),  
 Come and learn a song of me  
 (From your lips 'twill sweeter be),  
 Come and learn the strain, my fair,  
 Song can lessen gloomy care.

J. M. M.

---

REFUTE these truths, if you can, by showing a still more efficacious, certain, and agreeable method than mine ; refute them, not by words, of which we have already had too many. But if experience should prove to you, as it has done to me, that my method is the best, make use of it to save your fellow-creatures, and give the glory to God. — *Hahnemann to Hufeland.*

---

WOULD you take vengeance on your enemy, do not burn his house, or review his book, or ask him to write in your album, or make love to his wife, but — give his boy a drum.

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# THE PELLETT.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872.

EARL GRANVILLE does not use the right kind of bait to catch American Fish.

ONE of the latest patents granted in Washington is for an improvement in chignons. Is it a machine for cutting them off? We take two.

WEDNESDAY was a fortunate day for our Fair. Not only the sun, but the shiners, came out on that occasion. The day's sales realized over twenty thousand dollars.

THE *N. Y. World* published an article the other day entitled "LET US HAVE HONESTY." By all means. We hope you may get it.

WE have already stated that sixty dollars' worth of court-plaster has been contributed to one of the tables in the Fair. The inference is that the homœopathists intend to "stick."

A CABLE despatch of the 17th inst. says:—"The Hungarian Diet closed yesterday." We don't know what the diet was, but the Hungary people seem as delighted as if it had been a Diet of Worms.

SUBSCRIBERS whose papers are to be sent out of the city, will receive Nos. 2-5 by Saturday's mail, and Nos. 6-10 a week later. This arrangement is necessary, owing to the late hour at which we received the larger portion of our subscriptions.

"PRESENT appearances," says the *Globe*, "indicate cheap coal, and an abundance of it, in Boston." One's coal-bill doesn't assist in keeping up the illusion. We do not know of anything that is really cheap in Boston,—except THE PELLETT at ten cents.

WE withhold from the printer one or two manuscripts, the writers having failed to favor us with their names, which we require, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. We do not purpose to assume the responsibility of anonymous articles.

AN uprising in the Philippine Islands against Spanish rule recently took place, but was suppressed after considerable slaughter. They will not remain quiet very long. The desire for freedom in these islands is irrepressible. We think they must be Wendell Philippine Islands.

TENNYSON is so continually altering the text of his published poems that it is a little dangerous to quote from him, unless one quotes from the last edition. No two editions of the same poems are identical. We have three or four different versions of "The Charge of the Light Brigade"; the changes he has made in "Maud," and in the lyrics scattered through "The Princess," are innumerable, and not in all instances admirable. Sometimes, after two or three remodellings, he re-sets the verse or passage in its original shape. Thus, in the handy volume edition of his works lately published, in ten exquisite little books, he prints the following song as it originally stood—if we are not mistaken. The quatrain we have put in italics does not, we believe, appear in any but the most recent editions of "The Princess":

"As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears.  
*And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears!*  
For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
Oh, there above the little grave,  
We kiss'd again with tears."

According to our way of thinking, the new stanza comes between its betters.

THERE is, it is said, a "Home for Destitute Children," in Madison county, Wisconsin, in which the unfortunate little ones are obliged to repeat these verses, by way of grace, before each meal:

"In silence I must take my seat,  
And give God thanks before I eat;  
Must for my food in patience wait,  
Till I am asked to hand my plate:  
I must not scold, nor whine, nor pout,  
Nor move my chair or plate about;  
With knife, or fork, or napkin, too,  
I must not play—nor must I sing;  
I must not speak a useless word,  
For children must be seen, not heard."

Mr. Pecksniff, in his earlier days, might have written that. What a picture it gives of suppressed and blighted childhood, with all the merry laughter wrung out of it! If the food furnished is not more digestible than the poetry, we pity the young folks there with all our heart.



### SIR WILKINS ET SA DINAH.

DE Londres un négociant habitait la ville,  
Il n'eût qu'un seul enfant, belle douce et bonne fille,  
Elle s'appelait Dinah, et n'eût que seize ans,  
Et une fortune superbe en or et en argent,  
Chantant tūrāl lūl lūrāl lūl lūrāl lāla.

Un matin se promenait cette demoiselle,  
Son papa vient vers elle, et lui dit : "O ma belle,  
Endimanches toi, Dinah, sois gentille aussi,  
Et je t'amènerai un fort joli petit mari,  
Chantant tūrāl lūl lūrāl lūl lūrāl lāla.

Chœur des parents indulgents : — Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

[Parlé.] Voila ce que répond mademoiselle avec modestie  
accompagnée de grace infinie : —

"O Papa," répond Dinah, "je n'ai nulle envie,  
De te quitter si tôt pour ce petit mari,  
Et toute ma belle fortune je te donne, mon Papa,  
Pour deux ou trois années de doux célibat,  
Chantant tūrāl, etc."

Chœur des jeunes innocentes qui ont le mariage en horreur : —  
Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

[Parlé.] Remarquez le courroux du papa courroucé.

"Vat 'en, fille impudique," papa fait réponse.  
Si au projet de ce mariage tu y renonce,  
A ton cousin le plus proche je donnerai tous tes biens,  
Et toi, ma belle Dinah, tu n'en auras plus rien.  
Qu' à chanter tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

Chœur des parents indignés : — Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

### TOME SECOND.

#### SIR WILKINS.

[Parlé.] Sir Wilkins est un jeune Lord Maire, titre Anglais  
héréditaire.

Sir Wilkins se promenait du jardin au fond,  
Que voit-il !!! Sa Dinah morte sur le gazon,  
Près d'elle gît une coupe de poison tout froid,  
Et une lettre qui dit qu'elle est morte pour Vilikins, je crois,  
Chantant tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

Chœur de demoiselles morte pour l'amour. — Chœur en grand  
silence, tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

[Parlé.] Voilà ce que fait l'amant malheureux.

De mille baisers il couvre le cadavre cheri,  
"Attens," dit-il, "Dinah, ton petit mari."  
Il boit le poison, son âme part au galop,  
Et Vilikins et Dinah n'occupent qu'un tombeau.

Tous les deaux chantant en chœur un chœur en chantant,  
Tūrāl lūl lūrāl, etc.

#### MORALE.

Mesdemoiselles soyez avertiés avant  
Que de désobéir à papa ou à maman,  
Et jeunes gens, soyez prudents de vos doux regards,  
Et, — et, — et, ma foi ! et n'arrivez pas  
Au rendezvous, comme Vilikins, trop tard.

Autrement vous pourrez être condamnés à chanter à perpé-  
tuité cette chançon lugubre [c'est leste], mais ça n'a pas de  
rapport du tout avec les chançons célestes des anges :

Tūrāl lūl lūrāl lūl lūrāl lāla.

#### JEWS.

IN our thoughts of old clothesmen and despised shop-keepers, we are accustomed to forget that the Jews came from the East, and that they still partake in their blood of the vivacity of their eastern origin. We forget that they have had their poets and philosophers, both gay and profound, and that the great Solomon was one of the most beautiful of amatory poets, of writers of epicurean elegance, and the delight of the whole eastern world, who exalted him into a magician. There are plentiful evidences, indeed, of the vivacity of the Jewish character in the Bible. They were liable to very ferocious mistakes respecting their neighbors; but so have other nations been who have piqued themselves on their refinement; but we are always reading of their feasting, dancing, and singing, and harping, and rejoicing. Half of David's imagery is made up of allusions to these lively manners of his countrymen. But the Bible has been read to us with such solemn faces, and associated with such false and gloomy ideas, that the Jews of old become as unpleasant (though less undignified a multitude in our imaginations) as the modern. We see as little of the real domestic interior of the one as of the other, even though no people have been more abundantly described to us. The moment we think of them as people of the East, this impression is changed, and we do them justice. Moses himself, who, notwithstanding his share of the barbarism above mentioned, was a genuine philosopher and great man, and is entitled to our eternal gratitude as the proclaimer of the Sabbath, is rescued from the degrading familiarity into which the word Moses has been trampled, when we read of him in D'Herbelot as "Moussa Ben Amran;" and even Solomon becomes another person as the Great Soliman, or Soliman Ben Daoud, who had the ring that commanded the genii, and sat with twelve thousand seats of gold on each side of him for his sages and great men.

A lady belonging to one of the best families in the South, is keeper of a toll-bridge over the Neuse river, in North Carolina. She ought to spread a *neuse* for some wealthy young planter.

## THE LIGHTHOUSE OF LIVORNO.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF ERNST ECKSTEIN.]

BY LUCY A. WILLIAMS.

## PART III.

AT her last words I sprang up, and stood before her as if I had received a blow. A nameless sadness came over me. It seemed as if she were my sister, as if the injury her faithless husband had inflicted upon her touched me also. The description of Antonio's wound corresponded so unmistakably with the scar on the man whom I had seen by the side of the fair Sunta, that I could not for an instant doubt the identity of the treacherous husband with the deceiver of the happy, trusting chambermaid. Poor Cosima! Poor Sunta!

The young wife regarded my strange conduct with anxious astonishment.

"In God's name, Signor, what is the matter?" she asked in a stifled voice. "What do you know of Antonio? What surprised you in my conversation?"

"O, nothing, Signora," I stammered in confusion. "I only thought—I remembered a friend,—who also—"

She interrupted me quickly.

"No, indeed, Signor," she cried in increasing excitement. "You do not understand how to lie. O, I know all. My foreboding does not deceive me. You have seen him; acknowledge it, Signor; seen him with her,—with her. O God! poor, unhappy, betrayed woman that I am!"

I could not utter a word.

"You are silent, Signor," she continued. "But have I not a right to ask? O, the shameful one! How he can dissemble. He solemnly swore to me that all was over and I willingly forgave him; for alas! this poor foolish heart loves him more than light, or air, or life. And now, O God! I would that I were dead!"

She threw herself upon the floor, and burst into loud, convulsive weeping.

I sprang to raise her, bore her to the nearest seat, and begged her to be composed.

She smiled through her tears and in a gentle, tired voice said:

"Pardon, Signor, I forgot that I am not alone. I am calm now. You need not be afraid of exciting me further if you tell me all you know. Where did you see him?"

I saw that falsehood would be in vain. Therefore, as considerately as possible, I told her all I had seen, and tried to gild the bitter pill.

"Who knows," said I, "whether all may not yet turn out well? The girl does not seem to suspect that your Antonio is deceiving her; one might render a great service to her and yourself, perhaps to Antonio also, by explaining to her the relations of her gallant before it is too late."

"What would it avail," answered Cosima sadly, "if I should succeed in wresting the prey from him this time? The worst thing about the whole matter is the painful conviction that he loves me no longer. And alas! no herb has grown to cure the ill of indifference."

With great difficulty she repressed her agitation. Her beautiful lips quivered, and one must have been made of stone who would not have felt the deepest sympathy for her.

"Some remedy may yet be found," said I. "Jealousy is the mother of Constancy. You must not press your love upon the faithless man; show him that you can live without him and find a hundred admirers who are equal to your Antonio. Perhaps he will learn to prize the treasure he possesses in you, if he sees the possibility of losing it."

She looked at me dreamily. Then suddenly, behind the long silken eyelashes came a lightning gleam of thought.

"Signor," said she, seizing my hand, "will you help me?"

"Command me, Signora."

"Good; I thank you. Wait here a few minutes, I will return directly."

She wiped the tears from her burning cheeks, gave me a pleasant smile, and disappeared.

In a short time she stood on the threshold, prepared for a walk. The loveliest of little straw hats sat jauntily on her waving hair, through which she had twined a crimson ribbon. A mantle was thrown over her shoulders, her dress hung in faultless folds, and in her left hand she carried a sandal wood fan.

"So," said she merrily, "now you are my lover, Signor. I wish you to accompany me to the inn near Porta a Mare. They say one meets with good society there."

She smiled so archly as she spoke that I could not resist her; and, without troubling myself as to the possible consequences, I gave her my arm and led her down the stairs.

In ten minutes we reached the inn where I had seen Sunta and Antonio in confidential conversation. Cosima's heart beat audibly against her bodice. She pressed her hand convulsively on my arm, and paused an instant to take breath.

Then she said, "Forward"; and with head erect stepped boldly through the door towards the niche where I had sat an hour before.

Antonio and Sunta were still sitting in the same place. He had moved somewhat nearer to her, and seemed to be whispering still more tender vows.

I seated Cosima in such a way that her husband must see and recognize her, while she could ignore him. Sunta did not seem to have noticed our entrance, and was giving her whole attention to Antonio's hypocritical words.

In a few minutes a death-like pallor overspread the face of the faithless husband. He abruptly stopped talking, and stared at us as if he could not trust his senses. Meanwhile, I had leaned familiarly across the table towards Cosima, chiefly to avoid being recognized by Sunta, who had also turned round and was looking curiously at us. I saw that Antonio was fighting a hard battle with himself; for an instant rage seemed to overpower him. He made a movement as if he would spring up and throttle the object of his wrath.

Finally, prudent reflection prevailed. With a coolness which I could not sufficiently admire, he turned to Sunta and whispered a few words which seemed to quiet her perfectly, and in a short time one might have believed that the couple were again absorbed in the joy of a tender conversation. But, with mischievous pleasure, I noticed that Antonio secretly kept his eyes on us, and I tried to appear very much in love, very happy. Once or twice I kissed Cosima's little soft hand; three or four times I whispered something in her ear, at which she blushed slightly.

Thus quarter of an hour passed without any special incidents.

Then Antonio rose, offered his arm to Sunta, and went out without deigning to look at us.

"What now?" said I to Cosima, when the couple had disappeared.

"We shall see," answered the young wife with a smile. "I entertain the best hopes, Signor! O, I saw how the rage of jealousy shook him! He still loves me, and where love is, all may yet be well!"

"Very good, Signora, for you! But for me? If your husband, in his passion, should run a four-inch blade between my ribs . . .!"

"Are you afraid?"

"Not that; but I might see myself in the unpleasant position of being forced to anticipate such an event. . . . It would be sad, indeed, if this farce were to end in a funeral. . . . He or I—"

"Pah! he will be quiet, when he learns how matters stand! But now take me home. I am burning with the desire to see him. I am stifling here!"

"As you wish, Signora!"

I threw the mantle about her shoulders, and led her out. The moon shone bright, the cool night air refreshed us wonderfully. She spoke not a word, but I felt that she was trembling with excitement.

We might have walked along in silence five minutes, when I heard hasty steps close behind me.

I turned my head. The same instant Antonio stood by my side, seized me roughly by the shoulder, and in a faint, hollow voice, whispered:

"If you are not a cowardly wretch, come with me that I may beat the brains out of your skull."

"Softly, my good friend," I calmly answered. "What do you want of me? Who are you? Take care of yourself, I say!"

A scornful laugh rang out. "What do I want of you?" he cried in a cutting tone. "Do you not know that a husband has the right to possess his wife for himself alone? This dishonorable person is not much of a loss indeed; but, rather than be the scorn of the world on her account, I would break the necks of a hundred fellows like you. You are a villain, sir!"

"You seem to be intoxicated," said I, in a firm voice. "If I am not mistaken, I saw you at the inn with a chambermaid. This lady is dark, yours was a blonde. So much you can see, in spite of your condition!"

"Do you mean to mock me, into the bargain?" cried Antonio, trembling with rage. "I can do as I please, and need not give an account of myself to you! I will show you how Antonio Bassano suffers himself to be trifled with. Defend yourself, or go to h—!"

In a trice he had drawn a broad dagger. He rushed upon me like a madman, and who knows what might have happened, if Cosima had not that moment grasped his arm.

"Are you mad?" she exclaimed with a look of the greatest terror. "Do you wish to murder him?"

He tried to shake her off, but she held him in such a convulsive embrace that he could not free himself.

"Hear, Antonio!" said Cosima impressively. "Do you think me capable of deceiving you? Have I ever given you reason to doubt my fidelity?"

He looked fixedly at her, as if he did not understand her meaning.

"What?" said he after a while, "do you carry your boldness so far in the face of this man? It is unheard of!"

His voice sounded so hollow and despairing that I almost pitied him.

"Yes, Antonio," continued the trembling Cosima; "appearances are deceitful. Will you let me speak quietly? I have nothing with which to reproach myself, Antonio, so true as there is a living God! Compose yourself! Your heart beats as if it would burst!"

"What does this mean?" he stammered. "Release me, serpent, or some misfortune will happen!"

"Antonio, consider how you have sinned against me! I merely gave you one drop of the sorrow which I have drunk in full draughts. I wished to let you imagine what a heart feels whose love is scorned, whose faithfulness is despised! It was only a farce, Antonio!"

I thought the moment had come for my word of explanation.

"Yes, sir," said I, in a conciliatory tone; "strange as it may sound, your wife speaks the truth. I saw you two hours ago at the inn, with a chambermaid, and your wife made use of a singular event. . . . She will explain it to you, and then do you have the goodness to beg her pardon, for you, not she, are the guilty one."

It cost no little labor to convince him of the truth of our statements; but he finally saw that he had smaller ground for jealousy than for repentance. In evident confusion he extended his hand to me, and said:—

"Signor, I thank you! You have taught me a lesson which I shall not forget as long as I live. I was on a sloping path; and now, since I have looked into the abyss towards which I was gliding, for the first time I feel the whole weight of my error. Once more, I thank you!"

Cosima could no longer restrain her tears. She threw her arms around his neck, and kissed away from his lips the prayer for forgiveness.

"You are an angel, Cosima!" said he, in a tone of the deepest feeling. "How could I be so blind as to throw away the pearl I possess in your love? Come here, Signor; you were the witness of my folly; be now also the witness of the vow with which I seal my reformation. May the heart wither in my body, so true as there is divine justice, if ever again I sin, even in thought, against this faithful, heavenly soul. Cosima, I have been an unexampled offender; receive me again into your favor, and forget my sins."

Instead of answering in words, she embraced him anew. I accompanied the reconciled couple a few steps farther and then left with the promise of visiting them in a short time.

I had been entrusted with the sad task of informing Sunta of what had taken place.

The poor girl seemed struck as by a thunder-bolt. For a week she wandered about with eyes red with weeping, and refused to take any food. Nothing would console her. It was painful to see the beautiful form drooping, and if any one suffered the tortures of hell on account of the lovely girl's grief, it was Antonio, who made inquiries for her daily. But, thanks be to God, her vigorous

Italian nature at last overcame the bitter disappointment, and in a short time she became the bride of the blissful Pietro; and if we choose now to go over to the gray house near Porta a Mare we can greet Signora Pitani as a dignified housewife. I am convinced, also, that there is no lack of noble progeny.

My lighthouse sketch remained unfinished, but I succeeded in carrying out the design of the Genoese maidens very satisfactorily. Cosima sat for one of the three Graces, the fair Sunta for the second, having been persuaded to do so by Pietro, who thought himself under obligations to me, and the third I copied from an earlier sketch. The picture afterwards attracted some attention at an exhibition of paintings, and I really can not wonder at it, for a couple like Cosima and Sunta are not so easily to be found together a second time in the space of one square mile!

Gustav's story was ended. Five minutes afterwards we had triumphantly mounted the lighthouse of Livorno, in spite of its three hundred steps and the exhaustion produced by the summer heat.

### ON DEBTORS AND BORROWERS.

A PAGE FROM RABELAIS.

PANURGE, in Urquhart's wonderful translation of Rabelais, thus discourses on borrowers and lenders:—

Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may be somebody always to pray for you, that the giver of all good things may grant you a blessed, long, prosperous life; fearing, if fortune should deal crossly with you, that it might be his chance to come short of being paid by you, he will always speak good of you in every company. Ever and anon, purchase new creditors unto you, to the end, that through their means you may make a shift by borrowing from Peter to pay Paul, and with other folks' earth fill up his ditch.

When of old, in the regions of the Gauls, by the institution of the Druids, the servants, slaves, and bondsmen were burned quick at the funerals and obsequies of their lords and masters, had not, they fear enough, think you, that their lords and masters should die? For, perforce, they were to die with them for company. Did not they incessantly send up their supplications to their great god Mercury, as likewise unto Dis, the father of Wealth, to lengthen out their days, and preserve them long in health? Were they not very careful to entertain them well, punctually to look unto them, and to attend them faithfully and circumspectly? For, by these means, were they to live together at least until the hour of death. Believe me, your creditors, with a more fervent devotion, will beseech Almighty God to prolong your life, they being of nothing more afraid than that you should die; for that they are more concerned for the sleeve than the arm, and love silver better than their own lives. As it evidently appeareth by the usurers of Landerosse, who, not long since, hanged themselves because the price of corn and wines was fallen by the return of a gracious season.

To this, Pantagmel answering nothing, Panurge went on his discourse, saying, Truly, and in good sooth, sir,

when I ponder my destiny aright, and think well upon it, you put me shrewdly to my plunges, and have me at bay in twitting me with the reproach of my debts and creditors. And yet, did I, in this only respect and consideration of being a debtor, esteem myself worshipful, reverend and formidable. For, against the opinion of most philosophers, out of nothing arises nothing.

Yet, without having bottomed on so much as that which is called the first matter, did I out of nothing become such a maker and creator, that I have created—what?—a gay number of fair and jolly creditors. Nay, creditors, I will maintain it, even to the fire itself, are fair and goodly creatures. Who lendeth nothing is an ugly and wicked creature, and an accursed imp of the infernal old Nick. And there is made—what? debts! A thing most precious and dainty, of great use and antiquity. Debts, I say, surmounting the number of syllables which may result from the combination of all the consonants, which each of the vowels heretofore projected, reckoned and calculated by the noble Xenocrates. To judge of the perfection of debtors by the numerosity of their creditors, is the readiest way for entering into the mysteries of practical arithmetic.

You can hardly imagine how glad I am, when every morning I perceive myself environed and surrounded with brigades of creditors,—humble, fawning, and full of their reverences. And whilst I remark, that, as I look more favorably upon, and give a cheerfuller countenance to one than to another, the fellow thereupon buildeth a conceit that he shall be the first despatched, and the foremost in the date of payment; and he valueth my smiles at the rate of ready money. It seemeth to me, that I then act and personate the god of the Passion Saumure, accompanied with his angels and cherubims. These are my flatterers, my soothers, my claw-backs, my parasites, my saluters, my givers of good-morrows, and perpetual orators; which makes me verily think that the supremest height of heroic virtue described by Hesiod, consisteth in being a debtor, wherein I held the first degree in my commencement.

THE people of the East measure time by their shadow. Hence, if you ask a man what o'clock it is, he immediately goes into the sun, stands erect, then, looking where his shadow terminates, he measures his length with his feet and tells you nearly the time. Thus the workmen earnestly desire the shadow which indicates the time for leaving their work. A person wishing to leave his toil, says, "How long my shadow is in coming!" "Why did you not come sooner?" "Because I waited for my shadow." In the 7th chapter of Job it is written, "As a servant earnestly desireth his shadow."

THE Bishop of Oxford recently issued a circular to the wardens in his diocese containing these questions:

Does your rector preach the gospel of Christ? and are his conversation and carriage in harmony with it? One warden answered, "Our rector preaches the gospel, and he converses beautiful; but he does not keep a carriage."

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

A FINE Sargent buggy, valued at four hundred dollars, is selling by raffle at the table of Mrs. Hunt, No. 57 Music Hall. The shares are one dollar each.

THE shares in the Fearnaught colt "Cassandra," given by Colonel Russell, are selling quite rapidly in Horticultural Hall. At the same table — that of Mrs. Hunt — the Jersey cow and calf given by John S. Eldredge, jr., and valued at six hundred dollars, are attracting a good deal of attention, — at least the share books are, and several gentlemen have invested heavily.

BUMSTEAD HALL has been fitted up and is now open as a restaurant. The visitors at Music Hall will therefore be furnished with refreshments without the necessity of going to Horticultural hall. The arrangements at Bumstead Hall are under the charge of Mrs. Tufts, Mrs. Vinton having the general supervision of both refreshment halls.

CONNECTED with Mrs. Darling's table in Music Hall, is an autograph album, arranged by Mrs. E. F. Pratt, which contains a fine collection of photographs and valuable signatures, embracing many of the leading poets, Governor Andrew, President Grant, Collyer, T. Starr King, Dr. Bartol, Thomas Nast, and a host of celebrities. Mrs. L. M. Child gave her signature, and the following charming sentiment: "If all the world considered Hahnemann as great a benefactor as I do, a statue of gold would be erected to his memory."

The album is also embellished with the signature of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who thus contributes his mite to the success of the Fair.

THE refreshment room had another corps of attendants yesterday. Their names were, Miss Grace Harding, and Mary E. Gass, of Charlestown; Minnie Bellows, and F. L. Bowdlear, of Boston; Annie Bartlett, and Annie Norton, of Boston Highlands; Lottii Putney, and Georgie Putney, of Boston; Lizzie Wellington, and Ella Wellington, of Cambridge; Ida Dorr, and May Bryant, of North Cambridge; Abbie Tuttle, Vina Tuttle, Carrie Bacall, Rosa Rhodes, and Ada Healey, of Boston; Emma I. Brown, Sadie Tewksbury, and Carrie T. Tapley, of Lynn; Flora Barker, Louise Cummings, Alice S. Duncan, and S. Ida Dudley, of Boston; Addie Hutchinson, Lottie F. Low, and Marian Fuller, of Chelsea; Lillie Clark, of Cambridge; Louisa F. Polly, of Boston; Emma Kimball, of Chelsea. Marshal, J. W. Foster, assisted by Messrs. Johnson and Cushing.

ALL the raffles in the fair are to be drawn under the direction of Mrs. S. T. Hooper. Those in Music Hall will be drawn at the table of the chief marshal. These drawings will be very numerous as the fair goes on. The time for the drawing will be between eight and nine o'clock in the evening. Three raffles were drawn on Thursday evening. The ladies at the Brookline table had the honor

to be the first to fill out a raffle-book. The artist's sketch-book at that table was drawn by Mrs. Samuel Eliot of Brimmer street. The second was the \$125 chair, embroidered by Mrs. F. Crosby, which belonged to the Charlestown table, No. 51. It was drawn by Mr. Abijah C. Perkins, of No. 146 Charles street. The third was the "Guess Cake," contributed by Mr. Charles Copeland to Mrs. Dr. McFarland's table, No. 5. Mr. Charles Babson, jr., who guessed within a very few ounces of its true weight, secured this fine specimen of the confectioner's skill.

ONE of the most beautiful objects of the fair is an autograph collection of the leading poets and authors of America. These are enclosed in an unique and elegant case finished in enamel and gold. The case is about 14 by 20 inches, and stands upon two finely-carved griffins. The door is ornamented by one of Miss Green's exquisite flowers-pieces. It was designed and executed under the direction of Mr. Frank R. Allen. Each card is about 12 by 15 inches, and upon it is written some choice bit by one of the authors, illustrated with original designs by well-known artists. The following is a list of the authors: Aldrich, Bartol, H. W. Beecher, Brooks, Miss Child, Stedman, Longfellow, Sprague, Howells, Hillard, Fields, Whittier, Miss Thaxter, Miss Phelps, Julia Ward Howe, Saxe, Lowell, Hay, Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Stowe, Bret Harte, Dana, Helen Hunt, Mrs. Greenough, Lucy Larcom, Samuel Longfellow, Whipple, Emerson, J. Freeman Clarke, Cranch, and Higginson. These are illustrated by Darley, Miss Robbins, de Gersdorff, Miss Weld, Miss Wales, F. B. Allen, Smith, Miss Humphrey, Miss Comins, Key, Bellows, Miss Hammatt, Miss Nowell, Dr. Hoppin, Aug. Hoppin, Miss Chaplin, Miss Judkins, Hodgdon, Mr. Greenough, E. Longfellow, Martin Milmore, Cranch, Rouse, and Miss Clarke. This very rare, choice and valuable collection was on exhibition at table No. 57 Music Hall, yesterday, and will be raffled unless it should be sold at private sale. Williams & Everett, who finished the case, think it well worth a thousand dollars.

IN the entire fair there is nothing more interesting or more worth seeing than the miniature locomotive on exhibition in the room on the west side of Music Hall, and in the rear of the great organ. It is constructed of pure silver and gold, and was presented to Mr. B. W. Healey, the superintendent of the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. It is a complete model of the locomotive "Roger Williams," manufactured at that establishment for the Boston & Providence Railroad Company. The iron-work in an ordinary locomotive is represented in the model by silver, and the brass-work by gold. It was made by Mr. J. D. Benton, who is on hand, and ever ready to explain its working to visitors. Mr. Benton may well be proud of this exquisite piece of workmanship. The time occupied in its construction was five months, and its cost \$2,500. The proportions are beautiful, and everything is perfect down to the most minute detail, from the miniature lumps of coal in the tender, to the diminutive gold rivets in the "Grigg" smoke-stack, the delicate silver bell-rope, and the little lamp in the silver head-light. The engineer and fireman (of gray silver), are in their

places; the former at the throttle-valve, and the latter lifting a shovelful of coal to the furnace. The engine is enclosed in a case of clear plate-glass, and rests on a silver track, laid on a large music-box, which plays thirty tunes. The driving-wheels are raised slightly from the track and are worked by the machinery of the music-box, revolving rapidly, in time to the music; and, as one looks on, he can easily imagine the lilliputian's great namesake dashing along the track with the shore-line express, at the rate of a mile a minute. Every boy who visits the fair should not fail to see the little wonder, and if he cannot tease ten cents from his parents to pay the admittance fee, he is unworthy to be a Yankee, and should receive a dose of castor-oil, assafœtida, or ipecacuanha.

### TABLE TALK.

— In front of the flower-stand in Horticultural Hall is the beautiful marble Cupid, executed by G. B. Lombardi and of great intrinsic value. It is to be sold in shares of one dollar each. The visitor to the fair who does not covet this statue must be lacking in artistic feeling.

— A fine portrait of Dr. J. H. Woodbury, of Boston, has been placed on exhibition at the table of Mrs. Woodbury, in Music Hall. It is a crayon, executed by Mrs. Day, of Dedham, and is to be sold in shares which will be readily taken by the doctor's friends. Mrs. Woodbury has also a nice reclining-chair which was the gift of Messrs. Braman & Shaw.

— Boston table, No. 28 in Music Hall, is fortunate in having had for its benefit the very successful series of entertainments at the Commonwealth hotel. The principal attractions are some very handsome lace work, wrought after the fashion of the old Gobelin tapestry, a fifty-dollar doll, which is a beauty, and a croquet set manufactured expressly for this table, and presented by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. Mrs. J. W. Kimball is the president.

— The bronze group "Zephyr and Flora," which stands upon the platform of Music Hall, is by many persons considered the most admirable and desirable object in the fair. It was secured through the exertions of Mr. J. E. Atkins. It was modelled by Moreau, a celebrated French artist, and imported by Henry T. Cox, 694 Broadway, New York, who sold it at \$200 less than the first cost. Its value is \$1,500, and it is to be raffled; many shares have already been sold.

— The table No. 26 Music Hall, over which Mrs. B. B. Leman presides, has for its leading attractions a Paris doll, "Eugenie," with a complete outfit—to be raffled; a walking suit of black gros grain silk; a blue poplin braided morning wrapper; a pink silk evening dress with white lace; an over dress trimmed with blonde edging; Roman pearl jewelry, and a white satin face; two sets of under garments, hand sewed; a travelling shawl and shawl strap; a writing case; dressing case complete; and, in short, every article indispensable to a lady's comfort. Two sewing machines, and a very handsome sofa pillow are to be raffled, and also a very elegant worked table, a large coral cross, etc.

— Table No. 5 in Music Hall is the abiding place of Mrs. L. Macfarland, who has a numerous corps of assistants. On the table is an album, elegantly cushioned, costly and desirable. By its side is a rich-looking table, and again a reception chair, the wood work of each gilded. The table top, under glass, is of charming design, worked in worsted and floss. The chair corresponds in its upholstery to this pattern. A sewing machine, near by, is on raffle and belongs to this table; and there are dressing sacks, toilet sets, wall brackets, watch stands, sofa pillows, tidies, etc., etc., in the customary profusion.

— A number of works of art are to be found at the table of Mrs. Darling in Music Hall, among which are oil paintings by C. W. Scott and J. W. Scott of Cambridge, a flower painting by Seavey, some very pretty small pastel paintings, and a large one valued at one hundred dollars. Mrs. Darling has also the beautiful picture by Mrs. Murray of Portland, "The Eastern Princess." A set of large photographs of California scenery, a specimen of gold in the quartz, and a cane made from the wood of the Kearsarge, form the extra attractions, the bulk of the articles consisting of worsted work and fancy goods. There is at this table a camel's hair shawl given by Jordan, Marsh and Company, which is selling in shares at a rapid rate.

— The president of the Gloucester table, Mrs. Mattie A. Wonson, has contributed very much to its attractiveness by her own artistic hand. From her brush there is a marine view in oil, which includes one of the light-houses on Thacher's island; also sprays of oak and maple leaves in water colors which are very exact counterfeits of nature. A wax fernery and a basket of charming laurel blossoms, will also attract notice from those who love the beautiful. Among the other attractions of the table are some pressed flowers; a crayon dog's head; chromos of the "Coming Storm," "The Beautiful Snow," and other good subjects and other novelties, such as dolls' beds, mosses, shells and other articles which come from the seaside. Suspended over the table there is a model of a fishing schooner which carries the name of "E. A. Horton."

— The Malden Table near the entrance of Horticultural Hall is made attractive by a splendid fire screen, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. There is a set of sofa pillows to match, and a set of elegant pillow shams. Mrs. Converse has a set of the autographs of Booth and Beecher, which are much sought after. But the principal object of interest at the table is a set of miniature figures, illustrating the difference between homœopathy and allopathy. It amuses everybody; in fact, the dreariest advocate of the "old system" would smile at the scene. Two babies are in their mammas' laps, and while the fortunate infant whose parents use homœopathic remedies sits upright and happy, with a supply of pellets in its hand, enough to last out its infant days, the poor defenceless allopathic child lies squirming in the midst of a myriad of bottles and receptacles, and the paraphernalia of the sick-room. This is not for sale, but only to laugh at.

## THE DISAPPOINTED GHOST.

"The morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away."  
*Hamlet.*

THERE was a man who always failed  
In everything he tried ;  
And who, when failing made him ill,  
Kept failing, till he died,

And when he reached the other world,  
He sought what pleased him most ;  
And soon concluded to set up  
In business as a ghost.

He found a mansion here below,  
A quiet corner lot ;  
Which struck his sprightly fancy as  
A most convenient spot.

Two aged ghosts had haunted it  
For many a twelvemonth dire,  
But being old, and tired out,  
Were anxious to retire.

And so our spirit friend resolved  
To take the thing in hand ;  
And, buying out the phantoms, got  
The good will of the stand.

Then, like a real, live, business ghost,  
He made an awful muss ;  
Took midnight walks in blue-fire clothes,  
And groaned tremend-u-ous.

The mansion's fame spread far and wide,  
And people came to see  
What thing on earth, or out of earth,  
Could cause such deviltry.

They rooted up the cellar floors ;  
Held circles there at night ;  
And acted so obstreperous  
They gave the ghost a fright

And with a camera they chased  
The goblin up and down,  
And sold his ugly photograph  
At every shop in town.

At last a wicked mortal chap,  
Whose purse was short of cash,  
Espied a chance to raise the wind,  
And made a sudden dash.

He got another house near by,  
And in it rigged a host  
Of ugly scientific traps,  
To imitate a ghost.

And as the imitation proved  
(As imitations do)  
More life-like than the genuine thing,  
The genuine felt blue.

The curious throng deserted him  
To see the sham instead ;  
And witnessed greater wonders there  
At fifty cents a head.

But patiently our phantom friend  
Kept quiet for a while,  
Until the ghost of what was once  
His blood, began to bilc.

At last he left his chosen haunts,  
And started for the road ;  
But just as he was half across  
A horrid rooster crowed.

Ah ! then the goblin started back  
In anguish and despair ;  
Then gave a little ghostly shake,  
And melted into air.

He disappeared, and never more  
Returned unto his post ;  
But wanders now, forevermore,  
A disappointed ghost.

F. W. CLARKE.

## BYRON AT RAVENNA.

A LOVELY day, and history and romance united to fascinate us with the place. We were driving over the spot where, eighteen centuries ago, the Roman fleet used to ride at anchor. Here, it is certain, the gloomy spirit of Dante found congenial place for meditation, and the gay Boccaccio material for fiction. Here for hours, day after day, Byron used to gallop his horse, giving vent to that restless impatience which could not all escape from his fiery pen, hearing those voices of a past and dead Italy which he, more truthfully and pathetically than any other poet, has put into living verse. The driver pointed out what is called Byron's Path, where he was wont to ride. Everybody here, indeed, knows of Byron ; and I think his memory is more secure than any saint of them all in their stone boxes, — partly because his poetry has celebrated the region ; perhaps, rather, from the perpetuated tradition of his generosity. No foreigner was ever so popular as he while he lived at Ravenna. At least, the people say so now, since they find it so profitable to keep his memory alive and to point out his haunts. The Italians, to be sure, know how to make capital out of poets and heroes, and are quick to learn the curiosity of foreigners, and to gratify it for a compensation. But the evident esteem in which Byron's memory is held in the Armenian monastery of St. Lazzare, at Venice, must be otherwise accounted for. The monks keep his library-room and table as they were when he wrote there, and like to show his portrait, and tell of his quick mastery of the difficult Armenian tongue. We have a notable example of a Person who became a monk when he was sick ; but Byron accomplished too much work during the few months he was on the Island of St. Lazzare, both in original composition and in translating English into Armenian, for one physically ruined and broken. *C. D. Warner.*

VOLTAIRE having paid some high compliments to the celebrated Haller, was told that Haller was not in the habit of speaking so favorably of him. "Ah !" said Voltaire, with an air of philosophic indulgence, "I dare say we are both of us very much mistaken."

A PHYSICAL EXPLANATION OF  
TURNER'S LATER STYLE.

A VERY remarkable lecture was recently delivered before the English Royal Institution, by Mr. Liebreich, ophthalmic surgeon and lecturer at St. Thomas' Hospital, "on the effects of certain faults of vision on painting, with special reference to Turner and Mulready." He explained the changes in Turner's later pictures as arising out of an alteration of Turner's sight, produced by dimness in the crystalline lens. This dimness developed itself during the last twenty years of Turner's life, and caused, in the first instance, a diffusion of light which gives to his pictures painted after 1831 a peculiar bluish haze in the lighted parts of the canvas, contrasting too strongly with the surrounding portions in shadow. After the year 1833, a limited opacity develops itself in the crystalline lens, the effect of which is to give a vertical direction to that diffusion of light. The consequence of this further and more serious modification is a vertical streakiness in the pictures. Every illuminated point in nature was transformed on the picture into a vertical line, which is the longer in proportion to the intensity of the light of the point in nature. Thus, *e. g.* there proceeds from the sun in the centre of a picture a vertical yellow streak, dividing it into two entirely distinct halves, which are not connected by any horizontal line. But even less illuminated objects, like houses or figures, form considerably elongated streaks of light. In this manner, therefore, houses that stand near the water, or people in a boat, blend so entirely with their own reflections in the water that the horizontal line of demarcation between house and water, or boat and water, entirely disappears, and all becomes a conglomeration of vertical lines.

The lecturer maintained that everything abnormal in the shape of objects in the drawing, and even in the coloring of the pictures of that period, may be explained by this vertical diffusion of light. It was only during the last years of Turner's life that the dimness of his crystalline lens had increased to such an extent that it prevented him from seeing even his own pictures correctly. This alone is sufficient to account for the strangeness of their appearance, quite apart from any consideration of the state of his mind. In proof of this view, a very remarkable experiment was here introduced by the lecturer. A small copy on glass had been prepared of Turner's picture of Venice (1833), painted from sketches taken in Venice in 1829, before the painter's eyesight had begun to alter. This copy was then placed in a magic-lantern, and thrown upon a screen. By the addition then to the lantern of an optical contrivance simulating the subsequent defect in Turner's eye, the whole picture was transformed into the Venice which Turner saw on his second visit, in 1839; the resemblance to his pictures painted after this date was certainly very striking. By the same contrivance an ordinary tree was transformed into a Turneresque tree, etc.

I HAVE sometimes thought that flowers were the alphabet of angels, wherewith they write mysterious truths on hills and fields in a cipher which mortals are too dull to apprehend. — *L. Maria Child.*

"REIMPLANTATION."

WE mentioned some months ago, says a writer in an English paper, that a member of the Odontological Society had succeeded in replanting teeth which had been extracted in consequence of disease. To the process by which this was accomplished he gave the name of "reimplantation." Another member of the same society has now had the operation tried on himself, and with success. The tooth, which had been for some time painfully affected by changes of temperature, was carefully pulled out, to prevent straining or tearing of the gum; the dental canal was cleansed, the decayed part was scraped from the crown, and stopping applied in the usual way, and then the tooth was replaced in its socket. The operation lasted about half an hour: for three or four hours there was a dull aching pain, which, however, entirely ceased before noon of the following day, though some tenderness remained. This in turn disappeared; and by the end of a fortnight, the replanted tooth did without difficulty all the duty which a tooth is expected to do. From this it will be understood that a tooth slightly diseased at the root need not be thrown away, and that persons who object to an artificial tooth may with proper care retain the teeth which nature gave them.

MRS. CADY STANTON gives this account: "In a town where I used to live, some benevolent ladies decided to educate a young man for the ministry. To raise the money to pay for his teachings, they formed a sewing-circle, met once a week, and made all sorts of things that could be made with the needle,—pin-cushions, needle-books, pen-wipers, emery-bags, etc., etc.

"They sent him to school, they sent him to college. They continued to make pin-cushions and pen-wipers,—working hard, and giving, beside their time, what they could spare from their limited means.

"He went through college, and they worked on,—made more cushions, more pen-wipers, and all sorts of things, and when he had finished his studies, they completed their good work by furnishing the young man with a suit of black broadcloth, a beaver, black kid gloves, and a cane,—all those little things that young men are supposed to delight in. After a time came the joyful news, that the young clergyman was to preach in our town, at *our* church. Expectation was all alive, joy and exultation filled all hearts. We felt that, as the orators say, 'This was the proudest moment of our lives,' as we saw the young preacher rise in the pulpit. His first words were: 'I suffer not a woman to teach'—

"We never educated another man."

SOME years since, in New Haven, a young man met on the street the elder Dr. Croswell, well known as a high-church clergyman. Stopping him, the young man said, with a smirk, "Dr., can you tell me the difference, if there be any, between Pusseyism and Puppyism?" "One difference occurs to me at the moment," said the Dr., "there may be others: Pusseyism is founded upon Catechism, and Puppyism upon Dogmatism."

## FRAGMENTA AUREA.

(Selected for THE PELLET.)

## TOILET.

THAT nothing here may want its praise,  
 Know, she who by her dress reveals  
 A fine and modest taste, displays  
 More loveliness than she conceals.  
*Coventry Patmore.*

## VOX POPULI.

WHEN Mazárvan the magician  
 Journeyed westward through Cathay,  
 Nothing heard he but the praises  
 Of Badoura on his way.

But the lessening rumor ended  
 When he came to Khaledan ;  
 There the folk were talking only  
 Of Prince Camaralzaman.

So it happens with the pœets ;  
 Every province hath its own ;  
 Camaralzaman is famous,  
 Where Badoura is unknown !  
*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.*

## THE PHŒNIX.

ASK me no more where Jove bestows,  
 When June is past, the fading rose ;  
 For in your beauties, orient deep,  
 These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray  
 The golden atoms of the day ;  
 For, in pure love, heaven did prepare  
 Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste  
 The nightingale when May is past ;  
 For in your sweet, dividing throat  
 She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more where those stars light  
 That downwards fall in dead of night ;  
 For in your eyes they sit, and there  
 Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west  
 The Phœnix builds her spicy nest ;  
 For unto you at last she flies,  
 And in your fragrant bosom dies.  
*Thomas Carew.*

## THE AMULET.

YOUR picture smiles as first it smiled ;  
 The ring you gave is still the same ;  
 Your letter tells, O changing child !  
 No tidings since it came.

Give me an amulet  
 That keeps intelligence with you, —  
 Red when you love, and rosier red ;  
 And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas ! that neither bonds nor vows  
 Can certify possession ;  
 Torment me still the fear that love  
 Died in its last expression.  
*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## AT THE CHURCH GATE.

ALTHOUGH I enter not,  
 Yet round about the spot  
 Oft-times I hover ;  
 And near the sacred gate  
 With longing eyes I wait,  
 Expectant of her.

The minster bell tolls out  
 Above the city's rout,  
 And noise and humming ;  
 They've hushed the minster bell :  
 The organ 'gins to swell ;  
 She's coming, she's coming !

My lady comes at last,  
 Timid and stepping fast,  
 And hastening hither,  
 With modest eye downcast ;  
 She comes, — she's here, she's past !  
 May Heaven go with her !

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint !  
 Pour out your praise or plaint  
 Meekly and duly ;  
 I will not enter there,  
 To sully your pure prayer  
 With thoughts unruly.

But suffer me to pace  
 Round the forbidden place,  
 Lingerer a minute —  
 Like outcast spirits, who wait,  
 And see, through Heaven's gate,  
 Angels within it.  
*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

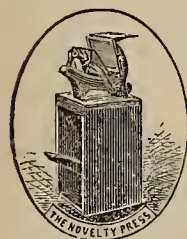
## JENNY KISSED ME.

JENNY kissed me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in ;  
 Time, you thief ! who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in :  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
 Say I'm growing dull, but add, —  
 Jenny kissed me !  
*Leigh Hunt.*

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# THE PELLET.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1872.

IN our first number, we published a curious extract from Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas's "La Sepmaine" (furnished us by Mr. Longfellow), showing that the use of anæsthetics in surgical operations dates very far back. A correspondent of the *Advertiser* says: "The passage from Sylvester's Du Bartas, describing the creation of Eve, reminded me of an equally striking passage in an old play, printed in 1602, entitled, 'A Pleasant Conceited Comedy, wherein is shewed how a Man may Choose a Good Wife from a Bad.' A husband is accused before a magistrate of poisoning his wife; and he and the person who furnished the drugs are brought into court. While the trial is in progress, the woman herself, who had just recovered from the effects of a soporific administered with malice prepense by her husband, suddenly appears in court, and exclaims:—

'This man's condemn'd for poisoning of his wife;  
His poison'd wife yet lives, and I am she;  
And, therefore, justly I release his bands.  
This man, for suff'ring him these drugs to take,  
Is likewise bound; release him for my sake.'

The man who originally furnished the drugs, knowing their harmless effects, then speaks:—

. . . 'This ambiguous doubt,  
No man can better than myself decide;  
That compound-powder was of poppy made and mandrakes,  
Of purpose to cast one into a sleep,  
To ease the deadly pain of him whose leg  
Should be saw'd off; that powder gave I.'

THE good times coming, prophesied by the poet a long while since, must have had some reference to the *Boston Times*. That is the best times we know of, unless, indeed, we except the very pleasant times which our citizens and innumerable strangers are having at the Homœopathic Hospital Fair.

WE have received the first six numbers of our agreeable rival, *The Similibus*, published by the N. Y. Homœopathic Surgical Fair, and have marked several pleasant items for reproduction in the columns of THE PELLET. The fourth issue of *The Similibus* contains an original poem entitled "Christine" (Christine Nilsson, of course), from the pen of John Hay, which we would quote if all the papers had not reprinted it. Our contemporary has among its contributors John Weiss, Prof. Dunham, John Hay, Orpheus C. Kerr, Rebecca Harding Davis, and several bright people who hide themselves behind fictitious signatures. In the number dated April the 18th,

some one gives a capital definition of a bore. "A bore is a man who persists in talking of himself, when you want to talk of yourself." That is one of those delightful things which seem so easy to say—after they are said.

AN intercepted despatch, intended for the "Woman's Journal," gives the valuable information, that recent researches among the antiquities of Greece have established the fact, that the Muses were only a Female Ball Club. The passion of the sex at this day for balls and parties is thus intimately connected with the original female Nine.

## A WORD ABOUT DICTIONARIES.

THERE is for sale, or raffle, at one of the tables in the Fair, a volume of autographs which is all too modestly labelled "Scraps," since the collection includes, among other very interesting matters, the following letter from Noah Webster. The letter is addressed to the Rev. E. Phelps, now of Andover:

NEW HAVEN, April 7th, 1827.

*Rev. and Dear Sir:*—I understand from the public prints, that a school upon a large scale is to be established at Pittsfield, and that you are to superintend the female department. While I rejoice at every attempt at improvement, particularly in the education of youth, I deeply regret that we are yet deficient in some of the more essential instruments of improvement,—I mean books. After a life devoted to investigations in philology, I am compelled to avow my opinion, that the dictionaries and grammars which have been used for half a century past, have introduced or sanctioned, and confirmed more errors than they have corrected. Unquestionably our youth in schools are daily learning many things that are *not true*. But I have time only to remark on the use of one book,—Walker's Dictionary, which has been taken up by booksellers as a source of profit and pushed into circulation within a few years, after lying thirty years neglected. If, sir, the people of this country believe that book to be a standard of pronunciation in England, they are grossly deceived. No book is received in England as a standard. The pronunciation is regulated there by usage alone. Now, sir, there are four classes of words in Walker's Dictionary, which alone comprehend errors in notation to the number of eight or nine thousand. These classes are,—

1. Words to which the author gives to *ch* the French sound, or that of *sh*, as bench; trench.

2. Words in which *oo* short are noted for the long sound *oo*, as in book, cook, which he directs to be pronounced with the same sound as room, boot.

3. Words in which the Italian *a* is discarded, and the sound directed to be short. Thus he directs *a* in ash, mast, etc., to have the sound of *a* in fancy, passion, fat.

4. Words in which the short *i* and *y* are directed to be pronounced as *ee*, or *e* long Thus, ability, vanity, *abileetee*, *vaneetee*.

These are but a part of his errors. Jones, the latest and best writer on orthoepy, has swept away of these errors, at least, nine thousand; and that Jones is correct, I know from my own observation while in England. Mr. Du Ponceau, of Philadelphia, who repudiates Walker's Dictionary, says the author had an incorrect, or vulgar ear. He certainly was not well versed in phonology. His book, as well as Sheridan's, is a gross imposition on the public. The change of *tu* into *chu*, as in nature, capture, is the only innovation of the stage-playing gentry which has obtained extensively in England. And the extent of this is yet unsettled,—the writers all differing from each other, and Walker differing from himself. Little do the light and fashionable part of men consider what immense mischief they do by changing the use of letters, and impairing or destroying the use of alphabetical writing. Letters are the landmarks of language. Remove them, and we have no rule of right or wrong. With the exception of Sheridan's innovation above mentioned, the pronunciation of respectable people in England is the same nearly, as in this country, particularly in New England. By departing much from our established usage, we diverge from the English. In the introduction to my dictionary, I shall exhibit a pretty full view of this subject. Excuse the trouble I give you, and be assured of the respect of

Your obedient servant,

N. WEBSTER.

#### THE SOLDIER AND THE NATURALIST.

"You will surely agree with me," says the Rev. Charles Kingsley, in one of his recent essays, "that the habit of mind required for the study of natural history is the very same as is required for successful military study. In fact, I should say that the same intellect which would develop into a great military man, would develop also into a great naturalist. I say, intellect. The military man would require,—what the naturalist would not,—over and above his intellect, a special force of will, in order to translate his theories into fact, and make his campaigns in the field and not merely on paper. But I am speaking only of the habit of mind required for study; of that inductive habit of mind which works, steadily and by rule, from the known to the unknown; that habit of mind which it has been said: 'The habit of seeing: the habit of knowing what we see; the habit of discerning differences and likenesses; the habit of classifying accordingly; the habit of searching for hypothesis which shall connect and explain those classified facts; the habit of verifying these hypotheses by applying them to fresh facts; the habit of throwing them away bravely if they will not fit; the habit of general patience, diligence, accuracy, reverence for facts for their own sake, and love of truth for its own sake; in one word, the habit of reverent and implicit obedience to the laws of Nature, whatever they may be; these are not merely intellectual, but also moral habits, which will stand men in practical good stead in every affair of life, and in every question, even the most awful, which may come before us as rational and social beings.' And

specially valuable are they, surely, to the military man, the very essence of whose study, to be successful, lies first in continuous and accurate observation, and then in calm and judicious arrangement.

"Therefore it is that I hold, and hold strongly, that the study of physical science, far from interfering with an officer's studies, much less unfitting for them, must assist him in them, by keeping his mind always in the very attitude and the very temper which they require. . . . I should like to see the study of physical science an integral part of the curriculum of every military school. I would train the mind of the lad who was to become hereafter an officer in the army, and in the navy likewise, by accustoming him to careful observation of, and sound thought about the face of nature, of the common objects under his feet, just as much as of the stars above his head; provided, always, that he learnt, not at second-hand from books, but where alone he can really learn either war or nature, in the field, by actual observation, actual experiment. A laboratory for chemical experiment is a good thing, it is true, as far as it goes; but I should prefer to the laboratory a naturalists' field club, such as are prospering now at several of the best public schools, certain that the boys would get more of sound inductive habits of mind, as well as more health, manliness and cheerfulness, amid scenes to remember which will be a joy for ever, than they ever can by bending over retorts and crucibles, amid smells, even to remember which is a pain for ever."

#### SULEIKA AND HATEM.

(Translated from Goethe's West-Eastern Divan.)

##### SULEIKA.

As I sailed upon Euphrates,  
Slipped the golden ring from me  
Down into the water caverns,—  
That I lately had from thee.

Then I dreamed. The morning splendor  
Through the tree fell on my eye;  
Poet, say,—and prophet, render  
What this dream doth signify!

##### HATEM.

Apt to render that my pen is!  
Have I not related thee  
Often how the Doge of Venice  
Plights his troth unto the sea?

So from out thy finger's capture  
To Euphrates fell the ring:  
Ah, sweet dream, how many a rapture  
Thou inspirest me to sing!

Me, who from the Indies starting,  
In Damascus would not stay,  
Thence with caravans departing,  
To the Red Sea sought my way,—

Me, dost to thy river marry,  
To the terrace, to this grove;  
Here with thee my soul shall tarry,  
To the latest kiss of love.

JOHN WEISS.

## THE PHILISTER'S REMINISCENCE.

[This story is taken from the book entitled "Signor Masoni, and other papers of the late I. Brown, edited by Alexander W. Thayer," printed at Naumburg, in 1862. The book has never been printed in this country.]

A RIGHT pleasant week of this delicious September weather have I spent here in old Frankfort on the Main. I have renewed my acquaintance with all the interesting places mentioned in "Hyperion," and have gaped, stared, approved and disapproved, in all due regard to red-covered Murray—equal to any London cockney of the first water. I have heard Roger in *La Dame Blanche*—he singing in French and the others in German—a pleasing and effective arrangement—but what a singer and actor he! And yesterday afternoon the "Cæcilia Verein" gave Handel's "Messiah." A fine chorus that, and the solos good; but Handel's music never produces its full effect upon me, as performed in Germany, either owing to its translated text, or to the fact that they have not the traditions; or, what seems more probable, that the great composer had caught a certain English spirit which his continental performers cannot feel, and consequently cannot express.

After the concert I rambled for an hour in the beautiful public grounds, which now occupy the site of the ancient fortifications of the old imperial city, and then returned to "mine inn," to take "mine ease." In the public room, sitting at a table by the window, I sipped my "schoppen" of Mosel, as lazy and comfortable and careless and easy as the finest old Philister of them all. Why not? Must I keep up my American hurry and fidget and worry and fuss, and not be contented without making myself as miserable in a quiet German inn, as in our national caravansaries? "*Gott bewahr!*" By and by comes in a tall, stout, rosy-faced old gentleman, who glances round the room, nods to two or three individuals, and then with a pleasant "*Guten Abend!*" takes a chair at my table, and calls for his *Schoppen Wein*. Before taking his pinch, he passes me his snuff-box. Of course I return his politeness by taking a pinch myself and sneeze some six times in consequence. And then we chat as if we were old acquaintances.

Sometime I must write a eulogy upon Philister life in these quiet little German inns, with their jolly old habitués playing dominoes and "sixty-six," smoking their long pipes, and sipping their wine—but not now.

Now comes in a little, black-eyed, nervous old fellow, whom the jolly old landlord receives as an honored guest, and who, after disposing of his thin overcoat, and giving his order for a cutlet and a *Schoppen Frodheimer*, comes up and shakes hands with my stout gentleman.

"Good evening, Herr Bok," says the little man.

"Good evening, Herr Rechnungs-rath," returns the other. "So you have come down from Melheim to hear oratorio."

"Always, when they sing Handel—my idol, you know."

"Ah, a heavenly performance!" says Herr Bok.

"Very good, very good, but the contralto singer wanted feeling. I shall never hear true feeling in that part again!" and the little man drank off his glass, sighed, nodded his head like a porcelain mandarin, and pursed up his lips as

who should say "there is nothing more to be said about it"—then suddenly turned to me; "*Englander, mein Herr?*" "No, Sir," said I. "French perhaps?" "No, Sir." "Not a Russian?" "No, Sir, an American." "So-o-o-o-o! Long here?" "In Germany, some time." "You find our language rather difficult—not so?" "Yes, rather," then again to Herr Bok, as if no such person as I were in existence—"No, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again! never! never! never!"

His cutlet came, and the little man devoted himself for the next half hour to his supper, chatting in the meantime upon all sorts of topics, changing them in the most abrupt manner, and keeping me in a constant query, whether the little man was all right in the attic.

The waiter cleared the table, brought another *Schoppen*, the little man lighted his pipe, smoked in silence a few minutes, and then addressed me again:

"No, I shall never hear that part with real feeling again: Shall I tell you the story Herr Amerikaner?"

"It will give me great pleasure, Mein Herr," said I.

"You have heard of Thibaut?"

"Thibaut, the great civil law professor, over here at Heidelberg? Yes."

"Perhaps you may have heard of his work on 'the Purity of the Tone-Art?'"

"Yes, I have it, and Nægeli's replies to it, also."

"Nægeli me no Nægelis," said he, "Thibaut's book, that is a book! It set us all to singing the 'Messiah.' *Ach, du lieber Gott!* I was a young man then, and had studied with him and sung in the chorus in his house. When the book came out I was already in Melheim, and it made such a sensation that we formed a singing union for the study of Handel's music, and took up the 'Messiah.' There was the choir of the Cathedral, and the 'Men's Vocal Union,' and the best boy altos of the Gymnasium, and all the best amateur singers of the town. We had a hundred voices, good. In time it was thoroughly rehearsed and we prepared to sing it in public. We had a good soprano, a good tenor, and as to the bass solos, I took them myself—in those days I could sing a little myself. *Nicht wahr. Herr Bok?*"

Herr Bok nodded a very strong affirmative.

The little man hummed a few bars of "Why do the nations" and then, shaking his head with such a comical expression of sorrow that I could hardly keep my countenance, continued:

"But where to find a contralto for those soul-touching solos? Where to find a voice full, deep, and overflowing with pathos and sympathy, that could discourse adequately of the sorrows of the Son of Man! I went to Heidelberg. I wrote to Frankfort, but in vain. I was in despair, I saw no way but to give those numbers to one of our boys, which would have secured a technically correct performance, but one as cold and unsympathetic as correct. The directors of the society were very well satisfied with this arrangement, but it grated harshly upon my feelings. But there was no help for it.

"Well, we engaged a director and an orchestra and appointed the day of performance, some four weeks later.

"Meantime, legal business called me to a domain upon the Neckar, a day's journey from Melheim, and detained me there several days. The first night I dreamed that

the day of performance had come, and that all went well, the boy contralto and all, until at the close of the chorus,

Behold the Lamb of God,' the conductor looked about in vain for the boy who was to sing the next air. I could see myself standing at the head of the basses, in an excitement increasing every moment, and spreading through the chorus and orchestra, and extending to the audience below. Then the fantastic confusion of a dreadful dream followed, of which I remember nothing distinctly, and then I found myself unaccountably standing in the open air. I was upon Calvary weeping, as a female form, in a nun's dress, pointed to a cross and sang in accents of superhuman sorrow: 'He was despised and rejected of men!' As I awoke it seemed to me that I heard a faint echo of these tones dying away upon the midnight air.

"The next night the dream in substance returned, but I awoke with the first note of the nun, and heard distinctly through the open casement the voice I had so vainly sought—full, mellow, touching—chanting an evening hymn to the Virgin. As midnight struck, the voice ceased.

"The next day I could hardly attend to my business. The voice haunted me. I scanned the faces of my hostess and her two grown-up daughters; two young women upon a visit from Frankfort; the governess of the younger children. Neither of them could be the singer. I talked about the family, but could hear of no member whom I had not seen. At table I turned the conversation upon music, and in the evening we had a family concert. All took part. Poh! mere dilettantism—and yet good enough. I could have enjoyed it under ordinary circumstances. *That* voice was not there.

"That evening I sat at my window, and waited for the evening hymn. Five minutes to twelve—and I heard it sweetly swelling, soft and clear. I leaned out of the window, but could by no effort decide whence it came. It seemed to float downward to me, as from the heavens, pure, divine, holy. Was it of earth? I grew superstitious.

"The next day at table I made the proposed performance of the 'Messiah' the topic of conversation, and my host and his family, who had read Thibaut's work, decided at once to visit Melheim upon the occasion. I had thus an opportunity to speak of our difficulty in regard to the alto solos, and keeping the unknown songstress of the night in view, I described the person we needed. I did not speak of what I had heard directly, but saw no evidence that my description had called up any associations in the mind of any one present. It was very mysterious. The family was Roman Catholic in faith, and the priest of the village dined with them this day. I found him an affable, agreeable man, a lover of music, and particularly interested in that of the church.

"Towards evening I walked with him to a height, whence we had a glorious view of the Neckar valley. In the course of our conversation I related to him my dream, and how I had been wrought upon by the voice.

"Did you only dream this?' asked he.

"The next night and the next it was no dream,' said I.

"We walked on some time in silence.

"But about this Oratorio—under whose auspices? the object of it and so forth,' said he, at length.

"It is to be given in the cathedral, under the patronage of the Bishop and reverend clergy, and the proceeds are to go to the convent of Marienwalde,' I replied.

"Here is the best part of view for this part of the valley,' said he, changing the conversation.

"When we parted upon our return, as he bade me good-night, he said: 'And you think that voice such as you need?'

"Indeed I do—I never heard the like!'

"That night I heard no evening hymn.

"Upon reaching Melheim three days later, I found a letter from my priest, containing a request that I should send him a copy of the 'Messiah,' if one could be obtained, with the remark: '*Es ist vielleicht doch Rath zu schaffen*'—there may possibly, after all, be a way. I sent him one by the next post.

"Our rehearsals went on, a boy as usual taking the alto solos. At one of them, a week before the performance, I caught a glimpse of my priest, as he was passing out of the hall, but was unable to find him afterward. A note next morning informed me that the singer would be present. Our conductor had much to say of the necessity of her appearance at least at the final rehearsal, and I wrote to the priest to that effect. 'Fear not,' was his answer; 'she needs no rehearsals, let your orchestra be firm, all will go rightly.'

"The time of the performance came. It was a delightful afternoon, and the huge church was filled. A temporary platform had been added to the organ gallery, where our forces were mustered.

All was ready, except our promised solo singer. The committee of the Society was at its wits' end. No one knew what to make of it. I was upon thorns. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. The conductor called the boy soloist to his side and took his place. He waved his baton, and the first performance of Handel's immortal Oratorio in that part of the land began. Overture, recitation, air, chorus and so on followed in order, and the vast audience felt them as a new revelation of the power and grandeur, the beauty and heavenly serenity of sacred music. In cities where the high mass is sung Sabbath after Sabbath by an adequate choir, the taste even of the peasant is insensibly cultivated to the extent of appreciating, even at first hearing, music which otherwise would be beyond his reach. But for an audience like that which filled the edifice now, in the habit of hearing the masses of Mozart, Haydn, and the other great composers, who have written for our church, the 'Messiah' was an æsthetic and intellectual treat of the highest order.

We rose to sing the chorus, 'And he shall purify,' and still our expected singer had not appeared. But before we closed a form glided down the platform to the conductor's side. It was a young woman, at the most nineteen years of age, tall and of exquisite proportions, a face not perfect in its features, but rendered inexpressibly beautiful—though very pale—by its rapt and holy expression, which spoke even more plainly than the dress and the small crucifix at her side of a life of devotion and religious contemplation.

Her appearance seemed as unearthly to me as the tones of her voice had sounded at midnight upon the domain. A single timid glance around her and upon the conductor,

and from that moment she seemed, though with us, not of us. The chorus closed, and silence — that awful silence of a multitude, which finds expression in Art only in the *pianissimo* of an immense choral force — ensued for a moment. Every eye in the vast audience, every eye in the choir, was fixed upon that statue-like figure, as the momentary stillness was broken by the soft introductory chord of the organ, and the divine promise: ‘Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son!’ was recited in tones so clear and distinct, though not loud, as to penetrate into every nook and corner, floating away among the arches and vaultings of the cathedral. Each tone spoke of confidence mounting up to the certainty of perfect faith — was pervaded by the very spirit of ancient prophecy. And what divine joy, what glorious triumph, in every tone of the air which followed: ‘Oh, thou that tellest good tidings!’

“As she went on, a faint flush began to overspread the pale cheeks. The spirit of the music was mastering her. It was evident enough that this was all new to her, and wrought upon her, down to the very depths of her nature.

“She closed her air, took the seat provided for her, bowed her head, and hid her face. But when we rose to sing the chorus, ‘For unto us,’ — that climax hardly equalled in our music, — she rose suddenly, stepped to the ranks of the altos, and with streaming eye and quivering lip, gave vent to the emotion which was fast overcoming her, by joining in with her noble voice. From this moment she joined in all the choruses, with a firmness and decision which added infinitely to the success of our performance. It was wonderful. When and where had she acquired such musical knowledge as enabled her to sing thus without rehearsal, — a stranger among strangers? We never knew!

“There were at length a few minutes of intermission. She sat as in a dream. No one ventured to speak to her. She was as of another world; and for the time being her very existence was but in this mighty music.

“And now came the chorus so sad, so sorrowful: ‘Behold the Lamb of God!’ In this she sang not, but stood with her eyes fixed upon the great crucifix suspended near the grand altar. Her emotions were becoming so powerful, her excitement so intense, that I left my place at the head of the basses and drew near, fearing, I hardly knew what, almost expecting to see her drop — or even to vanish from our view — for my imagination was wrought up to a wondrous degree, and the excitement caused by this music almost overcame my senses — and she began to seem to me a being not of earth.

“‘He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.’

“No, mein Herr, I cannot describe it! She felt the agony she described. She could but with the utmost difficulty command her voice. The tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Sobs almost choked the tones. Her emotion was infectious and spread through the choir and through the church. The air was given entire; the second part, which is usually omitted, as well as the first. Before its close tears were streaming from all eyes. She, herself, had acquired self-command as she went on, but the heart-piercing pathos of her voice lost not a jot or a tittle of its power. With the last note she gave way. We

caught her as she sank back, and conveyed her to the room behind the organ. The priest was already there, and a couple of nuns, to whose care we resigned her. No, no, I shall never hear true feeling in that part again!”

Here the little man ceased, and swallowed rapidly two glasses of wine.

“But, Herr Rechnungs Rath,” said I, “what became of her?”

“Mein Herr,” said he, “there was a mystery there. When we finished our performance, we found no one in the room back of the organ, nor has any one of us ever heard a single syllable in relation to her.”

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A GERMAN NOBLEMAN, whose home was near to the Wallenstein estate, frequently took his guests to visit the old castle and the room which was held sacred to the memory of Max Von Wallenstein, which contained certain articles that had belonged to him. There were his sword, his inkstand, the chair and the table which he had used; upon the shelf over the fireplace, were several smaller relics, and among them a pair of gauntlets. One day our friend, the nameless nobleman, had as a guest an old companion-in-arms who was an enthusiastic admirer of Max, and of course much pleased with an invitation to visit the castle where he had lived. The two gentlemen drove to the castle, were courteously received and taken over the building. The enthusiasm of the soldier guest was greatly excited, especially by the sight of the relics that had actually belonged to the hero whose memory he adored. The two gentlemen took leave of the person who had so kindly received them and drove home. When some distance from Wallenstein castle, the soldier, putting his hand in his pocket, said, “I must shew you what I have here,” and drew forth one of the gauntlets that had belonged to Max Von Wallenstein. “Oh!” said the nobleman, “how could you take that glove? you were received as my friend, and I consider myself responsible for your conduct.” “My dear, I am sorry, but really, I could not help it; I must have something that has belonged to my favorite hero, and the sight of the very glove that he had worn was too much for my virtue; I could not help taking it.” The nobleman said, “I cannot forgive you for placing me in such a predicament; we must drive with all speed lest we be pursued; and you have closed the gates of Wallenstein castle to me. I cannot have the face ever to go there again.” “I am very, very sorry, but I just could not help it.”

The nobleman for a long time avoided Wallenstein castle and refused every request to take persons there as visitors. Chancing to meet one of the inmates of the castle long after, in the course of conversation with him he summoned courage to approach the subject of the glove, in order to learn whether he was really suspected of taking it. “As you allow visitors free access to your castle and to the room containing the furniture, etc., that belonged to Max do you not lose some of the relics? One of his admirers might easily take some small article.” “Oh, no, we admit no one whom we do not know, unless brought by a friend; and we have never lost anything except occasionally one of the gauntlets is carried away; but it is very easy to replace that; we have many times done so.”

### NOTES OF THE FAIR.

THE writer of visiting cards in Horticultural Hall, is connected with the Springfield table, which has a multitude of attractions, as will be seen by a paragraph elsewhere.

THERE is quite a good deal of inquiry for photographs of Hahnemann, but there seem to be none on sale in the fair. If some one could obtain some small portraits of the founder of Homœopathy, they would doubtless meet with a ready sale.

THE ladies connected with the fair learned on Saturday night what many others have learned before, that the young people who attend fairs on Saturday evenings, mostly come to hear the music rather than to purchase from the tables.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS visited Horticultural Hall on Saturday evening. A lad tried to sell him some tickets for the lecture on "The Lost Arts," at Tremont Temple, this evening, but Mr. Phillips (who has probably heard the lecture) declined to encourage the rash youth.

THE telegraphic connection between Music Hall and Horticultural Hall obviates some of the inconvenience of holding the fair in two separate buildings. So far as the drawing of the raffles (which will be the most interesting feature of the fair the present week) is concerned, the two halls are practically one.

WE hope that some of the ladies in the fair, whose tables have not been sufficiently noticed in the PELLET, will pardon the delay rendered necessary on account of the great proportions of the fair, and the limited space devoted to it in our paper. We wish to do justice to all, and no one will be more sorry than ourselves if we fail.

THE NEW BEDFORD STANDARD SAYS, — The India ink sketch of Newport harbor, by Dr. E. R. Sisson, which was to have been sent to the Homœopathic Fair in Boston, has already found a customer, and has been sold for \$50. We congratulate the managers on this important addition to their receipts, and the artist for this practical appreciation of his work. It is to be appropriately framed in gold, and possibly put on exhibition to the Fair.

ONE of the first things which the visitor perceives in Music Hall is the "Old Woman in the Shoe," a ruthless old dame, who has so many children that she sells them to whoever will buy. This attraction belongs to the South Boston table, near by. A number of little girls have personated the old lady on different evenings; the occupant of the shoe on Saturday evening was Miss Nelly Dykes, who sang very prettily a part of the time.

A NEW painting by Thomas Hill has been given to the fair, and is to be raffled at the book table in Music Hall. It is now exhibited for the first time. The subject is "Mount Tom, as seen from the Crawford House." It was painted last summer, and is an exceedingly fine re-

production of this beautiful mountain scenery. It is to be sold in shares of one dollar each, one hundred and twenty-five in all. It is one of the most desirable works of art yet contributed to the fair, and worthy of the notice of all lovers of good pictures.

THE extraordinary success of the refreshment rooms under the charge of Mrs. C. A. Vinton, is indicated by the fact that the net profits during the first week of the fair will probably reach fifteen hundred dollars. This is one of the most gratifying successes of the fair. The food, which is furnished by the proprietors of the Parker House on very reasonable terms, is of course the best that can be procured, and the managers of this department are very fortunate in their base of supplies. The expenses, which have been very large, have been reduced somewhat by gifts from a few grocers and provision dealers. It is hoped that contributions of this sort will be continued this week. Any friend of the fair who has any kind of provisions which can be spared will do well to send a quantity to Mrs. Vinton, who will suitably acknowledge all such contributions.

THE following are the names of the young ladies who dispensed the viands at the refreshment rooms on Saturday: Helen M. Stetson, Kate A. Ward, Irene T. Studley, Louise C. Carr, Ida Munson, Abbie Hastings, Emma Wiggin, Lizzie Newhall, Emily E. Maynard, Minnie Cole, Annie Devine, Sadie Von Praag, Louise Libbey, F. Marion Libbey, Clara Warner, Nellie Safford, Nellie Blanchard, Louisa F. Polley, Fannie C. Haven, of Boston; Nellie Higgins, of East Boston; Eva Knight, Jennie Knight, Eaton, Clara Mary Odiorne, Sarah Odiorne, Ida M. Leonard, of Cambridgeport; Fannie Banks, Marian Penniman, of Boston; Addie M. Quimby, Ella L. Rand, L. M. Johnson, Bessie M. Rice, of Winchester.

The relief for to-day (Monday) is as follows: — S. Ida Dudley, Alice S. Duncan, Minnie Cole, Annie Devine, Abby Hastings, Louisa F. Polley, Emma Wiggin, Kate A. Ward, Helen M. Stetson, Annie Prescott, Eva Bassett, Emma Grant, Fannie Banks, Marion Penniman, of Boston; Annie Bartlett, M. Collamore, of Boston Highlands; N. M. Crocker, Grace Harding, of East Boston; Mary E. Gass, of Dorchester, E. A. Stone, E. M. Stone, H. E. Wetherby, of Charlestown; and L. J. Sanderson, of Winchester; Grace Lang, Ada Hood, Mary Hood, of Lynn.

SINCE the last number of THE PELLET went to press quite a number of raffles have been drawn. Messrs. E. B. de Gersdoff, No. 138 Boylston street, Charles W. Sargent, No. 407 Columbus avenue, Walter Swasey, of Springfield, and S. Southgate, of Dedham, won the four pistols at table No. 17.

The other raffles drawn on Friday evening were as follows: Crystal necklace, at Boston table, No. 12, by Mr. Lyman L. Harding, 29 Union-park street; at table No. 45, the easy chair, by Mr. Charles Myers of the Commonwealth hotel; the elegant doll, at the Melrose table, by Mr. J. S. Roberts of 64 Commercial street; guess cake, No. 7 was drawn by Mr. J. W. Adams.

Lotteries drawn Saturday evening were as follows: In Music Hall, table No. 35, California views drawn by

F. W. Clark; a gold watch, same table, by Mrs. Fay; table No. 43, theatre, drawn by Miss M. E. Brown, West Roxbury; table No. 29, oil painting drawn by A. W. Robinson, Dorchester; table No. 33, Jersey calf drawn by Ellis Peterson, Cambridge. In Horticultural Hall, table No. 18, doll Blanche by Miss Lizzie Thayer; wrought chair by J. D. Riqua, Tarrytown, N. Y.; table No. 10, a gold watch by Miss Minnie S. Clark; table No. 17, four pistols by W. R. Leonard, F. M. Carhart, Lyman L. Harding, and Samuel King.

### TABLE TALK.

— The Somerville Table has received a donation from Dr. H. B. Hemenway of fifty dollars, and also fifty dollars from Mercy B. Jackson, M. D.

— Three valuable works of art at the table of Mrs. Ahlborn, in Music Hall, have been placed in a combination raffle of two hundred shares at one dollar each, namely, the beautiful painting by Codman, the crayon head by Miss Helen Reed, and a water-color sketch of flowers by Mrs. Henry.

— A combination raffle, connected with the Lynn table, has a place on the floor of Music Hall, near the platform. It consists of a beautiful reclining chair, a card-table, and a cuspidor of an ingenious pattern. The shares, two hundred in number, are sold at fifty cents each. Miss Swazey, of Lynn, has charge of this raffle, which is one of the most popular in the fair.

— The Waltham table, in Horticultural Hall, Mrs. E. Worcester, president, is well supplied with gold watches from the works of the American Watch Company. The employees in Waltham were the givers. The gentleman's watch is one of the best, and valued at three hundred dollars; the lady's watch is placed at two hundred, and the boy's watch, a new thing, is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars. The shares have sold rapidly.

— The Lowell table is in Music Hall, No. 42. One of its noteworthy features is the children's suits, of which there is a large and well made supply. The most attractive are the pieces of silver ware, which are being raffled. An ice pitcher, salver, and two goblets are selling in shares of one dollar, seventy-five in all. A combination raffle is made of a cake basket and a fruit basket, one hundred shares, at fifty cents a share. The attention of the ladies is drawn to a handsome lady's suit, imported, which is selling in one hundred and twenty shares at fifty cents a share. Dolls, sofa pillows, lamp screens, and a great variety of fancy articles also attract the visitor's eye.

— The articles at the South Boston table in Horticultural hall, at which Mrs. S. S. Gray presides, are very evenly divided between the useful and ornamental. There are two pictures which attract considerable attention. One is a large oil painting of the venerated Hahnemann, which is to be sold in shares of one dollar each; and the other is a water-color picture of Pleasant Pond, New London, by Miss A. M. Gregory, a companion piece to the picture by the same artist sold at the North End Mission Fair. Wax flowers, and a sofa pillow are being raffled, and a multitude of other pretty things will be otherwise disposed of.

— Upon the Taunton table, Mrs. William Mason, president, will be found many articles of decided interest and value; among them a magnificent tea service, silver-plated, from the manufactory of Reed & Barton, Taunton. The pieces are, one coffee urn, two teas, one sugar, one creamer, and one slop-bowl. One hundred and twenty-five dollars will be realized from the set. There is a magnificent Afghan, which was imported from Berlin expressly for the fair worth a hundred and fifty dollars. An infant's complete suit, given by Mrs. Robinson, of East Taunton, and an elegant embroidered skirt, are well worth looking at. Other articles are a Willcox & Gibbs sewing machine, a dressing-gown, carriage-robe, garments for ladies' wear, etc., etc.

— The Springfield table, Mrs. William Mattoon, president, is located in the centre of Horticultural Hall. By the efforts of Dr. Swazey, and the many friends of the table, goods valued at not less than a thousand dollars were secured; and the result is that the table has made an excellent display in the fair. Among the leading articles of interest are a baby-house, valued at one hundred dollars, a fine bassinette, prized at eighty dollars, gold chains, ploughs, knitting machines, and other valuable things. Some of the manufacturers of Springfield gave very liberally in aid of the table, and the result is, that there is a large stock of writing paper; seventy-five dollars' worth of toys were given by Milton Bradley and Company, and D. B. Wesson contributed pistols valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, the most of which have already been raffled. One of the things at this table which should not be forgotten is a book never before on sale, containing the photographs of the six last survivors of the war of the revolution, the name of the last survivor being Adam Leink, which to some appears a very suggestive name. The book gives a brief biography of each, and a picture of the houses where they lived. There are six copies of this interesting historical souvenir for sale.

— The Providence table, in Horticultural Hall, of which Miss C. M. Read is president, is abundantly supplied with beautiful things, and articles for home use, also. The Providence manufacturers gave cotton cloth very liberally and the quantity of goods was so large that extra table room had to be provided in the centre of the hall. This table is also fortunate in having for a contributor the talented artist, Augustus Hoppin, who designed some very pretty things for it — notably a set of pincushions, which have proved very salable. Among the curious things is a pincushion made from the dress worn by Mrs. Hopkins, a sister-in-law of Commodore Hopkins, at a ball where she danced with General Washington. There is also a specimen of eighteenth century needle-work — a cornucopia worked by Miss Easton in 1770, and very nicely worked, too. Two allegorical pictures representing "Homœopathia" and "Allopathia" are regarded as very fine specimens of water color illumination. The conception of the pictures is striking and effective. Aside from all these attractions, this table has a number of raffles, — the principal ones being two rugs (one of which has a sheepskin border), which are valued at seventy-five dollars each, and sold in shares of one dollar.

## CHANGING QUARTERS.

PERHAPS it may not interest you to know how we moved, that is, changed our apartments. I did not see it mentioned in the cable despatches, and it may not be generally known, even in Germany; but then, the cable is so occupied with relating how his Serenity this, and his Highness that, and her Loftiness the other one, went out doors and came in again, owing to a slight superfluity of the liquid element in the atmosphere, that it has no time to notice the real movements of the people. And yet, so dry are some of these little German newspapers of news, that it is refreshing to read, now and then, that the king, on Sunday, walked out with the Duke of Hesse after dinner (one would like to know if *they* also had sauer-kraut and sausage), and that his prospective mother-in-law, the Empress of Russia, who was here the other day, on her way home from Como, where she was nearly drowned out by the inundation, sat for an hour on Sunday night, after the opera, in the winter garden of the palace, enjoying the most easy family intercourse.

But about moving. Let me tell you that to change quarters in the face of a Munich winter, which arrives here the 1st of November, is like changing front to the enemy just before a battle; and, if we had perished in the attempt, it might have been put upon our monuments, as it is upon the out-of-cannon-cast obelisk in the Karolina Platz, erected to the memory of the thirty thousand Bavarian soldiers who fell in the disastrous Russian winter campaign of Napoleon, fighting against all the interests of Germany, — “they, too, died for their Fatherland.” Bavaria hapened also to fight on the wrong side at Sadowa, and I suppose that those who fell there also died for Fatherland: it is a way the Germans have of doing, and they mean nothing serious by it. But, as I was saying, to change quarters here as late as November is a little difficult, for the wise ones seek to get housed for the winter by October: they select the sunny apartments, get on the double windows, and store up wood. The plants are tied up in the gardens; the fountains are covered over, and the inhabitants go about in furs and the heaviest winter clothing long before we should think of doing so at home. And they are wise: the snow comes early, and, besides, a cruel fog, cold as the grave and penetrating as remorse, comes down out of the near Tyrol. One morning early in November, I looked out of the window to find snow falling, and the ground covered with it. There was dampness and frost enough in the air to make it cling to all the tree-twigs, and to take fantastic shapes on all the queer roofs and the slenderest pinnacles and the most delicate architectural ornamentations. The city spires had a mysterious appearance in the gray haze; and above all, the round-topped towers of the old Frauen Kircke, frosted with a little snow, loomed up more grandly than ever. When I went round to the Hof Garden, where I late had sat in the sun, and heard the brown horse-chestnuts drop on the leaves, the benches were now full of snow, and the fat and friendly fruit-woman at the gate had retired behind glass windows into a little shop, which she might well warm by her own person, if she radiated heat as readily as she used to absorb it on the warm autumn days, when I have marked her knitting in the sunshine.

But we are not moving. The first step we took was to advertise our wants in the “*Neueste Nachrichten*,” (“Latest News”) newspaper.

Even the young king, whose approaching marriage to the Russian princess, one would think, might soften his heart, did nothing to win our regard, or to show that he appreciated our residence “near” his court; and, so far as I know, never read with any sort of attention our advertisement, which was composed with as much care as Goethe’s *Faust*, and probably with the use of more dictionaries. And this, when he has an extraordinary large *Residenz*, to say nothing about other outlying palaces and comfortable places to live in, in which I know there are scores of elegantly furnished apartments, which stand idle almost the year round, and might as well be let to appreciative strangers, who would accustom the rather washy and fierce frescos on the walls to be stared at. I might have selected rooms, say on the court which looks on the exquisite bronze fountain, *Perseus*, with the head of *Medusa*, a copy of the one in Florence by Benvenuto Cellini, where we could have a southern exposure. Or we might, so it would seem, have had rooms by the winter garden, where tropical plants rejoice in perennial summer, and blossom and bear fruit while a northern winter rages without. Yet the king did not see it “by those lamps;” and I looked in vain on the gates of the *Residenz* for the notice so frequently seen on other houses, of apartments to let. And yet we had responses. The day after the announcement appeared, our bell rang perpetually; and we had as many letters as if we had advertised for wives innumerable. The German notes poured in upon us in a flood; each one of them containing an offer tempting enough to beguile an angel out of paradise, at least, according to our translation: they proffered us chambers that were positively overheated by the flaming sun (which, I can take my oath, only ventures a few feet above the horizon at this season), which were friendly in appearance, splendidly furnished, and near to every desirable thing, and in which, usually, some American family had long resided, and experienced a content and happiness not to be felt out of Germany.

I spent some days in calling upon the worthy *frauen* who made these alluring offers. The visits were full of profit to the student of human nature, but profitless otherwise. I was ushered into low, dark chambers, small and dreary, looking towards the sunless north, which I was assured were delightful and even elegant. I was taken up to the top of tall houses, through a smell of cabbage that was appalling, to find empty and dreary rooms, from which I fled in fright. We were visited by so many people who had chambers to rent, that we were impressed with the idea that all Munich was to let; and yet, when we visited the places offered, we found they were only to be let alone. One of the *frauen* who did us the honor to call, also wrote a note, and enclosed a letter that she had just received from an American gentleman (I make no secret of it that he came from Hartford), in which were many kindly expressions for her welfare, and thanks for the aid he had received in his study of German; and yet I think her chambers are the most uninviting in the entire city. There were people who were willing to teach us German, without rooms or board; or to lodge us without giving us

German or food ; or to feed us, and let us starve intellectually, and lodge where we could.

But all things have an end, and so did our hunt for lodgings. I chanced one day in my walk to find, without help from the advertisements, very nearly what we desired, — cheerful rooms in a pleasant neighborhood, where the sun comes when it comes out at all, and opposite the Glass Palace, through which the sun streams in the afternoon with a certain splendor, and almost next door to the residence and laboratory of the famous chemist, Prof. Liebig ; so that we can have our feelings analyzed whenever it is desirable. *C. D. Warner.*

### MASTER AND SERVANT.

[The following dialogue is by Erasmus,—*Deriderimus Erasmus of Rotterdam, who "laid the egg of the Reformation which Luther hatched,"—and is copied out of an old and much read copy of an English version of the "Colloquies," made by one N. Baily, and published in 1725, by J. F. and P. Krapton, of London. Erasmus was a popular man in his day, and his "Colloquies" were read by all lovers of wit and learning in Europe. Colinaeus printed 24,000 copies of the work in a single year. The "Colloquies," as Hallam says, are the most sportive and amusing of their author's works. In them, to quote the eloquent words of Mr. Charles Reade, Erasmus proves that he "was the heaven-born dramatist of his country." The colloquy between a master and servant, though not one of the best or most admired of these remarkable dialogues, gives a very quaint and curious picture of manners in the sixteenth century, and is, as the reader will see, a lively and racy production, pleasantly flavored with Erasmian humor.—J. E. B.]*

*Master.* Soho, soho, rascal! I am hoarse a bawling to you, and you lie snoring still ; you'll sleep for ever I think in my conscience ; either get up presently, or I'll rouse you with a good cudgel. When will you have slept out your yesterday's debauch ? Are you not ashamed, you sleepy sot, to lie a-bed till this time of day ? Good servants rise as soon as it is day, and take care to get every thing in order before their master rises. How loth this drone is to leave his warm nest ! he is a whole hour stretching, and yawning. *Servant.* It is scarce day yet. *Master.* I believe not to you ; it is midnight yet to your eyes. *Servant.* What do you want me to do ? *Master.* Make the fire burn, brush my cap and cloak, clean my shoes and galloshoes, take my stockings and turn them inside out, and brush them well, first within, and then without, burn a little perfume to sweeten the air, light a candle, give me a clean shirt, air it well before a clear fire. *Servant.* It shall be done, sir. *Master.* But make haste, then ; all this ought to have been done before now. *Servant.* I do make haste, sir. *Master.* I see what haste you make, you are never the forwarder ; you go a snail's gallop. *Servant.* Sir, I cannot do two things at once. *Master.* You scoundrel, do you speak sentences too ? . . . Lay the bed-clothes to rights, draw back the curtains, sweep the house, sweep the chamber floor, fetch me some water to wash my hands. What are you about, you drone ? you are a year a lighting a candle. *Servant.* I can't find a spark of fire. *Master.* Is it so you raked it up last night ? *Servant.* I have no bellows. *Master.* How the knave thwarts me, as if he that has you can want bellows. *Servant.* What an imperious master have I gotten ! Ten of the nimblest fellows in the world are scarce sufficient to perform his orders. *Master.* What's that you say,

you slow-back ? *Servant.* Nothing at all, sir. *Master.* No, sirrah ; did I not hear you mutter ? *Servant.* I was saying my prayers. *Master.* Ay, I believe so ; but it was the Lord's prayer backwards then. Pray, what was that you were chattering about imperiousness ? *Servant.* I was wishing you might be an emperor. *Master.* And I wish that you may be made a man of a stump of a tree. Wait upon me to church, and then run home and make the bed, and put everything in its place ; let the house be set to rights from top to bottom, . . . perhaps I may have some gentry come to pay me a visit ; if I find anything out of order I'll thresh you soundly. *Servant.* I know your good honor well enough in that matter. *Master.* Then it behooves you to look about you, if you are wise. *Servant.* But all this while here is not one word about dinner. *Master.* Out, you villain, one may see what your mind runs on. I don't dine at home, therefore come home to me a little before ten o'clock, that you may wait upon me,—wait upon me where I am to go to dinner. *Servant.* You have taken care of yourself ; but there is not a bit of bread for me to put into my head. *Master.* If you have nothing to eat, you have something to hunger after. *Servant.* But fasting won't fill the belly. *Master.* There is bread for you. *Servant.* There is so ; but is as black as my hat, and as coarse as the bran itself. *Master.* You dainty chap'd fellow, you ought to be fed with hay, if you had such commons as you deserve. What, I warrant you, Mr. Ass, you must be fed with plumb cakes, must you ? If you can't eat dry bread, take a leek to eat with it, or an onion, if you like that better.

### THE SEA.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

WHAT were the bloodless nymphs, the Triton swarms,  
The car of Cypriis, Galatæa's shell,  
The green-haired gods, the cold, ambiguous forms  
That in me dwelt, or only seemed to dwell ?

What did I care for Glaucus by the shore,  
Or Proteus hiding in the hollow cave ?  
That yon blue billow old Poseidon bore,  
Or Aphrodite warmed this amber wave ?

Those freaks of fancy were as dying spray,  
The foamy fringes of the strength I hurled,  
Whose bosom heaves to one unsetting Day,  
The azure guard and girdle of the world.

If Man gives being, he gave naught to me,  
And of mine empire naught has overthrown :  
I am, I was, and I shall ever be  
Apart in power, inviolate, unknown.

Before my myriad voices he is dumb,  
Yet probes their meaning in eternal pain :  
I call him, and he cannot fail to come,  
I cast him forth, and he returns again.

So many gods have I exalted hailed,  
So many, spurned, have rotted in my breast ;  
Yet mine the balanced powers wherein they failed,—  
The face of action and the heart of rest !

— From "The Masque of the Gods."

## FROM ANACREON.

*(An attempt at a literary version in the original metres.)*

## TO HIS LYRE.

I'LL tell of the Atridæ,  
 I'll sing of mighty Cadmus;  
 Yet will my stringed lyre  
 No sound give forth but love.  
 I chide the strings at first,  
 And then the lyre itself;  
 Once more, I sing the feats  
 Of Hercules; the lyre  
 With only love respondeth.  
 Be ye our joy, then, heroes,  
 Some other time; the lyre  
 Will only sing of love.

## TO EROS.

Once more the midnight hours  
 At the time when Arctus downward  
 To Boötes hand descendeth,  
 And when all the tribe of mortals  
 Lie stretched out by sleep o'er-mastered,  
 Came up Eros to my door,  
 And he knocked upon the fastenings.  
 "Who," said I, "is that that's knocking,  
 Splitting all my dreams to pieces?"  
 Then said Eros, "Open to me.  
 I'm a babe, you needn't fear me.  
 I am wet, and there's no moon.  
 In the dark I've lost my way."  
 Hearing this, I had compassion,  
 And straightway I lit a lamp, and  
 Let him in. A babe I saw there,  
 With a bow, and wings, and quiver.  
 Then I sat down on the hearth-stone;  
 With my palms his hands I chafed;  
 From his cloak wrung out the water.  
 And he, when the cold had left him,  
 Says, "Come now, let's try this bow here,  
 And see if the string be injured  
 By the wet." He draws and strikes me,  
 Stinging sharp full in my heart.  
 Then away he goes and mocks me.  
 "Wish me joy, mine host" he says,  
 "For my bow is nothing damaged;  
 But for you, your heart will pain you."

## TO EROS.

Once Eros, not observing  
 A bee i' the roses napping,  
 Was stung upon the finger.  
 He beat his hands and shrieked;  
 And running fast and flying  
 He came to fair Cythera.  
 "Mother," said he, "I'm dying,  
 I'm dying. It's all over.  
 A little serpent stung me,  
 With wings; what farmers call  
 A bee." But she said to him,  
 "And if a bee's sting hurt you,  
 What think you do they suffer  
 Whom you, my Eros, sting?"

## TO THE CICADA.

We esteem thee blest, Cicada,  
 For upon the tree-top perching,

Having sipped a little dew,  
 Like a very lord thou chirpest.  
 For to thee it all belongeth,  
 In the fields whate'er thou seest,  
 And whate'er the forest yieldeth.  
 And thou art the friend of farmers,  
 Doing no one any mischief;  
 And in honor amongst mortals,  
 Of the summer sweet foreteller.  
 And the Muses, they, too, love thee;  
 Very Phœbus himself loves thee,  
 And hath given thy shrill piping.  
 And old age can nothing wear thee,  
 Oh, thou wise, earth-sprung, song-loving,  
 Passionless, and bloodless creature,  
 Of the gods thou'rt almost peer.

F. J. W.

## RAIN BY NIGHT.

*[These verses are by Leigh Hunt, and are not included in any collection of his poetical works.]*

OPEN the window, and let the air  
 Freshly blow upon face and hair,  
 And fill the room, as it fills the night,  
 With the breath of the rain's sweet might.  
 Hark! the burthen, swift and prone!  
 And how the odorous limes are blown!  
 Stormy love's abroad, and keeps  
 Hopeful coil for silver sleeps.

Not a blink shall burn to-night  
 In my chamber, of sordid light;  
 Naught will I have, not a window-pane,  
 'Twixt me and the air and the great good rain,  
 Which ever shall sing me sharp lullabies;  
 And God's own darkness shall close mine eyes;  
 And I will sleep with all things blest,  
 In the pure earth-shadow of natural rest.

## THE NUN.

If you become a nun, dear,  
 A friar I will be;  
 In any cell you run, dear,  
 Pray look behind for me.  
 The roses all turn pale, too;  
 The doves all take the veil, too;  
 The blind will see the show:  
 What! you become a nun, my dear?  
 I'll not believe it, no!

If you become a nun, dear,  
 The bishop Love will be;  
 The Cupids every one, dear,  
 Will chant, "We trust in thee!"  
 The incense will go sighing,  
 The candles fall a dying,  
 The water turn to wine:  
 What! you go take the vows, my dear?  
 You may—but they'll be mine.

— LEIGH HUNT.

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# THE PELLET.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 24, 1872.

## DOSES.

THERE is a word in our language which has at once puzzled philologists, and disturbed moralists. That word is "indocility." If people were only "docile," there would, we are informed, be no difficulty in regenerating the world at once; but as people are generally indocile, there is a fine opening for professional philanthropists for ages to come. We would humbly suggest, in behalf of the perverse humanity to which we belong, that indocility simply means the resistance of human nature to all kinds of "doses." The philologist should insist that the true spelling of the word ought to follow its spiritual derivation, — namely, in-dose-ility.

Superficial minds will at once retort, that we have attempted to solve the most inscrutable of human mysteries by the most wretched of all puns. A little reflection — which we are, of course, not hopeful enough to suppose they will exert — would convince them that man, bodily and spiritually, has immensely suffered from being outrageously overdosed. His indocility is a mere reaction against the facility with which he has for the last five thousand years, consented to submit to his doctors in law and theology, as well as to his doctors in medicine.

There can be little doubt, that if humanity must be "dosed," infinitesimal doses are an improvement on illimitable doses. But the application of the principle is not confined to medicine. In politics, we are palpably overdosed by endless speeches which, coming into one ear and going out at the other, remain as "drugs" in the volumes of the Congressional Globe. In morality, we are notoriously overdosed by maxims, which have slight roots in the characters of those who proclaim them. In theology, doctrines are often indisputably presented in the shape of doses. Everybody, who gets a little ahead of his companions, has a tendency to "overdose." The "infinitesimal" theory might be made of immense importance in its application to all departments of practical affairs. Whatever you may endeavor to do for your fellow-men, take care that you do not overdose them!

MR. J. T. FIELDS lately read to a private club of ladies and gentlemen of this city, a charming lecture on Alfred Tennyson, whom he eulogized as "a peer in that department of literature which has been illumined by genius since the fourteenth century; a man whose name is sweet and grateful to the lips of all who love the language of high imagination and

thorough culture, — one of the five great poets who have filled the English Laureate's office, viz.: Ben Jonson, John Dryden, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, and Alfred Tennyson."

## A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

WHEN at Amsterdam, I one day chanced to witness a spectacle so extraordinary, that for the time, I was completely absorbed by it.

Having entered the court-yard of a large building called the Doelen, which was used as a place of "réunion" by a company of sharpshooters, I saw, through the wide doorway, a troop of these citizen soldiers, some of whom were descending the great staircase, and some crossing the hall. A strong light fell upon the leaders of the troop, whose picturesque figures stood out in bold relief against those in the background who were more or less lost in the deep shadows which hung about the interior of the building. The captain, who, as my companion informed me, was the Chevalier Frans Banning Kok, was a noble looking man, dressed in a pourpoint of black velvet, with breeches of the same. He wore high shoes with rosettes upon his feet; a broad red sash, bordered with gold across his breast; a falling ruff about his neck, and a black plumed hat upon his head. His beard was pointed "*a la Louis XIII.*" and he rested his gloved left hand upon the top of a long cane. With his right arm extended, he was talking to a gentleman splendidly dressed in a lemon-colored doublet of some rich stuff embroidered with gold, whose hat of the same color was adorned with a heavy white feather, and looped up with a string of jewels. His legs were encased in high boots of chamois leather; he had gilded spurs at his heels, and in his right hand he carried a lance. This magnificent personage — Willem van Rujtenberg, Lord of Veardingen, and lieutenant of the company, was followed by a crowd of guardsmen. Among them I noticed a dwarf, whose helmet was crowned with oak leaves. I could not see his face, for he was leaning forward to fire off his harquebuse and it was concealed from me by the portly figure of the captain.

Just then my attention was attracted by a young girl who stood near the dwarf. A bright light fell full upon her dress, which was of a golden tissue, and produced a most brilliant effect. Her fair hair was half hidden under a sort of jewelled coronet, and a white dove, which was destined to be bestowed as a prize upon the best marksman of the company, hung at her girdle. She seemed floating in an atmosphere of light, and the color of her robe contrasted marvellously with that of one on the sharpshooter, who dressed in scarlet from top to toe, with the exception of a purple hat and orange-colored plume, preceded her by a few steps, charging his musket as he walked. As my eyes became accustomed to the inner darkness, I could distinguish the ensign, Jan Visser Cornelissen, standing upon the staircase with his banner in his hand, and a little to his right the drummer, Jan van Kam-poort, who, with his drum-sticks raised, appeared to have momentarily ceased his occupation as I could hear no

sound. Before I could gather up my scattered wits enough to express my wonder at the brilliancy and beauty of the scene, my companion touched my elbow and told me to turn and look at an equally admirable spectacle, which speedily effaced all recollection of the first.

I beheld a troop of musketeers ranged about a long table laden with good things, to which they appeared to be doing ample justice. Through an open window behind them I could see the houses and trees of Amsterdam. On the extreme right sat the captain, Cornelis Jan Wits, a short, handsome man, wearing a plumed hat and draped in a black velvet suit, who at the moment was pressing the hand of his neighbor, the lieutenant Johannes Von Waveren. Directly opposite the middle of the hall sat the ensign, Jacob Banning, looking towards us. He also wore black velvet, and had a broad blue sash across his breast. The folds of the blue banner of the company, whose staff rested between his crossed legs, fell behind his head which it relieved with admirable effect. Behind him sat the sergeant with a napkin across his thighs, holding in his hand a ham bone which he had been in the very act of raising to his lips when he was interrupted by a man who, hat in hand, offered him a goblet filled with the best Dutch ale. At his feet lay a drum, and upon it was a strip of paper with an inscription recording the peace thus sealed in good cheer. It read thus: "Bellona is weary of blood, and war ceases the sound of destructive cannon, — wherefore the brave De Wits presents to the noble Van Waveren the cup of peace in which he may drink to a perpetual alliance."

Happening just then to observe two portly citizens, one of whom had stopped eating to look at us, I was struck with the fact that all these people were sitting in dumb show. See, I said, they hold their brimming glasses aloft, but do not drink, — the captain with his goblet on his knee sits holding the lieutenant's hand. Then I turned and saw the Burgher guard still descending the steps, with the same magical light and shade playing about them. Doubting, I again looked at the banqueters, who were immovable as if turned to stone. The truth now flashed upon me, and I knew that I stood between two of the most wonderful pictures in the world, the so-called Night Watch of Rembrandt, and the Banquet of the Civil Guard of Van der Helst. You may smile reader, if you have never seen these pictures, and doubt the possibility of such a delusion; but you will believe in it if you ever stood where I then stood. If so, you may, perhaps, have remarked that in these two master-pieces of art, truth and nature is attained by widely different effects. Rembrandt has painted the poetry of prose, and yet his picture is no less true than that of Van der Helst, whose literal rendering of a real scene is scarcely more illusory than the poetical treatment adopted by his illustrious countryman Rembrandt Harmens van Ryu, the magician who made light and shade his willing slaves. C. C. P.

It is said that musicians who practise Bach often, cannot endure Offenbach.

ROUSSEAU says — "Man can better philosophize on the heart of man, but woman can read it better."

### TO AN ANTIQUE BAS RELIEF.

[Written for the Fair Album. under a sketch by Daniel Huntington.]

OH, marble maid! for whom is blown  
That double pipe, with piercing tone?  
Is there a lover waiting near,  
With throbbing heart the sound to hear?  
Or are thy lips upon the reed  
To serve some homely household need?  
To call the reapers from the heat  
What time the rays of noontide beat,  
And the cicadas, all around,  
Fill the hot air with fervid sound!  
Or is the music of the horn,  
Of youth and health spontaneous born?  
Of that half sad, half sweet unrest  
Which flutters in a maiden's breast?  
And dost thou pipe to plain and hill,  
Moved only by thine own sweet will,  
As the bird sings upon the tree,  
As the wave dances on the sea?  
Ah, never shall we know, fair maid,  
To whom, or why, thy reed is played.  
Thy lips are sealed in silence deep,  
The long gone years their secret keep.  
Play on, fair maid! the inward ear  
The music of thy pipe can hear,  
The sounding of old Homer's sea,  
The rustling leaves of Arcady.

GEO. S. HILLARD.

### ST. DOMINIC,

VERSIFIED, WITH ALTERATIONS, FROM WERDFR.

St. Dominic, that glory of the schools,  
Writing one day the inquisition's rules,  
Stopped, when the evening came, for want of light.  
The devils who below, from morn till night  
Well pleased had watched his progress, said with sorrow:  
"Something he will forget before to-morrow!"  
One zealous imp flew upward to the place  
And stood before him with an angel's face.  
"I come," said he, "sent from God's realm of peace,  
To light you, lest your holy labors cease!"  
Well pleased, the saint wrote on with careful pen;  
The candle was consumed; the devil then  
Lighted his thumb — the Saint quite undisturbed  
Finished his treatise to the final word.  
Then he looked up, and started with affright;  
For lo! the thumb blazed with a lurid light!  
—"Your thumb is burned," said he. The child of sin  
Changed to his proper form, and with a grin,  
Cried — "I will quench it in the martyr's blood,  
Caused by your book to flow; a crimson flood!"  
Triumphantly, the fiend returned to Hell,  
And told his story. Satan said, "'Tis well!  
Your aim was good, but foolish was the deed —  
The blood of martyrs is the Church's seed."

JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

Know'st thou the land where citron-apples bloom  
And oranges like gold in leafy gloom,  
A gentle wind from deep-blue heaven blows,  
The myrtle thick, and high the laurel grows?  
Know'st thou it then?

'Tis there! 'Tis there!  
O my true loved one, thou with me must go!

— From Mignon's Song.

*THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF  
HOMŒOPATHY.*

IN the year 1844, some fifty physicians, which number then included nearly all the educated practitioners of homœopathy in the United States, formed an association under the above name, and held its first meeting in the city of New York. Its object was "the mutual improvement of its members and the advancement of the science of medicine." Since that first meeting it has assembled annually (excepting a few years during the war), and has been warmly welcomed to nearly all the important cities of our country. Its membership has increased so rapidly that now it includes nearly twelve hundred educated physicians among its active members.

It has working bureaus in all the different departments of medicine, and members who investigate all the collateral branches of medicine. It aims to assist in the thorough organization of medical societies, colleges, hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, and other institutions under homœopathic management throughout the United States. It is in correspondence with, and has encouraged the establishment of, associations similar to itself in other countries, and its influence and effort is beginning to tell upon the medical profession in all parts of the world.

Under its auspices a world's convention of homœopathic physicians will be held in Philadelphia in 1876, our national centennial. On May 20th of the present year this association will assemble in Washington for its twenty-ninth anniversary, to be continued four days. The meeting will undoubtedly be one of the largest and most interesting the Institute has ever held.

So important has this body become, that, during this session, a public reception will be given to the members and their ladies by the president of the United States, another by Mrs. Grant, and still a third by the governor of the District of Columbia.

Less than fifty years ago, the founder of homœopathy was driven from city to city, for his faith's sake; now his followers are honored by governments for the same cause. "Truly, the world moves." I. T. TALBOT.

*A PASSAGE FROM EVELYN'S DIARY.*

No one who has read John Evelyn's Diary will have forgotten this touching entry. Those who are not familiar with the book will thank us for copying it:—

1658. 27 Jan. After six fits of a quartan ague, with which it pleased God to visite him, died my deare son Richard, to our inexpressible grieffe and affliction, 5 yeares and 3 days old onely, but at that tender age a prodigy for witt and understandig; for beauty of body a very angel; for endowment of mind of incredible and rare hopes. To give onely a little taste of some of them, and thereby glory to God, who out of the mouths of babes and infants does sometimes perfect his praises: at 2 yeares and halfe old he could perfectly reade any of the English, Latine, French, or Gottic letters, pronouncing the three first languages exactly. He had before the 5th yeare, or in that yeare, not onely skill to reade most written hands, but to decline all the nouns, conjugate the verbs regular, and

most of the irregular; learn'd out Puerilis, got by heart almost the entire vocabularie of Latine and French primitives and words, could make congruous syntax, turne English into Latine, and *vice versa*, construe and prove what he read, and did the government and use of relatives, verbs, substantives, elipses, and many figures and tropes, and made a considerable progress in Comenius's Janua; began himselfe to write legibly, and had a stronge passion for Greeke. The number of verses he could recite was prodigious, and what he remember'd of the parts of playes; which he would also act; and when seeing a Platuus in one's hand, he ask'd what booke it was, and being told it was comedy, and too difficult for him, he wept for sorrow. Strange was his apt and ingenious application of fables and morals, for he had read Æsop; he had a wonderful disposition to mathematics, having by heart divers propositions of Euclid that were read to him in play, and he would make lines and demonstrate them. As to his piety, astonishing were his applications of Scripture upon occasion, and his sense of God; he had learn'd all his Catechisme early, and understood the historical part of the Bible and New Testament to a wonder, how Christ came to redeeme mankind, and how, comprehending these necessaries himselfe, his godfathers were discharged of their promise. These and the like illuminations far exceeded his age and experience, considering the prettiness of his addresse and behaviour, cannot but leave impressions in me at the memory of him. When one told how many dayes a Quaker had fasted, he replied that was no wonder, for Christ had said man should not live by bread alone, but by the Word of God. He would of himselfe, select the most pathetic psalms, and chapters out of Job, to reade to his mayde during his sicknesse, telling her when she pitied him that all God's children must suffer affliction. He declaim'd against the vanities of the world before he had seene any. Often he would desire those who came to see him to pray by him, and a yeare before he fell sick, to kneel and pray with him alone in some corner. How thankfully would he receive admonition, how soon be reconciled! how indifferent, yet continually chereful! He would give grave advice to his brother John, beare with his impertinencies, and say he was but a child. If he had heard of or saw any new thing, he was unquiet till he was told how it was made; he brought to us all such difficulties as he found in books, to be expounded. He had learn'd by heart divers sentences in Latin and Greeke, which on occasion he would produce even to wonder. He was all life, all prettinesse, far from morose, sullen, or childish in any thing he said or did. The last time he had been at church (which was at Greenwich), I ask'd him, according to costome, what he remembered of the sermon; two good things, father, said he, *bonum gratiæ* and *bonum gloriæ*, with a just account of what the preacher said. The day before he died he cal'd to me, and in a more serious manner than usual told me that for all things I loved him so dearly I should give my house, land, and all my fine things, to his brother Jack, he should have none of them; the next morning, when he found himself ill, and that I persuaded him to keepe his hands in bed, he demanded whether he might pray to God with his hands unjoyn'd; and a little after, whilst in greate agonie, whether he should not offend God by using his holy name so often

calling for ease. What shall I say of his frequent pathetic ejaculations utter'd of himselfe; Sweete Jesus save me, deliver me, pardon my sinns, let thine angels receive me! So early knowledge, so much piety and perfection! But thus God having dress'd up a Saint fit for himselfe, would not longer permit him with us, unworthy of the future fruites of this incomparable hopefull blossome. Such a child I never saw: for such a child I blesse God in whose bosome he is! May I and mine become as this little child, who now follows the child Jesus that Lamb of God in a white robe whithersoever he goes; Even so, Lord Jesus, *fiat voluntas tua!* Thou gavest him to us, Thou hast taken him from us blessed be the name of the Lord! That I had any thing acceptable to Thee was from thy grace alone, since from me he had nothing but sin, but that Thou hast pardon'd! blessed be my God for ever, amen!

In my opinion he was suffocated by the women and maids that tended him, and cover'd him too hot with blankets as he lay in a cradle, near an excessive hot fire in a close roome. I suffer'd him to be open'd, when they found that he was what is vulgarly call'd liver-growne. I caused his body to be coffin'd in lead and repositied on the 30th at 8 o'clock that night in the church of Deptford accompanied with divers of my relations and neighbours, among whom I distributed rings with this motto, *Dominus abstulit;* intending, God willing, to have him transported with my owne body to be interr'd in our dormitory in Wotton church, in my dear native county Surrey, and to lay my bones and mingle my dust with my fathers, if God be gracious to me and make me as fit for Him as this blessed child was. The Lord Jesus sanctify this and all other my afflictions, Amen!\*

Here ends the joy of my life, and for which I go even mourning to the grave.

\* In the Preface to his Translation of "The Golden Book of St. Chrysostom, concerning the Education of Children," is likewise given a very interesting account of this amiable and promising child.

### DR. SOLOMON.

[*Southey fell in with the once celebrated Dr. Solomon, on board a Dublin packet, and sent this pen and ink portrait of the quack to Mrs. Southey.*]

To my great satisfaction, we had in our company one of the most celebrated characters existing at this day; a man whose name is as widely known as that of any human being, except, perhaps, Bonaparte! He is not above five feet; but, notwithstanding his figure, soon became the most important personage of the party. "Sir," said he, as soon as he set foot in the vessel, "I am a unique; I go anywhere, just as the whim takes me: this morning, sir, I had no idea whatever of going to Dublin; I did not think of it when I left home; my wife and family know nothing of the trip. I have only one shirt with me besides what I have on; my nephew here, sir, has not another shirt to his back: but money, sir, money—anything may be had at Dublin." Who the devil is this fellow? thought I. We talked of rum—he had just bought 100 punch-ions, the weakest drop 15 above proof, of the West of England—out he pulls an Exeter newspaper from his pocket; of bank paper—his pocket-book was stuffed with notes, Scotch, Irish, and English; and I really am

obliged to him for some clews to discover forged paper. Talk, talk, everlasting;—he could draw for money on any town in the United Kingdom; ay, or in America. At last he was made known as Dr. Solomon. At night I set upon the doctor, and turned the discourse upon disease in general, beginning with the Liverpool flux—which remedy most effectual?—nothing like the Cordial Balm of Gilead; at last I ventured to touch upon a tender subject—did he conceive Dr. Brodum's medicine to be at all analogous to his own? "Not in the least, sir; color, smell, all totally different; as for Dr. Brodum, sir—all the world knows it—it is manifest to everybody—that his advertisements are all stolen, *verbatim et literatim*, from mine. Sir, I don't think it worth while to notice such a fellow." But enough of Solomon and his nephew and successor that is to be—the Rehoboam of Gilead—a cub in training.

### A NEW DISH.

SOUTHEY in a letter to a friend, makes this amusing contribution to gastronomy:—

Lakers and visitors have now disappeared for the season, like the swallows and other birds who are lucky enough to have better winter quarters allotted to them than this island affords them. The woodcocks and snipes have arrived by this token, and my bookbinder here sent me a brace of the latter last week; and this reminds me to tell you, that if you ever have an owl dressed for dinner, you had better have it boiled, and smothered with onions, for it is not good roasted. *Experto crede Roberto.*

Two or three weeks ago, calling at Calvert's, I learned that Raisly C. had committed the great sin of shooting an owl. The criminality of the act was qualified by an ingenious confession, that he did not know what it was when he fired at it. The bird was brought in to show us, and then given me that I might show it to your godson owls and monkeys being of all created things those for which he has acquired the greatest liking from his graphic studies. Home I came with the owl in my hand, and in the morning you would have been well pleased had you seen Cuthbert's joy at recognizing, for the first time, the reality of what he sees daily in Bewick, or in some other of his books. Wordsworth and his wife were here, and as there was no sin in eating the owl, I ordered it to be dressed and brought in, in the place of game, that day at dinner. It was served up without the head, and a squat-looking fellow it was, about the size of a large wild pigeon, but broader in proportion to its length. The meat was more like bad mutton than anything else. Wordsworth was not valiant enough to taste it. Mrs. W. did, and we agreed that there could be no pretext for making owls game and killing them as delicacies. But if ever you eat one, by all means try it boiled, with onion sauce.

A LAGER beer barrel was being filled with beer in a Cincinnati brewery, last week, the beer being forced from a vat by compressed air, when the vat exploded, and a man's head was nearly blown off. It will be remembered that not long ago a beer barrel exploded, cutting a man's head completely from his shoulders. These are the only two instances on record of lager beer flying to the head.

GEORGE SAND ON CHILDREN AND  
THEIR BOOKS.

I WOULD not have a child glibly taught the horrors of life, the wickedness of beings, the secrets of the charnel house, the bloodsheds, the mortal hatreds, the dream of hell, the anger of God, as simple things to which he must become accustomed as soon as possible, that his reason may be injured to them or his faith submit to them. We cannot shield him from the sight of surrounding evil or from the fear of disaster. The rich man can, up to a certain point, keep his young family from such things; the poor cannot. Teach him, then, to hate the evil he sees. Do not rear him in hurtful indifference, in a pretended philosophical or religious stoicism which consists in saying: Things are so; wisdom or faith must accept them. I would it were possible to let the child grow up without knowing that evil exists. It must not be thought of; evil is everywhere. There are no calm lives; so much the more reason for making him love the good and the beautiful, and for cultivating in him the holy flower of hope.

It is said that the taste for destruction exists in the child; that is generally true, especially in the male. Combat this savage instinct; prevent it from degenerating into cruelty. If you would have him truly a Christian, do not speak to him of the torments of hell; if you would make him a man, awaken the love of his fellow-creatures within him. To this end you must not tell him that man is worthless, that he is not perfectible, and that he can only be corrected by means of severity; that all the future is absolute nothingness or eternal punishment. He must not be turned to stone, either by the fear which produces egotism, or by the indifference which consecrates it. Tell him as late as possible what murder is, and if, as it has lately happened, in the midst of the disasters of whole populations, it has been impossible to withdraw him from fearful sights, from heart-rending separations, take advantage of the first moment of renewed calm to divert his mind from them and make him forget them.

There is an age at which the soul must forget or perish. Nature has provided for this. The child easily forgets; help him to do so. Do not in his presence resume the narrative of the catastrophes he has seen; and if he has avoided seeing them, do not relate them at all. I am often told that I keep children's souls too much in cotton wool. Does not nature itself teach us this by imparting to mothers the instinct of preserving the most fragile creatures at the cost of the minutest precautions? Is not the young bird brought up in the softest down till its wings have grown? The wings of the soul will show themselves when the time comes; and you have many other precautions to take while directing its first soarings. With the study of language, and of some art or handicraft, there will be quite enough to do for two or three years, till the age is reached at which a settled morality will allow the history of the human race, the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes, of which it is made up, to be learned, and give the power of forming a judgment, both emotional and decided, on this terrible question of evil and of good.

THE favorite terpsichorean figure of the old-school physician — dos-á-dos.

ANECDOTE OF MALIBRAN.

DURING the rehearsals preceding the first representation of the "Maid of Artois," Malibran did not spare herself; for, being determined that it should succeed, she threw her whole heart and soul into that wearying work, and really "stage-managed" every scene, and would not let anything pass until she was thoroughly assured that all danger of failures, or even of a cold reception, had vanished. At the end of the first act, those who were most intimately acquainted with her, perceived that she was becoming exhausted, and were horrified at finding the audience, — as most audiences generally are, — disposed to be more than usually exacting in demanding encores after the greatest efforts to please them, without any common sense, — if it ever could be exercised, — being allowed the slightest opportunity of exerting itself. So intense was Malibran's "pluck," which is the only word that can describe her energy aright, that she would not give way, but went through the second act with a determination that said, "Beaten I will not be!" She, however, remembered that an immense trial awaited her in the *finale* of the third act; and finding her strength giving way, she sent for Mr. Balfe and Mr. Bunn, and told them that unless they did as they were bid, after all the previous success, the end might result in failure; but she said, "Manage to let me have a pot of porter somehow or other before I have to sing, and I will get you an encore which will bring down the house." How to manage this was difficult, for the scene was so set that it seemed scarcely possible to hand her up "the pewter" without its being witnessed by the audience, and thus "the one step from the sublime to the ridiculous" being realized. After much consultation, Malibran having been assured that her wish should be fulfilled, it was arranged that the pot of porter should be handed up to her through a trap in the stage at the moment when Jules had thrown himself upon her, supposing that life had fled; and Mr. Templeton was drilled into the manner in which he should so manage as to conceal the necessary arrangement that the audience would never suspect what was going on. At the right moment a friendly hand put the foaming pewter through the stage to be swallowed at a draught, and success was won! Well might the writer above quoted have said that the *finale* must have been heard. No power of language any man can use can ever describe how it was delivered. Malibran, however, had not overestimated her own strength. She knew it wanted but this fillip to carry her through. She had resolved to have an encore, and she had it, in such a fashion as made the roof of "Old Drury" ring as it had never rung before. On the repetition of the opera, and afterward, a different arrangement of the stage was made, and a property calabash containing a pot of porter was used; but although the result was constantly won, Malibran always said it was not half as "nice," nor did her anything like the good it would have done if she could only have had it out of the pewter.

JAPANESE TOMMY burned his fingers with a Philadelphia type-mould. Tommy is not the only person who has burned his fingers by meddling with the types.

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

MR. PHILLIPS had a very fine audience in Tremont Temple Monday evening. Mr. Murray presided very happily.

THE beautiful portrait, by the artist Young, which formed one of the attractions at the table of Mrs. Ahlborn, has been sold for one hundred and seventy-five dollars.

THE admission to the Fair has been reduced one-half, and visitors may inspect the various attractions in Music and Horticultural Halls, for twenty-five cents instead of fifty as heretofore.

THE medicine chest is one of the most prominent and attractive objects in Music Hall. So far, Dr. Ohlborn, of this city, has led all the other physicians, having received about two hundred votes. The list of names voted for is a very long one, and shows that the friends of every doctor in the city are determined to throw some votes for their favorite.

THE following are the names of the young ladies who assisted Mrs. Vinton in the refreshment room on Monday: Misses Irene T. Studley, Emily E. Maynard, Ida Munson, F. L. Bowdlear, Nellie Safford, Sadie Van Praag, Louise Libby, F. Marion Libby, Clara Warner, Emma J. Polley, Lillie Taylor, Minnie Taylor, of Boston; Ida M. Leonard, Jennie Knight, Clara Eaton, of Cambridgeport; Addie Hutchinson, Lottie F. Low, Marion Fuller, of Chelsea.

THE question has been raised as to the propriety of using the English mode of pronunciation of the name of the artist whose wonderful genius has illustrated the two magnificent volumes of the Bible at the book table which is to be given to the clergyman who receives the greatest number of votes. We opine that both the French and English methods are correct. It is equally proper to say in French *que la Bible Doré sera donnée au predicateur le plus aDoré*; or, in English, that the Dore Bible is to be given to the most a-Dored clergyman.

TABLE No. 29, Dorchester, deserves special mention for its valuable collection of paintings, several of which have already found purchasers. There still remains a landscape by Gerry, a stable interior by Halur, and one of Keith's lovely bits of scenery. An exquisite artist's proof engraving of Bellow's "Life's Day," is to be raffled at this table, the shares going off rapidly. Another raffle of a practical nature, in which gentlemen, particularly lone and lorn bachelors will do well to invest, is an order on Bacon for a set of shirts. Gentlemen should not neglect such an opportunity.

THE Treasurer of the "Homœopathic Hospital Fair," begs to acknowledge the receipt of the following donations, since the Fair was projected: April 23, 1872. D. W. Lawrence, \$50; W. A. Thompson, Treasurer Med-

ford Dramatic Society, \$65.50; A. C. Mayhew, \$5; Mrs. Huckins and Mrs. Brigham, proceeds of dancing party, E. Boston, \$174; Mrs. Paige and Mrs. Whitehouse, proceeds of party at Stoneham, \$13.50; Friend, Northampton, \$10; Mrs. E. L. Gallupe, Bangor, \$2; Dr. D. G. Ochme, Plymouth, Mass., \$17.25; friends of the Hospital, Fitchburg, \$125; Dr. J. Hedenberg, Medford, \$16; friends in Concord, N. H., per C. C. Danforth, Esq., \$286.50. Total, \$764.65.

C. G. WOOD, *Treasurer*.

WE learn from a Portland paper that a merchant of Portland offered to give one of the ladies interested in the great homœopathic fair a hogshead of molasses for the benefit of that institution, on condition that she would sell it out by the quart. She accepted the offer, and called on a Boston hotel keeper and proposed to sell him a hogshead of molasses at so much a quart. The price was agreed upon, the cost figured up, and the amount handed over to the lady, while the molasses was rolled into the store-room. The lady certainly fulfilled her part of the agreement.

HAVING published the trousseau of one extravagantly clad doll, we did not suppose that another such a wonder could be found; but it seems that there is another member of the doll family. Her name is "Lillie," and it can be truly said of her that she toils not neither does she spin, but Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like her vide: Court dress, under-dress white satin, trimmed with point applique lace, with Nile green silk over-dress trimmed the same; evening dress, pink silk, with muslin and lace over-dress and pink sash; house dress, blue striped silk, fringe trimmings; street dress, checked silk, with cherry trimmings, — lace and chip hat, trimmed to match; walking dress, black silk, with Malta lace trimmings, — white chip bonnet, trimmed with blue; travelling dress, linen suit, — chip hat, trimmed with green. There is also a robe de chambre, and a chamber set, which include all the articles which usually minister to a doll's luxury.

AT the Hingham table No. 38, Music Hall, may be found many articles both useful and ornamental to attract the attention of purchasers. The table on which is exhibited the elegant doll, "Lillie," or "Pink and White Tyranny," with her fashionable wardrobe, travelling trunk, and chamber set, is continually surrounded by a delighted throng of old and young. For a doll there is nothing wanting, and the raffle book shows that it is well appreciated. At this table may be found a beautiful fancy table. — the top an elaborate pattern in beads, richly mounted in black walnut and gilt. There is also a pretty picture in oils, sketched by the artist, Mrs. Shedd. It is an Alpine scene, and invites the closest examination. An elegant Afghan is being sold in shares for not a cent more than its real value. The same mention may be made of the infant's cloak and cap. A unique lot of toy ware, comprising a complete chamber set and many other articles selling at twenty-five cents a share. The noted Hingham wooden ware may here be found in great variety.

THE following is the musical programme for this evening:—

### HORTICULTURAL HALL.

#### PART I.

1. Overture, "Leichte Cavailliere" . . . . . Suppe.
2. Concert Waltz, "Blue Danube" . . . . . Strauss.
3. Selection, "Traviata" . . . . . Verdi.
4. Galop, "Mecur" . . . . . Kela Bela.
5. Clarinet Solo, "Una voce poco fa" . . . . . Rossini.
6. Polka Mazurka, "Aurora" . . . . . Parlow.

#### PART II.

7. Grand March, "Die Alpenyager" . . . . . Voigt.
8. Trio, from "Attila" . . . . . Verdi.
9. Concert Waltz, "Freut euch des Lebens" . . . . . Strauss.
10. Cavatina, "Nabucco" . . . . . Verdi.
11. Wedding March . . . . . Mendelssohn.
12. Polka, "Blackfish" . . . . . Gungl.

### MUSIC HALL.

#### PART I.

1. Grand March, "Rendezvous" . . . . . Zikoff.
2. Concert Walzer, "Palm of Peace" . . . . . Strauss.
3. Cornet Solo, "Si tu Servais" . . . . . Balfe.
4. Galop, "Piccadilly" . . . . . J. Braham.
5. Remembrances of "Tannhauser" . . . . . Wagner.
6. Nocturne, Flute and Violin . . . . . Behr.

#### PART 2.

7. Overture "Branditep Steiche" . . . . . Suppe.
8. Concert Walzer, "The Path of the Stars" . . . . . Strauss.
9. "When the Swallows Homeward Fly" . . . . . Abt.
10. Polonaise, "Marleu" . . . . . Sekat.
11. Cavatina . . . . . Ricci.
12. Polka Mazurka, "Caprice" . . . . . Budik.

THE following raffles were drawn on Monday evening:

In Horticultural Hall—Table 5, set of Shakspeare; George G. Richards, 21 Chestnut street.

In Music Hall—Table 28, Wrought Chair; Richard Fairfax, 445 Shawmut avenue.

Table 26, Wrought Chair, Mrs. G. C. Lord, United States Hotel.

Table 26, Waltham Watch; J. W. Cummings, 170 Brookline street.

Table 29, Album of Autographs and Water Colors; Mrs. Mattie A. Wonson, East Gloucester.

Table 30, Worked Chair; Mrs. Daniel Wheeler, 157 West Newton street.

Table 44, Wrought Chair; Mrs. O. H. Cole, 37 Charles street.

Each of the above articles is valued at \$150.

Table 50, Adjustable Easy Chair, value \$60; Henry A. Cutter, or Fuller, 60 West Rutland square.

Table 49, large Chair, value \$90; A. S. Saunders, 11 Bowdoin street.

Table 29, one dozen Shirts; Augustus Brown, 52 St. James square.

The following were drawn on Tuesday evening:

Table 29, Sofa Pillow; Jerome Jones, 24 South Market street.

Table 38, Wooden Ware; Maggie Brooks, Salem. Linen Suit; Mrs. Geo. Going, 28 Leverett street.

Table 43, Chair; W. E. Shedd, 38 Avon street.

Table 53, combination raffle, Chair; E. L. P., 97 Pearl street. Foot-rest; Dudley R. Child, 172 W. Canton street.

Table 59, two Pictures in water colors; George Perkins, Arlington street, and Mrs. Ruggles, Jamaica Plain.

### TABLE TALK.

— The ladies in charge of the Somerville table have given a series of entertainments, consisting of a parlor musical and literary entertainment, a calico ball, spectre party, and an exhibition of stereopticon views, etc., the proceeds of which were invested in useful articles, ladies' and children's under-clothing, aprons, etc., most of which are already disposed of. At this table may be found a magnificent Turkish rug, to be presented to the physician receiving the largest number of votes. A variety of articles are here offered for raffle, the most conspicuous of which are a reclining chair, reception chair and sofa-pillow, table and travelling-bag, French doll, and nursery-basket. There are dressing sacks, toilet sets, tidies, meats, etc., in profusion.

— At the donation table number 50, Music Hall, one of the handsomest chairs in the hall is raffling in 175 shares, at one dollar. It is the Boston Adjustable Easy Chair, given by Thompson and Company, 289 Washington street. A silver tea-pitcher is selling in one dollar shares, with a prize to each ticket. A painting on copper, "Psyche and her Lover," saved from the art gallery of the Chicago Opera House when it was destroyed by the great fire, is an artistic gem, and was presented by Dr. W. J. Hawkes.

— At the East Boston table, in Horticultural Hall, Mrs. E. F. Spaulding, president, is an auto-photograph album to be voted to the most popular physician, or public educator, which is filled with very choice signatures. The wax flowers at this table have been much complimented. Among the minor attractions are an elegant Egyptian foot-rest, chamber-sets, ice cream freezers, easy chairs, and many other useful articles which altogether make up a fine collection.

— The Allston table, in Music Hall, of which Mrs. G. H. Emerson is president, has one of the most beautiful fire screens to be found in the whole fair. The design, that of an ancient harper with his harp, is wrought with the most careful delicacy. One of the novel articles which are useful as well as ornamental is a gentleman's embroidered boot box, with all the needed accessories. There are also dusters made of peacock feathers, a wrought chair, carriage dusters and other articles of use and value. The fire screen is valued at one hundred and fifty dollars, and is being raffled.

— A pretty thing has been given to the table of Mrs. Farwell, in Music Hall. It is a unique pen-and-ink picture, executed and presented by Mr. Charles W. Reed. The sketch introduces three figures, the most prominent of which is Dr. Hoffendahl, who is represented as measuring out homœopathic medicines for his little patient, who occupies a couch in the background, while the mother stands near by. The whole is remarkably well drawn, the portrait of the doctor being pronounced most excellent by his friends. The picture is to be sold for the benefit of the fair.

ANECDOTES OF NOLLEKENS, THE  
SCULPTOR.

[From Allan Cunningham's *Lives of Painters and Sculptors.*]

THE marriage of Nollekens brought him into intercourse with a coterie of clever ladies, two of whom were members of the Royal Academy: to wit, Miss Moser, skilful in painting flowers, sarcastic when she held the pen, — and the more celebrated Angelica Kauffman, whose charms once inveigled Reynolds into a flirtation which lasted five minutes, in the front of one of the boxes of the theatre, and who ended with marrying a discarded footman, whom she mistook for Count Horn. Now, Fuseli was admired by Miss Moser, and Angelica Kauffman was beloved by Fuseli; and as Mrs. Nollekens was not encumbered with the cares of a family, she found leisure to sympathize with her friends, and a confidential intercourse was established over a cup of tea and a moderate supper. Dr. Johnson, too, was a visitor — he generally appeared about once a week, and when the door was opened to the thunder of his knocks, announced himself effectually by growling out, "Is little Nolly at home — is little Nolly at home?" The company of Johnson, or even of Miss Moser could not be enjoyed as they deserved by one so illiterate and so unenlightened as Nollekens; but he was a good listener and a pleasant man, and sometimes came sliding in with a saying worth laughing at. Johnson, with great good-nature, talked about art; and Angelica Kauffman, while Mrs. Nollekens was soothed into mildness of mood, painted her in the character of Innocence with a dove, for which her husband gave fifteen guineas.

If we are to credit the picture which Smith has drawn of their domestic economy, the sculptor and his wife were passing frugal people. On one occasion, when a select party was expected, the table spread, and an unwonted roast making ready, a loud knock was heard at the door, followed by the scraping of feet, and a drudging kitchen-wench, as brown as a desert — whom her master's assistants called Bronze — approaching her mistress, whispered, "All the Hawkins's are in the dining-room!" "Nolly," said the perplexed lady, "this is the way we are always served when we dress a joint — surely you won't ask *them* to dinner?" "I ask them!" exclaimed the artist, "I'll not encourage that sort of thing — let them get their meals at home — or they may go to Mathew's — they'll find the cold leg of lamb we left yesterday." This formidable invasion of all the Hawkins's was repelled, good-humor restored, and Bronze, with a significant wink and wave of her hand, carried Smith — who had been standing as a model for a naked Mercury — into the dining-room to see the preparations.

"The scanty display," says this friendly biographer "for so many persons astonished me. I shall endeavor to describe the 'Spread,' as it is called at Cambridge. Two tables were joined; but as the legs of the one were shorter than those of the other, four pieces of wood were prepared to receive them. The damask table-cloth was of a coffee color, similar to that formerly preferred by washers of court ruffles. The knives and forks matched pretty well; but the plates, of queen's ware, had lost some of their gadrooned edges, and were of unequal sizes. The dinner consisted of a roasted leg of pork; a salad, with

four heads of celery standing pyramidically; mashed turnips neatly spooned over a large flat plate to the height of a quarter of an inch, and lastly, there was a large lobster. The side dishes were a chicken and reindeer's tongue, with parsley and butter; but the boat was without a ladle, and the plate hardly large enough for it to stand in. Close to the seat of Mrs. Nollekens stood a dumb waiter with cheese, a slice of butter, a few water-cresses, and a change of plates and knives and forks. Seven sat down — there were no challenges to wine — nor do I think it was mentioned till the servants were ordered to take off." Having described the dinner, the same historian furnishes the conversation. "My dear Nolly," said the mistress of the feast, "you had no occasion to have wasted the writing-paper for the claret; for as it is the only bottle with a tall neck, we should have known it; my dear Mrs. Paradise, you may safely take a glass of it, for it is the last of twelve which Mr. Caleb Whiteford sent us as present; and anybody who talks about wine should know his house has ever been famous for claret." "Now, don't crack the nuts with your teeth, Miss Moser," said Nollekens, interrupting his wife, "else you'll spoil them." "And what would Mr. Fuseli say to that?" slyly inquired another guest. "Say," said the lively lady, "why he would, in his usual classic manner, say, 'She may break them and be damned!'"

In these frugal entertainments and frivolous gossipings, something of the man and nothing of the artist is seen; but in truth Nollekens was great nowhere save in his studio with his clay and his marble. In company he was frequently exposed to the sarcasms of Barry; and Fuseli set him up as a sort of target to shoot his wit-bolts at. All this and much more he endured,

"Wrapt in rich dulness, comfortable fur,"

and seemed to think with Shakspeare, "If a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him." He had that happy equanimity of temper that nothing in the shape of satire could disturb. But in the practice of his profession he was sometimes annoyed by the suspicious curiosity of his wife, who imagined that he had genius equal to the task of making his figures from fancy alone, without those grosser aids to which artists generally resort. When he was modelling his goddesses he had the help of living figures, and Mrs. Nollekens was not without fears that her husband might on such occasions forget himself, as Raphael is said to have done. She was sorely troubled. "One morning," says Smith, "a very handsome woman came with a basket and butter to the door, and Nollekens, according to his custom, answered the knock. When he saw this beautiful creature he said, 'Come in, my dear; who sent you to me?' 'No one, sir,' said the woman; 'my friends tell me I have a knack at modelling in butter, and I have brought some pigs and sheep to show you.' 'Come in,' said the artist, 'this young man is my pupil, and he won't say a word about it.' 'I am a housekeeper,' said the stranger, 'in want of a situation, and hearing that the knowledge of modelling animals in butter might be a recommendation, I have made bold to bring something of the sort.' The sculptor, who was gazing on her — measuring her in his mind for a variation of a Venus — was interrupted by his wife. 'Surely, sir,' said she, 'you are no pastry-

cook — what have you to do with modelling in butter? the neighbors will say you have taught Mrs. — what's your name, my good young woman?' 'Wilmot, madam.' — 'Mrs. Wilmot to model in butter! Pray are you married, Mrs. Wilmot?' 'I cannot say that I am, madam.' 'Mr. Nollekens, let me speak to you in the next room.' The sculptor followed his incensed spouse, upon which this female worker in butter said to Smith, 'She is jealous — my good looks are against me.' Mrs. Nollekens presently returned, dismissed her handsome visitor, and was observed to watch afterward to see if her husband desired to improve the acquaintance."

### BALZAC AT WORK.

THE great novelist's debts were a torture to him; but when, seated before his table, in his monk's frock, in the midst of the silence of the night, he found himself in the presence of the white sheets of paper, lit by the flame of his seven-candled lamp, concentrated by a green shade, in taking the pen he forgot everything; and then began a strife most terrible. In these fearful battles of the night, from which in the morning he came forth broken, but conqueror, when the extinguished ashes of the fire made chill the atmosphere of his chamber, his head smoked, and from his body exhaled a steam as from the bodies of horses in winter time. Often a single phrase occupied him a whole vigil: it was taken, retaken, twisted, kneaded, hammered, drawn out, shortened, written in a hundred different manners; while, strangely enough, the necessary and absolute form only presented itself after the exhaustion of the approximate forms. Without doubt, there were occasions when the molten metal of his thought flowed with a jet that was fuller and less turgid, but there are very few pages of Balzac which have remained identical with the first rough draft. His manner of proceeding was this: when he had for a long time carried in his mind and *lived* a subject, with a rapid, rough, blotted, almost hieroglyphic caligraphy, he traced a kind of sketch in a few pages, which he sent to the printing-house, whence it returned in the form of placards! — that is, columns of letter-press printed in the middle of large leaves of paper. Balzac read carefully these placards, which gave already to his embryo work the impersonal character, which is not possessed by manuscript, and then applied to this rough draft the high critical faculty which he possessed, as if the question had been of the work of some one else. He operated on something; with approval, or disapproval, he retained or corrected, but, above all, he made additions. Lines starting from the beginning, the middle, or the end of phrases, led toward the margins, on the right, on the left, above, below, conducting to developments, intercalations, epithets, adverbs. At the end of some hours of work, one would have called it a spray of fire-works, as drawn by a child.

From the primitive text started rockets of style, which burst forth on all sides. Then there were crosses simple; crosses recrossed, like those in heraldry; stars; suns; Arabian or Roman figures; Greek or French characters; all imaginable signs of reference came into one grand entanglement. Slips of paper, fastened with wafers, attached by pins, were added to the insufficient margins;

stripes of lines in fine characters to help to the place, and full themselves of erasures,— for a correction scarcely made was already itself corrected. The printed sheet almost disappeared in the midst of this scrawl of cabalistic appearance, which the compositors passed from hand to hand, stipulating that they were not to do more than an hour each of Balzac.

The following day they would bring him back the sheets with the corrections made, that already increased them by one-half. Balzac set to work again, amplifying always, adding a trait, a detail, a painting, an observation of manners, a characteristic word, an effective phrase, making the idea grasped more closely by the form, bringing himself always nearer to his interior impression, choosing, like a painter among several contours, the definitive line. Often, after having completed the terrible toil with that intensity of application of which he alone was capable, he perceived that the thought had become warped in the execution; that an episode predominated; that a figure which he had wished to be secondary for general effect projected beyond his plans; and with a stroke of the pen he erased courageously the result of four or five nights of labor. He was heroic in these casualties. Six, seven, and often ten proofs, went back to the printer erased, done over again, without satisfying the desire of the author for perfection. The great novelist kept changing his colors just as a painter does when he cannot get the effect he wishes. His powerful will seems to have acted in the place of patience. — *London Society*.

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A WOMAN came into a horse-car on a snowy day, with some snow on her bonnet. A man next to her, who intended to be politely kind, attempted to brush it off. With the snow came off the bonnet, and, sad to relate, the *hair* followed (the head *alone* remaining), all falling in a mass into the woman's lap. The man, the innocent cause of this catastrophe, feeling that something must be said, remarked, after a short pause, "There aint much dependence to be placed in bonnets now-a-days."

ONE of the features of the fair which has not been sufficiently noticed, is the art museum in the upper retiring room, on the left of the organ. It is in all respects the best museum of the sort ever exhibited, the collection being entirely original. A gentleman in Brussels has offered for it any price that the owners may name. He wishes to secure it for exhibition in Europe.

## DISTINGUISHED AUTHORS, HIGHLY DILUTED.

## THE IDYL OF THE DOCTORS.

BY BET HARTY.

1.

It was! No, it was'nt! Don't say so! Do tell!  
 Come, stand round! Get along! What for?  
 Very well!  
 Why keep up this jaw? 'Taint no use! Man alive!  
 You *will* have my story! Go ahead! Let her drive!

2.

There were two notions, you see, 'bout medicine; some said  
 Disease must be fought with, and knocked on the head.  
 And jest as you'd shoot a red Injun at sight,  
 Fire away at a fever, and make it all right.

3.

T' other Doctors, they judged 'twas n't Christian nor kind  
 To treat poor diseases so rough, and their mind  
 Was to send some relation to ask it to go, —  
 One Pathic was Allo, the other Homo.

4.

Now the Allos had got in that room, and they swore  
 The Homos must quit, by the window or door,  
 And one of these Homos I knew — well, no matter —  
 Can't a gal like a lad, but you will make a clatter?

5.

You see they had got him half way down the stairs,  
 When I happened to pass. It was quite unawares  
 That I took that great bottle of sulphurous stuff —  
 Some acid they called it. I sposed it was snuff.

6.

So I threw it promiscuous right into their faces —  
 (Lord, how they did scatter, and made such grimaces!)  
 My Doctor, the Homo — took under my arm,  
 And toted him off, gals — so saved him from harm.

7.

But I meant 'em no ill. I think it fair play.  
 'Twas their own stuff I gave 'em, — so what could they say?  
 The Doctor? Well, there stands his horse in my stable,  
 And he sits every day at the head of my table.

## ODE TO THE MEMORY OF W. M. TWEEDLE-DEE.

BY JOAQUIN MILLS.

*(The newest poet from the blue Pacific.)*

DON'T tell *me*! He was a brick!  
 To hear folks talk of him makes me sick.  
 He took a few millions. Come drink your cup!  
 But his eyes were tender — so just shut up.  
 A soul so large and eyes so blue  
 Might be allowed to steal a few.

Call him a robber, swindler, thief; —  
 But yet it seems a sort of relief,  
 To meet a man so meek and brave.  
 He ruined thousands; but then he gave

As freely as Heaven which over us bends,  
 Fat offices to all of his friends.

He forged receipts, orders and notes —  
 He cheated the people out of their votes;  
 Took the city's money, and with it bought  
 More than perhaps he had 'nt ought;  
 Of pictures, carriages — like a good feller —  
 Furnished his house from attic to cellar;  
 Such wines as his I could nary see!  
 But blame him not, base Pharisee!  
 For he never left me or mine in the lurch;  
 And best of all, did not go to church.

But this world is hard, and harsh, and old;  
 And it drove him out to stay in the cold —  
 And what most of all human nature disgraces,  
 Took all his offices, salaries, places.

His soul was as pure as an innocent child,  
 Or tender maiden, soft and mild.  
 If he swore like a trooper and drank like a fish  
 Yet drunk or sober, I only wish  
 Such another modest and kindly one  
 I could find again beneath the sun;  
 And the thought wounds my heart with terrible pain,  
 That we'll never look on *his* like again.

## LUMPS OF DIRT.

BY W. W.

I HAVE come! I! I!! I!!!  
 I! in the first person singular!  
 Boom cannon! Clash bells!  
 Fireworks (of the best quality) go off!  
 For I have come. — W. W.

I see nothing in this world but myself.  
 Nothing is of any value but I myself.  
 I am the soul in everything.  
 I reckon no one is like me, or ever will be.

I have seen all things. I see the sun, but the sun does not  
 dare to see me.

I even see the Fifth Avenue Hotel —  
 'The inkstand and pen-wiper — the teeth-brush —  
 Sugar-candy which little children desire —  
 The editor writing in his room — the printer's devil waiting  
 for copy, —

The naked corpse lying in the Morgue —  
 The man running to the railroad train —  
 Hoe's eight cylinder press — telegrams from Europe —  
 Fayal baskets in shop windows — robins whistling in the  
 spruce-trees —

The Northern aurora — the school girl studying her grammar.  
 All these things I have seen.  
 No one ever saw them but myself.  
 For I see what all men see,  
 And I, moreover, see what no one sees; not even myself.

I am inspired. My inspiration is Webster's Unabridged!  
 I am the poet laureate of the New American Encyclopedia!  
 I call black, white; and black I also call black;  
 For I see what I choose, who shall hinder me?  
 If I celebrate dirt, who shall complain?  
 I lie about loose.  
 Why not? I am W. W.

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# THE PELLET.

BOSTON, THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1872.

## LIVING LINKS BETWEEN DISTANT PERIODS.

POETS and moralists are constantly dwelling on the brevity of human life. "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," said the patriarch Job. "Man's life, O king," said a courtier of the Saxon Edwin, in the seventh century, "is like unto a little sparrow, which, whilst your majesty is feasting by the fire in your parlor with your royal retinue, flies in at one window and out at another." And yet human life in some respects seems long, especially when we compare it with the course of history during the duration of any particular life. Things are long or short, great or small, by comparison; and when we see a man who has lived through a long series of memorable events, he seems to have lived a very long time. Life is measured not by the ticks of a pendulum, but by the throbs of the heart and the movements of the mind.

How immense, for instance, is the amount of what we call history, since the peace of Versailles between England and America in 1783! What changes, what revolutions, what mutations of fortune, what progress in the arts of life, what discoveries and inventions, what growth in population in spite of the frightful wars that have desolated the earth! The books of biography and history dealing with these ninety years alone form a vast library. Indeed, so crowded are these years that the larger half of modern history, seems embraced in them. And yet there is a man now living in New York, Capt. Larbush, in full possession of his faculties, whose memory embraces this whole period. He is upwards of a hundred years old. He was born before Napoleon Bonaparte. He might have watched with an intelligent eye, and recorded with an intelligent mind, the proceedings at the opening of the States General at Versailles, in 1789. He might be able to tell us whether Robespierre had really a "sea green" complexion, or whether this epithet was simply a confusion of moral with physical ugliness. Who can help looking upon such a man with deep interest and curiosity? In his presence the dry bones of antiquity live once more. It is as though a mummy should start into being and motion, and open his leathern lips to speak.

Still more strongly does this sense of the length of life impress us when we put two long lives together, and reflect how much of the life of the world they comprehend. This may be illustrated by an example or two.

Samuel Rogers, who died in 1855, at the age of ninety-two, had seen Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds. He was present when Sir Joshua Reynolds delivered the last of his discourses as president of the Royal Academy, and saw and heard Burke at the close, take him by the hand, and with glowing looks exclaim:

"The angel ended, and in Adam's ear  
So charming left his voice, that he awhile  
Thought him still speaking: still stood fixed to hear."

Suppose a young man of twenty to have spoken with Rogers the year of his death, and then to live, like him, to the age of ninety-two; this would bring him to 1927. He

could then say that he had spoken with a man who had spoken with a man who remembered Dr. Johnson, who was born in 1709. Thus we should have an interval of two hundred and eighteen years bridged over by three lives.

The great earl of Mansfield who died in 1793, had conversed with a man who was present at the execution of Charles I., which took place in 1649. There are persons now living who might have spoken with the Earl of Mansfield, and been old enough to remember the circumstance so long as they lived. Among these are Mr. Horace Binney, of Philadelphia, and Mr. William Minot, of Boston, both living in a serene and beautiful old age, and both with memories untouched by Time. How far back in the past does the execution of Charles I. seem! and yet, how comparatively near it is brought when we reflect on the few lives that stand between us and it!

In 1828, the writer of this article saw and conversed with the venerable Dr. Lothrop, of Plymouth, then confined to his bed by infirmity, but with a clear mind and a lively interest alike in the past and present. He remembered Elder Faunce, who died in 1745 at the age of ninety-nine; and Elder Faunce remembered the last survivors of the pilgrims who had come over in the *May Flower*. The clasp of the old man's hand seemed to transmit an electric thrill from the very deck of that vessel. And should the writer live to the end of the present century, — a possible, but not a probable event, — with what interest would the children of that period listen to the aged man who could tell them that he had seen a man who had seen a man who had seen some of the pilgrim fathers of New England!

But the most striking illustration of the subject is yet to come. In the *Aberdeen Journal*, during the summer of 1838, there appeared the following paragraph: —

"There is now living in the vicinity of Aberdeen, a gentleman who can boast personal acquaintance with an individual who has seen and conversed with another who actually had been present at the battle of Flodden Field! Marvellous as this may appear, it is not less true. The gentleman to whom we allude was personally acquainted with the celebrated Peter Garden, of Auchterless, who died in 1775, at the reputed age of one hundred and thirty-one, although there is reason to believe that he was several years older. Peter, in his younger days, was servant to Garden, of Troup, whom he accompanied on a journey through the north of England, when he saw and conversed with the famous Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine. Jenkins was born in 1501, and was, of course, twelve years of age at the battle of Flodden Field; and on that memorable occasion he bore arrows to an English nobleman, whom he served in the capacity of page!"

This quotation is taken from an essay on the subject, by Robert Chambers, which also suggested the present article. As Mr. Chambers well says; "When we think of such things, the ordinary laws of nature seem to have undergone partial relaxation, and the dust of ancient times almost becomes living flesh before our eyes."

G. S. H.

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS repeated his famous lecture on "The Lost Arts," in Tremont Temple, on Monday evening, for the benefit of the Homœopathic Hospital. Rev. W. H. H. Murray presided.

Before entering upon the subject of his lecture, Mr. Phillips gave some account of the circumstances under which it was first delivered. He said: "I remember the first time I ever had the honor of offering it to a Boston audience, that is, the *same outline*,—for the lecture was never written out: and what with adding and omitting and changing it reminds me sometimes of the good Scotswoman's gown that had been 'turned inside out, and wrong side fore, and top side bottom so often' that its owner no longer knew it. But a faithful memory saves the *outline* as I first gave it, before your predecessors, at the outset of this present system of winter lectures, planned by Horace Mann and George B. Emerson and Amasa Walker as supplementary to the common school system; which was to win busy men to listen to tales of travel, and histories of inventions, but which had no moral purpose, no political object; the highest idea of which was to offer an hour's entertainment, or a homœopathic dose of instruction.

The audience did not at first realize the character of this entertainment; they knew that a Sunday meeting was orderly and decorous; they knew that, at a caucus, a man went in and out of the town hall, and walked and talked as he chose; but what place between the two the lyceum lecture was intended to fill, they did not exactly see. The first time that this lecture was given in Boston, at the Odeon, to an audience about three times as large as this, the boys ran up and down the aisles and played "corum" in the galleries, and imprinted their heels so emphatically on the staircases, that I concluded that listening was one of the lost arts, and I sat down. George Bancroft, now our minister to Germany, was in the chair, and he made a few expostulatory, exhortatory and good mannered remarks, which calmed the tumult and enabled me to finish. But the next lecture evening, a young lawyer talking to us about Constantinople, was entirely conquered by the boys, and heels carried it over the platform. The next fall the innocent committee bethought themselves of a policeman, and it is to this heroic remedy that we can ascribe the decorum with which a lyceum audience will listen for an hour, or an hour and a half, to the most stupid lecture.

My apology for delivering the lecture at all is, that I regarded it as corrective to the national disease of self-conceit. It is Fourth of July too often with us. One meets a man on the street, and he says, with wide eyes, 'What would our grandfathers say if they could look up and see us?' We are like the German mentioned by Coleridge, who took off his hat with profound respect whenever he mentioned himself; we take off our hats to ourselves altogether too often. Let us cast our eyes back to early civilization and ask whether we are sure that our self-conceit is based on the right point. In regard to the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, fiction, we acknowledge our inferiority, and admit that we are only gleaners in a field from which the heaviest harvest has been reaped; we show this in the very phrases which we use in talking of these arts. Dunlop says that in all European literature

there are not more than three hundred distinct plots, and two hundred and fifty of these are earlier than Christianity, and had their origin in Asia. Almost all the newspaper jokes have reached a venerable old age; all the Irish bulls on record are Greek."

#### DR. DOSEM'S SADDLE-BAGS.

DR. DOSEM rode round in a one hoss shay,—

("A sulky," he called it—it looked in the dumps  
As it joggled along) his patients to see—

Two worn down by fevers, two swelled up with mumps.

His saddle-bags lay on the seat by his side,

Gazing up in his face with a horrible grin,

As if saying, "Ha! ha! you and I, doctor, know

What death and destruction are lurking within!"

There were jalap and calomel, picra and pills,

Asafœtida, ipecac, rhubarb and squills—

Forgive the vile odor—it nauseates, I see;

"Just the thing to be done," quoth old Dr. D.

If he's sick, turn a man inside out, upside down,

The order of nature exactly reverse,

Emetic him, physic him, blister, then bleed,

He's sure to get better, unless—he gets worse.

"Dover's powders and morphine of course he must have;

They'll all bring him down pretty low, to be sure;

Then build up with iron, myrrh mixture and bark,

If he *should* still survive, what a marvellous cure!"

This creed the good doctor professed and believed,

And kept tittering about in an orthodox way;

His two fever patients grew worse till they died,

The mumped ones grew better and live to this day.

Dr. Dosem soon grew to a man of renown—

A great gun, a cannon, in fact, you might say;

Whenever he went off some good patient died,

Killed by science, all right, in the *regular* way;

He slew not one more than a great doctor should—

It's *so* nice to die of a licensed M. D.!

To be killed by a quack is a different thing,

As the dullest of doctors so easily see.

Resplendent in glory the saddle-bags shone,

Till one fatal day—how it grieves me to speak!

Right close to his nose came a vile homœopath,

Drawing off hosts of patients each day of the week.

"They'll die, that's a comfort!" growled old doctor D.

Die! they would n't—they did n't—the wretches got well!

"How dare they—how did they? taking nothing at all,

But those little pellets—by George, what a sell!

"It's nature that does it—don't tell me of sips,

Of globules and pellets the size of pen-tips!

"'Tis nature that does it—but what right has she

To be round curing people without a degree?

A man to be cured without sending for me!

Without sending for any right licensed M. D.!!

It's unscientific, irregular, mean—

The shamefulest thing that ever was seen!

Zounds! we'll wallop 'em well—I tell you we will—

The humbugs, pretending a pellet's a pill!"

His face grew so red, he fell out of his chair,

Right into a fit and died then and there.

The gist of the story each one of you sees—

'Tis the saddle-bags kill folks and not the disease.

## AN EARTH UPON HEAVEN.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SOMEBODY, a little while ago, wrote an excellent article in the New Monthly Magazine on "Persons one would wish to have known." He should write another on "Persons one could wish to have dined with." There is Rabelais, and Horace, and the Mermaid roysters, and Charles Cotton, and Andrew Marvell, and Sir Richard Steele, *cum multis aliis*: and for the colloquial, if not the festive part, Swift and Pope, and Dr. Johnson, and Burke, and Horne Tooke. What a pity one cannot dine with them all round! People are accused of having earthly notions of heaven. As it is difficult to have any other, we may be pardoned for thinking that we could spend a very pretty thousand years in dining and getting acquainted with all the good fellows on record; and having got used to them, we think we could go very well on, and be content to wait some other thousands for a higher beatitude. Oh, to wear out one of the celestial lives of a triple century's duration, and exquisitely to grow old, in reciprocating dinners and teas with the immortals of old books! Will Fielding "leave his card" in the next world? Will Berkeley (an angel in a wig and lawn sleeves!) come to ask how Utopia gets on? Will Shakespeare (for the greater the man, the more the good-nature might be expected) know by intuition that one of his readers (knocked up with bliss) is dying to see him at the Angel and Turk's Head, and come lounging with his hands in his doublet-pockets accordingly?

It is a pity that none of the great geniuses to whose lot it has fallen to describe a future state, has given us his own notions of heaven. Their accounts are all modified by the national theology; whereas the apostle himself has told us, that we can have no conception of the blessings intended for us. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc. After this, Dante's shining lights are poor. Milton's heaven, with the armed youth exercising themselves in military games, is worse. His best paradise was on earth, and a very pretty heaven he made of it.

For our parts, admitting and venerating as we do the notion of a heaven surpassing all human conception, we trust that it is no presumption to hope, that the state mentioned by the apostle is the *final* heaven; and that we may ascend and gradually accustom ourselves to the intensity of it, by others of a less superhuman nature. Familiar as we are both with joy and sorrow, and accustomed to surprises and strange sights of imagination, it is difficult to fancy even the delight of suddenly emerging into a new and boundless state of existence, where everything is marvellous, and opposed to our experience. We could wish to take gently to it; to be loosed not entirely at once. Our song desires to be "a song of degrees." Earth and its capabilities—are these nothing? And are they to come to nothing? Is there no beautiful realization of the fleeting type that is shown us? No body to this shadow? No quenching to this taught and continued thirst? No arrival at these natural homes and resting-places, which are so heavenly to our imaginations, even though they be built of clay, and are situate in the fields of our infancy? We are becoming graver than we intended; but to return to our proper style:—nothing shall persuade us, for the

present, that Paradise Mount, in any pretty village in England, has not another Paradise Mount to correspond, in some less perishing region; that is to say, provided anybody has set his heart upon it; and that we shall not all be dining, and drinking tea, and complaining of the weather (we mean, for its not being perfectly blissful) three hundred years hence in some snug interlunary spot, or perhaps in the moon itself, seeing that it is our next visible neighbor, and shrewdly suspected of being hill and dale.

It appears to us, that for a certain term of centuries, heaven *must* consist of something of this kind. In a word, we cannot but persuade ourselves, that to realize everything that we have justly desired on earth, will *be* heaven,—we mean, for that period: and that afterwards, if we behave ourselves in a proper pre-angelic manner, we shall go to another heaven, still better, where we shall realize all that we desired in our first. Of this latter we can as yet have no conception; but of the former, we think some of the items may be as follows:—

*Imprimis*,—(not because friendship comes before love in point of degree, but because it precedes it, in point of time, as at school we have a male companion before we are old enough to have a female)—*Imprimis* then, a friend. He will have the same tastes and inclinations as ourselves, with just enough difference to furnish argument without sharpness; and he will be generous, just, entertaining, and no shirker of his nectar. In short, he will be the best friend we have had upon earth. We shall talk together "of afternoons"; and when the *earth* begins to rise (a great big moon, looking as happy as we know its inhabitants *will* be), other friends will join us, not so emphatically our friends as he, but excellent fellows all; and we shall read the poets, and have some sphere music (if we please), or renew one of our old earthly evenings, picked out of a dozen Christmases.

*Item*, a mistress. In heaven (not to speak it profanely), we know, upon the best authority, that people are "neither married nor given in marriage"; so that there is nothing illegal in the term. (By the way, there can be no clergymen there, if there are no official duties for them. We do not say, there will be nobody who has been a clergyman. Berkeley would refute that; and a hundred Welsh curates. But they would be no longer in orders. They would refuse to call themselves more reverend than their neighbors.) *Item* then, a mistress; beautiful, of course,—an angelic expression,—a Peri, or Hourai, or whatever shape of perfection you choose to imagine her, and yet retaining the likeness of the woman you loved best on earth; in fact, she herself, but completed; all her good qualities made perfect, and all her defects taken away (with the exception of one or two charming little angelic peccadilloes, which she can only get rid of in a post-future state); good-tempered, laughing, serious, fond of everything about her without detriment to her special fondness for yourself. a great roamer in Elysian fields and forests, but not alone (they go in pairs there, as the jays and turtle-doves do with us); but above all things, true; oh, so true, that you take her word as you would a diamond, nothing being more transparent, or solid, or precious. Between writing some divine poem, and meeting our friends of an evening, we should walk with her, or fly (for we shall have wings, of course), like a couple of human bees or doves, extract-

ing delight from every flower, and with delight filling every shade. There is something too good in this to dwell upon; so we spare the fears and hopes of the prudish. We would lay her head upon our heart, and look more pleasure into her eyes, than the prudish or the profligate ever so much as fancied.

*Item, books.* Shakespeare and Spenser should write us *new ones!* Think of that. We would have another Decameron: and Walter Scott, for he will be there too;—we mean to beg (Hume to introduce us) shall write us forty more novels, all as good as the Scotch ones; and Radical as well as Tory shall love him. It is true, we speak professionally, when we mention books.

We think, admitted to that equal sky,  
The Arabian Nights must bear us company.

When Gainsborough died, he expired in a painter's enthusiasm, saying, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandike is of the party." He had a proper foretaste. Virgil had the same light, when he represented the old heroes enjoying in Elysium their favorite earthly pursuits; only one cannot help thinking, with the natural modesty of reformers, that the taste in this our interlunar heaven will be benefited from time to time by the knowledge of newcomers. We cannot well fancy a celestial ancient Briton delighting himself with painting his skin, or a Chinese angel hobbling a mile up the Milky Way in order to show herself to advantage.

For breakfast, we must have a tea beyond anything Chinese. Slaves will certainly not make the sugar; but there will be cows for the milk. One's landscapes cannot do without cows.

For horses we shall ride a Pegasus, or Ariosto's Hippogriff, or Sinbad's Roc. We mean, for our parts, to ride them all, having a passion for fabulous animals. Fable will be no fable then. We shall have just as much of it as we like; and the Utilitarians will be astonished to find how much of that sort of thing will be in request. They will look very odd, by the by, those gentlemen, when they first arrive; but will soon get used to the delight, and find there was more of it in their own doctrine than they imagined.

The weather will be extremely fine, but not without such varieties as shall hinder it from being tiresome. April will dress the whole country in diamonds; and there will be enough cold in winter to make a fire pleasant of an evening. The fire will be made of sweet-smelling turf and sunbeams; but it will have a look of coal. If we choose, now and then, we shall even have inconveniences.

THE Chinese carte de visite is a curiosity. It consists of a huge sheet of bright scarlet paper, with the owner's name inscribed in large letters—the bigger the more exquisite. For extra grand occasions, this card is folded ten times, the name is written in the right hand lower corner, with a humiliating prefix like, "your very stupid brother"; "your unworthy friend who bows his head and pays his respects," etc., etc., the words "your stupid" taking the place of "yours respectfully." It is etiquette to return these cards to the visitors, it being presumable that the expense is too great for general distribution.

### COOPER AND THACKERAY.

MR. W. C. BENNETT, an English song-writer, whose works deserve to be more widely known in this country, addresses the following letter to the editor of the London *Daily News*:—

SIR,—The death of Colonel Newcome is one of the most powerful passages penned by Thackeray. It is strange that its concluding sentences, so wonderful for their depth of pathos, have not recalled the passage from Fennimore Cooper's "Prairie," which surely must have unconsciously been floating in the mind of the author of "Vanity Fair" when he wrote the following passage in his "Newcomes":

"At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a tune, and, just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called, and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of his master."

So wrote Thackeray. Now compare with this the death of Cooper's aged trapper, the hero of his five Indian novels, as he gives it in the last chapter of "The Prairie":

"The old man had remained nearly motionless for an hour. His eyes alone had occasionally opened and shut. . . . Suddenly, while musing on the remarkable position in which he was placed, Middleton felt the hand which he held grasp his own with incredible power, and the old man, supported on either side by his friends, rose upright to his feet. For a moment he looked around him as if to invite all in presence to listen (the lingering remnants of human frailty), and then, with a fine military elevation of the head, and with a voice that might be heard in every part of that numerous assembly, he pronounced the word 'Here!'"

Surely the "Adsum!" and the "Here!" in these two death-scenes have some relation to each other.—Yours obediently,

W. C. BENNETT.

THE following extract is taken from a letter by a well known writer from whom a contribution was requested:

. . . I have been lying in wait for an inspiration ever since your kind note arrived, but none comes. I have run through Jahr's manual, moreover, to discover some drug capable of producing in a healthy subject "imaginative asphyxia," "apathy to the claims of gallantry," "insensibility to the claims of benevolence," or whatever else may characterize my forlorn condition, and by taking five globules of the thirtieth, relieve my distress. But though I find nearly every conceivable emotion attributed to nearly every conceivable drug in that swarming hospital of symptoms, my own are palpably overlooked. Thus homœopathy itself is powerless to help me; and the help it refuses to give, am I not justified in refusing to return? Indeed, indeed, I am afraid you will have to leave me to my inveterate *idles*. . . .

Yours very truly,

H. J.

FRESH herring are caught in Salt Lake.

## DEATH OF CHATHAM.

THE Duke of Richmond had given notice of an address to the throne, against the further prosecution of hostilities with America. Chatham had, during some time, absented himself from Parliament, in consequence of his growing infirmities. He determined to appear in his place on this occasion, and to declare that his opinions were decidedly at variance with those of the Rockingham party. He was in a state of great excitement. His medical attendants were uneasy, and strongly advised him to calm himself, and to remain at home. But he was not to be controlled. His son William, and his son-in-law, Lord Mahon, accompanied him to Westminster. He rested himself in the Chancellor's room till the debate commenced, and then, leaning on his two young relations, limped to his seat. The slightest particulars of that day were remembered, and have been carefully recorded. He bowed, it was remarked, with great courtliness to those peers who rose to make way for him and his supporters. His crutch was in his hand. He wore, as was his fashion, a rich velvet coat. His legs were swathed in flannel. His wig was so large and his face so emaciated, that none of his features could be discerned, except the high curve of his nose, and his eyes, which still retained a gleam of the old fire.

When the Duke of Richmond had spoken, Chatham rose. For some time his voice was inaudible. At length his tones became distinct and his action animated. Here and there his hearers caught a thought or an expression which reminded them of William Pitt. But it was clear that he was not himself. He lost the thread of his discourse, hesitated, repeated the same words several times, and was so confused that, in speaking of the Act of Settlement, he could not recall the name of the Electress Sophia. The House listened in solemn silence, and with the aspect of profound respect and compassion. The stillness was so deep that the dropping of a handkerchief would have been heard. The Duke of Richmond replied with great tenderness and courtesy; but while he spoke, the old man was observed to be restless and irritable. The duke sat down. Chatham stood up again, pressed his hand on his breast, and sank down in an apoplectic fit. Three or four lords who sat near him caught him in his fall. The House broke up in confusion. The dying man was carried to the residence of one of the officers of Parliament, and was so far restored as to be able to bear a journey to Hayes. At Hayes, after lingering a few weeks, he expired in his seventieth year. His bed was watched to the last with anxious tenderness by his wife and children; and he well deserved their care. Too often haughty and wayward to others, to them he had been almost effeminately kind. He had through life been dreaded by his political opponents, and regarded with more awe than love even by his political associates. But no fear seems to have mingled with the affection which his fondness, constantly overflowing in a thousand endearing forms, had inspired in the little circle at Hayes.

Chatham, at the time of his decease, had not, in both Houses of Parliament, ten personal adherents. Half the public men of the age had been estranged from him by his errors, and the other half by the exertions which he had made to repair his errors. His last speech had been

an attack at once on the policy pursued by the government, and on the policy recommended by the opposition. But death restored him to his old place in the affection of his country.

Who could hear unmoved of the fall of that which had been so great, and which had stood so long? The circumstances, too, seemed rather to belong to the tragic stage than to real life. A great statesman, full of years and honors, led forth to the Senate House by a son of rare hopes, and stricken down in full council while straining his feeble voice to rouse the drooping spirit of his country, could not but be remembered with peculiar veneration and tenderness. Detraction was overawed. The voice even of just and temperate censure was mute. Nothing was remembered but the lofty genius, the unsullied probity, the undisputed services, of him who was no more. For once, all parties agreed. A public funeral, a public monument were eagerly voted. The debts of the deceased were paid. A provision was made for his family. The city of London requested that the remains of the great man whom she had long loved and honored might rest under the dome of her magnificent cathedral. But the petition came too late. Everything was already prepared for the interment in Westminster Abbey.

Though men of all parties had concurred in decreeing posthumous honors to Chatham, his corpse was attended to the grave almost exclusively by opponents of the government. The banner of the lordship of Chatham was borne by Colonel Barré, attended by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Rockingham. Burke, Saville, and Dunning upheld the pall. Lord Camden was conspicuous in the procession. The chief mourner was young William Pitt. After the lapse of more than twenty-seven years, in a season as dark and perilous, his own shattered frame and broken heart were laid, with the same pomp, in the same consecrated mould.

Chatham sleeps near the northern door of the church, in a spot which has ever since been appropriated to statesmen, as the other end of the same transept has long been to poets. Mansfield rests there, and the second William Pitt, and Fox, and Grattan, and Canning, and Wilberforce. In no other cemetery do so many great citizens lie within so narrow a space. High over those venerable graves towers the stately monument of Chatham; and from above, his effigy, graven by a cunning hand, seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid England be of good cheer, and to hurl defiance at her foes. The generation which reared that memorial of him has disappeared. The time has come when the rash and indiscriminate judgments which his contemporaries passed on his character may be calmly revised by history. And history, while for the warning of vehement, high and daring natures, she notes his many errors, will yet deliberately pronounce that, among the eminent men whose bones lie near his, scarcely one has left a more stainless, and none a more splendid fame." — *Macaulay*.

CHINA has a newspaper which has entered upon its two thousandth volume. All of its original staff are dead. Very few of its original subscribers are living.

### NOTES OF THE FAIR.

QUICK time was made at Mrs. Woodbury's table last evening with a combination raffle. The entire two hundred shares were sold in about two hours.

TWO very fine marine models were added yesterday to the exhibition in the room at the right of the organ. The miniature steam engine still remains to excite the wonderment of the curious.

THE Fearnought filly "Cassandra" was on exhibition yesterday at Nims' stable, and will doubtless be kept there until the fair is over, where lovers of fine horse flesh can examine her.

MR. BARTLETT, the card writer of the Parker House, is located beneath the gallery in Music Hall, where he is constantly employed in preparing sets of visiting cards for the patrons of the fair.

FOR the convenience of those having in charge the raffled articles, it is desirable that persons who hold lucky numbers should call for their articles as soon as possible after the drawing is announced.

THE Flower tables in the fair have proved nearly if not quite the most attractive features, and the sale of posies has been large every day. The tables are under the charge of Mrs. R. S. Watson, who has a numerous corps of assistants.

A VERY valuable croquet set is given to Mrs. Kimball's table in Music Hall, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co. It has the patent ebonite balls, nickel-plated hoops, and is every way one of the nicest of croquet sets. It is, of course, sold by a raffle.

WE hope the friends of the fair who have not yet taken shares in the art album will not forget that beautiful collection of pictures. A very large number of shares has been sold; but a considerable number remains to be disposed of, which ought to go off rapidly to day and tomorrow.

THE fine portrait of Ralph Waldo Emerson at Mrs. Haven's table in Horticultural Hall, was sold on Tuesday for fifty dollars. At the same table, two of the large photographs of Milmore's bust of Wendell Phillips, have been sold for twenty dollars.

Many distinguished people visit the fair every day. Mr. William Lloyd Garrison was a visitor on Tuesday; also, the Hon. A. H. Rice, both of whom, we believe, are warm supporters of homœopathy.

A NEW "refinement" of raffling is becoming popular in the fair; and as everybody invests in the raffles, everybody should know of it. It works very well. A number of persons, say twenty, agree to take shares in a given object, and in case either one of the twenty draws the

thing, he is bound to pay to each of his coadjutors the money which they invested. Thus the risk is made comparatively much smaller. In some cases twice the amount invested by each is paid back by the lucky one. Such a "pool," or "ring," has been formed in an easy chair, and the art album, among other raffles.

WE would like to express our admiration for the art gallery of the Homœopathic Hospital Fair. We did not think it possible that such a feature of any fair could be made so attractive. The gallery is under the charge of Miss Mason, of Taunton, and reflects great credit upon those who arranged it. There are ninety-six contributions, and every one of them we believe can be called truly "a work of art." The gallery contains more original pictures than any other gallery in Boston, and the visitor will fail of his duty to homœopately and himself if he does not seek out this collection and examine it closely. It is located in the upper retiring room at the left of the organ. We should speak also of the hanging of the pictures, which is excellent, and displays them all to fine advantage. People who are unfamiliar with them are aided in their examination by a nicely printed programme.

THE following is the musical programme for this evening in both halls:—

#### MUSIC HALL.

##### PART I.

1. Grand March, "Antilles" . . . . . Bosquet.
2. Concert Waltz, "Romance of the Forest" . . . . . Strauss.
3. "When the Quiet Moon is Beaming" . . . . .
4. Galop, "Hym Crynkle" . . . . . Steinhayen.
5. Selection, "Don Sebastian" . . . . . Donizetti.
6. Pot-Pourri, "Children of Haimon" . . . . . Balfe.

##### PART II.

7. Overture, "Orpheus" . . . . . Offenbach.
8. Concert Waltz, "Wedding Sound" . . . . . Strauss.
9. Polka Mazurka, "Saturn" . . . . . Kuhue.
10. Evening Serenade . . . . . Reissiger.
11. March, "Hurrah, Hurrah" . . . . . Zikoff.
12. Polka, "Klein Neidlich" . . . . . Faust.

#### HORTICULTURAL HALL.

##### PART I.

1. Grand March, "Kreigs Abschied" . . . . . Pficke.
2. Concert Waltz, "Young Gentlemen's" . . . . . Gungl.
3. German Song, "Wie schon bist du" . . . . . Wiegand.
4. Galop, "The Little Recruit" . . . . . Weingarten.
5. Trio from "Attila" . . . . . Verdi.
6. Polka Mazurka, "Hesperus" . . . . . Strebingen.

##### PART II.

7. Overture, "In Search of Happiness" . . . . . Suppe.
8. Concert Waltz, "Merchants' Club" . . . . . Gungl.
9. Concert Polka, "Petit" . . . . . Coxie.
10. Serenade, "Praise of Tears" . . . . . Schubert.
11. Selection, "Haimoskinder" . . . . . Balfe.
12. Galop, "Les Frobies" . . . . . Budik.

THE following is a complete and correct list of the raffles drawn Wednesday evening :

Table 57 — Sailboat, Mrs. B. de Gersdoff, 138 Boylston street.

Table 44 — Breakfast jacket, Mrs. R. Corey, 8 Arlington street.

Table 34 — Embroidered chair, Thos. A. Rich, 706 Tremont street.

Same Table — Writing desk, O. A. Welch, Eliot school, Boston.

Table 47 — Sofa cushion and toilet table, W. Irving Ellis, Melrose.

Table 31 — Combination cricket, G. W. Seavey, Marlboro' Hotel; towel rack, Mrs. Oliver, Lynn; slipper pocket, E. D. Tenney, 5 Ellsworth avenue, Cambridge.

Table 41 — Towel rack and set, W. A. Haskell, 7 Rutland square.

Same Table — Large wrought chair, Richard Downing, 139 Saratoga street, East Boston.

Table 14 — Waltham watch, George P. Earle, Exeter, N. H.

Table 2 — Combination, sofa pillow, Mrs. F. Nickerson, South Boston; wax flowers, S. Small, 32 Indiana place.

Table 17 — Combination, 4 pistols, George H. Bush, 7 Battery street; J. W. Penhallow, 7 St. James avenue; Geo. W. Green, 9 Taylor street, Waltham; W. F. O. Fay, 50 Prospect street, Cambridge.

Table 15 — Doll, W. F. Keith, 122 Washington street.

#### TABLE TALK.

— Mrs. Dodd has charge of table No. 57 in Music Hall, where are the sail boats, which have been so popular with the children. A pipe is raffling in shares of fifty cents. The Sargent buggy, valued at four hundred dollars, is also here, and the shares are selling rapidly at a dollar apiece.

— At the table of Mrs. T. A. Rich, No. 34 Music Hall, a great variety of inlaid wood work is the special attraction, some of the boxes, book-rests and other articles being of the most exquisite workmanship. There is also one of the most elegant toilet cushions in the fair, tastily embroidered with silk and beads.

— The principal feature of the Lexington table is the stock of perfumery and other toilet articles. The depleted shelves last evening showed that the sales had been large. The position of the table on the platform is excellent. We believe this is the only table in the fair where much of a feature is made of colognes. Readers of the PELLET who visit the fair will be guided accordingly.

— A great deal of personal effort on the part of the ladies connected with the Melrose table has made that table attractive and successful. There are quite a number of raffles going off there. One is a very elegant wrought chair, sold in one dollar shares, one hundred in number. A combination of an elegant oil painting, a sofa cushion, and a wrought towel-rack, is sold in fifty one dollar shares. A carriage-blanket, a shawl and a baby-basket, are put in two hundred shares at twenty-five cents a share. A concert given in aid of this table was very successful, yielding one hundred and thirty dollars.

— The clock at the Lynn table, which is valued at four hundred dollars, and has been one of the prominent objects in the fair, will be drawn this evening. The shares were all taken some days ago, but the drawing has been postponed in order to allow the clock to remain on exhibition. The beautiful parasol made in Vienna, and costing two hundred dollars, will be raffled soon, as nearly all the shares are sold. The managers of the table have not yet decided what disposition to make of the pen-and-ink sketch of the Kearsage, which is valued at one hundred dollars, and is still on exhibition. We have already spoken of the combination raffles belonging to this table, which will also probably be drawn this evening.

— Mrs. J. W. Kimball, who is president of table No. 28 in Music Hall, has named it the "Commonwealth Table," from the fact that she has been largely supported by the ladies and gentlemen who reside at the Commonwealth Hotel. Some of the finest things are gone; but she has still a large and handsome fire screen, the shares in which are one dollar each, and one hundred in number. A doll too beautiful for this vale of tears adorns the table and is raffled at fifty cents a share. Photographs of all the leading actors form a feature of the table which visitors would do well to examine. The special attractions of the table are boys' suits and ladies' dressing sacks, the latter being raffled.

NEW BEDFORD, MASS., 1872.

EDITOR OF THE PELLET:— About a year ago my attention was directed to the unusual merits of a native claret wine made by Chas. Saalman, at Egg Harbor, N. J. The maker, I was assured, was a man of integrity, and a competent vintner. Upon trial, I have found this wine a better article than I have before been able to obtain in this country; and while I make no pretensions to unusual knowledge concerning the quality of the various brands of claret wine to be obtained in the market, I can heartily commend this for its purity, its fruity flavor, its fine bouquet. In nearly every case in which I have thought this kind of wine appropriate, and have prescribed it, the patients have testified their appreciativeness of it by asking for more. With other varieties of claret this has been a very rare occurrence. I am not a believer in the theory that alcoholic stimulants afford "support" in prostrating diseases; nor have they, in my opinion, much therapeutic value generally; still cures occur,— as in a lingering convalescence from a fever,— when the appetite is fastidious, plain food is distasteful, season food cannot be borne, and yet the patient craves something that shall refresh and strengthen; then this gentle stimulant proves grateful to the taste, and useful as a restorative.

In concluding this *puff extraordinary*, let me explain how I came to write it. In ordering some wine lately from Mr. Saalman, I availed myself of the occasion to inform him of the proposed Homœopathic Hospital Fair, and suggested that a contribution of wine would be an acceptable gift. I also offered, in case he made such a contribution, to introduce it to the attention of physicians hereabouts, so far as I was able. He has complied with my suggestion, and I take pleasure in announcing to those who may attend the fair, that, at the New Bedford table, specimen bottles of this wine may be obtained upon reasonable terms.

Yours,  
H. B. CLARKE.

## LETTERS.

IN these days of rapid change and progress, when the receipt and despatch of letters form one of our principal and most important duties, we hardly have time to reflect on the wonderful influence they exercise over our lives, and how largely they contribute to our happiness or sorrow. We are so accustomed to communicate with others by writing, that it becomes almost as mechanical an operation as speaking, and we thereby insensibly make known to others our characters and dispositions.

It is frequently said that handwriting is an index of the character of the writer, but though in many cases the saying holds true, the coincidence does not so frequently occur as to justify the adoption of a general rule. But sooner or later, in the course of general correspondence, the character of the writer must show itself; by slow degrees it may be, but still it will leak out, just as surely as from verbal communications we are able to form a tolerably correct opinion of the speaker. And it is surprising how naturally people write, and how nearly they express themselves in the same words as they would when speaking. It is easy to detect, in the fluent style and well-chosen sentences, the power and refinement of an educated mind. How far different from the slipshod grammar and labored composition of a careless and ignorant writer.

Again, how apparent are the pandering compliments of selfishness, the vulgar blustering of conceit, and the cringing whining of hypocrisy.

By the medium of letters we are almost able to form friendships with persons whom we have never seen, but whose expressions of feeling and taste draw us towards them with a strong and mysterious sympathy.

Each morning we are interested to know what communications have reached us, and the contents of our letters have no small effect on our spirits throughout the day.

Most of us remember our first lessons in the art of correspondence, and what a mysterious thing a letter was to us, when children. How delightful to receive, but how difficult to answer. And when, on great occasions, such as birthdays, we actually received one addressed to ourselves, how we treasured it, and if it happened to be written in the "running hand" of "grown-up" people, how anxiously, but vainly, we endeavored to read it; and what pleasure it was to write a reply, and with what pride we sat on a high chair, by the side of a kind parent or sister, and, with very clean hands and much motion of the tongue and features, not unfrequently accompanied by a rotatory motion of the head, slowly endeavored to form characters of a text-hand size, between pencilled lines of remarkable width. What difficulty we had to write between the lines, and what a strong tendency there was to leave them, in the involuntary and erratic manner of the man, who, having too effectually quenched his thirst, strives to walk on the pavement when the road has an irresistible attraction. At this tender age we wrote from dictation, and our information was generally of a plain and unpretending character. Our epistles frequently commenced with a hope that the person to whom they were addressed was quite well, and proceeded to give useful information as to the state of the weather yesterday, and,

after a brief mention of some little festivity at which we had been recently present, or of some new toy to which we were much attached, often concluded, at our special request, with some such interesting family news as, "Mamma has a cold," or "Baby can walk alone." These little items of intelligence being suggested by us, as likely to interest our friends.

A little later in life, we find ourselves undergoing a professional lesson in letter-writing, at "Preparatory school for young gentlemen." There, in the private parlor, we might be seen, at stated intervals during the quarter, closeted with our instructress, and nervously sitting before a very glossy sheet of note-paper, and endeavoring, by the aid of a new and very hard steel pen (or "nib," as we were told to call it), to inform our beloved parents of the progress we were making in our studies, and (oh! cruel falsehood) how happy we were. Who can forget the miseries of the "holiday letter," which was the formal and conventional mode of informing our relatives of the day on which we should return home? It was a task performed under the strictest surveillance, and we wrote in momentary expectation of a sound box on the ear, or a sharp rap over our knuckles with an ebony ruler, if we made the slightest mistake, or at last became the victims of the carefully guarded against, but inevitable, blot. It certainly seemed somewhat hard, that when, in the quarterly accounts received by the home authorities, the item "Stationery" was of so liberal an account, we should have to pay so dearly for spoiling but *one* sheet of spotless "extra cream laid."

When in course of time, we were transferred to a larger school, our letters, no longer written under supervision, became more pithy and natural, and much resembled telegrams, in the brevity of their sentences.

Arrived at a less boyish age, our letters became more numerous, varied, and interesting, and we wrote less about ourselves and our pursuits. The tender passion gave rise to many an epistle, composed in the purest spirit of truth, but which would now, with its romantic sentiments and delicate compliments, be thought "too absurd." Young, ardent, and reckless, we wrote what we felt, without a thought of the consequences. We defied our creditors, sent atrocious puns to the comic papers, and wrote such passionate effusions to the fair possessors of our hearts, that we can only wonder how it was that the stern parents (into whose hands our communications were bound to fall, sooner or later) did not insist on our paying a lengthened visit to a lunatic asylum, or attempt to introduce us to the proverbial horsewhip.

But as we advance in age, we lose romance, and the stern business of life leaves us little time to indulge our fancy in our correspondence. There are our daily business letters which require our most careful attention, and often, our most earnest thought.

There is the little square note, written in the pretty feminine hand, that asks us to a ball, or croquet party, and which etiquette (to say nothing of manly courtesy) requires us to answer immediately. There is the printed advertisement of the grasping money lender, which, in company with the oft-delivered bills of our long-suffering tradesmen, we hastily throw into the fire. We reserve the elaborately worded application of the professional beggar,

for the amusement of our bachelor friends. We eagerly tear open the welcome and long-expected letter from our friend who is far distant in a foreign land ; but as it is of great length, and closely written, we reluctantly put it in our pocket, to be read and re-read at our leisure.

And there is, at last, the letter which we hardly dare to open, as we instinctively feel that the black border tells us news that we would fain disbelieve, but which previous intelligence has led us to expect. We open it with hesitation, and with a painful attempt at self-possession. The first words are enough; we know what has happened, and feel the crushing blow of sorrow, as we silently sit down to realize our loss.

Letters form a strong link between ourselves and others, are the means of keeping alive many a valued friendship ; and, as too many of us know, they often remind us of those who will never again wield the pen, but whose written expressions of attachment and sympathy we have not the heart to destroy.

History and biography owe a large debt to letters, for by their aid many a startling truth is revealed, many an unworthy idol shattered, and many an unjust suspicion removed.

The truest records of our virtues and vices are to be found in our own letters, which are silent but faithful witnesses for good or evil. They contain some of our greatest secrets, and many a carefully buried "skeleton," which we would give worlds to leave in obscurity.

#### OLD PAPERS.

THERE are several newspapers in Europe which have lived two hundred years or more — papers that have appeared regularly, with few or no interruptions, amid wars, tumults, plagues, famines, commercial troubles, fires, disasters of innumerable kinds, national and private. It is a grand thing to be able to point to a complete series of such a newspaper : for in it is to be found a record, however humble and imperfect, of the history of the world for that long period. The proprietors may well make a holiday-festival of the day when such a bi-centenary is completed. A festival of this kind was held at Haarlem on the 8th of January, 1856, when the *Haarlem Courant* completed its 200th year of publication. The first number had appeared on the 8th of January, 1656, under the title of *De Weekelycke Courant van Europa*; and a facsimile of this ancient number was produced, at some expense and trouble, for exhibition on the day of the festival. Lord Macaulay, when in Holland, made much use of the earlier numbers of this newspaper, for the purpose of his *History*. The first number contained simply two small folio pages of news.

The continent is rather rich in old newspapers of this kind. On the 1st of January, 1860, the *Gazette of Rostock* celebrated its 150th anniversary, and the *Gazette of Leipzig* its 200th. The proprietors of the latter paper distributed to their subscribers, on this occasion, fac-similes of two old numbers, of Jan. 1, 1660, and Jan. 1, 1760, representing the old typographical appearance as nearly as they could. It has lately been said that Russian newspapers go back to the year 1703, when one was established which Peter the Great helped both to edit and to cor-

rect the proof. Some of the proof sheets are still extant, with Peter's own corrections in the margin. The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg is said to contain the only two known copies of the first year complete. The *Hollandsche Mercurius* was issued more than two centuries ago, a small quarto exactly the size like our *Notes and Queries*.

The first English *daily* paper was *The Daily Courant*, commenced on the 11th of March, 1702, by "E. Mallet, against the Ditch at Fleet Bridge," a site near that of the present *Times*' office. It was a single page of two columns, and professed solely to give foreign news, the editor or publisher further assuring his readers that he would not take upon himself to give any comments of his own, "supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves." The *Daily Courant* very soon passed into the hands of Samuel Buckley, "at the sign of the Dolphin in Little Britain,"—a publisher of some literary attainments, who afterwards became the printer of the *Spectator*. As a curious trait of the practices of the government of George I., we have Buckley entered in a list of persons laid before a Secretary of State (1724), as "Buckley, Amen-corner, the worthy printer of the *Gazette*—well-affected;" *i. e.* well-affected to the Hanover succession, a point of immense consequence at that epoch. The *Daily Courant* was in 1735 absorbed in the *Daily Gazetteer*.

MR. MACREADY was never popular with stock actors. He ignored all claims to prominence on their part, and always arranged so that in the final tableau he should be conspicuously the centre. The spot where every one was to stand was carefully selected to produce the effect desired.

On one of the nights of his last engagement in New Orleans, he was very particular as to the disposition of the characters at the fall of the curtain. After a rigid rehearsal, and the selection of the precise spot where he intended to die, it so happened that in the actual play, as the fatal moment was approaching, and Hamlet had stabbed the king, his Majesty, in his agony, fell upon the spot selected by Hamlet for his own exit. Whereupon, Hamlet, writhing with the poison in his veins, exclaimed, *sotto voce*, to his step-father,—"back, back; I'm going to die there!" But the unburied majesty of Denmark was not to be snubbed; and he replied quite audibly, "I'm king, and I'll die where I please,—pick out a place for yourself"; and Hamlet, infinitely disgusted, was compelled to let his own soul out farther up the stage.

AN Irish Catholic priest was urging the superior claims of his church upon the faith and trust of mankind, and compared it to "a large ship sailing over the sea of time—bound for the port of heaven; a strongly built vessel, large enough to take *all* on board, manned by the apostles, the martyrs, and the saints; our great Captain at the wheel, all sail set, the banner of the Cross floating at the mast-head. It sails gloriously and safely on, while all other ships go down in the storm, or are wrecked before coming into harbor. Do you know *why* this vessel carries her passengers surely to their destination? I can tell you my friends! *it is because she is founded on a rock!*"

## HENDERSON'S ISLAND.

LAT. 24° 12', N., LONG. 128° 06', W.

" *Similia similibus curantur.*"

OPEN a chart on Mercator's scale,  
 Follow it far to the setting sun ;  
 There you may reach the scene of my tale.  
 Henderson's Island — lying alone  
 Nine hundred miles from the Golden Gate.  
 Attention give while I tell the fate  
 Of Captain Henderson's whaling bark,  
 Floating becalmed on the ocean dark,  
 But drifting, drifting on to the shore ;  
 And never a breath may reach her more.  
 Unhappy the day ! The trade-wind fails,  
 Useless are flapping the idle sails ;  
 A long, long day in sight of the rock,  
 Evening comes. — With a fearful shock  
 The good ship strikes on that barren shore,  
 And her bow shall cleave the waves no more.  
 Not a man was lost. No wild winds rage ;  
 But the captain ? — His hair is white with age.  
 To calmly wait while his ship was tossed  
 Quietly, surely, nearer the coast ;  
 Without a ripple, a breath of wind,  
 To Captain Henderson cost *his mind*.  
 The morning came, and with it the crew  
 Of a homeward-bounder, stanch and true.  
 But his hearth-stone reached, the captain raves  
 Of sails, and spars, and courses, and waves ;  
 Sees ships in ev'ry sofa and chair,  
 Makes sailor-knots of his own white hair.  
 They kept from him every picture and book,  
 That on ship or sea he might never look.  
 They took him inland, away from the sea,  
 Through cities, through towns, to the country free.  
 But the captain's reason never returned,  
 The ocean deep in his memory burned.  
 They tried another food for the mind ;  
 That would not do ; why should they not find  
 The sea and a ship the proper cure  
 For brains, which could not shipwreck endure ?  
 So they sent the captain out to sea,  
 From the noise of land they set him free,  
 They told him he commanded the ship,  
 That they were passengers on the trip.  
 A grizzled sea-dog came in for mate,  
 Says, " Captain, one bell, sir ?" (Half-past eight.)  
 " What course for the night, sir ?" " Let her go  
 Nor'-west," says the captain, " Come below  
 At eight bells (midnight), and give me a call."  
 " All right, sir," the mate says ; that was all.  
 And the captain soon was wrapped in deep,  
 Refreshing, welcome, untroubled sleep.  
 Four hours past by ; the mate came below,  
 " Eight bells, Captain Henderson, steady blow."  
 The captain, raising himself in bed,  
 Gave back the hail with " How does she head ?"  
 " Nor'-west," says the mate ; " Then let her be,  
 Give her the royals, and speak to me  
 If she falls off her course, or it comes on rough."  
 " All right, Captain Henderson." That was enough ;  
 When morning dawned on the ship far away  
 From the sea-port town and the azure bay,  
 The captain's reason came as planned,  
 Nor wavered when he drew near the land.  
 He never remembered its fatal fall.

A dreamy blank in his life — that's all.  
 He had his ship, he was on the sea,  
 And *like cured like*, and thus he was free.  
 But the Island where he was cast away  
 Is " Henderson's Island " unto this day.

JULIUS A. PALMER, JR.

## LINES TO A SKELETON.

MORE than fifty years ago the London *Morning Chronicle* published a poem entitled, " Lines to a Skeleton," which excited much attention. Every effort, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas, was vainly made to discover the author. All that ever transpired was, that the poem, in a fair clerkly hand, was found near a skeleton of remarkable beauty of form and color, in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, Lincoln's Inn, London, and that the Curator of the Museum had sent them to Mr. Perry, editor and proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle* :

Behold this ruin ! 'Tis a skull,  
 Once of ethereal spirit full ;  
 This narrow cell was life's retreat,  
 This space was thought's mysterious seat.  
 What beauteous vision 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 mouldering 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 dew 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 where 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.

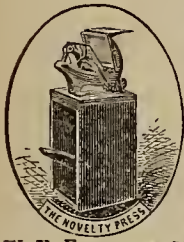
Say, did those fingers delve the mine ?  
 Or with its envied rubies shine ?  
 To hew the rock or wear the gem  
 Can little now avail to them.  
 But if the page of truth they sought,  
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
 These hands a richer meed shall claim  
 Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether, bare or shod,  
 These feet the paths of duty trod ?  
 If from the halls 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's wings shall vie  
 And tread the palace of the sky.

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THERE should have been a humorous reporter attached to the staff of the PELLET. During the progress of the fair he could have easily filled his note-book with amusing incidents and capital sketches of character. His superior fluency would have enabled him to make at least a column out of the appreciative old lady from the country who, pausing yesterday in front of the statue of Beethoven in Music Hall, inquired if "that imige" was up for raffle, and expressed her willingness to take a share. For our part, not being a humorous reporter, we can only coldly record the fact, and lament the absence of that enterprising mercantile spirit which would have supplied the old lady with "a chance" or two.

MR. FRANCIS T. WASHBURN, who sent us some admirable translations from Anacreon (published in the number for April the 23d), calls our attention to two errata which escaped us in our necessarily hurried examination of the proof-sheets. The reader, when he turns to these verses again,—as he certainly will if he is a tasteful reader,—will please substitute the word *literal* for "literary," in the line following the title, and in the first line of the second ode, change "once more" into *once among*. Happily, the malicious types were not able to break the charm of Mr. Washburn's translations.

WE reprint in this number, at the suggestion of a correspondent, Mark Twain's account of the famous Jumping Frog, of Calaveras County. The volume containing this delicious bit of humor was withdrawn from circulation sometime since by the author, the collection embracing several papers which Mr. Clemens did not consider good,—wherein he disagreed with the public. As a general thing, the author of "The Innocents Abroad," and "Roughing It," agrees very well with the public.

THE PELLET has published contributions from H. W. Longfellow, George S. Hillard, E. P. Whipple, W. D. Howells, Wendell Phillips, Bayard Taylor, E. C. Stedman, James Freeman Clarke, John Neal, Lydia M. Child, John Weiss, Charles C. Perkins, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Prof. Sewall, James T. Fields, Margaret J. M. Sweat, Louisa M. Alcott, S. F. McCleary, F. T. Washburn, I. T. Talbot, E. M. Kellogg, Mrs. J. L. Jordon, Lucy A. Williams, Celia Burleigh, Annie Moore, Kate Hillard, and F. W. Clarke. We are under special obligations to Mrs. George S. Hillard and Mr. J. E. Babson for furnishing us with numerous rare and valuable selections.

IN the valuable work of Dr. J. J. G. Wilkinson, of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, on the human body, we find a discussion of the principles of homœopathy, which, although not new, may be of interest to some of our readers. The author compares man when sick to two men, each wrestling with the other; the physician comes to shoot the worsen man to death without a grain of the charge touching the better. The homœopathic dose, he says, will not hit the struggling health, because the shot can wound nothing but the disease. He goes on to show that the homœopathic remedies must not be compared with allopathic remedies by a test of quantity or strength. More than this, the curative properties of medicines may be preserved and even heightened when it becomes necessary to desert the hypothesis of their material action, and to treat them as dynamical things. He says whatever be the hypothesis of the properties of drugs in infinitesimal doses, the fact remains the same, and Hahnemann has the credit of testing pharmaceutical substances with a rigor of which his predecessors had no conception. The vagueness of medical practice disgusted him, offending intellect and conscience alike, and for some time he retired from a profession in which he had so little faith. His own discovery,—that like is to be cured by like,—then came forth, and by easy process the whole strangeness of homœopathy developed itself.

The diminution of the doses took place by degrees along a road of linked facts, in which there was little room for fallacy; there is no case in inductive science in which experiment was more minutely perfect. Cures followed, and have ever since followed, on a scale to which the orthodox medicine was a stranger. The statistics of homœopathy, taken in government hospitals, and under military strictness, show a lessened mortality as compared with the tables of its rival. And wherever it is fairly practised, the same average results occur; so that in spite of much opposition, it spreads from the healed to the sick and the rumor of its beneficence is stronger with a sensible public than the diatribes of a very active and influential profession arrayed against it. The practical blessings of the new medicine are dependent, as we conceive, firstly upon the science of correspondence, which, bringing poison and disease together with a complete fitness, poisons the disease, and kills it; and secondly, upon the smallness of the doses, or, we would rather say, the use of the spirit and not the body of the drugs; which use gains cause by no destruction of our tissues, but by giving the body an attitude that neutralizes the disease, and then itself ceases after a certain duration of effects. Drugs given in the latter way are more like ideas than material bodies, and when they have served their purpose, they either vanish of themselves, or may be countermanded by their appropriate antidotes. I suppose it is impossible to overrate the consequences of Hahnemann's life. Even the negative results are vast for our future well-being. How different, for example, from the pale faces that we note in every street, will be those which belong some day to undrugged generations! What vigor may we not ex-

pect from the later posterities of those who have not hurt mind and body by supping on material poisons! How much better those childhoods will be, whose parents and grandparents have neither been bled nor salivated *secundem artem*, but who have kept their own current in their veins, and given it entire to their race! And on the positive side, what another gain it will be, when hereditary maladies begin to be misplaced, and the crusts that hide man drop down from his skin by degrees! What virtues may we not expect, when, with all higher helps to good, the body itself seconds the monitions of the soul! What talents, also, and what happiness, when the frame is set in parallelism with the order of things. For though we do not attribute everything to body, yet a sound body has consequences which make it needful to speculate upon it in all views that concern the advancement of our species. O the theoretical side, Hahnemann has approximated drug healing to the pure sciences; and by instituting experiments on the healthy body, he has expanded the properties of each medicine to a human form of symptoms, naturally, by that form, applicable to man. I think of medicines now as curative personalities, who take our shape upon them to battle in us with our ills. The testing of their characters is also capable of being carried to the utmost exactitude: for drugs may be "proved" upon many persons in many places and at different times, and their symptoms curtailed, sifted, and, if we may use the phrase, pared and sculptured down, until their essential and nude form is left. When we get these heroes on their feet, they, and not their discoverers, will be the great men of a never young physic. It is hard to imagine how any profession can disregard the service that Hahnemann has begun, in the constitution of a rational pharmacopœia. When we look to what was known of medical properties before this time, and then compare it with the state in which we left the subject, the difference is like that between light and darkness. No one had imagined that each drug ran through the frame, and evoked fresh symptoms from organ after organ; nor indeed, without the *similia similibus curantur*, would any application come from the fact. But it is an attestation of that formula, that it leads to a knowledge of drugs infinitely special and diversified compared with the science that preceded it.

The number of superstitions, also, that Hahnemann slew, entitles him to the gratitude of all those who dislike to be frightened by unreal shapes which a strong man can walk through. He made the true experiment of doing relatively nothing in medicine, and found that it was abundantly successful and humane. Purgatives were one nasty superstition which he banished. Bleeding was another of these vampires. Long before we met with homœopathy, we wondered why we bled our patients in inflammations, according to common practice, when yet the attack struck in a moment, and there was no more blood in the body after than before it occurred; and we thought that it was but a wrong distribution which caused this rapid assault upon life, and not a plethora of blood; and that skill would lie, not in butchering the disease; but in restoring the harmony which was lost. We had seen some of our best beloved friends sacrificed to the murderous lancet, and ours was the hand which let out their life, — though under the legalizing sanction of the most ac-

credited physicians. Would that we could recall the dead; but they sleep well! Who has not had similar experiences? And who, in the long run, will not reproach himself, if he does not accede in an inquiring spirit to the new medicine, which has availed to exorcise this host of killing superstitions? Among the other benefits of homœopathy we reckon this also, — that it tends to make us think more worthily of our bodies. I defy any man to be a physiologist who is in the habit of bleeding, purging, and poisoning the human frame. The body abhors him, and dies rather than tell him its secrets. What idea can a man have of life, if he is accustomed to take blood, which is the soul's house, in pint basins from the frame, and to think that he is doing nothing extraordinary? What notion of living cause and effect can any one entertain if he deems that such an abstraction of our essences can ever be recovered from, so long as we are on this side of the grave? What imagination can be felt of the music of man, by one who orders purgative pills, *pro re nata*, to play upon our intestine strings, in the delusion that their operation is temporary and confined to the first effects? I see in the whole of physiological science, the large written evidence of these stupid sanguinary methods; the doctrine has followed the works with a vengeance, and the science has been purged and bled away until nothing is left but chemical dust on one hand, or germ cells on the other. This has gone so far that it is doubtful now whether the medical profession has any further power of pursuing human physiology; doubtful whether that great knowledge must not pass to the laity and the Gentiles, and become a non-medical science. Certainly, the hands that have least been crimsoned in the bowels of the living man, seem by nature most fit to receive his tender and amazing secrets.

Another department, also, is that of mental effects, in which homœopathy stands pre-eminent. If each drug evokes symptoms throughout the body, it also affects the mind wherever it touches the organs; and hence the new pharmacopœia groups around it mental and moral states so far as they depend upon the body. In this respect homœopathy opens a field which was untouched before, and includes the healing moods, minds and tempers under the action of medicines. How valuable this is as an adjunct of education will suggest itself at once to all fathers and mothers; and how new a power it is, those best know who have become converts to homœopathy after practising the old system of medicine. It is, however, in the eradication of chronic diseases and hereditary taints that homœopathy promises, perhaps, the greatest of its benefits. On this subject the views of Hahnemann deserve the attention of philanthropists of every degree, whilst at the same time they are highly interesting to the medical philosopher. Nay, there is a touch of the sublime about them, such as only comes into scientific spirit in its happiest moods. As Hahnemann teaches us of the trine contagions that have come down with man from early days, we seem to hear echoes of every mythos that has struck us with significance before, from the Parsee dualism of Ahri-man and Ormuzd, to the blue-white Hela of Scandinavian faith; nay, also, we are let into the understrata of that soil which throws out sulphur and geysers into the human and inhuman worlds; and we cease to wonder that no

cure comes when the pit of disease is so deep. What a chasteness of genius, too, in Hahnemann, that instead of swerving to speculation, he forced these conceptions through the outlets of his method of cure, and thought nothing sacred enough for his attention but the recovery of the body from its ancient pests. If there be such a thing as bodily disease, distinct from psychical, then he was right in his devotion, and is rewarded already in contributing to the whole society of his kind.

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LINES

TO A GOOD PHYSICIAN, FROM A GRATEFUL PATIENT.

Faithful as a leech,  
 Helpful as a blister,  
 Soothing as morphine  
 To a nervous sister ;  
 Strengthening as a tonic,  
 Sweet as sugared pill,  
 Comforting as ether  
 In every human ill ;  
 Searching as quinine  
 In the botheration  
 Called "torpid or imperfect  
 Portal circulation" ;  
 Living medicine chest  
 Full of doses rare ;  
 Patience, sense and skill,  
 Sympathy and care,  
 Courtesy and kindness,  
 Both to young and old ;  
 Charity that shows itself  
 In good deeds manifold.  
 Cordial as old wine  
 Given health to mend ;  
 Best of earthly physic  
 Bottled in a *friend*.

L. M. ALCOTT.

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SONG.

TRANSLATED FROM GOETHE.

KEEP me prisoner, ye tresses,  
 In the circle of her face !  
 I have nothing for rejoinder  
 To that snaring auburn grace :

Only that my heart's perennial,  
 Into youngest leaf it blows,  
 Under snow and drift of vapor  
 Ætna lies, and for thee glows.

Flung like morning-red upon it,  
 Thou the sombre wall dost shame :  
 Hatem once again is feeling  
 Breath of spring, and summer's flame.

Hither, boy ! Another beaker !  
 This I consecrate to thee :  
 If thou find a heap of ashes,  
 Say — he has consumed for me.

JOHN WEISS.

COPY of an unpublished autograph letter from Benedict Arnold to his wife.

MATANZAS, June 25, 1768.

Dear Peggy : — I have the pleasure to acquaint you of my Arival here yesterday (God be praised) after a very Fatiguing and hazardous passage of Thirty-five Days, and extreme bad weather of the Coast, lost great part Our Small Stock & hurt Our Cattle much which I have sold this Evening at £18 pr Head, & One Horse at £30 — expect to land my Cattle & Horses in the morning and those Horses I do not sell, shall take on board & proceed in a Day or two to St. Christopher's, with my Lumber, as I have no prospect selling here, Lumber is so very low. Cp—t Ray Sold his at £5-15 & his Cattle at £20. We both Expect to leave this soon you may expect to hear from me every Oportunity. My Dear Girl you & you only Can Imagine how long the Time Seems since we parted & how Impatient I am to see you & the Dear little pledge of Our mutual Love. God bless you both and send us a Happy meeting soon. I shall think every Day An Age untill I see you, which I hope will be soon, as I shall make passible Dispatch.

My Dutifull Respects to your Mama and Papa (If returned, I have heard nothing of him) Love to my Dear Sister, and yours and all the Family, hope this Will find you and all the Family well as it Leaves us. expect to hear from you by Chews or Burret, have Only time to add I am Sincerely and most affectionately My Dear Peggy,  
 Yours,  
 BENEDICT ARNOLD.

To Mrs. Benedict Arnold, In New Haven.

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AN interesting anecdote about Mazzini appears in a new book just published in Paris under the title of "Le Dernier des Napoléons." Sir James Hudson, then British ambassador at Turin, once requested Cavour to give an audience to an English traveller who had just arrived. The minister received his visitor very early in the morning, as was his custom. After the usual courtesies had been exchanged, the "Englishman" described to Cavour a deep-laid plan which he had conceived for the restoration of Italian independence. Cavour was astonished at the boldness and thoughtful foresight shown by his interlocutor, and expressed his regret at not being sufficiently conversant with the English language to enter fully into all details of the scheme. The stranger then went over the whole plan in the purest and most elegant Italian. As he was taking his leave, Cavour said to him, — "You talk politics like Machiavel, and Italian like Manzoni. If I had a countryman like yourself, I would gladly give up to him my place as president of the ministry. Pray tell me what I can do for you?" "If such a man as I were your countryman," was the reply, "you would sentence him to death. If you wish to show your appreciation of my advice, carry it out, and liberate Italy. So far, at least, the protection of Sir James Hudson will suffice for me." The stranger then left the room, first handing his card to Cavour, who read on it with amazement the name of Mazzini.

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CERTAINLY, the lover is no lover, or but a very small-hearted one, who does not see much beauty in the faults of the mistress of his affections. — *Arthur Helps*.

## THE JUMPING FROG.

THERE was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume was n't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosiest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Any way that suited the other man would suit him—anyway, just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse-race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico, but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag; but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing, and sneezing, and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wasn't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo' castle of a

steamboat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and had n't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg, and freeze to it—not chew, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year.

Smiley always came out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that didn't have no hind legs, because they'd been sawed off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He gave Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take hold of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius. I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-tarriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketch'd a frog one day, and took him home, and said he calk'lated to edercate him; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too. He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirl'ng in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly ev'ry time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do almost anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, "Flies, Dan'l, flies!" and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a dab of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any more'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it came to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping

on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand; and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywhere, all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller — a stranger in the camp, he was — came across him with his box, and says:

“What might that be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley, says, sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it an’t — it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m — so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge — he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and give it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“Maybe you don’t,” Smiley says. “Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don’t understand ’em; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you a’nt only a amature, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I a’nt got no frog; but if I had a frog I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right — that’s all right — if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley’s, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open, and took a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot — filled him pretty near up to his chin — and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp, and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketch’d a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says, —

“Now, if you’r ready, set him alongside of Dan’l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan’l, and I’ll give the word.” Then he says, “One — two — three — jump!” and him and the feller touchen up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off; but Dan’l gave a heave, and hysted up his shoulders — so — like a Frenchman; but it wan’t no use — he couldn’t budge; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn’t no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too; but he didn’t have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away; and when he was going out the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder — this way — at Dan’l, and says again, very deliberate, “Well, *I* don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down

at Dan’l a long time, and at last he says, “I do wonder what in the nation that frog throw’d off for — I wonder if there aint something the matter with him — he ’pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.” And he ketch’d Dan’l by the nap of the neck, and lifted him up and says, “Why, blame my cats, if he don’t weigh five pounds!” and turned him upside down, and he threw up a double handful of shot; and then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man. He set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketch’d him. — *Mark Twain.*

THE following is a copy *verbatim et literatim*, of a letter recently sent to Mr. Binney, in Roxbury.

MR H P BINNEY

*Dear Sur* it is my habbit at the close of Each Year and sometimes oftener to inform those with i Deal Respecting Bags if not Returned and finding by my Books there air 7 Bags due from you I suppose they were Safe at your Stable and directed my Teamster that went to your place today with grain to get them he was told there the Bags had all ben sent home when my man was out there December 18 he brought home 17 Bags being all due but 7 Bags and heve not received any since perhaps they were left at Longwood or Elsewhere that you may know about Bags is quite apt to get out of place by being forgotten or neglected sometimes Destroyed by Rats and Mice sometimes yoused for other purposes than grain much depending on the help that ought to take care of them and see that they air returned which is much neglected in many instances and they are entirely lost I do not presume to say or think such is the case with your man or attendencies as I know nothing of such but it is so to such an extent it often compells me to state that it often happens and Oftentimes when supposed to be Returned by Expressmen they get Miss Laid Lost or misappropriated many ways of loosings air so sujestive that only those that heve the experience of Bags fully understand the loss of Bags sorry to feal the necessity of so long preamble for 7 Bags but it may be no wholely lost for you to quite understand its tendency

Most Respectfully

[*The Similibus.*]

INVOLUNTARY TESTIMONY. — Dr. Dio Lewis, in a forthcoming work entitled “Our Digestion,” says: —

“The means most commonly employed to neutralize acid in the stomach, is the use of some alkali. But this chemical remedy is not a good one. Strange to say, the employment of small doses of acids proves more successful. I have known persons who had long suffered from heart-burn, or water-brash, cure themselves by a few drops of lemon-juice after each meal.”

THE qualities which attract us most in animals, are their demerits. The fox has ceaseless interest for us, both in fact and in fable, from his wicked versatility of guile; and the cool, demure selfishness of the cat is not without its charm to the lovers of the feline race. Is there anything similar to this feeling in our regard for human beings? I think there is; but then the demerits must not be such as to annoy us much, and so ruffle our tolerance for them. — *Arthur Helps.*

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

THE visit of the venerable Father Cleveland, now almost a hundred years of age, was an interesting event of Thursday. The activity and the cheeriness of this venerable man are a constant surprise to those who meet him. The manner in which he distributed his compliments among the ladies, convinced them that his mind still retains its faculties in full healthfulness.

MANY of the articles that first embellished the New Bedford table have been sold, but there are still many things worthy of attention. We have already alluded to the sale of the picture by Mr. Sisson. In addition to this there is a fine picture by C. H. Gifford, and a large portfolio of photographs from Pierce and Bushnell, of New Bedford. A pair of dolls dressed as Joseph Russell, the pioneer of the New Bedford whaling business, and his wife, Judith, have attracted much attention. They are in the full costume of Friends of the strictest sect, a very charming dress when carried out to the niceties. Everything is of the richest material, and the miniature Joseph is surmounted with a broadbrim of white beaver. Of worsted embroidery and fancy needle work the table has a very fine supply, and the nicety of the work may be inferred from the fact that a New Bedford reporter said that a pair of night shirts he saw on this table were so finely made that he did not want them, but he should like to lie awake all night and look at them. Among other things at this table, is a quantity of wine to which the attention of physicians especially is called. Dr. A. F. Ellis and others, of Nantucket, are contributors to the table.

THE following raffles were drawn yesterday morning :

Table 29 — Combination, foot rest, Fannie Hunt, Dorchester; screen, M. E. Davis, 25 Pemberton square; birds, J. A. Conkey, Boston; bracket, Henry S. Blunn, 44 Woodbine street.

Table 34 — Camp chair, Mrs. E. E. Poole, 4 Chester square.

Table 52 — Combination, chair, H. A. Stevens, Court House; bronze table, C. N. Swan, 486 Columbus avenue; cuspidor, A. R. Becker, Providence.

Table 50 — Adjustable chair, Mark G. Boker, 141 West Canton street.

Table 54 — Silver service, Mrs. James Purington, Lynn.

Table 32 — Combination, smoking chair, Dr. Woodbury, 58 Temple street; breakfast jacket, Mrs. G. L. Holbrook, 623 Warren street.

Table 26 — Harness, W. A. Holmes, Malden.

Same table — Waltham watch, M. W. Josslyn, 38 Hanover street.

Table 27 — Combination, wall pocket, Mrs. C. W. Wolcott, Commonwealth Hotel; satchel, F. A. Fernald, 11 Arch street; shawl strap, Mrs. W. H. Neal, No. 119 Charles street.

Table 17 — Gold chain, James C. Bates, 98 Milk street.

Table 14 — Combination, breakfast jacket, Jas. Swan, 11 Allston street; travelling bag, F. A. Lee, Sears Building.

Table 17 — Combination, 2 rifles, William E. French, 47 Chester square; H. B. Hastings, East Cambridge.

The drawing of raffles in the evening was as follows :

Table 36 — Sofa pillow, C. R. Lincoln, 3 Winthrop square; lady's bag, E. S. Mellow, 14 Mercer street, towel-rack, Miss S. A. Bucks, Cambridge.

Table 45 — Harness, M. E. Hayes, Newburyport.

Table 28 — Croquet set, Harry Holden, 57 Dwight street.

Table 35 — Chair, J. S. Rosenheimer, 97 Pearl street.

Table 44 — Walnut table, Miss Louisa Page, 788 Broadway; shopping-bag, Arthur S. Hale, Portland.

Table 14 — Sofa cushion; Henry D. Parker; foot-rest, A. W. Robinson, 183 Congress street; table, Mrs. E. Austin, 28 Ball street.

Table 13 — Two pictures, Mrs. F. H. Clark, 5 Newbury street.

Table 8 — Set of underclothing, Mrs. Bradford Durfee, Fall River.

Table 12 — Sargent buggy, R. M. Pulsifer.

Table 18 — Doll, Miss A. V. Henshaw, 124 Charles street; picture, Mrs. D. Hunt, Longwood; towel-rack, Miss Haven, 97 Mt. Vernon street; screen, A. C. Perkins, 146 Charles street; slipper case, Miss Georgie Devine, 34 McLean street.

GILMORE'S BAND will perform the following programme in the respective halls this evening :

## MUSIC HALL.

## PART I.

1. Overture, "Lichte Cavalliere" . . . . . Suppe.
2. Concert Waltz, "Blue Danube" . . . . . Strauss.
3. Selections, "Traviata" . . . . . Verdi.
4. Galop, "Mercur" . . . . . Kela Bela.
5. Clarinet Solo, "Una voce poco fa" . . . . . Rossini.
6. Polka Mazurka, "Aurora" . . . . . Parlow.

## PART II.

7. Grand March, "Die Alpenyager" . . . . . Voigt.
8. Trio from "Attila" . . . . . Verdi.
9. Concert Waltz, "Freut euch des Sebens" . . . . . Strauss.
10. Cavatina, "Nabucco" . . . . . Verdi.
11. Wedding March . . . . . Mendelssohn.
12. Polka, "Blackfish" . . . . . Gunzl.

## HORTICULTURAL HALL.

## PART I.

1. Grand March, "Rendezvous" . . . . . Zikoff.
2. Concert Walzer, "Palm of Peace" . . . . . Strauss.
3. Cornet Solo, "Si tu Servais" . . . . . Balfe.
4. Galop, "Picadilly" . . . . . J. Braham.
5. "Remembrances of Tannhauser" . . . . . Wagner.
6. Nocturne, flute and violin . . . . . Behr.

## PART II.

7. Overture, "Banditen Steiche" . . . . . Suppe.
8. Concert Walzer, "The Path of Stars" . . . . . Strauss.
9. "When the Swallows homeward Fly" . . . . . Abt.
10. Polonaise, "Marleu" . . . . . Sexat.
11. Cavatina . . . . . Ricci.
12. Polka Mazurka, "Caprice" . . . . . Budick.

## OLDEN TIME MANNERS.

LADY HOLLAND once sent her page round the table to Macaulay to tell him to stop talking. She told Rogers, "Your poetry is bad enough, so pray be sparing of your prose." At a dinner in South street, she fidgeted Lord Melbourne so much by making him shift his place when he was seated to his liking, that he rose, exclaiming, "I'll be — if I dine with you at all": and walked off to his own house, fortunately at hand. She requested a celebrated dandy to move a little farther off, on the ground that her olfactory nerves were offended by his blacking; the blacking which he vowed was diluted with champagne. Shortly after M. Van de Weyer's arrival in England as Belgian Minister, he was dining with a distinguished party at Holland House, when Lady Holland suddenly turned to him and asked, "How is Leopold?" "Does your ladyship mean the King of the Belgians?" "I have heard," she rejoined, "of Flemings, Hainaulters, and Brabanters; but Belgians are new to me." His reply was, "My lady, before I had the honor to be presented to you, I have often heard you spoken of not only as a woman of intelligence and wit, but as a woman who had read much. Well, is it possible that you in your many readings have never met the book by a person named Julius Cæsar, who in his 'Commentaries' gives to our population the name of the Belgians, and this name we have preserved till our day?"

"HISTORY OF UMBRELLAS. — At the annual gathering of the members of the Glasgow umbrella trade, the chairman gave the following bits of history in regard to the subject: —

"Dr. Morrison, the great missionary to China, states that there is mention made of umbrellas and parasols in books printed in China more than one thousand five hundred years ago; and that most wonderful traveller, Layard, relates that he discovered on the ruins of Nineveh, in *bas relief*, a representation of a king in his chariot with an attendant holding an umbrella over his head. In India, we also find the umbrella has been in use in remote ages, and principally as an insignia of royalty, its shape differing very little from those in modern use. In Burmah, the princes use a very large umbrella, and it requires a separate attendant to carry it, and his position is a recognized one in the royal household. One of the titles of the king is, 'King of the white elephant and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas.' The emperor of China, who never does anything on a small scale (if he can help it), has no fewer than twenty-four umbrellas carried before him when he goes out hunting. It is used in that country as a defence against rain as well as sun, and is principally made of a sort of glazed silk, or paper, beautifully painted. We find umbrellas mentioned as in use, or at least known, in England one hundred and fifty years ago. In Cambridge, we read that early in the last century umbrellas were let out on hire for so much per hour like Sedan chairs. Jonas Hanway, the founder of a hospital in London, has the credit of being the first person in London that had the courage of habitually carrying an umbrella. He died in 1786, and it is said that he carried an umbrella for thirty years; so their introduction for general use may be said to date from 1756."

IN the second part of M. Michelet's "History of the French Revolution," just published in Paris, the French historian gives the following portrait of Napoleon I. and of his mother, Mdme. Lætitia Bonaparte, which it is interesting to compare with that of M. Lanfrey in his "History of Napoleon": —

I know but two faithful portraits of Napoleon. One is the small bust of Houdon, wild and obscure, which seems a sinister enigma. The other is a full-sized portrait, painted by David, who, it is said, took no less than two years to finish it. The artist has shown himself conscientious, courageous — not caring whether he pleased, thinking only of the truth. So much so that the engraver dared not follow it in certain details where truth contradicted tradition. David made him as he always was, without eyelashes or eyebrows, a small quantity of hair of an uncertain brown, which in his youth, seemed black, in consequence of a free use of pomatum. The eyes are grey like a pane of glass wherein one sees nothing; in short, a complete and obscure impersonality which appears phantasmagorical. He is fat; yet it is easy to detect the feature which he held from his mother, the cheek-bones protruding as in most Corsicans and Sardinians. He says himself that he resembled her in person and instincts. In his youth he was her faint image. If he be put by her side, he looks like her withered counterfeit, as if the hereditary disease of the family — gastric cancer — were already gnawing him. On the contrary, Mdme. Lætitia, in her Italian portraits, as well as in that which I have before me, is a grand and majestic beauty. She is indescribably tragic and mysterious. The mouth is contemptuous, vindictive, full of the bitter honey which is only to be found in Corsica. The large and fixed eyes are nevertheless enigmatic. If they look, it is interiorly, at their dream or passion. This gives her the weird appearance of a fortune-teller, or of a Moorish sibyl, descended from the Carthaginians, or Saracens, whose tombs are situate in the vicinity of Ajaccio, and whose posterity exists in the Niolo. She has the sombre air of a propheticess of evil, or of those *vocératrices* who follow funerals, not with tears, but rather with fits of revenge.

IF anything is calculated to make a dying man laugh, it must be the receipt on his death-bed of a letter from some ill-disposed person, threatening to take his life. Some such satisfaction must have gilded the last moment of Mr. Francis Ludwig, who recently died at Indianapolis, and whose will is described by the *Evening Journal* of that city. It is quite short, but is prefaced with the words, "In the name of the Benevolent Father of all," and contains four distinct clauses. "Item first" wills that all just debts and charges be paid out of the estate. "Item second" reads thus: "I give and devise to William H. Butler, of Boyle County, Kentucky, 500 dols. to purchase ammunition." In dictating this clause Mr. Ludwig explained that the said William H. Butler had frequently threatened to shoot him. His friends remonstrated with him against inserting the clause, but he persisted in his intention, and although lying at the point of death, seemed to derive much satisfaction from the bequest.

## MORTALITY STATISTICS.

NEW YORK, April 20th, 1872.

EDITOR OF THE PELLETT:—In your third number, issued last Thursday, appears an article over my signature, relating to the mortality statistics of New York city; but it has undergone so wondrous a transformation since it left my hands, that I fail to recognize my own offspring.

The facts, in eliminating which I have spent every available moment during the past three months, are these:

The deaths in New York city (excluding all hospital and coroners' cases), under private treatment only, amounted during the two years 1870 and 1871, to 39,634.

Classifying this mortality according to the medical treatment employed in each case, we find that 30,395 persons died under the care of the "regulars," or allopathic physicians in acknowledged good standing: that 2,530 died under the care of homœopathic physicians; and that the balance 6,709 died under the care of practitioners, who, with the sole exception, perhaps, of the "Eclectics," belong to no medical society, and cannot therefore be readily classified. These latter include the druggists and quacks of all kinds, who flourish wherever the professional barriers are so completely thrown down as they are in this State, where the law allows any man to practise medicine.

To compare, then, the allopathic and homœopathic mortality intelligently, we must ascertain first the numbers of practitioners of the two rival systems: and this is the result:—

984 allopaths lost 30,395 cases; 156 homœopaths lost 2,530 cases, averaging 30.89 deaths to each allopath, and 16.22 deaths to each homœopath, practising in New York city during the last two years.

In other words, the homœopathic mortality is thus shown to be, proportionably, only 53 per cent of the allopathic, where the physicians of the two schools have been practising side by side.

As an offset to this surprising revelation, drawn solely from our official records in the Board of Health, it may be urged that the homœopaths treat comparatively few of the poorer classes, and that our mortality is less because our patients are so largely composed of the wealthier and more intelligent part of the community. To satisfy myself on this point, I have collected the reports of the numerous dispensaries in this city, where the sick poor apply for treatment, and from them I learn that one-fourth of all the patients so applying in the year 1870, were the recipients of homœopathic treatment in our seven dispensaries.

These are the facts, Mr. Editor; and the world at large ought to know them. Large numbers of our New Yorkers read them daily at our grand fair; and that you Bostonians may have a like privilege of enlightenment through the columns of "THE PELLETT," is the sincere wish of

Yours truly,

E. M. KELLOGG, M. D.

Vice Pres. Homœopathic Mutual Life Insurance Co.,  
231 Broadway, New York.

[NOTE.—The article in last Thursday's PELLETT, above referred to, was prepared from one published

in the *Homœopathist*, and as it was a compilation, Dr. Kellogg's signature as the author should properly have been omitted. We are obliged to him for this letter, which more fully and clearly sets forth several facts elicited by his long and patient examination of the mortuary records of New York. It is worthy of careful perusal by both friends and opponents of homœopathy.]

## FAIR PLAY.

[From the *New York Tribune*.]

WE have more than once said that there seemed to be no philosophic reason for the queer fact that the dispenser of jalap and calomel refuses to recognize the professional dispenser of pellets and triturations as a medical man and brother. Since the sagest of the fraternity knows far too little of the amazing mechanism he assumes to regulate, it would appear to the lay mind the part of wisdom to welcome whatever light might stream from whatever unexpected East. And certainly the name and story of Samuel Christian Friedrich Hahnemann are not wisely made the jest of nimble wits.

We do not pretend to offer an opinion on the scientific value of the system which we know little and understand less. But this we do not hesitate to declare: that if ever a medical man were wholly and sublimely above any just imputation or suspicion of quackery, this same Hahnemann was that man. A scholar so accomplished and so thorough that at twenty he supported himself in the University of Leipsic by teaching Latin, Greek, and the modern languages, and by translating foreign medical essays into German; a student so ardent and so determined that for years he allowed himself to sleep only every other night that he might spare no unnecessary moment from his beloved books; poor, obscure, and without influence; yet, at twenty-two, intrusted with a hospital ward at Leopoldstadt, and recommended for preferment by the physician of the emperor; at twenty-four, when examined for his degrees, presenting a remarkable and original thesis, and at thirty-five, having meanwhile found time for hard study of chemistry and mineralogy, established in a lucrative practice at Dresden, there is certainly nothing in the record of these severe years which looks like pretence or superficial qualities of mind.

Then came darker days. The young physician, popular, accomplished, admired, courted, with rapidly-growing scientific reputation, and secure fortune within his grasp, was seized with doubts of the honesty and worth of the received system of therapeutics. He sought facts and laws, and believed that he found only guesses and theories. Once to doubt, with him, was once to be resolved. He resigned his fashionable practice, laid down all the honors he had hoped to win, gave up his pleasant home and went back to Leipsic to support his family, if he could, by translating English and French medical authors while working hard at chemistry and groping for scientific light. Friends fell away from him; his wife was bitterly angry with him; his children sickened and suffered in poverty, and still he only said, like Luther, "Here I stand. I can do no otherwise. For it is not safe for a man to go against his conscience."

At last, almost accidentally, certain circumstances suggested to him the law, "*Similia similibus curantur*," and he believed that he had found the groundwork of an exact scientific system. But the scrupulous honesty of the man forbade him to offer to the sick a mode of healing of whose certainty there might be doubt. He proceeded to try upon himself the effect of a great variety of drugs, breaking down an iron constitution, and incurring dangerous risks. Similar results following with mathematical certainty his experiments, he obtained leave to introduce his system in the insane asylum near Gotha, where complete success crowned it. Seven years after he had given up his regular practice he ventured to publish his new theory. It was received with disbelief, ridicule, or abuse. For fifteen years no misrepresentation was too gross, no travesty too ribald, no slander too wild, to be current concerning him and his motives. In 1813, a malignant typhus, the dreadful legacy of the allied army of occupation, broke out in Leipsic, where Hahnemann had, at last, found shelter and friends, and spread with such rapidity that every physician was obliged to treat a certain number of the sick. Of seventy-three to whom the despised pretender applied his system, but one, an old man, died. Guilty of this success, there was neither pardon nor toleration for the rash physician, who was driven for asylum to the Duchy of Anhalt, where, however, insult so pursued him that he seldom appeared in the streets. And it was only at the fading out of a long life, that honor, confidence, and kindness made him slow amends for the hard usage of many years.

It is in the light of this history that we say, therefore, that whether his system be tenable or worthless, the man, dying, bequeathed a great life to the world, and by his constant labors and painful self-sacrifice vindicated his memory from all aspersion of charlatanry. It is no wonder to us that a school should have arisen which devoutly believes in the theories of a man so tremendously in earnest. And it certainly does seem rather a hard case that that school should be *anathema mar-matha* to the other and older school which calls itself "regular."

At present, not only is the homœopathic experimenter not permitted to use the colleges of the allopathic experimenter, but he is not allowed, as a physician, to practise in the hospitals of the State or city, nor, as a student, to walk them. Among the sacred rights which the republic guarantees us is the right of every man, we solemnly believe, to die under whatever system of healing he may prefer. And, therefore, we go in heartily for the success of the endeavors the homœopathic public is just now making to establish a hospital whose inmates may sweetly and smoothly enter the next world by means of dainty sugar plums, should they elect them above the painful impulsion of bitter boluses.

---

"HE died worth so much." Would that it could be said He died worth so many. To "much" the proper substantive is money; to "many," friends.

---

SURELY the best kind of property is affection: and at any rate it is the only kind you can carry with you to the grave.—*Arthur Helps*.

### THEODOR GOLDSTUCKER.

THEODOR GOLDSTUCKER, the foremost Sanskrit scholar in the world, who died last month, was born in Königsberg, in Prussia; he began the study of Sanskrit for the profound knowledge of which he has since become so famous throughout the world, under Prof. Peter Von Bohlen, at the university of that town. He continued his study under Profs. August Wilhem von Schlegel and Christian Lassen Bonn, where he was a contemporary of the late Prince Consort. He afterwards resided for some time at Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of men of the greatest distinction, such as Burnouf, Letronne, etc. He then habilitated himself at the University of Berlin, where he began soon to display great scholarly activity. Alexander Von Humboldt formed already at that time a very high estimate of the capacities of the young scholar, whose aid, in several very difficult questions of Indian philosophy, he gratefully acknowledged in his "*Kosmos*." Goldstücker assembled round himself a circle of ardent young men, whom he succeeded in inspiring with his love for the language and the land of the Vedas, and many of whom have arrived at great eminence since as Sanskrit scholars. It was owing to his great love and devotion to his favorite science that, in 1850, he came to England, where he resided ever since, having soon after received the appointment as Professor to the Chair of Sanskrit at University College. The late Professor carried conscientiousness and modesty to such an extreme degree that the learned world will hardly ever know what it has lost through his death. His published works are very few, and the greatest undertaken by him, the Sanskrit Dictionary, which assumed under his hands the form of a gigantic treasury, in which the words of the printed as well as of the unprinted Sanskrit literature were to be recorded, will also remain *a torso*. The earliest work undertaken by Goldstücker was the translation into German of the *Prabodha Chandrodaya*, a theologico-philosophical drama, by Krischna Micra, to which Prof. Rozenkranz wrote a preface. In 1861, he published as an introduction to a fac-simile edition of the *Manava-Kalpa-Sutra*, an investigation of some literary and chronological questions, which may be settled by a study of Panini's work, under the title of "*Panini: His Place in Sanskrit Literature*."

Goldstücker also edited the text of the *Jaiminiya-Nyâya-Mâlâ-Vistara*, of which work four hundred pages in large quarto are in type. In 1866, Prof. Goldstücker started the Sanskrit Text Society, under the patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and under the presidency of the Duc d'Aumale. His very last labor in the public service, and one which he has left nearly completed, is a photo-lithographic fac-simile edition of Patanjali's great commentary on Panini's Grammatical Sutras, called *Mahabashya*, for which the funds had been voted with great liberality by the Indian government. We are indebted to *Trubner's American and Oriental Literary Record*—a most valuable publication—for these facts concerning the great scholar.

---

MUSHROOMS, in their resolute growth, will lift up large slabs of stone—such is the force of *parvenus* in the vegetable world.—*Arthur Helps*.

## LAKE GEORGE.

BY GEORGE S. HILLARD.

How oft in visions of the night,  
 How oft in noonday dreaming,  
 I've seen, fair lake, thy forest wave, —  
 Have seen thy waters gleaming ;  
 Have heard the blowing of the winds  
 That sweep along thy highlands,  
 And the light laughter of the waves  
 That dance around thine islands.

It was a landscape of the mind,  
 With forms and hues ideal ;  
 But still those hues and forms appeared  
 More lovely than aught real.  
 I feared to see the breathing scene,  
 And brooded o'er the vision,  
 Lest the hard touch of truth should mar  
 A picture so Elysian.

But now I break the cold distrust  
 Whose spells so long had bound me :  
 The shadows of the night are past, —  
 The morning shines around me.  
 And in the sober light of day,  
 I see with eyes enchanted,  
 The glorious vision that so long  
 My day and night dreams haunted.

I see the green translucent wave  
 The purest of earth's fountains ;  
 I see the many-winding shore, —  
 The double range of mountains ;  
 One, neighbor to the flying clouds,  
 And crowned with leaf and blossom,  
 And one, more lovely, borne within  
 The lake's unruffled bosom.

Oh, timid heart ! with thy glad throbs  
 Some self-reproach is blended,  
 At the long years that died before  
 The sight of scene so splendid.  
 The mind has pictures of its own, —  
 Fair trees and waters flowing ;  
 But not a magic whole like this,  
 So living, breathing, glowing.

Strength imaged in the wooded hills,  
 A grand primeval nature,  
 And beauty mirrored in the lake,  
 A gentler, softer feature.  
 A perfect union, — where no want  
 Upon the soul is pressing ;  
 Like manly power and female grace,  
 Made one by bridal blessing.

Nor is the stately scene without  
 Its sweet secluded treasures,  
 Where hearts that shun the crowd may find  
 Their own exclusive pleasures :  
 Deep chasms of shade for pensive thought,  
 The hours to wear away in,  
 And vaulted aisles of whispering pine,  
 For lovers' feet to stray in.

Clear streams that from the uplands run,  
 A course of sunless shadow ;  
 Isles all unfurrowed by the plough,  
 And strips of fertile meadow ;  
 And rounded coves of silver sand,  
 Where moonlight plays and glances, —  
 A sheltered hill for Elfin horns,  
 A floor for Elfin dances.

No tame monotony is here,  
 But beauty ever changing ;  
 With clouds, and shadows of the clouds,  
 And mists the hill-sides ranging.  
 Where morning's gold, and noon's hot sun,  
 Their changing glories render,  
 Pour round the shores a varying light,  
 Now glowing and now tender.

But purer than the shifting gleams  
 By liberal sunshine given,  
 Is the deep spirit of that hour, —  
 An effluence breathed from Heaven.  
 When the unclouded yellow moon  
 Hangs o'er the eastern ridges,  
 And the long shaft of trembling gold  
 The trembling crystal bridges.

Farewell, sweet lake ! brief were the hours  
 Along thy banks for straying ;  
 But not farewell what memory takes, —  
 An image undecaying.  
 I hold secure beyond all change,  
 One lonely recollection,  
 To cheer the hours of lonely toil  
 And chase away dejection.

## THE LUCK-BIRD.

(Translated from Coamizzo : III. 143.)

ACROSS the grove a bird there flew,  
 And sung and charmed — I'm his who catches.  
 Across the grove a bird there flew,  
 From the grove to the forest, the world into,  
 In the world and over the sea.  
 Whoever once the birdling catches,  
 No longer any pain will rue,  
 From pain and grief is free.

Across the grove a birdling flew, —  
 " O, could I be the one who catches !"  
 Across the grove a birdling flew,  
 From the grove to the forest, the world into,  
 In the world and over the sea.  
 " O, could I be the one who catches,  
 No longer any pain should rue,  
 From pain and sorrow free !"

Now near the grove the youngster drew,  
 Fain be the one the bird who catches ;  
 But straight away the birdling flew,  
 From the grove to the forest the world into,  
 In the world and over the sea.  
 So not until the bird he catches,  
 His trouble will he cease to rue,  
 From pain and grief be free !

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# THE PELLETT.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1872.

## IN WHICH WE MAKE OUR BOW.

WITH this number, THE PELLETT passes into that mysterious region assigned to the spirits of defunct newspapers. That there is such a region, and that a proper distinction (one that is not always made on earth) is there made between the good and the bad newspapers, admits of but faint doubt. We trust that our little daily, when it has completed its earthly pilgrimage, will not be thrust among the shades of vituperative political organs, or quartered among the ghosts of bitter theological weeklies, or even put into the same mess with illustrated journals, with their satirical cuts and repellent pictures of human suffering; but will be given a humble corner somewhere in that sphere occupied by the souls of gentle literary weeklies that have died in their innocent infancy, either through the neglect of their unnatural parents, the Public, or from injuries received at the hands of incompetent nurses. If THE PELLETT could have its way, — but it is much too modest and practical to dream of so high an honor, — it would be billeted among the garrulous *Tattlers*, the observant *Spectators*, and the conscientious *Guardians* of the past. This, however, cannot be. But, sensible as it is of its shortcomings, THE PELLETT is tolerably well aware of the purity of its life and the honesty of its intentions. We can almost fancy that we hear a phantom voice thus addressing the ancient Spirit of the Press in that other world: "If you please, sir, I am a little paper that died the other day. I have committed but few typographical errors during my brief life; I have gone pretty regularly to my subscribers; I have treated the advertisers to frequent handsome allusions; I have noticed everybody favorably; and though the partisan of a creed that has sometimes been unjustly used, I have been neither dogmatic nor abusive, but have endeavored to be cheery and entertaining, and sweet tempered, so that even allopaths might not find me a bitter pellet to take. I may say, without the usual mortuary exaggeration, that at my decease, I left behind me a large circle of friends and acquaintances, — to be exact, about four thousand paying acquaintances. My aims have been unselfish throughout; I have not

sought to lay up gold for luxurious editors or mercenary proprietors, but to assist in raising funds to establish a hospital in which sick men and women, and homeless little children may receive gentle and Christian treatment. If you please, sir, though I lived to be only ten days old, I appear before you not as a failure but as a Success."

We do not think we can add anything to this ingenuous statement. We might, indeed, say that THE PELLETT has not been edited by men of leisure: the work on the paper has been done at night after the toils of the day, and must necessarily bear the marks of haste. The complications attending the issue of a daily paper of sixteen pages need not be explained to journalists, and are such as could not be explained to unprofessional readers. With this slight appeal to kindly criticism, we cork our inkstand, lay aside the stylus, and make our respectful bow.

## SOME ACCOUNT OF THE HOSPITAL.

HOMŒOPATHY had scarcely been introduced into this State, ere it found favor with a progressive and liberal-minded class who, having themselves derived advantage from it, said "We ought to have a hospital, so that the poor may also feel its blessings."

It is one thing to wish for, and another to obtain; and from 1838 to 1855, the hospital was wished for only. Then came forward an earnest few, — mostly physicians, who feel the need of such an institution more than any other class, — who said, "Let us try to establish one now." They went to the State and asked aid to the amount of \$10,000, on condition that a similar sum should be raised by private subscription. A bill granting this passed the House by a large majority, but was lost in the Senate by *one vote*. This was a sad mistake; for had that paltry sum been given, then it would have formed the nucleus for many thousands which would have been donated to this object. An institution would have arisen which would have been an honor to the State, and the means of saving the lives of thousands of its citizens. But it was not done. A charter only was given.

Some who then labored earnestly relinquished all further effort. But there were others who were not discouraged; they said, If we cannot now get a hospital, we *can* sustain a dispensary; and by-and-by we will have the hospital too. The charter for the Homœopathic Medical Dispensary was granted by the State, and the institution was organized and sustained by individual effort. After continuing nearly two years, some of its friends began to feel that they could not longer make the necessary sacrifice to sustain it. An appeal was then made to the ladies for aid; they came nobly forward, and by a fair held in

Music Hall March 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1859 (around which pleasant associations still linger), they raised a sum exceeding thirteen thousand dollars, though only ten thousand was asked. This fund has sustained the dispensary in its noble work since that time, and, increased by some slight donations, has grown to over *twenty thousand dollars*.

This dispensary established, its friends looked longingly to the founding of a hospital, and in the winter of 1860-61, they made arrangements to open one on a small scale the ensuing spring. But the guns of Fort Sumter turned the thoughts of its friends in another direction, and there was no homœopathic hospital for our wounded or sick soldiers when they came from the battle-field.

For years the hospital project slumbered; no one was willing to take upon himself the burden — the hard work and often thankless task — of urging men to do what all felt ought to be done. But in January, 1870, a meeting of physicians was called to consider this special subject. All were earnest in their wish to have a hospital, and all were appointed on a committee to report in two weeks what means could be secured to sustain such an institution.

Two weeks, four weeks passed, but what was everybody's business proved to be nobody's. Failing in this general effort, a few earnest men felt that if a hospital, however small, was started, the public would sustain it, and that eventually a good institution would result. Accordingly they made arrangements to begin such a charity. But their professional brethren thought that this effort must be made by the entire profession, to which it was accordingly committed; but in their hands it remained stationary for six months, as it had done for years.

It was in this emergency that aid came from the same source as once before. The ladies took up the matter. A Ladies' Aid Association was formed, the hospital building was furnished, and in a few weeks the hospital was opened to patients, and soon filled to overflowing. But their care did not stop here, for every day one of their number has since visited the patients, and in many ways contributed to their comforts and welfare as women only can.

The hospital occupies a small house at No. 14 Burroughs place, and contains sixteen beds. At the end of its first year, it has freed itself from a debt of over eight hundred dollars, furnished the building throughout, paid all its expenses, and laid aside towards a permanent fund fifteen thousand dollars.

This was thought to be a good beginning, and in a few years it was hoped that a more commodious place could be secured.

Suddenly there came up an action on the part of the opponents of homœopathy which aroused the indignation of its friends, and within the past few months, preparations have been made which have given rise to this fair, of which the PELLET forms one but department. There is little doubt that the results of this effort will enable the hospital to remove to better quarters the present year; and that it will prove but the beginning of an effort which shall erect not only a general hospital, but a lying-in asylum, a children's hospital, and a medical college, — all to be under homœopathic direction.

Let every friend of this hospital and of homœopathy

realize that never again will it be in his power to aid medical progress so much as by prompt assistance at the present time. Let the results of this fair be seen in more numerous contributions from those who can give, however little; in liberal donations from the wealthy; in legacies from those who, even dead, wish to do good, and in additional aid and comfort from all.

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### RHYMES BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

SIR:—I send you some Album rhymes, by Daniel Webster. A lady asked for his autograph on the page where President John Adams had written his name. Webster filled all that was left of the page with the lines I enclose, which have been seldom printed.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

#### LINES.

DEAR lady, I a little fear  
'T is dangerous to be writing here.  
His hand who bade our eagle fly,  
Trust his young wings and mount the sky;  
Who bade along the Atlantic tide  
New thunders roar, new navies ride, —  
Has traced in lines of trembling age,  
His autograph upon the page.  
Higher than that eagle soars,  
Wider than that thunder roars,  
His name will o'er the world be sounding,  
And o'er the waves of time be bounding.  
Though thousands as obscure as I  
Cling to his skirts, he still will fly  
And mount to immortality.  
If by his name I write my own,  
'T will take me where I am not known.  
The cold salute will meet my ear, —  
"Pray, stranger, how did you come here?"

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#### ORION.

Three worlds he wears, as bosses on his belt,  
Never ungirded; mortals lay theirs down;  
Great Aaron his; Moses in Moab felt  
The sovereign hand his high estate discrown;  
Kings and great men, or clad in mail or gown,  
Disrobe and die; but lo! from year to year  
Those banded worlds the mutual distance own,  
Which Adam saw, when night came up the sphere.  
God's golden compasses there measure still.  
Night unto night by this great symbol shows  
Far forth this counsel: Ever be the same,  
Planted by God, and fear nor shame, nor ill.  
"Canst loose Orion's bands?" — this to thy foes,  
O faithful soul! nightly the heavens proclaim.

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ALWAYS win fools first. They talk much; and, what they have once uttered, they will stick to; whereas, there is always time, up to the last moment, to bring before a wise man arguments that may entirely change his opinion.  
— *Arthur Helps*.

## YOUNG OLD PEOPLE.

THOUGH Ponce de Leon failed to find the Fountain of Youth, we think that this desirable spring is not altogether apocryphal, and that the secret of its existence has been known to a favored few at various epochs of the world. We are sure that Ninon de l'Enclos obtained possession of some of the magical elixir, and there is no doubt whatever but Charles Mathews, at some period of his career, had a few pints carefully bottled for his own private use. As a small quantity of this fluid is supposed to go a great way, we may hope to have the prince of comedians with us these many years yet, playing youthful parts with all that vivacity and *aplomb* which charmed us — or at least some of us — more than a quarter of a century ago. Dejazet, the French actress, has also drank of the enchanted stream, — Dejazet, who drooped her pretty eyelashes under the gaze of the First Napoleon, and still wears her histrionic laurels under the troubled *régime* of M. Thiers. If she were not a woman, we would tell the reader how ridiculously old she is; but in deference to a feminine prejudice we will only say that, when the lady is on the stage, it would require a spy-glass of greater magnifying power than that described by Sam Weller, to find out that she is over thirty. Mr. Bret Harte, in one of his "Condensed Novels," devotes a chapter to the old age of the typical Frenchwoman. The chapter is *apropos*, and not too long for quotation. It consists of these words: —

"A French woman never grows old."

That the gifted author had Dejazet in his eye is probable, — or, possibly, it was Ninon, who was as dangerous as ever in her seventieth year. [The lady being dead, and the family somewhat callous to remarks on her person or her morals, we mention this peculiarity of her seventieth year without scruple.] Her case, we think, is destructive of the theory that the art of not growing old is a matter of diet, while it strengthens our own hypothesis as to the existence of the Florida water which the luckless Ponce de Leon never succeeded in finding.

It was left for Ninon and Dejazet and Charles Mathews to discover the Fountain of Youth, and for others also; for do we not now and then meet in society with people whose freshness and fascination can be explained in no other way, — not old people aping juvenility, for that is a sorry sight, — but old people who have not really grown old? What charming, cheery souls they are! The brown locks have silvered, but the cheerful, hopeful spirit has been left untouched; to the innocent bouyancy of youth has been added the mellow wisdom of age. The kind, gentle eyes that have looked so long in the world have not lost their brightness; all the bitterness of experience has not taught them bitterness. This is not to grow old, to keep the heart young and un wrinkled. Who does not know one of these delightful old folks? If chance has placed him at your hearthside, cherish him tenderly, for when his chair becomes vacant, nothing more beautiful can fill the empty place. The merry faces of children make sunshine in the darkest house, and their laughter, in doors or out, is music itself; but serene, hale old age has a beauty all its own. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth; but in our old age are we

not nearing it again, and is not that heaven's own light which falls upon the silvery hair?

But there are old people and old people. In spite of the preservation of her worthless charms, Ninon de l'Enclos does not present a very pretty picture of old age. It would have been quite as well if she had not tasted of the Fountain of Youth. There is something eldritch in her laugh at fourscore, and her coquetry is ghastly. Major Pendennis, with his dyed whiskers, his padded shape, and his antique wickedness, is scarcely more pleasing. These should never have been old people. They should have died young, as the good are said to do. Perhaps they were left to us as awful examples of wasted opportunity and misspent life, in which case they are not without their uses.

In early youth the question of growing old, of being old, does not enter very frequently into our minds; but after we have passed the meridian and our shadow begins growing long the wrong way, we find ourselves contemplating the problem. Sometimes, in the midst of the cares and distractions of life, the thought of old age is not unpleasant. That was a touching and natural conceit to which George Arnold gave expression in an essay written a short time before his death, — the wish to be a sweet Old Lady, with a snowy kerchief pinned across her bosom, and her quiet eyes filled with pleasant memories. Every man looks forward to the time when he shall gracefully put himself upon the "retired list," leaving the battle to be planned and fought by younger heads and hands. Happy is he who in that autumnal time finds that his heart has not grown old, and that the snow which has whitened his locks has not chilled his kindly sympathies with the sweet human life growing up about him. This is, indeed, to have drank at Ponce de Leon's fountain.

By the common law of England it is held that "no one can be arrested in a fair, except for debts contracted there, or promised to be paid there." The intendment of the law is that all the money brought to a fair shall be spent there and nowhere else.

MARTIN LUTHER AT HOME AND AS HE WAS. — But I could not bring up my conception of Luther in Germany to the idea I had of him before. I saw his manuscripts, collections of his works, portraits; but his big drinking-cups were, after all, the most prominent memorials he left behind him. He was a jolly old soul, hearty and honest, I dare say, and banged away at the pope and the devil with good will and good effect. But there was nothing high and grand about him. I went to see the place where the devil is said to have helped him over the walls of Augsburg; but, even there, not a gleam of poetry associated itself with his name. The huge drinking-cup seemed to swallow up everything, and the couplet, said to be his, appeared to tell the whole story: —

"Who loves not wine, woman and song,  
Remains a fool all his life long."

In short, his burly face and figure, and the goblets that testify to his powers, made it absolutely impossible for me to connect any heroic idea with the man. — *Prof. Felton.*

### THE MALE COSTUME OF THE PERIOD.

WE went to see a play the other evening — one of those old-fashioned English comedies that are in five acts and seem to be in fifteen. There were several unhappy virtuous people, and a number of very merry wicked ones; there was a lost father and a forged will; and when all was said and done, the heroine fell into the arms of her lover, amid the soft murmurs of the parquette, and the frustrated villain of the piece was led away by the ear, to the noisy satisfaction of the gallery. But it was in none of these circumstances that we condescended to take interest. The thing that held us a pleased spectator was nothing more nor less than the graceful costume of a certain player who looked like a fine old portrait — by Vandyke perhaps — that had somehow got alive and kicked off its frame.

We do not know at what epoch of the world's history the scene of the play was laid; possibly the author knew, but it was evident that the actors did not, for their costumes represented quite antagonistic periods; but this anachronism in no degree detracted from the special pleasure we took in the young person called Delorme. He was not in himself interesting; he was like that Major Waters in "Pepys' Diary" — "a most amorous melancholy gentleman who is under a despayr in love, which makes him bad company"; it was entirely Delorme's dress. We never saw mortal man in a dress more sensible and becoming. The material was according to Polonius' dictum, rich but not gaudy, of some dark cherry-colored stuff, with trimmings of a deeper shade. Our idea of a doublet is so misty that we shall not venture to say the gentleman wore a doublet. It was a loose coat of some kind hanging very gracefully from the shoulders and looped at the throat, showing a tasteful arrangement of lace-work below. Full trousers reaching to the tops of buckskin boots, and a low-crowned felt hat — not a brigand's hat, but a picturesque shapeless headgear, one side fastened up with a jewel — completed the essential portions of our friend's attire. It was a costume to walk in, to ride in, to sit in. The wearer of it could not be awkward if he tried, and we will do Delorme the justice to say that he put his dress to some severe tests. But he was graceful all the while, and made us wish that our countrymen would throw off their present hideous habiliments and hasten to the measuring-room of Delorme's tailor.

In turning over the plates of an old book of fashions we smile at the monstrous rig in which our worthy great-grandfathers saw fit to deck themselves. The knee-breeches, the pig-tail, and the triangular *chapeau de bras*, were queer enough, Heaven knows; but if a Broadway, or a Beacon street swell — with his monkey-jacket, scant trousers, and horrible stove-pipe hat — could catch a single glimpse of himself with the eyes of his ancestors, he would beseech his friends to place him in a lunatic asylum. Whatever strides we may have made in arts and sciences, we have fallen behindhand in the matter of costume. That Americans do not tattoo themselves, and do go fully clad, — we are speaking exclusively of the sterner sex, — is about all that can be said in favor of our present fashions. We wish we had the vocabulary of Herr Teu-

felsdrockh with which to inveigh against the dress-coat of our evening parties, that angular swallow-tailed coat which makes a man look like a bird, and a bad bird at that. "As long as a man wears the modern coat," says Leigh Hunt, "he has no right to despise any dress. What snips at the collar and lapels! What a mechanical and ridiculous cut about the flaps! What buttons in front that are never meant to button, and yet are no ornament! And what an exquisitely absurd pair of buttons at the back! gravely regarded, nevertheless, and thought as indispensably necessary to every well-conditioned coat, as other bits of metal or bone are to the bodies of savages whom we laugh at. There is absolutely not one iota of sense, grace, or even economy in the modern coat." Still more offensive is the hat of the period. We wish we could ostracise all the stove-pipe hats at present blasting the landscape of the United States, and sit down, metaphorically, on the hat-box of every Englishman landing on our shores. That a Christian can go about unabashed with a round tower on his head, shows what civilization has done for us in the way of taste in personal decoration. When an Indian squaw comes into a western settlement the first thing she purchases is a beaver hat. Her instinct as to the eternal fitness of things teaches her that its only proper place is on the skull of a barbarian.

It was while revolving these pleasing reflections in our mind, that our friend Delorme walked across the stage in the fourth act, and though there was nothing in the situation nor in the text of the play to warrant it, we broke into tremendous applause from which we desisted only at the suggestion of an usher, — a being in a paper collar and a swallow-tailed coat. Our solitary ovation to Master Delorme was an involuntary, and we think pardonable protest against the male costume of our own time.

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OBSERVE a dog or a cat turning and twisting about, and perhaps, beating with its paws before it can make up its mind to lie down even upon the softest cushion. This, naturalists tell us, is a reminiscence of its former state when a wild animal, and when it had to make its bed for itself. Thousands of years of domesticity have not obliterated this habit derived from its ancestors, the dwellers in the forest. See the force of ancestry. There is, doubtless, the same thing to be seen in the ways and habits of men; and probably his most distant ancestors still live, in some extent, in each individual man.

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THE common notion about the springing of a serpent is mistaken. Those who have watched the creature say that it gradually uncoils itself before it makes its spring. So it is with most calamities and disasters. There is generally time to do something to avert or avoid them; but we are fascinated by the sense of danger, and watch the uncoiling without doing anything to help ourselves. — *Arthur Helps*.

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WHEN you find yourself unpopular with those amongst whom you live, or with the world in general, do not ask yourself what you have done, but what you have said, to produce this unpopularity.

## CROAKERS.

ALMOST every invention that has lightened the labor of man, extended the sphere of his knowledge, or added to the sum of his happiness, has been made in direct defiance of what is called public opinion. The inventor has been forced not only to contend with the mechanical difficulties which beset him in working out his conception, but to struggle against the prejudice, the active opposition, or, what is nearly as depressing to the sensitive mind (the only kind of mind that invents), the stolid indifference of his own time. Inventors have so generally been regarded as madmen by their contemporaries, that one is inclined to accept as serious the satirical statement of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian: "A strange thing, and worthy of remark, is that men of good sense have never invented any thing; it is the fools who, up to the present time, have made all the great discoveries." The early astronomers were held as dealers in magic, leaguers with the infernal powers, and were imprisoned, expatriated, or fried, according to the spirit of their day and generation.

To the majority of mankind there seems to be something exasperating in a new idea. When a man comes forward with an apple-peeler superior to the one that has been in use a century or so, the first impulse of his countrymen is to peel the audacious innovator with his own machine. This being done, metaphorically, and the poor devil being dead in reality, his countrymen will adopt his apple-peeler and smile pityingly on the more backward civilization of those countries where it is still the custom to remove the rind of fruit with the primitive and traditional jack-knife. Truly, the way of the inventor is hard, and the history of his hardships, even when they are crowned with success, is generally the saddest of biographies. Happily, for their own sakes, great inventors are rare. Perhaps, however, the consciousness of their high mission is a recompense for all suffering.

Unfortunately the majority of people are without this sustaining consciousness, and yet are exposed to the dispiriting influence of wet-blanket-ism; for the man with the wet blanket is a power in social circles, in literature, in art, and in all the affairs of every-day life. If there is a dark side to a thing, he sees that only; if there is not a dark side, he makes one. He hears the croak of the raven in the song of the robin. He spoils your picnic by taking his umbrella with him. This is the ghoulish gentleman, described by *Punch*, who always casts a gloom over the guests at the Christmas dinner by wondering "where we shall all be this time next year?" When you tell him you have invested money in this or that security, you feel that if he does not burst into tears it is because he does not wish to inform you too abruptly that you have sunk your capital. To meet him in the morning is to have the sunshine taken out of your whole day. To meet him at night is to go to bed dejected. The art of discouragement is the easiest of arts, and is consequently popular. It would add greatly to the average of human happiness if the professors of discouragement had the power of exercising their skill only on those strong geniuses who dawn upon the world at intervals, instead of blighting the simple enjoyments of the humble folk who invent nothing, and who form the staple of this world's population.

BORN IN BOSTON. — It was our misfortune not to be born in Boston. Slur it over as we may, hide it by all the artifices of insincere indifference, yet the fact remains and will every now and then break forth, that it was not in Boston that the light first met these eyes. How vain and fugacious are the consolations with which, on dismal days, one comforts himself on this wise: The whole world could not be born in Boston. Somebody had to be born outside of this blessed centre. Why not I? True, the lack can never be supplied; but by good conduct and patient endeavor, many men have lived creditably who were born in other places. Everybody cannot be first. Every one cannot be even eminent. Cæsar was not born in Boston, though he is thought well of here, especially in bronze and cameos and marbles. Yet, had he been born here, his glory would have been enhanced. If He of Bethlehem had been born in Boston, there would have been far less dispute about his divinity. Every good thing is divine in Boston. There have been numberless names of great credit to the world born outside of this celestial city: Dante, Luther, M. Angelo, Albert Durer, Shakspeare, Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, Bonaparte, and a few others. But had they been born in Boston, it would have been still better for them than it was, and is.

One may be poor and unfortunate, but what has he to envy in the rich and prosperous, if only they were not born in Boston, and *he* was? This is patrimony that can never be squandered. Every time one thinks of it it is as good as a new birth.

I am pleased, in spite of my secret envy, to see how well the happy people carry themselves whom God selected to be born in Boston. It is not often intruded upon you. Indeed it is not usually mentioned in your presence. It would not comport with politeness to bring home to you your ignoble birth. It is after you are gone that people say, with genuine Christian pity, "Did you hear him speak of being born in Litchfield? I wonder whether he does really not feel the misfortune, or whether he puts on that indifference as a way of braving it out?" — *Henry Ward Beecher*.

THE Rev. John T. Kirkland, President of Harvard College, was sometimes jocular. A young man, wishing to enter the Sophomore class, translated, "Exegi monumentum ære perennius," I have eaten a monument harder than brass. "Sit down and digest it then," quoth the president. Wishing to have an unruly dog put out of the chapel, he ordered, in Latin, "Extingue canem."

NOTHING is more undramatic than that which the drama purposes to represent; viz., real life. Let any man reflect upon the important events, either in domestic, social, or public life, which he has witnessed, and will he not say that, for the most part, they were conducted in a very tame, haphazard, and common-place manner?

SOME persons, instead of making a religion for their God, are content to make a god of their religion. — *Arthur Helps*.

## NOTES OF THE FAIR.

"GREAT Fairs are wasteful and expensive." So are great armies; and, in fact, great bodies of men or women united for whatever purpose. If, then, we were to look simply at the large amount of money netted by this fair,—it must be, from present appearances, between sixty and seventy thousand dollars,—we might question very properly, whether this same amount might not have been raised in some easier manner.

There are men in Boston who could have given twice this sum, and never have known its loss. But this would not have suited the temper of the occasion. The whole community felt that at this time, and under present circumstances, they wanted to express in some degree their gratitude for what they had received from homœopathy, and to give something towards the erection of a hospital to be under its direction.

Though the work has been long delayed, they came not to it as the laggard to pay his debt, but all the preparations for the fair were with joy and hearty greetings. Who that participated will ever forget those regular Thursday meetings in Wesleyan Hall? Brought together from different parts of the State, in that little room, were a hundred active minds, and as many pleasant voices. How many little plans were then laid to add to the success and brilliancy of the whole?

Then came the series of entertainments, work-giving, but full of pleasure. There were concerts in every variety and form; theatricals strictly private and semi-public, and some not confined even to the English tongue; lectures and readings for the literary, with parties of every variety for the gay. There were the mask, the mask and domino, the sheet-and-pillow-case, the calico, the neck-tie, etc., etc.; or still more gayly did the gentle Terpsichore lead on in balls, assemblies, and sociables. Never before was enjoyment made sweeter, for it was joined with doing good.

Of the fair itself, we need not speak. The beautiful decorations of both halls, the immense collection of rare and costly articles now scattered, the crowd of buyers which did its part so well, the attendants who, after all, formed one of the fair's chief attractions, all these, and many more things this paper has recorded; but it has not told, nor can it estimate the interest in this hospital which this fair has awakened in the community. Never was a hospital started that carried with it in its infancy so many kindly wishes and was surrounded by so many helping hands. To the future, then, we, in our last words, may commit it with confidence. Let its managers go boldly, confidently forward, and they will find every footstep planted on solid rock.

It is hardly safe to say much about the raffles in this number of THE PELLET, as many of them will be closed up and drawn before this reaches the reader. At the Brookline table in Music Hall, a fine picture named "Autumn Breeze," painted by Mrs. Towle, is going in one dollar shares. A fire screen, which has a place in the centre of the hall, is selling in seventy-five shares of one dollar each. There is also a combination raffle which is attractive.

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE trust that some of their readers realize the difficulty of sending out daily a paper like THE PELLET. The work requires all the machinery of a publishing establishment, while it is of so short duration that it is quite impossible to make complete and satisfactory arrangements. We are not surprised that some of our subscribers have missed their papers; but we can assure them that, with this number, every one has been duly mailed. If any subscriber has failed to receive his, Mr. Ticknor will endeavor to remedy the deficiency if it is brought to his attention.

When the circular of THE PELLET was first sent out, the particular request was made that subscriptions should be sent in "*as early as possible*," in order that suitable arrangements might be made. Up to the opening of the fair only a few subscriptions were sent in; but on the first and second days after the opening, they came in by thousands. There was then no time to carefully arrange the names and prepare wrappers for the first number, and it was accordingly sent to the Postmasters in towns, to be distributed by list. Meanwhile, the great work of arranging names and preparing wrappers was done as best it could be, and the last nine numbers have been sent in three packages of three numbers each, to individual subscribers. This was the best that we could do, and we hope it has not been unsatisfactory.

We are under great obligations to Mr. T. B. TICKNOR, for the great amount of work he has done, and pains he has taken with the subscriptions, and to MESSRS. MUDGE & SON, for the prompt, efficient, and excellent manner in which they have printed the paper.

ALL through the fair the Bohemian glass table near the entrance to Horticultural Hall has proved a prime attraction. We have never visited the hall without finding a group of people there, investing in the pretty wares which are on sale.

THE Dedham table in Music Hall, over which Mrs. G. A. Southgate presides, makes a specialty of children's clothing, and has some articles of this nature which are deserving of attention by those who have little ones. An embroidered sofa pillow and a beautiful white wax cross are among the other attractions deserving of notice.

ALTHOUGH there is still a large supply of articles remaining on the tables, in spite of the generous sales, it is not the intention of any one connected with the fair to sacrifice their goods for the sake of getting rid of them. After the close of the fair, the goods which remain unsold become the property of the executive committee, and will be disposed of by them.

THE medicine chest given by R. E. Robbins, Esq., has not excited the brisk contest which might have been expected among the friends of Boston physicians to secure it. At present Dr. Ahlborn has the larger number of votes; but there is no telling how soon the partisans of some other physician may make an effort to put their favorite ahead.

THE following raffles were drawn Friday afternoon and evening : —

Table 5 — Gilt frame chair (107), Mrs Rockwell, 36 Blue Hill avenue.

Table 6 — Venetian scene (86), W. G. Tyler, Milton.

Table 11 — Fire screen (96), Robert E. Apthorp, 2 Otis place.

Table 2 — Oil painting L. Spalding, 76 Pearl street.

Table 5 — Gilt table, Mrs. James S. Dennis, 5 Rutland square.

Table 7 — Piano (703), William Magna, 881 Washington street.

Table 40 — Combination raffle, sofa pillow, Miss Ballister, Newton; feather duster, Henry McCoy, 15 Mercer street; gas screen, Mrs. Wm. S. Remington, Fall River; sail boat, J. Farwell, Newton.

Table 47 — Carriage blanket, shawl, and baby basket, by (119), M. A. Bennett, Melrose; (147), Mrs. J. K. Rogers, Longwood; (44), Mrs. Smith, Eutaw street, East Boston.

Table 35 — Foot-rest, oil painting, and cake, by (48), N. W. Appleton, Norfolk House; (99), Dr. H. C. Clapp, 35 Howard street; (7), Mrs. Grey; table, bag, and pistol, by (84), W. P. Preble, Cambridge; (142), A. F. Webster, 12 Hancock street; (114), John Wolff, 51 Bowdoin street; foot-box, and sofa-pillow, by (21), Mrs. J. C. Haynes, 438 Columbus avenue; (116), James R. Brown, 125 Broad street.

Table 49 — Oil painting (43), A. Heidsick, 54 White street, New York.

Table 44 — Chair and sofa cushion, (8), C. J. Adams, North Chelmsford; (3), Mrs. Isaac Pitman, Somerville.

Table 31 — Wax flowers (45), Dr. Geo. Russell, 14 Lynde street.

Table 50 — Adjustable easy chair (90), J. H. Taylor, Brookline.

Table 35 — Autograph and photograph album (53), Mrs. H. F. Warren, 17 Beacon street.

Table 38 — Infant's skirt, blanket, set of Shakspeare, towel rack, engravings (187), Mrs. Rufus Lane, Hingham; (24), Mrs. Levi Thaxter, Hyde Park; (211), F. S. Palmer; (208), Mrs. T. M. Richards, South Canton; (378), E. A. Kilham, 5 South Market street

Table 10 — Gold watch, J. P. Bowker, 117 Pinckney street; gold watch, James P. Bancroft, 158 West Newton street.

Table 31 — Pillow shams, carriage blanket, and toilet cushion, Mrs. Dr. Morse, Salem; D. F. Ricker, Brighton; L. A. Britton, Boston.

Table 34 — Jewel case, cushion, screen, Mrs. W. L. Slater, 560 Tremont street; Mrs. G. L. Dyer, 700 Tremont street; Mrs. W. H. Allen, 75 Chester square.

Table 57 — Meerschaum pipe, R. D. Whitney, Columbus avenue.

Table 29 — Engraving "Life's Day," Edward E. Poole, 4 Chester square.

At the Fall River table in Horticultural Hall, Mrs. Durfee, the president, has had excellent success in disposing of the many beautiful things which adorned her table at the opening of the fair.

DR. SCHWABE, Director of the City Bureau of Statistics, Berlin, has prepared a tabular view of the relative density of population to house accommodation in the five principal cities of Europe. In London, the average number to a house is eight persons; in Berlin, thirty-two; in Paris, thirty-five; in Petersburg, fifty-two; and in Vienna, fifty-five. This comparison is fair, with the exception of London, where the size and style of houses differ essentially from the continental system of flats. In London, rent absorbs from one-tenth to one-eighth of income; in Berlin, one-fifth to one-fourth; in Paris, over one-fourth; and in Vienna, one-third. The rate of mortality seems to follow an arithmetical progression in analogy with the ratio of tenants; thus, for every one thousand, the yearly deaths are, in London, twenty-four; in Berlin, twenty-five; in Paris, twenty-eight; in Petersburg, forty-one; and in Vienna, forty-seven. The same curious analogy runs through the ratio of illegitimate births; there are in London, four per cent; in Berlin, sixteen; in Paris, twenty; in Petersburg, twenty-six; and in Vienna, fifty-one.

So many causes influence both mortality and illegitimacy — especially the latter — that only the crudest philosophy would generalize from these data an argument for or against a particular mode of house-building; yet the relations of the figures are too striking to be dismissed as accidental. In two ways the overcrowding of cities tends to immorality; first, among the poor, through the huddling together of the sexes in confined apartments; and, next, among the well-to-do, by making rent so formidable an item in family living that many seek an easy substitute for marriage, facilities for which are also created by the hotel-and-lodging system which overcrowding favors or necessitates.

The last volume of the "Transactions of the Social Science Association" (British) contains two or three valuable papers upon this subject; one by Dr. Henry W. Rumsey, especially, embodies the testimony of eminent physicians that the overcrowding of cities, and the overpeopling of dwellings and streets, are in themselves fruitful causes of epidemic disease and of physical and moral degradation. Indeed, men of the highest scientific authority do not hesitate to say that such overcrowding, the aggregation of such masses in small spaces, tends to the physical deterioration of the human race. Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., brands it as "a deadly evil."

THE PARDONING POWER.— Among Sir Matthew Hale's memorials we read this lesson:

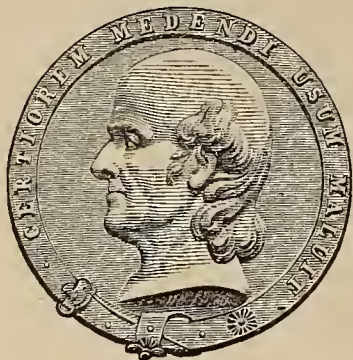
"That in business capital, though my nature prompt me to Pity, yet to consider that there is also a *pity due to the country.*"

The same thought and precept is also strongly expressed by Shakespeare, in Measure for Measure (Act II., Scene 2).

—————"Yet show some pity.  
I show it most of all when I show *justice*,—  
For then I pity *those I do not know.*"

Her lips command me not to flirt,  
And fain I would obey the beauty;  
But then her eyes, so bright and pert,  
Teach quite a different duty.

Since words and glances thus oppose,  
Which shall I follow, ears or sight?  
Ah, if those wicked eyes she'll close,  
Her pious lips shall make all right.



SEAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS HOMŒOPATHIC SOCIETY.

*Certiorem medendi usum mauit.**He preferred a more certain method of healing.***SAMUEL HAHNEMANN.**

PERHAPS nothing could be more appropriate, in connection with this fair, designed to give permanence to a homœopathic hospital, than a brief sketch of the life of Hahnemann, through whose genius the law on which this benign system of medicine is based was clearly set forth, and whose patient endurance and self-sacrifice developed this law into a practical system, which is now rapidly absorbing all other medical systems and methods of cure.

Fifteen miles northwest of Dresden, and below it, on the Elbe, in what was then Saxony, and is now a part of the German empire, is the town of Meissen, famous for its "Dresden porcelain." Among those who adorned this beautiful ware with ill-compensated skill, there was, in the middle of the last century, an industrious painter by the name of Hahnemann. To him was born on the tenth of April, 1755, a son, whose genius has given that immortality to the name which his father may vainly have hoped from the triumphs of his pencil. We know that he excelled in his profession, and, perhaps, even now these beautiful works of art are cherished in palaces and castles, though with no mark to identify the artist.

The boy, Samuel, soon began to look beyond the artist's hard profession with an ambition which his father thought rash. To gratify by stealth his thirst for knowledge, he secretly constructed for himself a lamp of clay, in which he "consumed the midnight oil" while the family supposed him asleep. His father, discouraged lest his zeal for study should unfit him for the drudgery of handicraft, repeatedly removed him from the school where the teacher gladly gave him his tuition. Thus he bore the yoke in his youth, and learned to struggle with difficulties and overcome opposition, till, at the age of nineteen, he graduated at the high school, having on that occasion read an essay "On the Wonderful Structure of the Human Hand," some years before Bell began his elaborate treatise on this subject.

With his father's blessing and some fifteen dollars, — all that the poor man could give him, — he went to the University of Leipzig, about forty-five miles distant from his birthplace. Here he studied medicine, supporting himself by teaching French and translating English books. Next, he sought the superior advantages of Vienna, until his poverty compelled him to accept the position of physician to the governor of Transylvania, and a banishment of nearly two years at Hermanstadt, in the eastern corner

of the Austrian Empire. Returning thence, he went to the Protestant University of Erlangen, in Bavaria, a little north of Nuremberg, where he received the degree of Doctor of Physic, August 10, 1779.

A love of his native land took him immediately back to Saxony, where he tried to live by the practice of medicine in Dessau, Dresden, Leipzig, and some smaller places. In ten years he had acquired an enviable chemical reputation, some character as an author, and an excellent wife, the daughter of an apothecary of Dessau.

In 1790, he discovered that cinchona, the Peruvian bark, which for fifty years had been regarded as a specific for fever, had the curious property of producing just such symptoms as it cures; and this he learned by deliberately "proving" it on himself, by taking half-ounce doses of the drug. He had at this time abandoned the practice of medicine, because there was so much uncertainty in it, and it was doubtful if more patients were not killed than cured.

Meanwhile the wants of his rapidly-increasing family reduced him to frequent straits and absolute hunger. Six years more of trials and frequent changes of residence brought him, in 1796, to the publication of the first homœopathic work, entitled "On a New Principle." Delivered now from the fear of killing his patients by murderous — "heroic" — doses, he recommenced the practice of medicine. His first successes were but precursors of new troubles, — legal persecutions, obloquy, and slander. Thus was he driven from Königsutter, the birthplace of homœopathy, in 1799.

He purchased a large wagon, put in his family and all his goods, and went to Hamburg. But he found no rest till, after numerous removals, he re-entered Leipzig, in 1810, — no longer obscure or impecunious, but belied and intensely hated. In 1812, he compelled a license to lecture in the University; but, because he could not compel a license to act as an apothecary, and the apothecaries would not furnish his medicines, his practice was legally blockaded, and in 1821, he was driven from the kingdom of Saxony.

Köthen, where first the great master can be said to have had a quiet home, is about fifty miles northwest of Leipzig, and was the capital of one of those miniature sovereignties, which used to perplex the traveller in Germany, as now they do the statesmen of the empire. The sovereign, Ferdinand, Duke of Anhalt-Köthen, appointed him his family physician; and no apothecary prosecuted him again. He practised only in his office; he wrote and received from far and near the dearly-earned tribute for his benefactions to mankind. Here, at the age of seventy-five, he buried his wife, who had shared all his privations, persecutions, and migrations, and the ten years of quiet which had been vouchsafed to them.

How long could he expect to survive her? Five years he endured his loss, and then, at the age of eighty, he captivated, or was captivated by, a young French countess, who married him and bore him off in triumph to Paris, to the unutterable disgust of the burghers of Köthen.

Here he seems to have taken a new lease of life. He became an active practitioner, visiting his patients at their homes, which he had not done for twenty years, writing, proving drugs, going to Court, balls, and the operas, and leading a life which his grandson might have envied. It

really looks like anachronism by which eight jovial years of middle life had been appended to the close.

Hahnemann would have been more than human if his persecutions had wrought no evil upon his mental constitution. He had been *right* when he was punished for being *wrong*. And towards the close of his life the opinion of the whole world would have weighed little with him, when opposed to what he believed to be right. His vast industry had enabled him to make ninety provings of different drugs, and to write seventy books.

He was not the man, at that day, to consult others, and their dissent was received with little patience. But in his early life, when it was needed to develop his mind, and to perfect his discovery, meekness was vouchsafed to him, and he was ready to learn from whatever source; and throughout his whole career, he showed a deeply conscientious spirit, and painstaking in the search for truth.

In belief a Lutheran, his religion was without bigotry or bitterness. The lessons of the direst poverty, — known to inventors and discoverers, more than to any other class — did not so narrow his mind that he was not liberal to the poor. At his second marriage he distributed fifty thousand dollars among his children, nine of whom were daughters.

He died at Paris, 2d July, 1843, in his 89th year, and was buried in the cemetery of Montmartre. His widow still survives, and it is but just to say that, though many years younger, she devoted herself to his comfort while living, and has been watchful of his name and reputation since his death.

There has, perhaps, never been a human life more richly freighted with good to our race, than Hahnemann's; and it is pleasant to think that though it was not long enough for him to see the complete adoption of his health-giving discovery, yet a serene and happy old age did compensate in some degree for the buffetings of childhood and the persecutions of middle life. T.

IF it is true, as has been frequently stated, that the measure of a country's civilization may be taken from its roads, then England is in the highest state, for its roads are almost perfect. Every road of any importance in London, nearly every road, it might be said, except a block or two in the neighborhood of Cornhill, is about as smooth and well kept as the drives in Central Park. Cheapside, one of the busiest thoroughfares in the whole world, is kept as clean, comparatively, as one's parlor. During the day a number of small boys, armed with shovels and hand brooms, are kept continually busy skipping between horses' heads, cart-wheels, etc., and removing the slightest dirty or offensive matter that may chance to appear on the surface. At night, when the street lamps are lighted, their reflection may be seen at great distance on the glossy wooden pavement in Cheapside.

No man, or woman, was ever cured of love by discovering the falseness of his or her lover. The living together for three long, rainy days in the country has done more to dispel love than all the perfidies in love that have ever been committed. — *Arthur Helps*.

## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A SKETCH (BY MISS SARAH CLARKE) OF  
SOME PINES NEAR LAKE ALBANS.

Alban Pine grove ! by Mero called loquacious ;  
Mighty Eolian harps, whose spirit strong,  
In myriad voices, to each zeyphr gracious  
Has sung a thousand years the same wild song.  
Lured by a dream of Rome, we crossed the seas,  
To her great world of art impatient came,  
Then turned, to find in these majestic trees  
A beauty in all lands, all times the same.

J. F. C.

April, 1872.

## A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you,  
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray ;  
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you  
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;  
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;  
And so make life, death, and that vast forever,  
One grand, sweet song.

Charles Kingsley.

## SONNET.

WRITTEN ON THE ANDES.

GLORY to God on high ! the anthem raise !  
Where mortal voice hath never stirred the air,  
Let the first sounds that break the silence there,  
Make thee, bleak mountain, vocal with His praise,  
Who in his strength hath set the mountains fast,  
And girded them about with awful power,  
To stand so long as Time himself shall last,  
Towering sublime, till that tremendous hour  
When from his presence they shall melt in fear  
Like wax. O, thou that sittest evermore  
At the right hand of God the Father, hear  
Our humble prayer, that when these mountains hoar,  
Shall quake to their foundations, we the shock  
May sheltered bide in Thee, our sure salvation's rock !

I. P. C.

## SONG.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.

[“The song is the distress of a love-sick maid; and,” says Steele, “may be fit for some small critics, to examine whether the passion is just, or the distress male or female.”]

FROM place to place forlorn I go,  
With downcast eyes a silent shade ;  
Forbidden to declare my woe ;  
To speak, till spoken to, afraid.

My inward pangs, my secret grief,  
My soft consenting looks betray ;  
He loves, but gives me no relief ;  
Why speaks not he who may ?

## EARLY BIRDS.

A MEDICAL gentleman who gave years to investigating the subject—to interviewing old folks, and rummaging among family histories—states that he never came across a case of remarkable longevity unaccompanied by the habit of early rising, from which testimony it might be inferred that they die early who lie abed late; but we hold this to be a fallacy. The medical gentleman started with a theory already formed, and, after the manner of partisans, looked at but one side of the question.

That most elderly people are early risers is due to the damaging fact that they cannot sleep o'mornings. They necessarily rise betimes, and unjustifiably make a monstrous virtue of it. After a man passes his fiftieth birthday he usually awakens at sunrise, though perhaps he used to let the breakfast-bell ring in vain when he was younger. As our theorist confines his observations to aged people who could not slumber after the gray dawn had tapped at the window-pane, he came easily to the conclusion that men lived to be old because they do not sleep late, instead of seeing that they do not sleep late because they are old. Having with a great deal of trouble secured this lop-sided *datum*, our friend started off with his theory in favor of rising with the lark. Not being a lark ourselves, we decline to regulate our movements on any ornithological principle. We believe in a generous allowance of sleep. We believe that too little sleep is more injurious than too much. Unless a man's business or professional engagements oblige him to turn out very early, he does his physical nature injustice by defrauding himself of those delicious morning naps which so refresh and strengthen one. For men who do brain-work there is no medicine like plenty of sleep:—

“Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast!”

Cervantes's humble hero did not misplace his benison in showering it on the man that invented sleep; but the man that invented waking up much before seven o'clock in the morning was no friend to the human race.

There is an immense amount of nonsense on record in defence of early rising; this has been written chiefly by poets who breakfasted—when they did breakfast—at twelve o'clock. Thomson, who gave birth to the atrocious sentiment embodied in the line

“Falsely luxurious, will not man awake!”

was one of the laziest men of his century. He generally lay in bed until noon (meditating verses on sunrise), and did not often get fully awake until later in the day, for he was frequently observed strolling in his garden at Richmond, after breakfast, eating peaches off a tree, with both hands in his waistcoat pockets!

We would like to know what inducement there is for early rising in the city. What is more shabby and dispiriting than a city-street before the shop window-shutters are taken down, when nobody is astir but the milk-and-water man, and Mary washing off the front steps? In the country there is a kind of bloom in the morning that wears off in an hour or two; this is worth enjoying.

Daybreak on the sea-coast or up among the mountains is a glorious spectacle; but familiarity with it breeds contempt. It is your habitual late riser who takes in the full richness of nature on those rare occasions when he gets up early. It is well enough to rise with the sun (we don't say with the lark, because we know nothing about its eccentricities) two or three times in the course of the summer, if for no other purpose than to be prepared to combat the intolerance of the professional early riser, who, if he were in a state of perfect health, would lie abed until nine o'clock. There are few small things more apt to be exasperating than this early bird with the worm of his conceit in his bill. How he scorns you for your indolent habits! Here he has been up “these three hours,” he has read the morning paper, been to the post-office, seen Smith in the distance, conversed with Jones, came near meeting Brown, while you—you were snoozing away the best hours of your life. Let the old fellow prattle on, for some day you will grow restless yourself, after the clock has struck five, and will want the privilege of jeering at your son-in-law, or your grandson, or any of the younger drowsy heads of your household, who may chance to come down late to breakfast. The old fellow would sleep later if he could, but he can't, and if he wants to make a virtue of it, what's the harm? Maybe he hasn't as many virtues as you have. He certainly has not had your refreshing sleep.

WHEN the last German arctic expedition was about preparing for its voyage to the north pole, Captain Koldewey asked the aid of scientific men in devising a stove that would answer the double purpose of supplying a sufficient amount of heat and of economizing the fuel. Various responses were made to this appeal, and among the patterns furnished, that of Professor Meidinger, of Carlsruhe, was considered the best. This is simply an iron stove, having a double wall, with a space about two inches wide between the outer and the inner one, to which the air has free access above and below. The cold air being always at the bottom, and the warm air ascending, it follows that all the air in the room is being constantly forced through the space between the outer and inner covering of the stove; or, what is the same, is being constantly heated. Connected with this is another ingenious device. The coal is put in from the top, and fills the whole inside of the stove, which is about six feet high, more or less. It is then lighted at the top, and kept burning by the draught created by valves inserted both in the side walls and at the bottom of the stove. The more valves that are open, the greater the heat, so that the temperature of the room can be regulated to a nicety. At the same time, the outer wall being at a distance from the inner one, never reaches the excessive heat which is so great an objection in ordinary iron stoves. The expense of fuel to produce a sufficient amount of heat, is very much less than that for ordinary stoves, and the new invention is rapidly coming into use in Germany.

THERE is nothing so easily made offensive as good reasoning; and men of clear logical minds, if not gifted at the same time with tact, make more enemies than men with bad hearts and unsound understandings.—*Arthur Helps.*

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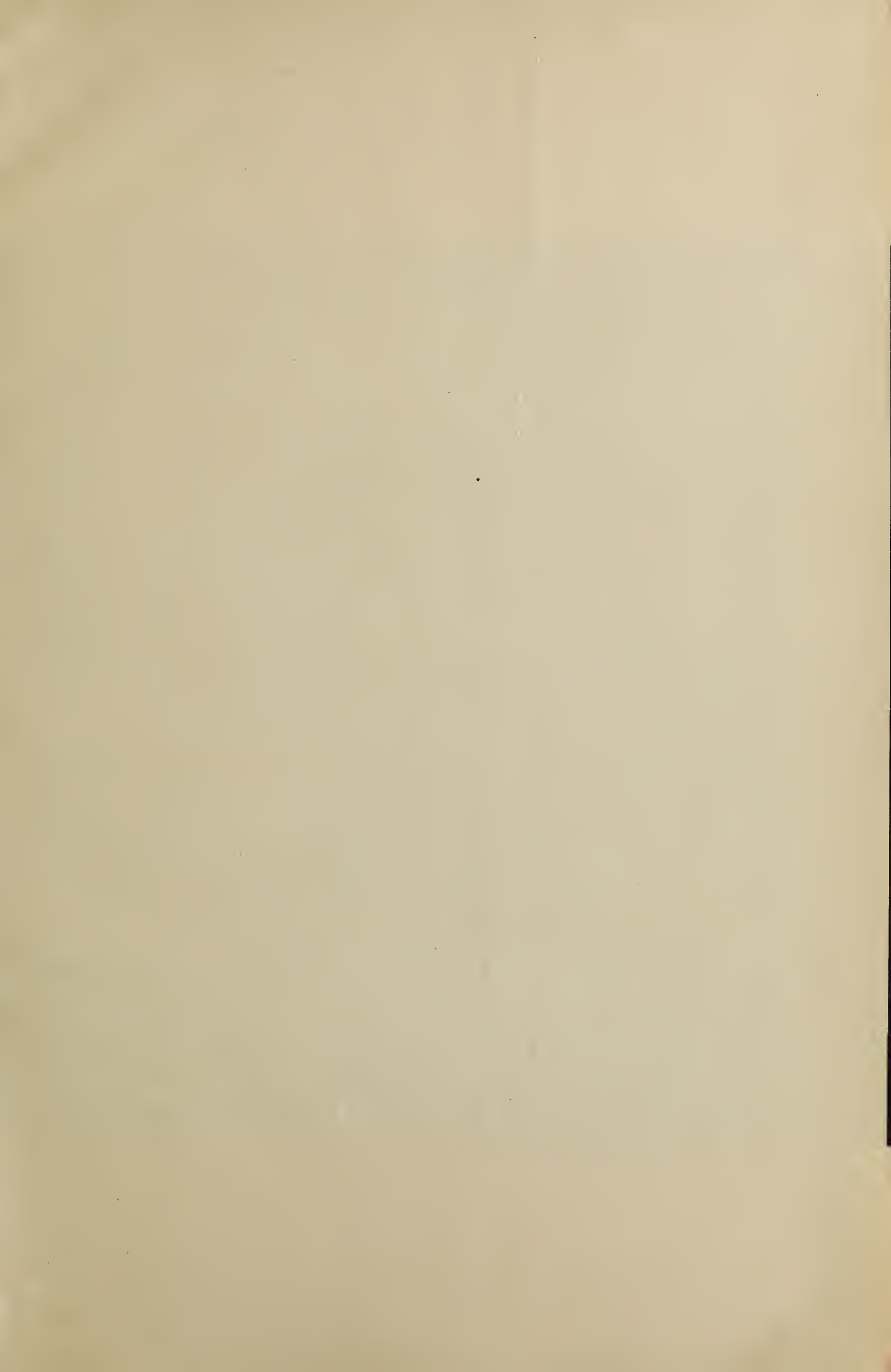
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