[FOR THE RECORD-UNION.]

SET IN A SILVER SEA!

A ROMANCE BY B. L. FARJEON.

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

HAROLD AND MAUVAIN VISIT THE HUNCHBACK.

For some time he remained in contemplation, mentally reviewing the events of the years which had elapsed since his return to his mother's hut in Mauvain's forest, where he had found the dead woman and the sleeping child lying side by side.

"With my mother, as I thought," mused he, "died certain evidence connected with Evangeline which would never be brought to light. But another lives to supply it, and she is in the valley, waiting. Something still remains to do—to bring to Mauvain and Harold the knowledge of each other's treachery; when that is accomplished, my labors are at an end. By their own hands, or by the hands of the Judges of this isle, shall justice be dealt out to them. My work in life seems already to be over, and all that is left to me is to sit and watch the happiness of those I love, and who hold me, I believe, in something more than common regard. Evangeline and Joseph Sylvester will marry; he has a strong arm and a stout heart, and will be able to guard his treasure from evil. My tender flower! You will never know what I owe you, for none but I can realize the dark depths into which my soul was plunged when, in the presence of death, you opened your eyes and smiled upon me. That smile was like the bursting of a star within my heart, and the light it shed upon the dark and weary path I was treading shines clearly now. Yes, they will marry, and will pass their lives in the house I have built for them in the Valley of Lilies; and by-and-by, perhaps, I shall hold a child within these arms—Evangeline's child! And it will be taught to lisp my name in accents of affection. Eternal wonder of nature? To what end are you working in the ages yet to come, through life that is ever sweet and love that is ever new! For my life and for myself I thank you, wise mother of the world. You have given me a rich reward for my early years of misery. I am grateful. Shall I repine that a child of my blood has never wound its arms about my neck, and that my lips have never given or received a lover's kiss? No; let me rather rejoice that no being lives to bear my shape, and that my days have not been productive of evil."

At this point of his musings Ranf fancied he heard a sound without, and going to the door of his hut he threw it open. There was no moon, and there would be none for a couple of hours; darkness was falling upon the mountain.

"It is well," muttered Ranf, "that Margaret Sylvester has Joseph with her; they will reach the valley in safety, and I shall know by the lighting up of my house, 'Chrysanthos,' whether all is well. That will not be till midnight."

From where he stood he faced the Valley of Lilies, but he could not distinguish his house through the gathering darkness. Mentally he followed the footsteps of Margaret and Joseph.

"They are now at the second hut," he muttered; "there is no danger on the road."

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But lower down the mountain the mists had gathered more thickly, and lingered in the middle distance. Margaret and Joseph, hand clasped in hand, slowly pursued their way; they reached the second hut in safety, and half an hour afterwards Joseph said:

"In less than an hour we shall be home." His heart glowed with love; although his mother was by his side, it was only of Evangeline he thought. As he spoke, the form of a man ascending the mountain brushed past them. Margaret uttered an exclamation of alarm.

"Who goes there?" was asked, in a man's voice.

"Hush!" whispered Margaret; "I know that voice; do not answer it."

But again the question was asked. "Who goes there? Speak, or my sword shall compel you."

"Peaceable inhabitants of the isle," replied Joseph, "who are not to be frightened by threats. Who are you that question so insolently?"

"It is Mauvain," whispered Margaret.

The man caught the whisper. "You are right, whoever you may be," said Mauvain; "and you can go your way in peace. Come you from the hunchback's hut?"

"Yes."

"I was told no mortal but he dare ascend this cursed mount."

"It is the first time we ever set foot upon it."

"It is the same with me; and shall be the last. He is at home then, this crooked wonder?"

"You will find him in his hut at the top of the mountain," said Joseph.

"Joseph!" cried Margaret, in terror; "what have you done? That man is Ranf's enemy."

"Ah, mistress, I recognize your voice," said Mauvain. "It is true I am Ranf's enemy; but if you think he is in any secret danger from me, you are mistaken. What is done between us will be done openly. The hunchback can take care of himself."

"Aye," said Joseph. "Ranf is a match for more than one. It is better to be his friend than his enemy. If your errand is not peaceable I should advise you to retrace your steps."

"Is the road upward passably safe?"

"There is a fair track to the top, made by Ranf, the work of many years; but care is needed."

"Mistress," said Mauvain, "did Harold visit you?"

"He did."

"And you are ready to worship him as a model of excellence and virtue?"

"You are villains, both of you," replied Margaret, with indignation; "your presence in this isle is a blot upon the land."

"You wrong the man who was once my friend," said Mauvain, gently; "he is worthy both of friendship and love. It has never been my fate to meet with a gentleman more deserving of trust and confidence. Good-night."

But neither Margaret nor Joseph returned the salutation, and Mauvain pursued his lonely way.

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Ranf once more fancied he heard the sound of a man's voice; it was faint and indistinct, but upon listening intently it came to his ears more clearly, and it was his own name he seemed to hear.

"Ranf! Ranf!"

He walked downwards in the direction of the sound, and cried: "Is it mortal or spirit who calls my name."

"In honest faith," was the answer, "at this moment it is mortal; but if you are not quick, I shall lose my hold on earth, literally and spiritually."

Every foot of the mountain was familiar to the hunchback, and he knew that the voice proceeded from one of the most dangerous passes. He needed no light to guide him, and in a few moments he was on his knees by the side of a precipice over which the body of a man was hanging in the most perilous position. The man had caught hold of the thin twisted roots of a slender tree, which by good fortune had been laid bare by the rains, but his hold was growing weaker, and his desperate grasp and endeavors to raise himself had loosened the earth about the young roots to such an extent that, if he had been left to himself, his fate would have been speedy and certain. Ranf peered into the man's face; their flesh almost touched.

"Harold the sculptor!"

"Ranf the hunchback!"

Ranf spoke with a frown; Harold in almost a blithe tone.

"Beg your life!" cried Ranf.

"I do, most humbly," said Harold, with a faint laugh.

But before Ranf made this demand, his arm was around the sinking man.

"Gently, gently," said Harold; "I am hurt. Ah! it is well. Take care; do not tear my vest; there are memorials here in the shape of flowers—flowers—from the grave—— O, God, I thank thee!"

And being safe upon solid earth, Harold swooned away.

Ranf did not pause to decide upon his course of action. He raised the insensible body, and bore it with some tenderness to his hut, where he laid it upon his bed.

"Not dead," he muttered, as he placed his hand upon Harold's heart. "What are these? Flowers, as he said, and not quite withered. From whose grave?"

Harold opened his eyes, and for a little while the men gazed at each other in silence. Then Harold said faintly:

"If I had been told that I should ever have owed my life to you, my friend and foe, I should have laughed in the speaker's face. I hate and despise you to such a degree that the obligation you have laid me under is somewhat of a bitter joke. Give me my flowers, Ranf. A short time since I was beginning to admire you; better than that, I was beginning, as I believed, to do you justice. But I have discovered that a deformed man is not necessarily a noble and exemplary being, and where I once despised, now I hate you."

"I would not have it otherwise," said Ranf.

"To rob a man," continued Harold, "at a critical crisis in his life, of the respect and sympathy of a good woman—to do this by what must be slander—is the work of a coward—and you are one! It was to tell you this that I determined to beard you in your den—such as you deserve no better lodgment. In the dark, missing the path, I slipped, and found myself hanging between earth and—— well, that point is yet to be clear to my comprehension. Have you any food in your hut?"

"I have."

"Give me some, and I will pay for it in my heart's blood, or yours. I am at the present moment so weak and famished that if you were to press your fingers on my throat, I should not have strength to resist an abrupt introduction into another world. I have not tasted food since yesterday morning. Without being much of an arithmetician, I should say I have a thirty-six hours' hunger upon me; and as you may guess, hunchback, I have hitherto lived upon the fat of the land, and have never known want—which makes my case worse than that of a poor wretch who is used to starvation. Then I am hurt; my left arm is terribly gashed. Nay, let it alone; it will not be improved by your nursing. Give me food, coward and slanderer."

Ranf placed food upon the table and two bottles of wine, and Harold rose without assistance, and pouring into a wooden measure full half of the bottle, drank it in one long, deep, satisfying draught. Setting down the measure, he partook of the food, justifying his plea of hunger by the eagerness with which he ate.

"I am strong again," he said. "I retract a word I have twice applied to you. Ranf, you are no coward, but you must have within your breast the heart of a fiend. As I was toiling up this mountain there passed by me a man and a woman. They almost discovered me, but I succeeded in keeping myself from their sight. Have they been here?"

"Yes."

"It will not interest me to learn upon what errand, but it must have been a momentous one, that a woman should be impelled to take such a journey."

"Truly, the mountain is growing in repute," said Ranf; "this is a memorable day in its history. You have promised to pay for the food you have eaten in your heart's blood or mine. The payment will be sufficient; I shall exact it."

"Nothing will please me better. But you are unarmed; I have my sword, as you see."

Ranf produced two rapiers, and placed them on the table. "The moon is rising," he said; "it will be light soon upon the mountain, and we shall find a piece of level ground without—an altar upon which you shall meet with justice. God has sent you here to meet it, and on this night, at this hour, of all nights and hours in our lives. I would not change shapes with you for the wealth of the stars. You are not worth even a hunchback's hate."

"It may be as you say," said Harold thoughtfully, "and that this hour may be my last. For my part, I am weary of life, and shall yield it up not unwillingly. But before we cross swords—I had no idea, Ranf, that you were skilled in fence, but you are admirable in everything it seems—I would have something made plain to me. It will be light enough outside for our purpose, but light is required here"—he touched his breast. "Yesterday it was in my power to bring relief to the heart of a suffering woman!"

"Use names," said Ranf, sternly; "the time is past for subterfuge."

"Not before yesterday was I made acquainted with the true particulars of the story of Margaret and Clarice; I learnt them in an interview with Mauvain, and, renouncing his friendship—I have touched you, I perceive; you are but a clumsy wizard, after all—I went at once to Margaret Sylvester, and revealed to her all that I had learned. For my innocent share in Clarice's sad story——"

"Innocent share!" exclaimed Ranf, with deepest scorn; "you proclaim that to me, who but an hour ago gave that wronged unhappy woman's confession into the hands of her sister!"

"For my innocent share," repeated Harold, "in that sad story, I do hold myself blameless; I am guilty, and deserve punishment and condemnation—but not at your hands, hunchback—at the hands of a higher Power. Yet have I done no wrong, and had I known what I have lately learnt I would have shed my best blood in Clarice's service. Never was man more repentant—never was man more heart-stricken than I when, won to Margaret Sylvester's side by her almost saintly devotion and courage, I went to her house, and related to her all that I knew. Will it help you to an understanding of my feelings if I tell you that I loved Clarice with a most earnest love, and that if I had not been misled and deceived by my friend, her life might have been happy and honored? Take it for what you deem it worth—it is the truth. Then, when Margaret Sylvester, judging me by an inward light, believing in my sympathy and my sorrow, held out to me the hand of forgiveness—when, knowing I had no roof to cover me, no soul to speak to in all the length and breadth of this Silver Isle, she begged me to accept—God bless her for it!—the hospitality of her home—you, by a slanderous message, destroy my hope, and rob me of the sweetest comfort that was ever offered to the heart of an unhappy man. What was in your message concerning me?"

"I told her that I knew she had visited Mauvain; I warned her to believe not a word she heard from your lips or from Mauvain's. I said that for your own purposes you would lie and lie—and that of the two you were the more subtle villain of the two—as I should prove to her by the written testimony of her own sister."

"I can understand now why she turned me from her house. But if you have done me a wrong, and come to the knowledge of it, you would right me?"

"You, or any man."

"Have you proved to Margaret Sylvester what you promised?"

"I have proved it to her this very night. She departed from this hut with the proofs of your villainy in her possession."

"Ranf, you are mad—or dreaming!" Ranf smiled scornfully. "There is here a deeper mystery than any I have encountered. It must not remain so. My honor is at stake. Deal with me fairly, as man to man. Cast aside for a little while all suspicion of me, and assist me to probe the heart of this mystery. I met Clarice first by accident, in Mauvain's company, on the night on which she and Margaret were treacherously separated. From that night I saw neither her nor Mauvain for two years, and when we met again she and Mauvain were together. I saw that Clarice was unhappy—that she had a secret grief, and at times I urged her, out of the deep respect and sympathy I had for her—out of the deep love I bore her, but of which I never insulted her by speaking—to confide in me. Honestly I desired to help her; but she kept her heart closed, saying sometimes that of all men in the world I was the man she would have chosen to confide in, had not her faith and trust in human nature been irretrievably shattered. Farther than that I never went; nor did she. To the last day I beheld her I treated her with such tenderness and respect as I would have treated an honored sister. Now, what grounds have you for slandering me, and for bringing her name in injurious connection with mine?"

"Did Mauvain have another friend of the name of Harold?"

"None other."

"Had you a friend, bearing your name?"

"No."

"The testimony which convicts you is written by Clarice herself in a Bible given to her by her father; that Bible is now in Margaret Sylvester's hands. It is in the form of a diary, written by Clarice from day to day, in which she describes the manner in which she was wooed and betrayed. That record is one of almost incredible baseness, and the name of her lover and betrayer is freely used. The name is Harold—and you are he!"

"As there is a heaven above us, and a God around us," cried Harold, "whatever name is there written, it is not I! Do you know the truth when you hear it? Or is your mind as crooked as your body? Never have my lips pressed Clarice's cheek! Never has my tongue uttered a word to her which my own mother might not have heard. Again I repeat, I treated her as an honored sister. Except in believing what Mauvain told me of her, I never wronged the suffering girl in thought or deed!"

Ranf gazed steadily at Harold, who met his gaze unflinchingly.

"If what you say is true," said Ranf, "you have been grievously slandered—but not by me, nor by Clarice. Search your mind for a clue."

"I can find none."

"Absolutely none?"

"Absolutely none."

A singular smile crossed Ranf's lips, and he inclined his head to the door. "Do you hear nothing?"

"Nothing."

"My ears have been more keenly trained to sound than yours. There are steps upon the mountain—listen now; they are approaching, nearer—nearer!" He threw open the door; the mountain was bathed in moonlight—and coming up the path which Ranf with infinite labor had formed was a man whose face was set towards the hut. "You should know him," said Ranf.

"It is Mauvain," said Harold, almost in a whisper.

"It is Mauvain," replied Ranf. "Can you not find a clue in your mind to this false use of your name, if it is false, as you may soon discover? Is it not possible that Clarice's lover, for purposes of his own not difficult to understand, for some time concealed his own name and wooed her in the name of an absent friend? The deception could not be kept up forever, and when it was confessed, it neither lessened nor added to her shame. Say that this is possible—what near friend would occur to your mind as likely to use you for his purpose?"

"Mauvain!" cried Harold.

"Aye, Mauvain," said Ranf; and at that moment Mauvain came straight through the moonlight, and stood upon the threshold of the hut.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE CHALLENGE.

"Welcome," said Ranf, with a bright glitter in his eyes. "Had you timed your visit with mathematical precision, it could not have been more opportune. I never hoped for the honor of receiving Mauvain beneath roof of mine; this is a night in my life not to be forgotten."

Mauvain did not immediately speak; the presence of Harold surprised him, and he looked from one to the other in irresolution and doubt. Harold said no word, but kept his eyes fixed upon Mauvain's face, with a stern and thoughtful meaning.

Ranf continued: "Have you come to bring me news from the old world? I left so many friends there, who are doubtless anxious for my welfare! It is long since we met, Mauvain. You have aged; I miss a certain brightness in you. Hearing footsteps on the mount, I observed that they lacked elasticity and lightness, and indeed your whole manner is wanting in gaiety. Without doubt your journey must have fatigued you, but you have certainly aged; your time is coming! Mauvain, there is wine; I have drank at your expense, drink now at mine. No? Well, I confess it is presumptuous in me to expect the condescension. To business, then. What brings you here?"

"I am here," said Mauvain, deliberately, "to punish a knave for presumption, and to teach him that it is dangerous to use the name of his betters as freely as I have reason to suppose you have used mine."

"There are more ways than one of using names," retorted Ranf, "as you may presently learn."

"Were you what you once were," said Mauvain, "a serf and dependent of mine, I would have you whipped."

"As you have had others, standing by the while to enjoy the torture and the degradation of what was likely a higher nature than your own. Such enjoyment cannot now be yours; we are in a free land. How, then, do you propose to punish my presumption? By physical or moral force? In either case, Mauvain, you will find yourself at a disadvantage."

"I cannot lift you to my level; I descend to yours. You have rapiers on the table. I commence my lesson thus." He raised his jeweled cane and was advancing towards Ranf when Harold interposed.

"This quarrel is mine, Mauvain; you must first give me satisfaction." Mauvain recoiled, and his cane dropped to the ground.

"I thought, Harold, we had settled our affairs."

"So thought I; but within this last hour I have had cause to believe you had fixed a deeper wrong upon me than any I have endured."

"Within this last hour! Then you have heard it from the lips of that slave!"

"It is through Ranf I have learnt it."

"And you would set his word against mine, Harold?"

"No. Am I free to speak, Ranf?"

"Entirely free. It is your honor that is at stake, not mine."

"If I find you have deceived me, your life shall answer for it."

"This is no time for threat or boast. Settle first with him. He will neither lie nor equivocate. If he does either, I have a witness in the valley below"—he looked out of the door, which was open; the mists were rolling away, and the moonlight shone over the lovely plains—"I have a witness in the valley below who will bring his shame and his guilt home to him."

"You are in league, I perceive," said Mauvain, haughtily. "What deeper wrong than any you have advanced have I done you?"

"If what I suspect is true, you have used my name for a base and shameful purpose. Once more I recall the name of Clarice. You know in what esteem I held her. You know I loved her, and how through her, by means of your own calumnious words with respect to her, I lost my faith in woman's purity. Was it necessary that you should be guilty of a double betrayal? Was it necessary to your purpose that you should woo an innocent, trusting, helpless girl, and bring her to shame, in the name of a friend, concealing your own because you were fearful of using it?"

A deadly pallor crept over Mauvain's face.

"Learn something more," said Ranf to Harold. "In that friend's name a ceremony was performed which Clarice believed was an honorable marriage. It was a trick worthy of what had gone before."

Harold's lips quivered at this new testimony, and his face grew as white as Mauvain's.

"I await your answer," he said. "Did you thus use my name and conceal your own? You will not speak? By heaven, you shall!"

Mauvain raised his hand gently.

"There is no need for violent words, Harold," he said, in a low, soft voice. "What I did was done with no intent to injure you."

"Jesuit!" cried Harold. "I will have an answer, straight to the point! Did you woo Clarice, and go through a false marriage with her, in my name? Answer, as you are a gentleman—yes or no!"

"Yes."

Harold covered his face with his hands, as though to shut out the consciousness of villainy so base. For a minute or two there was silence. Then Harold rose, and saying sternly, "There remains but this," took one of the rapiers from the table, and pointed outside. "Ranf, you will conduct us to your plot of level ground—your altar of justice. Come," he said to Mauvain, "there is no question of inequality between us. We are both gentlemen, God help us!"

But Mauvain did not stir.

"I cannot fight with you, Harold," he said, tenderly.

"You must! There is no escape for you or me. It is the last night on earth for one."

Mauvain looked at him with wistful, imploring eyes.

"Harold!"

"You hesitate still! Coward!" and with open hand, Harold struck Mauvain full in the face.

(To be continued.)

EASTERN MAGAZINES.

THE POPULARITY OF SCIENCE IN AMERICA.

Boston Periodicals from New York Eyes—A Monthly that Steadily Loses—An Ancient Review.

NEW YORK, October 8, 1880.

The *Popular Science Monthly*, precisely what its name implies, if one of the most valuable periodicals in the republic. It is popular in its contents and popular in a commercial sense, having an actual circulation, it is said, of 12,000 to 14,000 copies, which is very large for a magazine of this sort. More interest, as you know, is felt in science in this country than in any country of Europe, owing doubtless to the wide diffusion of knowledge, and the general readiness of the people to embrace new ideas. European scientists have noticed and commented on this, and judged very favorably thence of the intellectual character of the citizens of the New World. Our public libraries report a very large proportion of the books taken out as scientific ones, and they are taken out frequently by people destitute of regular education, and in the lower ranks of life, showing that science has really got hold of the understanding and excited the sympathy of the people. No monthly in the Union has a better foundation than

"THE POPULAR SCIENCE."

It is 30 years old; is $5 a year, or 50 cents a number, and pays its publishers, D. Appleton & Co., handsomely, since nearly all its papers are selected; so that the expense of original contributions is saved. It has been enlarged lately, and is, I hear, steadily increasing. Its editor is Edwin L. Youmans (associated with his sister, Eliza Youmans), a native of Albany, occupied from boyhood with scientific pursuits. When but 12 or 13, he contracted a malady of the eyes, which deprived him of sight for several years. During his blindness, his sister read to him six or seven hours a day, and after he had recovered his vision, aided him in making experiments in chemistry. His misfortune led him to the subject of ocular illustration in science and to the publication of his "Chemical Chart of Colored Diagrams" for the use of schools. All his life he has been a hard student, and having

A WIFE OF MEANS,

And being without children, he can follow his studies without the embarrassments and distractions of pecuniary unindependence. He has traveled much abroad, and is on intimate terms with the leading savants of Europe. He is an intimate friend of Herbert Spencer, and they have traveled much together abroad. Now in his 59th year, and scarcely able to use his eyes, he is an enthusiast in science; is perpetually thinking, studying or dictating, except when he eats and sleeps. In no sense gregarious, he can rarely be persuaded into society of any kind, unless it be of the scientific order. Youmans is regularly engaged by the Appletons, editing nearly all the scientific works they publish. As may be inferred, he is an uncompromising rationalist, though tolerant of all opinions, even the most orthodox. The Appletons also publish the *Art Journal*, edited by Oliver B. Bunce, at $9 a year, sold by subscription only, and are reported to have done well with it in the four or five years since they have set it up. It contains some original matter, to which the firm is not partial, albeit the bulk of it is selected. Its feature is engravings from pictures of note, many of which are very good. These sell the periodical; but naturally the sale is limited, and yet remunerative.

"THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,"

Which has been modernized and contemporized by its owner, Allen Theodore Rice, is published, or properly printed by the Appletons. While magazines have been dying or changing their form, the *North American* has been issued more frequently. After having been a Boston quarterly for more than sixty years, Rice purchased it, and turned it into a bi-monthly, and with the January number of last year it became a monthly. For the past two or three years it has been published here, and since it has passed into Rice's hands—he is the editor—it has materially altered its character. Before that it was solid, solemn, heavy, old-fashioned—a periodical, New Yorkers said with irreverence, to be read approvingly, and even admiringly, by the Adams family and all the old fossils and barnacles that adhere to Plymouth Rock, Faneuil Hall and the ancient institutions of Massachusetts. Generation after generation tried to read it, fell asleep and was gathered to its fathers. One publisher preceded another. Nobody made or dreamed of making money out of it—that would not have comported with the proprieties of veteran respectability in Beacon street—it vegetated on from decade to decade, causing not a riffle in the literary sea, living an unvarying, acceptably monotonous death. The few hundred readers it had were the only persons conscious of its being. Certain men wrote for it on subjects of antique date for which nobody cared, and received, when willing to take pay, $3 a page for their ponderous contributions. In some sense it was the

CRADLE OF PERIODICAL LITERATURE

In America, and was for thirty-five years the most creditable publication of the kind we had. As other periodicals, like the *Knickerbocker*, *Putnam's* and the *Atlantic*, appeared, it was left behind in point of enterprise and interest, although, consoling reflection, it never failed to be eminently respectable and exceptionally dignified. Under the old dispensation it was never known to attract attention save when James Parton was engaged, just after the close of the war, to write an article for it on Daniel Webster. His article was capital, and created such a sensation that hundreds of intelligent persons were made aware, for the first time, of the existence of the *Review*. Some of them may have heard their fathers speak of it, but most of them imagined it had long before gone to its grave. Parton

RUTHLESSLY SHATTERED THE IDOL

Which Boston had so devoutly worshiped. Instead of the god-like Daniel into which it had elevated him, the clever author presented him as an animal with a big brain, sluggish, sensual, selfish, who allowed himself to be a pensioner on the bounty of State street, and who had no moral principle whatever. His gigantic intellect alone redeemed him from bestiality; his head was a mental machine capable of prodigious performances; the rest of him was physical appetite and self-indulgence. Imagine how solid Bostonians would receive this! They were simply horrified, and believed that Parton should be burned at the stake. They pronounced it disgraceful, infamous, and lamented that they should have lived to see the day when the grand old *Review* should so demean itself—should so shame all its antecedents. Parton had told a great deal of truth—he is far more careful of his facts than he has received credit for—and it was the truth which hurt. To refer to the early days of the *North American* is like reviving antiquity. Its first editor was William Tredor, a forgotten litterateur, one of the founders of the *Athenæum* in Boston, and our Consul to Lima fifty-five years ago. William Ellery Channing, the eloquent Unitarian clergyman, and the late Richard Henry Dana, were his successors. Then came Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, Alexander H. Everett (brother of Edward Everett), who died in Canton while acting as Commissioner to China in 1847. John G. Palfrey, divine and historian; Francis Bowen, scholar and political economist, and Oliver W. B. Peabody, writer and professor, also occupied the sacred chair with other worthies. Irving, Halleck, Paulding, Bryant, Dana, Drake, and most of the writers of a by-gone time, were more or less frequent contributors to the *Review*, whose back volumes are the literary mile stones of the past. To-day the *North American* breathes the air of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and seems to be somewhat modeled on the English magazine of that name. Rice, who is rich, is ambitious to make it a power and an influence in American thought, and his ambition is surely more laudable than that of many of our young men who seek distinction by driving coaches, as he once did, playing polo, leading the German and staring out of

FIFTH AVENUE CLUB WINDOWS.

He has improved it greatly, and has brought it abreast of the time. He is a New Englander by birth, I believe, who was educated at Oxford (England), and who believes that the literary center of the Republic must soon be where the commercial center is. His aim still is to make the *Review* solid, but interesting and brilliant at the same time, and he is working hard to this end. The recompense he offers is not very liberal—$5 a page—though, as the pages contain only 500 words, it is as liberal as any of the magazines. Writers for the periodicals should not expect their writing to be very profitable. If they have such expectation, they are doomed to disappointment. They should look for their chief reward in the satisfaction they get from expressing their thought.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD"

Is a very good magazine of the theological sort, containing many interesting papers, but nearly all bordering on or connected with clerical issues. Its editor is Rev. I. T. Hecker, an American-born priest, who has the reputation of possessing much talent and culture. All its contributors are, I think, Roman Catholics; all its writing naturally has the tone of the Church, and is often narrow and intolerant. How can it be otherwise? The assumption of infallibility necessitates narrowness and intolerance. The magazine has a circulation of 6,000 or 7,000, and is not, probably, remunerative directly, though it may be as an organ of the faith. Its age is 15 years. It includes considerable selected matter, and much of its work is done by priests, and, in a literary sense, done very well. This must be so, for very few professional authors are Catholic, or in truth religionists of any sort.

THE "ATLANTIC'S" PAST AND PRESENT.

The *Atlantic*, although not so good as it has been, is still, unquestionably, the best literary monthly the country has given birth to. When begun, 22 years ago, it had no rival worthy of the name, and in many things it keeps the lead. The particularly shining names which first commended it to public favor, such as Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Cornelius C. Felton, Henry W. Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, appear either not at all or very seldom, owing to the death of some and the absorbing occupation of others. Albeit Longfellow and Holmes, Whittier and Lowell still sing on its pages, their songs are rare, and mayhap more welcome for their rarity. A younger race of men supplies the place of the older, and many of those are gifted and graceful. Latterly the magazine has had more solidity and less speculation—papers on politics, political economy, national issues and international questions having taken the place of airy, sentimento-philosophic essays. Already it has had five or six publishers, and not one of them, I venture to say, has found it in any degree profitable. It is, belike, doing as well now as it has been for years, though scarcely making money. It is not so liberal in tone or payment as formerly. It used to pay $250 a paper to its best writers, whether it made seven, eight or ten pages; but now $10 is deemed a high rate—$6 to $7 being the general figure. It no longer pays on acceptance either, and authors are often forced to wait a year or two for checks which they should have had when their work was done. The *Atlantic* has had three editors, not counting assistants—James Russell Lowell, who knew

A GOOD THING ON INSTINCT,

But who had no method, and no conception of business. He very frequently carried off manuscripts, it is reported, mislaid or lost them, and caused the publishers endless trouble. It is strange that a poet, and therefore a man of imagination and sympathy, can be so oblivious of the rights of other authors. James T. Fields was the second editor, and restored order out of chaos. He has the name here—perhaps falsely—of being very self-appreciative, of addictedness to lion-hunting and to repetition of stories he has made familiar by much telling; but he is entertaining in his way, and he understood the duties of his office. William D. Howells, the present editor, is the best, on the whole, of the three, and is an extraordinary product of the composing-room. Although one of the finest writers in the republic, and master of a delightful style, he owes most of his education to himself. Born at a village in Ohio, he learned printing in his father's office at Hamilton and Dayton, and worked pretty steadily at the case from his twelfth to his nineteenth year. He then went to Columbus as Legislative correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, and two years later became editor of the Ohio *State Journal*. He began contributing to the *Atlantic* at 23—he is now 43—and was appointed Consul at Venice at 25, remaining abroad three years. After some literary skirmishing here, he repaired to Boston, and was made assistant editor of the magazine until Fields retired, when he was appointed his successor. The *Atlantic* has the most brilliant list of contributors in the country. Independent of the older authors, there are Stoddard, Stedman, Henry James, Jr., Howells, Aldrich, Warner, Clemens, De Forest, Grant White, Higginson, Weiss, Parton, Piatt, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Fawcett, and nearly all the cleverest men of the country, as well as such women as Harriet Spofford, Celia Thaxter, Harriet Stowe, Helen Hunt, Louise Moulton, Kate Hillard, Sallie Woolsey, Kate Field, Rose Terry Cooke, Lucy Larcom and Constance Woolson. Its circulation varies from 15,000 to 20,000, and is now, I am told, about 15,000.

"LIPPINCOTT'S"

(Philadelphia) is the only magazine proper left. It is 11 years old, and has a circulation, I hear, of not more than 10,000. It is decidedly readable and ably-edited by John Foster Kirk; but it is not very enterprising, nor very liberal in its dealings. In its character it is more provincial than cosmopolitan, most of its contributors appearing to be Pennsylvanians. J. B. Lippincott & Co. appear to regard keeping it up as desirable; but they do not pretend that it is other than a loss, or that it has ever been. It is reported that its expense falls some $1,500 behind its cost on each number; so that it is not impossible that the publishers may tire of the heavy drain upon their exchequer, as the publishers of the *Galaxy*, *Putnam's*, *Appleton's Journal* and others have tired.

The whole history of magazines in the United States is disheartening to the policy of putting one forward, and the man or men who shall venture to publish any new monthly are deserving of consideration for their hopefulness and audacity, whatever may be said of their foresight and discretion.

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