New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

THE SPINNER.

[Translated from the German of Voss.]

I sat and spun before my door,
A youth along the road came straying;
His hazel eyes a deep smile wore,
And blushes on his cheek were playing.
My glance was from the distaff won;
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

In friendly tones "Good day!" he spoke,
With timid grace approaching nigher,
Startled was I, the thread it broke,
My foolish heart leapt high and higher.
The thread once more I fastened on,
And sat abashed, and spun and spun.

He clasped with tender touch my hand,
And vowed none could with it compare—
The very loveliest in the land,
So swan-white, plump and dainty fair.
As with his praise, my heart he won,
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

Upon my chair he laid his arm,
And praised the finely-wroughten thread,
So near his mouth, so red and warm,
How gently "sweetest maid" it said!
The while he gazed my face upon,
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

His handsome face toward my own
Meantime he bent, with glances winning;
It touched, by some odd chance unknown,
My head that nodded in the spinning;
He kissed me, this audacious one!
I sat abashed, and spun and spun.

I turned, reproof in earnest tone
Upon his forwardness bestowing;
He clasped me close, and, bolder grown,
He kissed my face with blushes glowing.
O, tell me, sisters—every one—
Is't strange that now no more I spun!

POOR JAMES WYMPER.

BY ALBANY FONBLANQUE, AUTHOR OF "THE TANGLED SKEIN," ETC.

When he was a child they called him "poor little James." He wasn't little, and he wasn't poor, so far as worldly goods went; nor did those who called him "poor" use the word in kindness toward the motherless, neglected boy. He had red eyelids. No power could brush his hair smooth, or keep the knees of his trousers clean. He had a wonderful faculty for cutting his fingers, and wrapping them up in unpleasant-looking rags. He always had a cold in his head. At the age of twelve he could barely read two syllables. His only use in the world appeared to be to serve as an example to naughty boys, who would play with knives and disliked soap and water; and for this purpose he was used pretty freely. They sent him to a big school, where he did nothing but got bullied; and when his father died, and left him very poor in a new sense of the word, the distant relative who took him in charge out of charity could find no better employment for him than to sweep out the office and run of errands. By this time he had ceased to be "poor little James," and became poor James Wymper.

He could do nothing good of himself, and by some curious perversity set himself to undo the good others had done. He had a craze for taking things to pieces by no means equaled by his capacity to put them together again. He complained that they did not give him time, and declared that this granted, the condition of the victims of his handiwork would be improved. Be this as it might be, every piece of mechanism that fell in his way, from his cousin's sewing machine to the great hydraulic press at his protector's works, was made to suffer.

He had a fatal aptitude for being always in the way. He seemed to be all elbows. He could not move ten steps to save his life without treading upon some one's toes or upsetting something. When you spoke to him he was always in a fog. "The boy is half an idiot," groaned the worthy cotton-spinner whose bread he ate.

At the age of eighteen he had made only two friends in the world, a blacksmith and a cat—an evil-minded black Tom, who swore at every one else, and bit them savagely when they attempted to put him through the tricks which poor James Wymper had taught him. Amateur hammering at the forge did not improve untidy Jim's appearance, and his cat—not being in a show—did not increase his income. He ran of errands for his cousin like a boy when he attained man's estate, until one day when he ran for one for himself—and did not come back again.

Fears were entertained that he had come to a bad end. The police were put in motion and rewards offered; but his friend the blacksmith, upon being pressed, said that he had gone to Meriker—cat and all.

I do not think that his relations were broken-hearted. I fancy that good Mr. Bryce, the cotton spinner, was rather glad to be rid of his wife's cousin the errand boy. His wife, who was not unkind to the forlorn lad in a way of her own—a very cold way it was—sighed several times apropos of nothing, and murmured, "Poor James Wymper!"

Five years passed and Mrs. Bryce was left a widow by no means so well provided for as she expected to be. Moreover, there was a law suit about the will, and a squabble in the winding up of the partnership. She was glad to "get shut," as her defunct lord would have said, of Manchester; and seeing an advertisement to the effect that a widow lady having a house too large for her, pleasantly situated on the Thames, near Maidenhead, was prepared to share it with just such a person as herself, transported herself thither, after a due exchange of references and such like formalities, and found no reason to regret what she had done.

The other widow does not figure much in this story, and therefore it will be enough to say that she was a quiet, ladylike woman, rather afraid of her partner in housekeeping, with a daughter, aged eighteen, who ruled the pair and made the place very pleasant.

Bessy Jervoice was not pretty. Besides her eyes she had not a good feature in her face; but was a good face—earnest and loving, with a sub-current of fun running under it (as the stream runs under the water lilies), and rippling out constantly. Her figure and her hair were simply perfection. Her little thoroughbred hands were ever busy, and the patter of her dainty feet was pleasant music to many a poor cottage.

Things went on very smoothly at the riverside villa until one rainy day when, without a "with your leave," or "by your leave," or letter, or telegram, or message, or any other sort of preparation, in marches poor James Wymper, dripping with rain and splashed with mud up to his hat.

"If you please, cousin Margaret, I've come back," he said, subsiding in his old low-spirited way into an amber satin drawingroom chair, which, in two minutes, he soaked through and through.

That was all; no excuse, no petition; a simple announcement that he had come back conveyed in a manner which made it sufficiently clear that he intended to remain. "If you please, cousin Margaret, I've come back." Not another word did he say, and relapsed into thinking of something else, as usual.

Interrogated respecting his baggage, he replied that it was on the hall-table, and there, sure enough, was found a sodden bundle containing a soiled flannel shirt, a pair of slippers, two pipes, a cloth cap without a peak, and a sailor's knife. In answer to further inquiries he stated that his means were eight pence, that he had been living in America, that he had walked from Liverpool, and that he wanted something to eat. When dried and fed, and asked what he was going to do, he said: "Whatever you please;" and appearing to consider that all difficulty was thus disposed of, he went to sleep.

Poor Mrs. Bryce was at her wits' end. Ordinary hints were thrown away upon such a man. When she said she supposed he was going on to London, he replied: "O dear, no; he had come from London." When she told him she was only a lodger in the house, he observed that it was a very nice house to lodge in. I have said that she was kind to him in her way when he was an errand-boy, and somehow she could not be hard upon him now. There was something half ludicrous, half melancholy, in his helplessness that disarmed them all. Bessy declared him to be the largest baby she had ever seen, persisted in speaking of him as *it*, and scandalized the matrons by inquiring gravely, after tea, which of them was going to put *it* to bed.

"It's rather unkind for you to jest so, Bessy," said poor Mrs. Brice, "when you see how distressed I am. What on earth am I to do?"

"I suppose it's too old for the foundling!" mused Bessy.

"Bessy, be quiet!" said her mother.

"You dear old darling," said the pert one afterward, "don't you see that *we* can not treat this thing seriously without making it doubly painful for dear Mrs. Bryce! It will all come right in the end."

"Yes, my dear, but when is the end to begin!"

It was to begin by special arrangement the next day, after breakfast, when the following conversation took place:

"Now, James," said his cousin, "we shall not be interrupted for some time, and you must really give me your serious attention."

"Yes, cousin Margaret."

"You see, James, you are a man now, and must act and be treated—do you understand!—*treated*, like other people."

"That's just what I want to be."

"Well, then, I must tell you frankly that I am much annoyed by your coming here as you did."

"It wasn't my fault that it rained, cousin Margaret. I wish it hadn't," he replied, piteously.

"I'm not speaking of your coming in wet and spoiling the chairs, sir; I am much annoyed at your coming here at all."

The good widow thought that she would get on best by being angry, but it was no use.

"Where else was I to go!" he asked.

"How you found me out I can not think," sighed the victim. The observation was an unlucky one.

"Ah, ha!" he chuckled, "you thought I was a stupid, did you?"

And then followed a long weary story of how, passing through Manchester, he had seen this person and spoken to that, and obtained the clue by which he had hunted his listener down. What made it more provoking was the credit he took for this cleverness. He warmed to his subject as he went on, and finished with the air of a man who had rendered an important service, and expected to have it promptly recognized.

This threw his victim's cut-and-dried speeches off the line.

"Oh, dear, O, dear!" she cried. "It doesn't matter how you found me out; you have done so. The question is, what am I to do with you, now you're here! What am I to do with you!"

"I don't know, cousin Margaret."

"You don't know! A pretty answer for a man of five or six-and-twenty. Now look here James Wymper. I should like to do something for you for your poor mother's sake, but I cannot; and—and you have a right to thrust yourself upon me like this this, and—and—are you attending to me, James Wymper!"

"Yes, cousin Margaret," he replied with a jerk, coming suddenly out of his fog.

"What was I saying!"

"That you would like to do something for my poor mother's sake."

"That was only half what I said, sir. How dare you pick out my words like that! I went on to say that I couldn't do anything for you, and I can't. I've not the means. I'm very poor; I can hardly manage for myself. My husband left me very badly off."

"Did he leave me anything!"

"You! after your conduct—running away and frightening us as you did! Is it likely!"

"I know it was wrong to run away, cousin Margaret, but you see I've come back again," he said with the utmost gravity.

This was conclusive. For the last half hour she had been trying to din into his head that he had no business to come back, and here he was, taking credit for having returned, as an act which was to cancel all the offenses of his youth! Perceiving that his reply had troubled her, he proceeded to promise upon his word of honor that he would never, never run away again. What was to be done with such a man! Talking was clearly useless. One of two courses only remained—to endure him or call a policeman and turn him out neck and crop.

The conduct of poor James Wymper during the next two or three days was what, in another man, would have raised the indignation of all concerned by its almost sublime audacity. The proceedings of Mr. Charles Mathews in "Cool as a Cucumber" are timid and retiring in comparison with those of Mrs. Jervoice's unwelcome guest. If the house and all it contained had belonged to him, and its inhabitants were dependents upon his bounty, he could not have behaved more freely; and all this with an air of innocence which utterly disarmed opposition.

"O, never mind me," was his refrain; "I don't want to trouble anybody. I'll do it all for myself. *I'm* all right. You let me alone and see."

His first great exploit was to precipitate himself upon a washing and ringing machine which he found, out of order and disused, in a cellar; and whether he had improved in dexterity, or sufficient time was granted him for the realization of his ideas, need not be discussed here. The result was satisfactory. Not only did he put the thing into working order, but he worked it himself, to the intense delight of Bessy and consternation of the cook.

Many other useful things he did. He made a wind-mill which pumped water up to the top of the house, and saved the sixpence a day which had been paid to a boy for this labor. He mended an old boat there was, and took Bessy out for rows on the river. He became that young lady's right-hand man in her garden. Before a month was over, not only had cousin Margaret become quite resigned to have him on her hands, but Mrs. Jervoice refused to accept any remuneration for his board and lodging, declaring that he was well worth his keep. It was something, you see, for these lone women to have a man about the house who could and would put his hand to this and that. He did not cut his fingers now.

Before this satisfactory condition of affairs had been arrived at, tailor and hoiser had been set to work, and really poor James Wymper brightened up wonderfully in appearance under their hands. If his head had not been so big, and his elbows and knees so uncomfortably conspicuous, he would not have been a bad-looking man. He was evidently a good-hearted one. He would do anything in his power, poor fellow, for any one; was, in fact, rather too active sometimes when he had been longer than usual in one of his fogs, on which occasions he would labor like an amiable bull in a china shop and cause some consternation. Of course he made friends with the nearest blacksmith.

In the early days, when he had not ceased to be considered a nuisance and an intruder, Bessy had stood his friend. One always takes an interest in those one befriends, and Bessy took a great interest in poor James Wymper—drawing him out, encouraging him and defending him against practical jokes; but as time passed this young person's feeling toward him appeared to undergo a change. Instead of praising what he did, and encouraging him to further exertion, she found fault and snubbed him. She ceased to make fun of him as "it," and had a store of little bitter disparaging remarks—about his independence, his want of self-respect, and so on—ready to shoot at him. "I think you are too severe on poor James Wymper," Mrs. Jervoice would say; "he is really very willing, and one must not expect too much of him, poor fellow." If another man had done what he did, he would not have been damned with such faint praise, but he was only "poor James Wymper;" and, like the proverbial prophet, had little credit in his own country.

One morning was marked with an unusual event—poor James Wymper received a letter with American stamps upon it.

Amongst the visitors at Willow Bank—the Thames-side villa of Mrs. Jervoice—was a certain Mr. Augustus Bailey, a young gentleman of pleasing and varied accomplishments. He could sing you music hall songs nearly as well as the "great comiques," his masters. He could imitate most celebrated actors, and was a mighty punster. For the better exhibition of such talents a butt was indispensable, and he found one ready made in poor James Wymper. It is needless to observe that poor James Wymper did not love Mr. Augustus Bailey; but it was curious that a usually amiable girl like Bessy Jervoice should encourage the latter in sallies which were often as ungenerous as they were insolent.

"I want you to put my sewing machine in good order, Mr. Wymper," said Bessy one day, "and mind it works smoothly, for I've got to make a dress in a hurry."

"What for!" asked he.

"A picnic."

"What's a picnic!"

"Don't tease."

"Very well," and he set to work on the sewing machine.

Bessy took a seat beside him, and mollified by his obedience, condescended to explain the rites and mysteries of a picnic. This one was got up by Mr. Augustus Bailey, and—as she narrated—it was "Mr. Bailey will provide" this, and "Mr. Bailey thinks" that, until the workman threw down his screw-driver in a passion, and exclaimed: "Confound Mr. Bailey!" Bessy was astonished. She got as far as, "Why, you're not jeal—" when she became very red, and checked herself.

"I'm not what!" asked poor James Wymper.

"You're not so stupid as you try to make out, sir."

"That's not what you were going to say."

"How do you know!"

"You said, 'you are not jela'—something."

"Not jelly, then, or salt or sugar, that you should melt in a shower," she replied. The last-quoted opinion of the great Augustus had been that it was sure to rain, and so this observation of Miss Bessy was not as inappropriate as it may at first appear. But why should she have blushed so! And if she had really intended to tell him be was not jelly, why did she not go on and say so! Beside, he had not confounded Mr. Bailey because that authority had predicted rain, and Miss Bessy knew it. She flattered herself that she had got very cleverly out of a difficulty, and the blush changed to a smile; but she had only made bad worse. To tell a man that he will not suffer under the rain on a stated occasion naturally implies that he may be subjected to a wetting on such occasion; and—

"O, then I'm to go!" said poor James.

This was a poser. He had not been invited, and there was a reason why he could not be. He looked up from his work with such a happy smile on his great broad face that Bessy's heart smote her.

"Well, you see, the gentlemen are mostly friends of Mr. Bailey. We invite them, you know, but—you won't be hurt if I tell you the truth, James Wymper!"

"Does truth hurt!"

"Sometimes. The fact is that it is customary at water picnics for the gentlemen to provide the boats and music and wine, and that costs money, you know."

O, so I can not go because I have not got money to pay my share, eh!"

"You would not like to place yourself under an obligation to Mr. Bailey and his friends, I suppose!" she said, with a sneer.

"I wish you would not curl your lips so when you speak, Miss Jervoice. That does hurt," he said, with a low voice and bended head.

"I beg your pardon!"

"O, never mind. But suppose," he continued gaily, as though a bright thought had struck him, "I were to help row one of the boats, and arrange dinner and that, wouldn't they let me come!"

"I never saw such a man!" Bessy exclaimed, losing all patience. "Have you no single spark of self-respect—no dignity! O, how can you be so mean-spirited!"

"Work is as good as money any day," he replied, looking her full in the face.

"Yes, if you go as a servant."

"You said just now that every one had to make himself useful at a picnic."

"It's no use arguing with you—you will not or can not understand."

"You don't want me to go!"

"On the contrary, I should like you to join us if—"

"If I had the money!"

"If you could go on an equality with the rest."

"Well, I've got five pounds; is that enough!"

"Five times enough; but where on earth did you get it!"

"Sam sent it in that letter."

"And who is Sam, pray!"

"My chum in Chicago."

"Don't you think it would be more proper to give the money to your cousin, who has been so liberal to you!"

"O, I'll pay her some day. This runs first rate now," he said, collecting his tools. "Do let me go to the picnic. Come, now, you help me to get an invitation, and I'll make your skirt."

And, if you'll believe me, this man set to work with the machine he had just set in order, and ran seven breadths of the blue silk together as tight as wax and as straight as a rule, without missing a stitch.

As Bessy made a point of his being invited, and Mr. Augustus Bailey was her humble servant, and hoped to be something more, no difficulty arose on this point; but on another there was trouble. Some cockneys had misbehaved themselves on the meadows where it was fixed that our party should dine, and the proprietor, hardening his heart against all picnickers, had refused his permission. The outing was nearly given up, when it was discovered that a mile or two farther on there was an estate to let bordering on the river, and the great Augustus made it all right with the agent.

The next day poor James Wymper disappeared before breakfast, and did not return till night.

Where had he been! To London. What for! Why, to buy some new clothes, to be sure. Did they think he was going to let that skunk (by which term, I am sorry to say, he permitted himself to designate the elegant and highly-scented Augustus Bailey)—did they think he was going to let that skunk insult him again about his coat!

"I hope you did not think I had run away again, cousin Margaret," he added with some anxiety.

There was nothing to find fault with in his personal appearance on the morning of the picnic—dark green and black heather mixture suit, tie to match, black felt wide-awake, with a little mallard's feather stuck in the band.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Jervoice; "he looks quite handsome!"

"Who is that talking to Mrs. Bryce!" asked the inevitable curate. "What a magnificent head he has!"

"Wh—at!" shouted the great Augustus.

"Magnificent to a phrenologist, I mean," the curate explained.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the "skunk." "Look here, you fellows; here's a joke! Mr. Day says he is a phrenologist, and finds Wymper's head magnificent! Ha, ha, ha! Why, don't you know," he added in a whisper, "that fellow's half an idiot!"

During the embarkation and the row up the river poor James Wymper's conduct was peculiar. Instead of doing everything for everybody, as usual, he stood apart, and ordered people about royally.

"I'm quite pleased with you to-day," whispered Bessy, as he handed her out of the boat on the banks of the estate that was to let.

"Now, I say, you—er—what's your name!—you, Wymper, come and help me take the hampers out!" said the great Augustus.

"Take them out yourself, you—er, Bailey!" he shouted back. "You haven't been rowing; I have;" and he strutted on to join a party of ladies, including Bessy. Bessy turned on hearing the loud talking, and somehow got detached from her friends.

"Why are you pleased with me to-day, Miss Jervoice!" he asked, as they sauntered on together side by side through the shrubbery.

"Would you very much like to know!"

"I shouldn't have asked unless."

"Guess then."

"Because I've been making myself disagreeable!"

"I don't think you are making yourself disagreeable."

"Well, then, because I haven't been making myself useful!"

"That is not the way to put it; but you are burning."

"Because I've got new clothes!"

"Nonsense. You know not what I mean, or you wouldn't have answered as you did at first. Good gracious! I hope it's not going to rain."

"Tell me why," he persisted.

"Oh, don't tease."

"All right."

As soon as he did not want to know, she, woman like, wanted to tell him. So in a minute or two she began again.

"It's a great mistake to make oneself too cheap. There are some people who gain respect by being good natured, and some people who lose it."

"Ah, I see!" he replied; "I won't be good natured any more."

"Oh, you *are* so silly! Don't you know there is a medium in everything! But really it *is* going to rain; I felt a big drop; my new blue costume will be ruined."

"Well, we can go into the house. Here it is."

The shrubbery walk was so thickly hedged that they had not seen where they were going, and at a sudden turn there, sure enough, was the villa close at hand.

"I suppose we might stand under the veranda!" suggested Bessy; and doubling up her skirts, she ran for it; for the rain came down with a dash—came down with a slant, too, driven by the wind, so that the veranda gave them little shelter.

"I wonder if any of the windows" (they were French windows, opening to the ground) "are open!" said her companion, trying them.

"O, we mustn't go in," said Bessy.

"Very well."

"But the splashing is spoiling my dress; don't you see! and my boots will be wet through," pleaded the inconsistent one.

"Then go in," said poor James Wymper, opening a window, "and I will run round and make it all right with the people in charge."

In ten minutes he rejoined her, saying that it was all right.

"What a pretty room!" she said, looking at herself in the pierglass. (Did you ever know a girl to enter a strange room without going straight up to the glass!)

"Hum—m, yes," he replied: "but the fellow who built it was an ass. Why, you have to twist your neck to get a view of the river from these things"—with a contemptuous kick toward the French windows. "If I had it, I'd knock that veranda into a cocked hat, break out a big bow in the middle, and then it would be something like."

"O, you'd work wonders, I dare say," she said, rather crossly; "only it would be as well toward getting a house of your own before you think of improving other people's."

"It *would* be nice to have a house of one's own," said he, "particularly—"

"Well, go on."

"Particularly if it had a bow window."

"James Wymper!"

"And a pretty meadow for picnics; but I suppose it would not do to give people leave to picnic on one's grounds!"

"Why not!"

"Would that not be becoming good-natured!"

"I did not mean that sort of good nature."

"If I had a fine house and grounds like this, I might be good natured then!"

"It's no use arguing with you," she replied sharply. "Is it ever going to leave off! Our picnic will be quite spoiled."

"Never mind; we'll have another soon. I dare say Sam will send me some money."

"Are you not ashamed of yourself, James Wymper, to take money like a beggar!" she said with flashing eyes.

"O, I don't take it like a beggar."

"Yes, you do."

"No, I don't."

"A man who takes money that he does not earn, takes it like a beggar—there!"

"Who told you I take money I do not earn!"

"Of course you can not earn it."

"Why of course!"

"What a plague you are! What do you do to earn it!"

"Nothing now."

"What have you ever done!"

"Lots of things."

"Do you mean to say that this person you call 'Sam' really owes you money!" She came quickly to his side as she spoke, and laid her hand on his arm.

"Yes, he does."

"What for!"

"For my share of what we did at Chicago."

"That could not have been much."

"What!"

"Your share."

"Sam says it was half; Sam's generally right."

"Where is Chicago!"

"Well, now, that is good! You don't know where Chicago is, and you're clever. *I* know."

"Of course when you've been there."

"That's true," he replied, after reflection.

"Did you really get your living there!" she asked.

"Yes, I did."

"Then go back. O James do—*do* go back. I can't bear to see you as you are—dependent and looked down on. O, do go back, and work like a man. I suppose it is because we women are so dependent that we prize and honor independence. For me there is nothing so contemptible as a strong man who is idle and contented. Go back to Chicago. I shall be sorry to lose you, because—because I like you very much, and you have been very kind to me; but—don't you know, can't you imagine, how happy, how glorious it must be to strive and conquer; to stand erect before the world, owing nothing but to God and your honest labor."

"I can, I do!" he cried, starting up. "It *is* glorious. Do *you* know, can you imagine, what it is to have people despising you as a fool—an incapable—and yet to feel here" (he struck his massive forehead as he spoke) "that you were wronged, that you had not fair play! To feel knowledge, invention, power, coming, growing, *burning* in your brain—to see the ideas thus born forming themselves under your hands, and to KNOW that they were right and sound—to make those who came to scoff, stay to praise! For this," he added, in a lower voice, "I humbly thank Almighty God, and good Sam Thacker."

Now, when Bessy Jervoice had her say, as above recorded, and, piqued by surprise and excitement, and perhaps by something else, had said more than a well-regulated young lady ought to say, she naturally sat down and cried; but wonderstruck at the response she had evoked—a response which grew more astonishing, more fervid as it proceeded—she slowly raised her eyes, and there, before her, stood a James Wymper she had never seen before. Not a poor James Wymper in any sense of the term. The curate was right, and the magnificent head, its features lit up with pride and—well it must out—love was a sight to see.

"Forgive me," he said, taking her trembling hand, "for having played a part. It was Sam Thacker's doing. Said Sam, 'you go back a rich man among those cusses' (Sam is a regular Yankee, you know), 'and they'll just crawl over you and suck your vitals; you sham poor and stupid, and you'll soon see who's who.' Ah, Bessy, how kind you were to me at first. Am I wrong in thinking, in hoping, that what was not so kind lately was meant for my good!"

"O, but how unfair—how—"

"Scold me presently, but hear my story. I ran away from Manchester, because I felt dimly that I could improve and invent things if I had a chance; but I was awkward with my hands. I could not draw, I could not plan. I was not ready with my tongue; I could not explain; I got impatient when people did not understand me, and all went badly until I fell in with Sam. Sam is the handiest fellow in the world; and as for talking, he could coax a 'possum out of his hole; but, at first, he hadn't one idea of his own. Well, we worked together, and as we went on, I got handy and Sam inventive; and to make a long story short, we sold two patents for fifty thousand dollars each, and we have four more, which bring in about two thousand a year in English money as royalties. I am going to pay my share in this picnic out of that money; and it is quite true that Sam sent me the cash, because all my remittances come through him."

"I—I think," stammered astonished Bessy, "that we must not stop here any longer."

"Just a few minutes."

"They will think it so odd."

"As you please. Will you have these flowers!" And he took a bouquet from a vase on the table.

"Put them back directly. How can you! Taking what does not belong to you! O, James!"

"I bought the estate last week," replied poor James Wymper, quietly, "and I suppose the flowers go with it."

"Mr. Wymper, are you mad, or am I dreaming!" gasped Bessy.

"I bought the place as soon as I heard you were coming here. That's why I went to London—and to get some clothes."

"Please, take me back to mamma;" and Bessy began to cry again.

"When you have answered me one question. I hardly dare ask it; but yet—"

But yet! The stupid fellow! It was evident that he had not yet patented a machine for divining a girl's thoughts. He hem'd and stammered and beat about the bush as he did in his pre Sam-Thacker days, and at last got it out. What was it!

Bessy left that room, as Sam would say, "inside an elbow," with an accepted lover's kiss tingling her lips and glorifying her heart.

Never mind what had become of the picnicers; never mind the astonishment of Mr. Augustus Bailey and the rest when, invited by the master of the house to have their dance in his dining-room (on account of the wet), they learned who that master was; never mind the explanation with cousin Margaret. The only thing which I regret not having space to do justice to is the conduct of Sam at the wedding, and the burning wrath and indignation of the honest fellow when he heard that his partner had been once known as poor James Wymper.

"Poor!" he almost howled; "why, there ain't a *machine* running on this old hemisphere, or in the *United* States, that he can't *improve* and beat. Poor! and he with the heart of a child and the brain of a Newton! Poor, indeed! Let me catch any one calling him poor, and I'll get mad; and when I get mad, there's shootin' round. Yes, sir."

ON AND ABOUT THE JACKSON RAILROAD.

A Series of Rambling Notes.

The Sunday excursion train, newly started, of the Jackson railroad is already popular, and from four to five cars bowl out of the city depot toward God's country every Sunday. There are no reserved seats. Everything depends on courtesy, and, in fact, it is the better way. People get surly under regulations, and, left to themselves, will follow rules of good breeding, where the lines are drawn deeper than any Chesterfieldian code. An example of this is found in our city cars, where no conductor watches for change nor demands a seat for a lady. The good seats are obtained on the good old principle of the English barber, "first come first served." When the passengers are swallowed up by the cars, when bundles and packages cease to be nervously regarded by those who possess them, when the train begins to roll there occurs a time which might be called the shaking down period. This is similar to the operation of digestion. Into the bowels of the passenger vehicles the live food is swallowed through the mouth, at which stands posted a sentinel to fight off the dead beats. Then, as when the food becomes a portion of human life, a tumbling about occurs in the car intestines. Nobody is at rest. Some haven't all their party, the rest are "to arrive," and have to tell forty different people "this seat is taken, sir." Others don't remain more than a second in the seat secured, but go in and out looking after baggage. Some are saying a great deal in a few minutes talking to friends. Some dive down into the depths of baskets looking for something to keep the children quiet. Loud over all sounds is heard the lusty voice of the baggage-smasher sounding like (it never has been translated) "Come out here and get checks for your baggage."

A gong strikes, a whistle blows—short, sharp, incisive—a bell rings, the conductor cries "all aboard," and almost before one has realized that each one of these things has been done, the train rolls out of the depot's shadow into the sunlight of the fields. The bowels of the train are not yet at rest; young men have to give way to ladies and children; parties who have secured seats by the happy expedient of placing a lunch-basket on one end and calling it occupied, have some difficulty when the sun reveals the cheat to persuade the standers such is the case. On rolls the train, over murky ditches, dank grass, and through swampy woods; the conductor comes along, takes the tickets and receives instructions where to get off, and when this is all done, the tickets all taken, the shaking down period is complete, and everybody and all things, down to the baby bonnets, hung on to the what-d'-ye-call-ums over the seats, have become steadier. This is known by the sight of feet posted on the seats before, the true American picture of steadiness; by the lounging attitude of healthy fathers of families who are given the baby to carry, by the babies and children settling down for a nap, by the visits to the water cooler becoming fewer and more far between, by the jog of the car wheels that from being irregular get into a steady roar, by the heads of the passengers which gradually settle down into a comfortable pasture on the backs of the seats, by all inconveniences being gradually swallowed up in the greatest of all results—"making the best of it."

Nearly every one has had his say on the discomforts of travel in a railway train on a summer's day, when the sun pours down hot and the dust, set free by the advancing wheels, flies up in clouds. Then there is the rough shaking up which one gets, the presence of annoying customers who insist in various ways of thrusting their several inconveniences upon the traveller, all united go to make up a sum total of grievances to be borne and troubles to be suffered. But there is the offset, the change of air, burdened with the breath of the slums and kennels, the manufactories and dust of the city to the fresh purity of the country reeking with the essences and odors with which bountiful nature supports natural things. Then the change of scene, the panorama of new faces one meets with in the processions at the stations, the presence of new people, with whom we are thrown in contact, the zest which travel always gives to the enjoyment of appetite and all the points it yields to the ordinary routine of daily habits. The workers of the city wear a burden strapped on their shoulders perceptible as Christians when toiling up the mount, and so actual that youth settles down into old age before its time. This load is cast off in the country. True, there are some so tenacious of their business or their pursuits that at no time except when death squares all accounts, is their pressure absent. But these are ambitious men, and the world is not, luckily, made up of such. The big majority cast off the burden entirely and take it up again when the times comes in a strength of recreation which makes it light.

The night in the country when the "shard borne beetle" keeps up a "drowsy hum," performs the full functions of night and lulls the tired, weary soul to rest. The feet of no wanderer home is heard upon no side-walk, nor is there a constant jingle of the car bell. The distant sounds of no band of music, heading a triumphal procession or serenading some newspaper office, is heard to fret the soul. There is no rumble of carts or thunder of the speeding cab rattling at intervals over iron bridges; no yells and whooping of some crazy drunkard; no policeman's rap or whistle, no long corporals' call; no spasmodic thumping at the door by some up all night waytarer, who has lost his latch-key; no striking of the hour from the church steeple; not one of the sounds of life in the city. But all is quiet and repose. There may be the voice of the cricket; the hoot of the owl, but all these sounds are sleepy, and instead of making the sleeper rouse nervously from his couch, only makes it deeper, so that he "wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

The new arrangement of the Jackson railroad, whereby the hard city worker may escape from the city one day and return in time Monday morning, meets with satisfaction, and, to judge by the way in which the train is patronized, with popularity. Those who avail themselves of this train are, besides the people who merely take a run out for pleasure, the class who visit their families in the country and who were obliged to go out on Saturday afternoon (frequently spoiling things to do so) or not go at all, and hence deprive themselves of a pleasure which lasts until the time comes round to go back again.

Late experiments in Italy, beside those made by Palmieri, the man who sat quietly and noted the eruption of Vesuvius while the lava boiled around him with no more tremor in his limbs than a cook who stands by and watches the soup boil until it gets done, these late observations prove that the soil has much to do with the climate, or, rather, with the atmosphere. Thus, highlands and rolling lands do not always create that feeling of exhilaration impossible to describe, because the soil, be it high or low, that is all clay and powdered loam, diffuses the same languid feeling of the flats about New Orleans—the air may be purer, but the soil is dwelt upon by the same atmosphere as at New Orleans, and one finds no change. But just as soon as Ponchatoula is struck by the train every passenger feels he has got into a different kind of air from that which shrouds New Orleans and all the coast as high up as Vicksburg. It is only a few feet higher at this point, so the change is not in the height, and as the train goes on through the valley of the Amite and strikes the valley of the serpentine Tangipahoa, the indefinable dullness which creeps over the most energetic in New Orleans drops away from him; a new tingle is in his blood; a new ring in his ears; a new spirit in his soul. The change is in the soil; the iron tinctured, gravelly, rocky, sandy soil; in the trees, which, are, beside, pine, oak, maple, beech, ash; in the wild flowers, which are as abundant as at an horticultural garden; and a drink of the pure spring water grateful in the essences of mother earth, nature-distilled and fragrant, seems not only to slake the thirst, but convey a new energy in every crystal drop.

There is no sight of greater depth than the view of a train dashing through a gorge of darkness, upon which it flashes a short and fitful gleam, and then disappearing, followed by a tempest of echoes which break upon the shore of hills that skirt the valley of the Tangipahoa. And as the locomotive speeds away, while the procession of telegraph poles marches stately by, baggage-wagon conversation takes various shapes, and anecdotes of good engineers and conductors pass away the time.

One instance of this kind was where a jack, kept for breeding purposes, had been run over, and a bill of $500 being sent to cover expenses of death, produced an investigation.

"Did you see him!" asked the superintendent of the engineer, testily.

"I did, sir," replied the engineer, with great unwillingness to say more lest he might commit himself.

"What did you do!"

"He was nibblin' a bit of Bermooda grass upon the track; it was in them days when the road was sodded with that stuff. I blowed short, like I always blows for cattle. The jack lifts his head as he might say what do you want I'd like to know, and, instead of getting out of the way, ran right toward me in the middle of the track. I didn't look for this. I downed brakes, but it was too late, and the jack was hysted."

"Why do you suppose he ran toward you!"

"I don't know; I s'pose he must have thought I was a whistling to give him corn."

"Did you see him after he was tumbled!"

"Aye, he lifted his head and tipped me the wink as we went by."

The jack's eyes had been filled with sand by his tumble, and he was trying his best to see. This accounts for the winking.

The new conductors are all thorough business men, and alive to the accommodation of the traveling public.

One of the former conductor's name was Andy, a wiry looking man, firm in his purpose and of great skill. His brother "Billy" was a baggage master of the same train, and "went out" with Andy, and of course his habitual position was in the baggage wagon. Andy, who could tell what portion of the road he was on by the sound of the wheels, and who had often stopped the train and looked out for danger ahead simply by the peculiar clatter of the trucks, had gone to sleep for a few minutes on the night in question, many years ago, but, impelled by a strange feeling, got up, shook himself, and walked back in the smoking car. The train had reached a bridge beyond Summit. Alarmed by the warning shake of the trucks, Andy reached for the bell rope. It was too late. The locomotive plunged down through the broken bridge, and got mashed up in a moment with the baggage wagon and all its contents, and instantaneously both began to smoulder in steam and smoke and the furnace fire of the engine. Soon as he recovered himself Andy rushed out. He heard the moan and stifled voice of his brother, who was buried beneath the express chest and heavy baggage, and who cried out aloud for help. Andy seized hold of the car and tried with all his strength to lift it, his brother crying aloud for haste, but it was too much for her strength, and he let it down, the weight crushing his brother in the ruins more than ever. Again he laid hold of its bulk and yearned with all his powers, while his failing strength roared and shrieked in his ringing ears like whooping devils. He strained again, and was obliged to let it go, sinking down with its ton weight on his brother still deeper than before. There was but one more chance for his life. The shadow of death hung around his brother, and his last account was near. Brave as the buried man was, his moans of agony were terrible. "Andy," said he, and the voice sounded like a groan from the tomb, "if you let it down on me again goodby." "If I do let it down on you again, Billy," replied Andy, "I'll go with you." With that he gave one superhuman effort and the vast weight of over nine hundred pounds yielded with reluctance, was overturned, and Billy, more dead than alive, was picked from the smoking ruins.

Billy is a live conductor now.

A new spirit has taken hold of the Jackson railroad. The "accommodation" picks up passengers, and clears them out of the way of the mail train. On comes the mail in the morning, slowing by the stations and stopping occasionally to pick up a "left" passenger; freights thunder by with a train long as a charity sermon; the night train flashes through the wilderness of darkness northward speedily, and all are on time. A system has sprung up, displaying itself in the uniforms of one set of officers, in the style of switching off in another quarter, and in everything done.

There is no doubt that the Bonnet Carre crevasse inflicted a great damage to the road, discouraging travel to the little towns by increasing the difficulties of reaching their homes by the residents. There is also no doubt that the suspension of the Sunday morning train also discouraged residents of these river valleys between Summit and Manchac who could not reach their families except by going out on Saturday night. During this time places and country houses adorned with all taste were put up for sale and were sold at ruinous rates, or were exchanged for places on the sea shore within a short ride by the Mobile and Texas road. But all these disabilities have been cured. Besides the regular accommodation, a Sunday morning train departs and arrives the same day with three to four hundred passengers, and when we also take into consideration the new city of McComb, now rising into view, with the employment it gives to the residents thereabouts, together with the drive-ahead of all the trains that are feeding the whole country through which they pass, there's hope yet for the business prosperity of New Orleans.

GREELEY AND THE SOUTH.

An Important Interview which Has Never Before Been Made Public—Horace Greeley's Pacific Policy Advocated by Him Seven Years Ago—His Opinion of Lee.

[Correspondence of the Courier-Journal.]

RICHMOND, VA., June 25.—An incident in Mr. Greeley's history, so creditable to his head and heart that it ought long ago to have been made public, has just been narrated, to your correspondent, and he hastens to place it before the readers of the *Courier-Journal*, not less as an act of justice to Mr. Greeley than a matter of general interest to the country. The wonder is that this incident should so long have been kept secret, dating back as it does seven years ago.

Soon after Johnson was installed as President he sent a gentleman named Camp to New York to solicit an interview with Horace Greeley. Unable to leave the capital, Greeley must come to him at once at the White House. Greeley promptly complied with the request. After the first formal civilities were over, Camp rose to leave, but President Johnson requested him to remain, and he did so during the whole interview.

Johnson opened the conversation by saying that he found himself in a most trying position. The nation was convulsed with passion in consequence of Mr. Lincoln's assassination; the situation was new and embarrassing to him; he felt inadequate to the task to which he had been so unexpectedly called, and he felt the need, as he had never before felt it, of the counsel of some cool and sagacious man. He had, therefore, sent for Mr. Greeley. What course to pursue, how to stem the torrent of Northern frenzy, how to manage the reins of government in a crisis so awful, was a problem too deep for him to solve. Placing himself in Mr. Greeley's hands, he asked, what must I do!

Thanking him for the confidence he thus reposed in him, Mr. Greeley replied that his best course was to call to his assistance a few of the wisest and best men in the country. They should be representative men from the two great sections. On the part of the North, he would suggest Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, Gerritt Smith, of New York, and Judge Spalding, of Ohio. A like number of Southern gentlemen should be called; they should be invited to the White House as guests of the President, there to remain and deliberate as long as they saw fit; and, having agreed upon some policy, they should submit it to the President for his approval, and if approved by him, as Mr. Greeley doubted not it would be, it should be faithfully and rigidly pursued, despite the popular clamor which might for a time ensue.

Mr. Johnson thought well of the suggestion. "But what Southern men should I invite, Mr. Greeley, to meet the gentlemen you have named from the North!"

"First and foremost," said Mr. Greeley, "Robert E. Lee, of Virginia."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Johnson, "he is the very head and front of the rebellion."

"I know that," said Mr. Greeley, "and for that very reason you should invite him. He knows, if any man does, the wants of the Southern people; he of all men possesses the confidence of the entire South; he is upright and pure; he would not recommend a single action on your part which would not meet the approval of your advisers from the North, and the result of the deliberations in which Robert E. Lee, Judge Campbell, of Alabama, and a third man like them, from the South, took part, would not only insure the approbation of the disaffected States, but, in the course of a few months, would, I am firmly persuaded, bring to your support every right-minded and right-hearted man of the North. The pacification of the estranged sections, your main difficulty, would thus be solved, and your path made clear toward the solution of minor difficulties. How are you to discover the true sentiments of the South and the wants of its people if you do not consult her representative men! And what sort of restoration will that be in the plan of which the South has no part whatever! It must of necessity be one-sided, partial and unjust. Be persuaded, Mr. President, and call to your aid men of the standing, position and temper I have suggested, and by all means call them from both sections."

In this strain Mr. Greeley continued until he had fairly won the President over to his way of thinking. The interview ended with the assurance from the President that he would adopt the views of Mr. Greeley and follow them exactly. He would, however, make a single modification—he would substitute Horace Greeley in place of Gerrit Smith.

"Very well," said Mr. Greeley, "if you call me, I will come gladly, and aid you to the best of my ability."

They parted, and ten days afterward Johnson threw Greeley's suggestions to the winds, adopted "my policy" and pursued it; with what result, the country is but too sadly aware.

Thus it will be seen that the role of pacificator is no new thing with Mr. Greeley, but it is only a part which he has systematically pursued ever since the close of the war. So also, his confidence in the integrity and good sense of the Southern leaders, and his willingness to trust the Southern people is no new thing. What he is to-day he was years ago; and what better guarantee do we want for the future! At a time when the North was wild with rage against the South; when the execution of every one of her political and military chiefs, and the confiscation of the entire property of her people would hardly have atoned in Northern eyes for Lincoln's assassination, then Greeley with the wisdom of the statesman and the sympathy of a great heart, stood up for the South alone in his party, recommending a line of policy which would have brought peace and happiness to the country, and exhibiting traits of character which do credit to and commend humanity. That an occurrence so important should never before have been divulged is, I repeat, simply marvellous. That it should, without delay, go to the country and to the world, should be not so much a duty as a pleasure. For

"One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting on that."

And the press, which ever loves a pleasant duty, will see that it does go.

Mr. Lawrence Barrett has reappeared in San Francisco, at the California Theatre, where he was welcomed with the heartiest enthusiasm. He acted *Hamlet*. We read in the *Bulletin* of San Francisco that "at the end of the second and third acts the curtain was raised, and at the conclusion of the play he was called before the audience and compelled to respond with a speech." The same paper says, "Dramatic genius is evinced at every stage in the play. Mr. Barrett's *Hamlet*, take it all in all, is thoroughly scholarly, and ranks next to Booth's."

The Grand Duke Alexis is not enjoying himself as well in Brazil as his reception in North America led him to expect. The warmth of his welcome in the United States spoiled him, and anything savoring of coldness would be quickly marked. The Brazilians scarcely noticed him, and the public attentions shown him were few and inconsiderable. Even the press treated him with marked coolness, and went so far as to circulate disagreeable stories about his habits.