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NOT IN VAIN I WAITED.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

She was but a child, a child,
And I a man grown;
Sweet she was, and fresh and wild,
And I thought my own.

What could I do? The long grass groweth,
The long wave floweth with a murmur on;
The way and the wherefore of it all, who knoweth?
Ere I thought to lose her she was grown and gone.

This day, or that day, in warm spring weather,
The lamb that was tame will yearn to break its tether;
"But if the world wound thee," I said, "come back to me,
Down in the dell wishing, wishing, wishing for thee."

The dews hang on the white May:
Like a ghost it stands,
All in the dusk, before day,
That folds the dim lands.

Dark tell the skies, when once belated,
Sad and sorrow-fated, I missed the sun:
But wake, heart, and sing, for not in vain I waited,
O clear, O solemn dawning, lo, the maid is won!

Sweet dews, dry dearly on the grass and clover,
Lest the bride wet her feet while she walks over;
Shine to-day, sunbeams, and make all fair to see:
Down the dell she's coming, coming, coming with me.

CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

What a glorious thing it is to have a holiday! a little allotment of time all your own, upon which you need pay duty to no man living, and within the compass of which, if you be a scholar, no one can plague you about the date of the Hegira, or "exact political significance" of the Licinian Rogations, nor any shock fall upon you if you be a man of business, from alarming telegrams respecting the fall of Utopian consols, or the "unhealthy depression" of the Cloudland-Atlantic Grand Central railway. Surely, there is no one living who does not appreciate such a furlough, from the fourth-form boy who overeats himself at Warwick or Kenilworth on the half-yearly holiday, damped only by the horrid recollection that work begins again next day, up to the wearied merchant prince who follows out his doctor's prescription of "complete change of scene," by making Rome or Switzerland as much like London as possible for two months every year.

Somewhat after this fashion (had I felt inclined) I might have soliloquized, as I sat looking down upon the good town of Heidelberg from the terrace of the "Molken Kur," a little wooden auberge, perched upon a projecting bluff, in which a few *soi-disant* invalids play at curing themselves by eating the greatest possible amount of curds and whey. And certainly the scene before me deserved more than a passing glance. Above rose the green, sloping crest of the Konigstuhl, with all its waving woods, upon which the fading sunshine lingered lovingly; all around lay the leafy hillsides, between which, like a thread of gold, glittered the winding stream of the Neckar; immediately below me lay the narrow streets and tall grim houses of the quaint little town, above which the vast red towers of the castle stood out in the glow of sunset like pillars of fire, and far out in the plain beyond, breaking with its shining curves the monotony of the vast green level, I could just descry the broad, smooth flow of the parent Rhine.

But at this moment my reflections are broken in a sufficiently unromantic way by concussion of a huge steeple-crowned hat, which, driven by the wind, ricochets off my shoulder, and is just rolling over the brow of the hill, when I spring forward and clutch it. Turning to look for the owner, I find myself face to face with a quiet, pleasant-looking old gentleman in frilled shirt and black silk stockings, the very image of the Glass Dwarf in Wilhelm Hauff's "Kaltes Herz," evidently a man of some note by the respect with which the *habitues* make way for him.

"Many thanks, mein Herr," says the old man, as I restored his errand head gear. "I'm not quite so supple now as I was when I took the prize at the Freyberg Volksfest, forty-three years ago, before I even thought of becoming a professor. It's only you English who can keep up your training forever."

"How did you guess that I was an Englishman?" asked I, somewhat surprised; for indeed, with a beard like a pasha's and a face bronzed by the sun of Egypt and Syria, my appearance is anything but Anglo Saxon.

"No man but an Englishman would have caught that hat as you did," answered the professor, with a little chuckling laugh; "it's just in their nature to jump up and run after anything that passes. Ah, if you English would only employ your irrepressible energies in the cause of science, what might you not achieve! But no; you do not care to learn."

"Do us the justice to believe, Herr Professor, that the nation which produced Bacon and Newton has still some reverence for science."

"They were mighty men," replies the old gentlemen, with a reverential bend of his gray head; "but I am speaking of the nation at large, not of a few exceptionable celebrities Ach Himmel! what a set they are those English! A fine life they led me when I first began to practice medicine down yonder in Saxony. The first thing in the morning kling! kling! at my door. 'What is it?' 'An Englishman has broken his leg in trying to climb the Teufelshorn, which no one ever ascended yet.' I set the the Herr Englander's leg, and leave him pretty comfortable. Not half an hour later kling! kling! again. 'What now?' 'An Englishman who has been half drowned in swimming across the Elbe against the current for a wager.' I roll the Herr Englander in warm blankets and bring him round. Before I have well settled in my chair again, kling! kling! once more. 'Mein Got! what's the matter?' 'An Englishman who has tried to run twenty miles within the hour, because some one said he couldn't, and has broken down under the strain.' Mein Herr, I am sorry to have to say it, but your countrymen are equally devoid of fear and of reason. There is but one man in England whom I can truly reverence, and his name is Herr Carlyle."

"Mr. Carlyle, why, he's an old friend of mine! I saw him the last time I was in England. I'm glad you admire him."

"Did you, mein Herr? did you really?" says the old man, with unmistakable interest. "Tell me all about him. I beseech you; he is a great man—worthy to have been born a German!"

And for nearly twenty minutes we sit in judgment upon the biographer of Frederick the Great, till the strokes of seven, booming from the town below, warn the professor that it is time to be going home.

"You must come with me, mein Herr," says he rising from his seat; "no excuses, I beg of you. It shall never be said that Justus Weissenbart met with a friend of the Herr Carlyle without making him welcome; and, besides, I've got something to show you which I think will interest you."

The old man's hearty manner was not to be resisted; and a quarter of an hour later I stood before the door of a tall, grim-looking stone house at the corner of the Market platz, the curiously carved front of which showed that it had seen more than one century. But if its outside was stern and unpromising, its inside was comfortable in the highest degree; and so I thought when I found myself seated over a substantial German supper in the professor's little snuggery, and heard the old man's cheery voice bidding me "fall to and spare nothing."

While eating, I found time to glance round the room, which (save for its antique furniture and heavy cross-beams of dark oak) differed but little from the countless other laboratories that I had seen in various towns of Southern Germany; but one object arrested my attention—a human skeleton, planted upright in a corner, presenting a pistol menacingly with its fleshless hand. The professor noticed the direction of my eyes, and smiled significantly.

"That's the curiosity I was speaking of," said he; "it has a history of its own which is worth hearing. When we have finished supper I'll tell it you."

And, accordingly, as soon as our meal was ended, Herr Weissenbart settled himself comfortably in his great easy chair, lighted an enormous German pipe, which the most seasoned "fox" in the university would have found it hard to smoke out, and began as follows:

"At the time that I bought this house, mein Herr, I had just entered upon the happiest period of my whole life. I had at length attained the modest competence for which I had long labored in vain, and could say to myself, when I sat down in my easy chair in the evening and lit my pipe: 'Now, Justus Weissenbart, thou hast done all that the earthly and corporal part of thee demands for its sustenance; henceforth thou art free to serve the cause of science, and, it may be, even to add a little grain of knowledge to the sum of human learning. I went to work with all earnestness. I filled my house with rare plants, rare fossils, rare minerals. I paid high for curiosities of every kind. Once I paid a handful of thalers for the carcass of a donkey, which exhibited a singular malformation of the spinal column. Its dissection led me to one of the most interesting discoveries which I have ever made. Ah, mein Herr! you, who are a man of amusement and adventure, can not fathom the delight I felt in cutting up that glorious donkey! But once before in my whole life did I experience the same pleasure, and that was when I was called in, a little while after I first came here, to treat a patient whose case exhibited some very unusual and perplexing symptoms. I examined him, I reflected, the truth flashed upon me. I flung my hat on the ground, and, embracing the sick man with rapture, cried out: 'I congratulate you, my friend, you have received a disease which has been unknown for the last six centuries!'"

The idea of such consolation administered to an invalid was too much for my gravity. In spite of all my efforts to compose myself, I laughed till I was fairly exhausted, and Herr Weissenbart very good-humoredly joined in the merriment, though evidently without the least suspicion of having given any cause for it.

"Well, mein leiber herr," he continued, "you will doubtless have remarked it as a singular law of nature that whenever a man lives all by himself, in a particularly old and shabby looking house, he invariably acquires the reputation of being immensely rich. Perhaps my paying so high for fossils and skeletons gave some color to the myth in my case; but at any rate I was soon known in Heidelberg as the rich Professor Weissenbart, and my friends began to warn me that if I did not take care I might some day chance to get robbed.

"Now, at that time I had but one servant, who had been with me many years, and was beginning to get old and feeble. Every one said that he was not enough to take care of the house himself, and that I'd better have a younger man to help him; but I didn't like to vex poor old Johann by seeming to think him past work, so I just let things go on as they were. He was a capital servant, and did his work well as man could do; but he had one failing. Every now and then, when the chance offered, he would"—a significant gesture of the professor's hand, as if lifting a glass to his lips, completed the sentence.

"H'm! rather a bad fault in a man upon whom the safety of the house depended," observed I.

"So I thought," answered the professor; "and more than once I doubted whether it might not be as well to take my friends' advice after all, and engage a second servant. But I kept putting it off, and putting it off, till at last I got punished for my hesitation, as you shall hear.

"One night I had sent Johann out to do some marketing, and was expecting him back every minute. As a rule, whenever he went abroad he took the house key (of which I had a duplicate) along with him; so that nobody could get in till he came back, unless I chose to let them. He was very punctual on the whole; but this time ten—fifteen—twenty minutes passed, and there was no sign of him. I began to fear that he might have taken a glass too much, as he sometimes did, and was just thinking of going to look after him, when all at once I heard, far down below, a noise as if the house door had been suddenly opened and shut again, and then a step coming up the stairs right toward my door. I have a quick ear of my own, and it struck me directly that the tread was firmer and heavier than old Johann's. I guessed at once that there had been foul play somewhere, and for a moment I thought of locking my door and calling for help through the window; but, on second thought, I decided that it would be better to let the intruder (whoever he might be) come right up to me, and to see what he really wanted."

I looked at the professor with involuntary admiration. To hear this little, delicate, benevolent-looking old gentleman talking so coolly of deliberately allowing a robber (perhaps more than one) to march right into his room at night, without stirring a step to give the alarm, simply because he "thought it better to see what he wanted"—had a really heroic flavor about it; and I bent eagerly forward to hear the sequel of the adventure.

"The door opened," pursued my friend, "and in came a tall, burly fellow, with a black mask on his face and a pistol in his hand. The moment he was in he locked the door behind him, put the key in his pocket, and came forward to the table where I was sitting.

"Now, my old 'un,' said he, with a chuckle, 'we've got the house all to ourselves. Your servant is lying fast asleep under the clubroom table at the Thirsty Fox. Drugged beer's a fine thing to make a man sleep sound, and he won't wake up before to-morrow morning. In the meantime, out with your money, or you're a dead man.'

"He cocked the pistol as he spoke, and leveled it at my forehead.

"You will think, mein herr, that I must have been frightened; but, strange as it may seem, I was not. Had I met this man in the street, or out in the open country, he would have been on his own ground, but here, within the walls of my laboratory, he was on mine. Before he had done speaking, a new experiment, and I felt him in my power. Before he had done speaking, I had tried him in my own mind, condemned him and sentenced him to death."

Soft and pleasant as the old man's voice was, there was a hard, metallic ring in it, just then, and an ominous compression of the small, delicate mouth which showed me, for the first time, what this quiet, good-humored scholar might be capable of doing. In truth, the cruelty of passion or revenge is as nothing to that of science. Parrhasius crucifying his slave in order to gain a more vivid idea of the sufferings which he painted, Michael Angelo studying with cool, analytical keenness the loathsome minutiae of the plague hospital, Dr. Le Catt keeping horses and dogs alive for weeks under his scalpel, only to inflict upon them more varied and complicated tortures—such examples are terribly suggestive, and I could not help thinking that, had I been a robber, I should have been very loth to entrust myself to the tender mercies of my friend, the professor, supposing his powers of destruction to be commensurate with his will. After a pause, he resumed:

"'Well, I can't resist you,' said I to the robber, assuming a look of terror such as I had not worn since I went up for my first examination as a candidate at Jena. 'I'll give you all I have, and when you have taken it, I hope you'll be satisfied, and do me no further injury.'

"'Oh, I'll be satisfied when I touch the money, never fear, old boy,' answered he with a laugh. 'Come, out with it, quick.'

"'It's in that bureau yonder,' replied I, throwing a key on the table; 'help yourself.'

"I need not tell you, mein Herr, that in the whole bureau there was not a single *pfennig*; but he went toward it to unlock it, which was all I wanted."

"Ah, you wanted to get a chance of sticking him from behind, I suppose!" said I, secretly marveling at the strategic ability of this pacific man of letters.

"Hein Beber Herr, returned the professor, with an air of grand contempt, suggestive of Socrates 'setting down' Protagoras, "science does not fight with such coarse material means as those. I have told you that I regarded this man in the light of an experiment, and I acted accordingly. If you wish to know what was my real object in sending him to the bureau, step forward and press your heel upon that little knot in the floor."

I obeyed, and was not a little startled when a good square yard of the flooring immediately in front of the bureau gave way with a loud, whirring noise, disclosing a black chasm of unknown depth, from which arose the hoarse gurgle of running water.

"Why, you don't mean to say—" faltered I, glancing from the ghastly abyss below to the benevolent face of the savant, which looked milder and more benevolent than ever.

"Precisely so," answered the professor, with a genial smile, and rubbing his little fat hands gleefully. "That's the Neckar which you hear grumbling down yonder; but there was a good yard of dry pavement beside it for him to fall upon, and it sufficed. Unhappily, the fall necessarily occasioned certain injuries in his anatomical structure, which, however, my humble knowledge of surgery has, as you see, enabled me to repair." (And he pointed to the pistol bearing skeleton with a complacent air.) "Why do you look so shocked, my friend? It was a fair trial of skill against strength. He, the man of brute force, attempted to entrap me, the man of science, and he was caught in his own trap. Fill your glass and let us drink to the scientific movement which has made Europe the first quarter of the world, and Germany the first country in Europe!"

I filled my glass, though I did not drink; but made some excuse, and gladly left the house.

AN EX-EMPRESS.

A Lady's Interview With the Ex-Empress Eugenie.

Cassell's Magazine for October contains an article written by a lady who visited and conversed with the ex-Empress Eugenie at Chiselhurst. The writer says:

She began in English (which she speaks readily and with a good accent, only now and then wanting a word, which she asks you with her eyes to supply) by regretting that the emperor was too ill to see me. "Not seriously ill; far from it," she said, "thank God, but suffering greatly from rheumatic pains, in consequence of a chill when he first arrived at Chiselhurst. The weather had been warm and fine, and he had been tempted out too much wrapped up (for it was so cold at Wilhelmshoe), and he had incautiously taken off his paletot, and so caught cold, which had produced an attack of rheumatism."

Then she expressed much interest about the place I came from. It was associated with her early life. "Ah! how happy I was then—it seems like a dream—so happy," and her glorious eyes glistened. "How well do I remember the house where I was at school, the broad terrace, the distant hills, and my companions, my dear friends—they have not forgotten me."

"Yes," said I, "young Miss B——."

"Young! ah, no!" and she laughed. "She is not young; she is my age, and that is not young."

It is not allowed to contradict sovereigns, but as she said this she was a living contradiction of her own statement. She looks wonderfully youthful, and her present thinness is very becoming in this respect.

"When I first came to England," she continued, "I desired to go there."

"Ah, madame, why did you not come? We would have received you with enthusiasm."

She bowed. "Yes, I wished it; it was my first thought; but it could not be."

"But, madame, will you not come among us and see your old haunts?"

"Sometime, perhaps, but not now. I can not; the emperor is ill. I can not leave him, and I go nowhere. I think of nothing, day and night but of poor France. Ah, what horrors will be passed through ere France can be at peace! Those dreadful scenes are always before me; the end is not yet."

Her eyes filled with tears, and rested on her shabby black dress—and this was the late queen of fashion—and her look seemed to say, "See how I mourn!" And it was true. There is often a whole world of pathos in little trifles that involuntarily bear witness to the individual mind.

"Madame," said I, "there is but one consolation; the worse things go in France, the more the emperor is sure to be recalled. It is the emperor alone who can govern France. They are like bad children, and require the master hand of wholesome restraint and discipline."

"I do not wish to return; I suffered too much; but I trust that events will justify the emperor. Surely the world must come to see what kind of people he had to govern. The emperor knew that these people were in Paris. For twenty years he knew it, and he did not shoot them. He was too merciful."

"Madame," said I, "it is as though the Fenians rule in London. The 'Reds' are the same all over the world."

"The emperor is blamed for everything," said she; "yet, how rich and prosperous France has been for many years! The wages of the laborers and *ouvriers* were high, and work was plentiful. To Paris came all the world, and money was spent. Now the taxes have not been paid for three whole months! The taxes not paid, and no money at the Bourse! The emperor is blamed, too, for the war. He was against it. Such blame is most unjust. But"—and she drew herself up—"we do not desire justification. Time will do that. Let events speak. By and by Europe shall judge the emperor fairly."

I expressed a hope that the trials she had undergone in Paris had not injured her health.

"No," she replied. Then she continued: "I was forsaken by all the ministers. Trochu, whom the emperor had appointed, left me. They all left me and betrayed me. What could I do? I was alone. Ah," she added with an inspired look, "it was my passion!"

She turned her tearful eyes to heaven. "Her passion!" Could anything be more touching? Woman as I was, I could have died for her.

"I was alone," she repeated, as though in justification; "utterly abandoned. What could I do? But I was not afraid. I could look death in the face; but all had left me."

"Were the details of your majesty's flight which appeared in the newspapers accurate?"

"Yes," said she, "tolerably so. For thirty days I was guarded by these men of Belleville. Oh, it was horrible! They took possession of the Tuileries. My only happiness was that I suffered alone. The emperor away and my boy safe. No! I could not have borne it had my boy been in danger." Again the inspired look came into the beautiful Spanish eyes.

"By what door did these wretches enter the Tuileries, madame?"

"Everywhere—by all the doors and the windows too. They came down from the Place de la Concorde. I saw them coming through the trees. They then broke over the fences into the reserved garden, and at last smashed the lower windows and broke open the doors. They came, too, on the other side, from the Place du Carrousel; black masses of men, closer and closer; they, too broke in everywhere. No one opposed them; the guards were gone. There were horrible cries, and revolting scenes. From these thief-dogs I expected death; I saw it in their faces; these Belleville men; they wanted my blood. I was so weary I did not care; to die would be a rest to me. For the last three days there was a change; more savage men came about me. I never left my room; I lay down a little on my bed for rest, but I did not undress; I would not be murdered in my bed in my night dress."

She made a little motion with her hand as she said this that I can not describe. It told of the delicacy of the woman, and the lofty decorum of the sovereign, that carefully gathers her robes around her ere she dies.

"Madame," said I, "had you fallen by the hands of those wretches, you would have lived forever in history and in poetry. Every art would have been evoked to celebrate your memory. You would have united the beauty and fascination of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the virtuous fortitude of Marie Antoinette. It would have been a glorious immortality."

"Yes," she said, melting into the sweetest, merriest smile; "yes, that is all very well; but I would like to enjoy yet a little in my life."

"God grant you may, madame," replied I.

The empress then glanced at a clock.

"You have come far to see me; you must return. Your train will soon be due; you must not lose it." How I wish that time had ceased to be—how I longed to go on listening to that musical voice and looking into those protean eyes! She rose. She was again the empress—and stood there grandly, to receive my salutations. It was a rapid change from the fascinating woman to the lofty sovereign. She did not even offer me her hand; she only bowed her head, and I retreated backward in the hall, where the lady in waiting received and conducted me to the door.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

BY J. H. TOONE.

It was early in the summer of eighteen hundred and fifty-two that I took passage on board the ship Resolution, then lying at anchor in the Mersey, and bound for New York.

I had been traveling on the continent of Europe during the winter, and being somewhat anxious to return to the United States, I had, on my arrival at Liverpool, engaged my room at once on the first vessel that was to sail for home. As the sequel will show, "I might have traveled farther and fared worse."

The ship, as they say in the bills of lading, was tight, stanch and strong, and her commander was every inch a sailor. He was at times, it is true, somewhat rough in his manners, when giving his orders to the officers and crew, but when addressing his passengers his language and deportment were invariably kind and courteous.

On the morning after my arrival at Liverpool, the ship being ready for sea, having hauled out of the dock the day previous, I embarked on board, and we were soon all clear of the Mersey. The wind blowing fresh from the southward, we ran up the Irish channel, rounded the northern coast of Ireland, and stood away to the westward on our course over the wild and stormy Atlantic.

The cabin passengers, most of whom were old travelers, with the exception of a few of the ladies, appeared disposed to enjoy themselves, and no one seemed to be more delighted at the prospect of a speedy passage than our vigilant and warm hearted captain.

It was somewhere about the first of July (we were but ten days out), that the captain informed us that we were approaching the grand banks of Newfoundland. So far, our voyage had been attended with favorable winds, and, with the exception of an occasional squall, nothing had transpired to mar the general harmony that prevailed on board. But now "a change seemed to come over the spirit of our dreams." The sky had assumed a dead, lead-colored hue. The wind, which had been slowly backing round from the southwest, had finally settled down at east, and though still blowing moderately, could occasionally be heard vibrating through the rigging with a low moaning sound. The sailors, too, could be seen conversing together in groups, and betting fabulous amounts of tobacco that the "old hooker" would be under close reefed topsails before the middle watch.

As night approached, a light, misty rain set in, without, however, any increase in the breeze; and to my astonishment the captain ordered all hands on deck, and commenced taking in sail. All the upper sails were securely furled, the topsails close reefed, the courses reefed, and then hauled "snug up." One watch was then allowed to go below, but with strict orders to be ready to "jump on deck" in an instant.

As I had a good appetite at dinner, and did not care to annoy the captain by frivolous questions—two of the greatest gifts which a passenger, in the estimation of a captain, can possess—I had become quite a favorite with him, and we had walked the quarter deck together almost every night since leaving port. Eight bells had been struck, and I was standing near the mizzen rigging, as I supposed, alone. The other passengers were all below, out of the damp, drizzly weather, amusing themselves according to their fancy. The captain had offered me a tarpaulin hat and oil cloth overcoat, of which I availed myself, as I was anxious to see what could have induced him to take in nearly all the sail. As I turned round to avoid the fine rain that was beating against my face, I encountered the steady gaze of the captain, who was standing near the helmsman.

"Come, Mr. T.," said he, in his clear, manly voice, "shall I tell you what you have been thinking about?"

"My dear sir," said I.

"Come, come," he replied, "no apologies. You are a gentleman, and, what is of more consequence now, you are more than half a sailor. You never bother me with useless questions, and I will tell you why we are now jogging along under short canvas, with a tight wind, when we might carry all the light kites aloft. If I am correct in my judgment, a violent storm, perhaps a hurricane, has either passed along here, or is about to commence. If it is one of those circular storms, which we call a hurricane, it has passed to the southward, and we may yet have its opposite side down upon us with irresistible fury from the westward. It is true that gales of this description seldom prevail so early as this, but should we get caught in one with all sail on, no human power could save us, and in all matters relating to my profession I have acted, since a boy, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is dull music, "he continued," waiting here for a change that may not, after all our precaution, take place. But first let me see that every man on deck is at his station, and that the braces are laid down on deck, the running rigging all clear, and then I will tell you a short story that will show you why I believe, religiously, in my favorite maxim."

Having issued his orders, and again walked all round the ship to see, for himself, "that everything was all right," as he expressed it, he took up his station near the compass, and commenced as follows:

"You recollect, many years ago, hearing of the loss of the packet ship Albion on the Irish coast, don't you?"

"Certainly," I replied, "and the shock it gave the community has never been equaled by any of the more recent marine disasters."

"Well," he continued, "the loss of that ship, together with over four hundred souls, was caused by neglecting the use of a few small seizings, not larger than a piece of whip cord. I will tell you how it happened. While in dock, at Liverpool, the fore rigging had been set up taught, and, so far, all was right—but owing to the hurry of getting out in the Mersey, as the tide was up, the lanyards were not seized off, and were only temporarily secured. The next morning the ship was all ready for sea, and during the day the mates were busy in berthing the passengers, this, together with the noise and confusion which necessarily attends a hurried departure, caused them to overlook the temporary racks on the rigging, or, if they were seen it was supposed that they were quite sufficient, as the ship was still in the channel. That night, however, it came on to blow great guns from the southwest, and it was necessary to carry a taut rag on the ship in order to clear the Irish coast.

"About three bells in the middle watch a young lad, the son of the captain, was sent aloft, on the fore-topsail yard to look out for a light. It was a fearful night. Vivid flashes of lightning would now and then light up the heavens, and then again the darkness would be so intense that it actually seemed as though it could be felt. The ship was struggling along under close reefed topsails, and occasionally a heavy boiling sea, which the eddying currents drove all in a heap, would break over the ship, deluging her decks with water. Still, if everything held on there was no danger. At length, as the ship raised her head, after plunging in a heavy sea, there was a noise like the report of a cannon, followed by a cry from forward that one of the weather foretopmast backstays had parted. It was soon discovered that the lanyards had parted some of the rackings, strained through the others, and the fore rigging was all slack, and was only kept from going by the foretopmast backstays. Everything depended on but a single backstay. Every moment we expected to see the foremost go by the board, and it was in vain that his shipmates shouted to the boy aloft to come down. True to his orders from the chief mate, he sat on the yard, holding on by the tie, awaiting the commands of the officer who sent him there.

"That officer, however, was now too busily engaged in preparations to wear the ship round on the other tack, to think of the poor lad whose life, as well as those of all on board, was now in peril, in consequence of his carelessness, to give him even a thought. The captain, who, like a prompt and efficient seaman, had at once adopted the only means to save the ship, had just given the orders to haul up the helm and wear the ship round on the other tack, when the remaining backstay, followed almost instantly by the foremast, which broke off a few feet above the deck. Fully alive to the danger, and fearful that the wrecked spars might stave a hole in the ship, the captain, ax in hand, rushed forward, and called all hands to work to clear the wreck.

"Long and energetically they worked in that dark and tempestuous night, and when the captain was told that his son went over with the mast, his only reply was, 'That is but one life, my men; here are hundreds!' God only knows how his heart must have been wrung, for he was a kind and loving father! But the blows from the ax he wielded still fell as fast as ever on the wet and massive cordage that confined the spars to the straining hull till the wreck began to drift slowly astern and the last rope had been severed. By this time the ship had drifted so near the coast that its high, bold, frowning outlines could be plainly seen whenever a flash of lightning lit up the horizon.

"As the floating mass drifted under the counter of the ship some of the smaller ropes became entangled in the heel of the rudder, and as the ship settled down aft she struck heavily on the wreck of the foremast, which caused her to spring a leak. The pumps were manned, and, though the men pumped with untiring zeal and energy, and were assisted by the passengers, the water continued to gain on them."

Here the captain stopped for a moment, and appeared to be listening attentively; then turning to me, he said:

"Did you notice that short sea that struck us under the bow, with a dead, 'thuggish' sound?" And then added, "I don't like it—it must have come from the westward. But I will cut my yarn short, sir, as I think you had better go below, out of this weather, and turn in.

"Well," he continued, "the water continued to gain on them: the rigging and spars that were still held fast by the heel of the rudder caused the ship to pay off before the gale, and at the same instant she was borne aloft by a heavy sea, and then, with an awful crash, was dashed headlong between the rocks on the iron-bound coast of Ireland. Of some four hundred and fifty souls, including officers and crew, only nine survived the horrors of that fearful night."

"But the captain," I exclaimed, "what became of him?"

"What became of him?" he repeated, with sudden energy, as he dashed his hand across his eyes. "He died, as every man should die under such circumstances. His lifeless body was washed high and dry on the rocks, with his arms locked around the ninth passenger, whose life he had attempted to save."

"And his poor boy?" I again asked. "Both father and son—the victims of a careless officer."

"Stop," he said, laying his heavy hand on my arm; "had the boy been lost, the Resolution would have had some other master, and I should not have been here to give you the details of the causes which led to that awful shipwreck."

"Gracious heavens!" I exclaimed, "surely you are not that ——"

But before I could finish the sentence his voice rang over the ship, as he shouted in tones like thunder:

"Let go all the braces, fore and aft—call all hands—haul in the starboard head braces!"

These orders were barely executed ere the storm burst on us with all the fury of a hurricane; but, thanks to the nautical skill of our vigilant commander, we were prepared for it, and he now proved himself equal to the emergency. The ship's head had swung round just enough to let the full blast of the gale strike us a little abaft the beam; but as it was, our ship was thrown almost over on her broadside, and it was almost impossible to see or hear amid the blinding spray and roaring elements that, in an instant, nearly overwhelmed us. One shake sent our main and mizzen topsails clear from the yards, but the foretopsail, being full, stood the strain long enough to get the ship before the wind, when she righted, and, in less than five minutes from the time the hurricane struck us, we were scudding before the wind and sea, and I received the joyful assurance from the captain that we were all safe.

The following day the storm abated, and we were enabled to rescue three hundred and sixty-three passengers from the ship Rhode Island. The ship had been caught aback while under sail, and after getting a stern-board on, that had deluged her decks with water, and washed every soul overboard that was on deck, her masts went by the board, and she was left a hopeless wreck, floating on the waters at the mercy of the winds and waves. In an hour after we rescued the last man on board the wreck, she sank far down in the fathomless ocean.

If the details of these well known disasters, which I have here truthfully stated, shall have the effect of making one careless ship or steamer captain adopt the maxim of my old friend, Captain ——, whose modesty will not allow me to use his name, and make him more vigilant in looking after details, usually entrusted to his subordinates, the object of the writer will be in part attained.

The Chicago Customhouse.

The Chicago Evening *Journal* says:

Of all the "fire proof" buildings in the burnt district the Customhouse was the only one that really stands and need not be pulled down. Competent judges say that the front and two ends are all right. The west side is prostrate. In sixty days it can be put in condition to be used. It would require relatively little to make it almost as good as new.

There is danger that the government will patch up the old concern and make it do permanent. We say danger, because the Customhouse has for years been too small, and even had no disaster befallen it, the time would be ripe for reconstruction. The basement and first floor have long been too small for the postoffice business. A third more room is needed. The collector of the port is also cramped, and now that the system of direct importation has been fairly inaugurated, the old quarters will soon be inadequate. The old building had no more space than the postoffice and customhouse proper should have.

There are, besides these two, the internal revenue assessor, internal revenue collector, the circuit and district courts, the United States commissioners' tribunals, and the district attorney's offices, the marshal's office and the pension office. The United States should provide accommodations for all government business done at this point. This was the design of the old customhouse, but it has now been far outgrown. Grounds adjoining the present site should be selected. The old Lombard block grounds should be added. The erection of a suitable government building would meet a long felt and increasing want, and, at the same time, benefit the suffering poor by affording them employment.

The Washington papers mentioned lately the arrival in that city of a young lady Miss Jeanie Patterson, from New Orleans. It seems by the following, from the Washington *Sunday Chronicle*, that she came from our sister State:

On Thursday evening last Miss Jeanie Patterson, of Mississippi, a young lady who has made quite a reputation in her section as a public reader and declaimer, gave an entertainment at Lincoln Hall for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers, a fact which ought to have elicited a large attendance, but which was, perhaps, not very well known. Several gentlemen who understand the science of elocution, have expressed themselves quite earnestly in favor of this young lady's talents and accomplishments, and a fact which will secure her a fair hearing; but as she travels North for the first time, with a widowed mother unaccustomed to the methods of advertising and bringing her out, it may require time for that recognition which it is said always awaits genius.

A passenger on board the steamer Costa Rica, from Yokohama to Shanghai, writes, July 13:

We have a prince on board, a real live Japanese prince of countless generations, of the purest blood, with ten of his two-sworded retainers as body-guard—a prince, too, of boundless green acres; but our Yankee born captain, insensible fellow to blood, treats him as nothing at all. He carries princes, he says every trip. Princes are nothing to him.

It has recently been discovered at Washington that Vermont was never a slaveholding State. In the original census of 1790 sixteen colored persons were entered as free blacks, but the clerk in transcribing the census for the printer put them under the head of slaves, and this error has been repeated in all the following histories.

[Communicated.]

ARTISAN SCHOOLS.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN:

For some time there has appeared in your columns articles in reference to industrial or artisan schools, in which the idea is advanced that there should be public schools opened, in which should be taught remunerative industries and trades, in connection with literature; that there should be from three to four hours of books, according to the advancement of the pupil, and the same allowance or time for the industrial department; the school teacher to instruct in the morning those pupils which should be in the artisan department in the afternoon, while the artisan pupils of the morning would be in the schoolroom in the afternoon.

The theory has seemed to commend itself to every lover of progress and human elevation, but the difficulty has been in giving it a practical solution. Not long since, however, I saw it stated that a New Orleans gentleman desired to engage the services of the boys in the House of Refuge as manufacturers of toys, and the idea instantly occurred to me that herein might lie the solution of the artisan school problem. New Orleans is such a vast centre of wholesale trade that she could hope for a good market for such a quantity of toys as might be manufactured, while toy making has in it the germ of many essential trades.

To begin with dolls: in the girls' department one class would cut the bodies of the dolls, a second would sew them—either with fingers or sewing machine, the former teaching finger sewing, and the latter the use of the machine—a third would tie on the arms and legs, a fourth stuff them, a fifth sew up the aperture, and a sixth glue on the heads. Then there would be need of a packer for transportation, and each set could be paid by the dozen or hundred, or by whatever plan seemed best for remuneration. In another room, perchance, it might be found feasible to have dolls' dressmakers, and here we would have the elements of plain sewing, in the manufacture of the underclothing, and the milliner and the mantua maker, in its outside garments.

For the boys' department we have wooden toys, miniature furniture, such as dolls' bureaus, chairs and tables, the first lesson being here taken in handling tools, upholstering, painting, varnishing and shaping wood, from which would spring all the essential trades in the manufacture of wood. The tin toys would be initiatory to the tinner's trade, while the manufacture of brooms, feather dusters, and a thousand other small employments, not too heavy for or unattractive to children, would suggest themselves and be introduced according to the necessities of trade and the advancement of the pupils. The higher departments could be put into such work as is called for in the struggle of men or women for their daily bread, so that the pupil would be able to continue in school until thoroughly skilled in a necessary trade, and would be able, while in the pupilage of trade, to still remain in school.

These employments, if properly organized and paid, it would seem to me, might prove so efficient an aid to the poorest as to enable them to attend school, prove remunerative to the employer, and enable the city, in time, to require the attendance of all children at school. It might be necessary for the city to appoint a man to stand between the employer and the children, to see that labor was properly recompensed and neither party wronged, keeping the accounts. The employer would need to look after his own interests, as any other man does after his apprentices, while the school teacher would be employed, as now, by the city.

Can not that toy merchant and the School Board this fall make the initiatory experiment of an artisan school? It will not cost much to make an effort. Failure will be no disgrace, while success will crown the achievers with the highest honor—the honor of elevating to comfort, from poverty and despair, the lowest scale of humanity.

In Georgia recently a white man and a colored woman, who had been married under a license duly issued by the ordinary, were in a State court convicted of adultery and sentenced to imprisonment, on the ground that marriages between the white and black races are forbidden by a State statute, and are, therefore, illegal and void. They sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and their case was taken before Judge Erskine, of the United States District Court, claiming that the law under which they had been convicted was in contravention of the first section of the fourteenth amendment, which provides that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of any citizens of the United States. Judge Erskine decided that the validity of the statute in question had not been affected by the adoption of the amendment, and that the pretended marriage of the parties was illegal, and their conviction just and proper under the laws. According to this decision, the marriage of a white man to a black woman is neither a privilege nor a right.—*New York Sun.*

The custom of stealing children from their parents in Italy and taking them to foreign parts to be employed for the benefit of their abductors has become so notorious, that the law in that country has finally been compelled to take steps to check the evil. By the new criminal code of Italy those persons who entice children and take them abroad are punished with five years' imprisonment. The minister of justice, in his report on the subject, estimates that five thousand young Italian children are thus annually sold, as it were, to persons in the United States. These children are those whom we see about the streets playing upon execrable fiddles, and collecting precarious contributions for peripatetic organ grinders.

Labor, I say, is man's great function. The earth and the atmosphere are his laboratory. With spade and plow, with mining shafts and furnaces and forges, with fire and steam, amid the noise and whirl of swift and bright machinery, and abroad in the silent fields, beneath the roofing sky, man was made to be ever working, ever experimenting. And while he, and all his dwellings of care and toil, are borne onward with the circling skies, and the shows of heaven are around him, and their infinite depth image and invite his thoughts, still in all the worlds of philosophy, in the universe of intellect, man must be a worker. He is nothing, he can be nothing, he can achieve nothing, fulfill nothing, without working.—*Dewey.*

The New Orleans REPUBLICAN of last week has a commendable notice of our townsman Mr. B. Hitchcock, of his vitality, energy and report, which came to the REPUBLICAN office, to assure his friends that he was alive and well.

Surely some change has come over our friend, if it required three visits to convince his friends that he was not a victim to the yellow fever. He left here a little enfeebled by sickness, it is true, but bright, smiling and well. It is a short visit to the city has so impaired his health as to make three interviews necessary to assure his friends that he was not really dead, we advise him to return immediately, for fear we look on him as not only a live but progressive man.—*Vidalia Herald.*

The loss by the overthrow of the Vendome column is really so small that the breeze made about it seems ridiculous. A competent architect offers to restore it at a trifle over $50,000, which is certainly a very small gulf between the republic and empire.

THE LETTER.

Where is another sweet as my sweet,
Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?
Fine little hands, fine little feet—
Dewy blue eye.
Shall I write to her? shall I go?
Ask her to marry me by and by?
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?
Ay or no, from shy of the shy?
Go, little letter, apace, apace,
Fly;
Fly to the light in the valley below—
Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye;
Somebody said that she'd say no;
Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

Fifty Boston barkeepers were lately before one judge for dealing in spirituous liquors.

The intelligent jury in Pennsylvania, when a notorious scoundrel pleads guilty, invariably find him not guilty. They are not to be deceived in that way, you know.

A domestic revelation. Nice boy—"I'm jolly glad you's going to stop with us." Visitor—"Are you, darling? Why so?" Nice boy—"'Cause we shall have nice dinners now."

There is a girl sixteen years of age in Appanoose county, Iowa, who has in the last two years raised $2000 worth of hogs for the market. She attended to them entirely herself.

A facetious young gentleman from Cincinnati received the charge of a shotgun in return for his courtesy in calling an Indiana farmer up in the night to advise him to take in his chimney as it was freezing weather.

Two scavengers were quarrelling as to their respective working abilities, when one, meaning to silence his mate, said: "Well, Bill, you can't take the middle of the street, but you can't do an ornamental piece of work, like sweeping round a lamp post."

A kind-hearted but illiterate livery stable keeper, who could not bear to see a horse ill-treated, used to say, with sincerity, and as he believed with perfect accuracy, "My hostility to them as abuses horses was born into me, and comes as natural as breathin'."

"Why is it," said a teacher to a scapegrace who had caused her much trouble by bad conduct, "you behaved so well when you first came to school and are so disobedient now?" "Because," said young hopeful, looking up into the teacher's face, "I wasn't much acquainted then."

The last *Hearth and Home* has a picture representing a purchaser of carpets objecting to the price. "High, madam!" exclaims the salesman, "why, these carpets are sacrificed at three dollars a yard. Tweed & Co. paid more than a thousand dollars a yard for just such carpet."

"See here, Jim Brown; did you ever say that my father hadn't as much sense as Sam Smith's yeller dog?" "No, I didn't say any such thing. I said that Sam Smith's yeller dog had more sense than your father ever had, and that's every word I said." "Well, it's lucky you didn't say the other thing, I tell you!"

Dean Stanley had a parrot which one day escaped from her cage, to the great consternation of the dean and a company of visitors at his house. On searching the grounds pretty Polly was found swinging on the topmost branch of a tree. Seeing so large an audience, she said with edifying gravity: "Let us pray."

An old blunder of the types in an evening paper astounds the public with the information that a gentleman has applied for a divorce from his wife on the ground of "*incombatibility* of temper." We suppose this means that the wife would not show fight enough to make the operation of bullying her interesting. Such a woman might indeed tire out the patience of any man.

The Empress Eugenie is to stay with her mother two months. She went to Madrid via Southampton and Lisbon. The carriage of the Spanish consul was at the Southampton railway station to convey her to the steamer. She was attended by two servants, and, ladies may be interested to learn, wore a dark dress—the material and make, alas! are not specified—and black hat with plume.

Gilman, Illinois, is pleasantly agitated by a recent elopement. The lover went after his girl in a light vehicle, with muffled wheels, while an accomplice drove a heavier machine, adapted to making as much noise as possible. The lady being duly deposited in the muffled vehicle, the heavy one dashed off at a furious rate, with papa in hot pursuit, while the lovers were noiselessly driving in the opposite direction, and swiftly became man and wife.

The great objection to artesian wells in some localities is the character of the water supplied from the deep springs. Of six wells sunk in Cook county, Illinois, five are unpleasant to the taste, with a sulphurous odor, and corrode the steam boilers by leaving a deposit of white powder. The wells mentioned are sunk to depths of twelve hundred feet, at an expense varying from $4000 to $7000, and yield from 100,000 to 750,000 gallons per day.

Spurgeon tells the following: "I like the story of the servant maid who, when she was asked on joining the church: 'Are you converted?' 'I hope so, sir.' 'What makes you think that you are really a child of God?' 'Well, sir, there is a great change in me from what there used to be.' 'What is that change?' 'I don't know, sir, but there's a change in all things; but there is one thing, I always sweep under the mat now.'"

A traveling gentleman passing a farm in Vermont, saw a boy at work in a corn field by the roadside, and, being of an inquiring turn of mind, he stopped his horse and thus addressed the youth: "My son, whose farm is this?" "Dad's," was the laconic reply. "Does your father raise any stock?" "Yes, lots on 'em." "What kind?" continued the stranger. "Corn stock mostly," was the reply, as he proceeded to "hoe" a hill of the articles.

A gentleman who left San Francisco on the morning of the second of August arrived at Liverpool on the night of the nineteenth of the same month. Making an allowance for the difference of time will reduce the journey to seventeen days of twenty-four hours each. The whole distance by railroad and steamer is six thousand three hundred and forty-four miles, which, divided by seventeen, gives an average for each day's travel of a fraction over three hundred and seventy-three miles.

A city destroyed because a boy took a kerosene lamp into a stable—a yacht burned on Long Island Sound because the yachtsman threw down a kerosene lamp—countless individual cases of maiming or of death because kerosene is used carelessly in the household—are not these sufficient reasons for declaring war against it as something more dangerous than gunpowder? Kerosene oil is perilous stuff so long as the slightest trace of the explosive naptha is left in it; but the chemical process of elimination increases the cost, and so the dealers buy the cheapest, to increase their profits.

Mark Twain tells the following funny incident: "Why, captain, you appear to have a bad cold." "Yes, madam," said the captain, who is fond of working in the garden in the morning in his shirt sleeves, "I suppose I deserve it. I caught it while breaking the seventh commandment last Sunday." The party, male and female, started and looked blank, and the lady, who brought out the remark, said, as well as a choking fit would let her: "Well, upon my word, captain, considering the unusual circumstances of the case, and your present surroundings, it was hardly necessary for you to enter into such full particulars." When the innocent captain got home he found to his amazement that the seventh commandment does not say "Thou shalt remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

An examination of the cables of the suspension bridge which recently gave way at Pittsburg revealed a state of things which can not fail to excite alarm in regard to the safety of other bridges supported by wires. The cables were originally composed of twenty strands of wire. In the one which broke only eleven wires remained at the point of fracture, the others having corroded away, leaving a mass of rust produced to the size of a knitting needle. This bridge, which had stood fifteen years, no one suspected that the wires composing the cable were so eaten away by corrosion as the examination showed them to be. The question naturally arises whether the same destroying agent is not making progress in other wire cables as yet unsuspected of weakness.