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THE TWO STREAMS.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

Behold the rocky wall
That down its sloping sides
Pours the swift rain drops, blending as they fall
In rushing river-tides.

Yon stream, whose sources run
Turned by a pebble's edge,
Is Athabasca rolling toward the sun
Through the cleft mountain ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,
But for the slanting stone,
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid
Of foam flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of will
Life's parting stream descends,
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,
Each widening torrent bends

From the same cradle's side,
From the same mother's knee,
One to long darkness and the frozen zone,
One to the peaceful sea!

THE ENCHANTED MANTLE.

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

Once there was an island, separated from the rest of the world by a mighty ocean flowing illimitably around it. Here dwelt a mother and her two children, a girl and a boy. She loved them exceedingly, and they returned her love; and because the boy was older and stronger than his sister, he took care of and protected her; and she, being delicate and fair, confided in and looked up to him. And it was always summer around them; ever since the boy and girl could remember it had been warm and pleasant, with sunshine and soft winds.

But one day the mother called the son to her, as she sat in the shadow of the cottage porch looking out to sea. The sun was resting on a fleecy heap of golden clouds above the water's edge, and the boy saw that long golden lines seemed to stretch from him to them.

"Lionel," said the mother, "it is a law of this island that no one can remain here after reaching a certain age. My time has come, and I must leave you, to return no more; but hereafter, when your age is fulfilled, you will follow me. Now, when I am gone, you will find the summer likewise has departed, and instead there will be cold winds and snow, and clouds will gather before the sun. In those days you will wish to wrap yourself up warmly, and sit before a fire, where the cold and darkness can not reach you. But you must never forget to care first for your little sister; the cold and the darkness will be harder for her to bear than for you, and you must keep her always warm and cheerful until she comes to my arms again."

Lionel looked in his mother's eyes, but said nothing. Something filled his heart so full that he could not speak.

His mother gazed a while in silence over the sea, and the shadow of the cottage porch grew darker around her, so that Lionel began to fear lest she should vanish altogether; but the brightness of the setting sun had dazzled his eyes so that he could not see plainly. At last his mother spoke again:

"After I am gone you will find in my room a long dark mantle which your father left me when, many years ago, he reached his allotted age and departed from us. This mantle is enchanted, and when you see it you will very much wish to wear it; and if you should do so you would be enabled to see me where I am gone. Notwithstanding, you must never yield to this desire until your sister Rose shall have ceased to require from you any further protecting care and labor; for as long as you wear the mantle you will be powerless to give her any assistance in time of need, or keep her warm and cheerful in the winter weather; and though you would be able to see me, I should look pale and sad, and the cold winds and darkness would increase around you. But if you have strength to resist the spell of the enchanted mantle until your whole duty to your sister is performed, you may then wear it without fear, and I shall appear bright and smiling to you, even more so than you have known me here."

As his mother ceased speaking the shadow of the cottage porch became so deep that Lionel could scarcely see her where she sat. Nevertheless, it seemed to him that she bent over him and kissed his forehead and his eyes, and when he opened his eyes again she was gone. But looking across the sea, where the last glimpse of the sun was just sinking beneath it, he noticed a bright golden path, extending thence to the island shore, and at the further end of the path, where it was merged in the sun, he thought he saw his mother standing with the glory all about her. Then something so dimmed his eyes that he could hardly distinguish her; yet it seemed to him that just before she vanished she looked around at him and smiled. He stood gazing until the sea had become dark and gray, the golden path had vanished, and a cold wind, which came sighing from the east, had begun to drive the breakers into foam against the shore. Then he withdrew, with a shiver, into the cottage, and lit a candle and entered his mother's room.

By the light of the candle, as he looked around the chamber, he saw a long dusky cloak or mantle thrown over the chair on which his mother used to sit. It hung in sombre folds, unrelieved by any bright embroidery or trimming. As he gazed upon it wonderingly—for he never remembered to have seen it before—he was conscious of a strange and almost irresistible longing to put it on. It seemed to him that it would protect him, as nothing else could, from the chill of the east wind, which was already beginning to whistle around the cottage. He even felt as if it would in some way bring back to him the comfort of his mother's presence and love. So he approached and lifted the heavy mantle from the chair. As he did so a dreamy, enervating sensation began to steal over him; his strength and vigor seemed to ebb away, and the noise of the sea waves on the shore sounded in his ears like the voice of one sobbing in her sleep—like the voice of his mother!

But ere the dusky cloak could descend over him he heard his sister Rose calling to him loudly: "Lionel! Brother Lionel! where are you?"

Lionel started and let the cloak fall back upon the chair. In a moment all his mother had said to him rushed over him. This, then, was the enchanted mantle of which she had spoken—this the effect of the spell it had already begun to cast over him. Even now he could scarcely shake it off; but summoning all his strength, he rushed from the room and ran to find his sister, who sat shivering on the doorstep, and for the first time in her life there were tears in her eyes. In his anxiety to cheer and comfort Rose, Lionel forgot all about the dusky mantle.

"What makes the sea so gray and angry?" asked she, tearfully; "why is the wind so cold? and where is our mother gone?"

"The last I saw of her," replied Lionel, "she was standing on the furthest edge of the sea, close by the sun; and I think she must be gone to him, so that whenever he shines we may know that she is smiling on us. And then we shall not mind any more about the cold winds and the angry sea."

So Lionel took his little sister back into the cottage and brought wood and built up a warm fire in the fireplace; and the light danced and flickered about the room, playing all sorts of pranks with the chairs and tables and the ornaments on the mantelpiece; and Rose and Lionel sat looking into the fire, her little hand resting in his. It seemed almost as if the sunshine had come back to them. At last Lionel cried out:

"See, Rose, in that red-hot coal is a perfect picture of the sea and sun resting on it; and in the sun can you not see our mother's face smiling on us!"

"Yes! yes!" cried Rose, clapping her little hands for joy; "and now we need never fear the cold and darkness out of doors, for we can always have our mother's sunshine in the cottage." So that night they both slept soundly, and Rose dreamed that the warm weather and soft winds had come back, all the more delightful for having been lost. But Lionel thought he was standing by his mother's chair, on which hung the enchanted mantle, and wondering whether the time had not yet come when he might put it on. Then he heard a voice calling him, and awakened with a start, he saw Rose standing over him, looking scared and puzzled. The ground, she said, had become all white and soft, and oh! so very cold; and the water had turned into a hard, transparent stone, and the air was full of little cold, white feathers, which were blown about so thickly that one could hardly see across the garden.

So Lionel gave up all thought of the mantle for that day, and, springing out of bed, he kissed his sister good morning, and set to work to make things warm and pleasant for her in-doors. When he had kindled another roaring fire on the hearth he put on his tallest boots and his warmest coat, and plunged boldly forth into the cold, white snow storm. He gathered together all the sticks of wood he could find in the neighboring forest, brought them in great armfuls to the house and piled them up under the shed, until there was enough to last for many days to come. Then he took the spade, and shoveled pathways all around the house, and out to the barn, for Rose to walk on, so that when the evening came around again everything about the cottage was quite comfortable and cheerful, and Rose declared she was almost as happy as before the winter began. And again that night the children sat hand in hand before the blazing, crackling fire; and, as it fell gradually into glowing embers, they fancied, from time to time, they caught the glimmer of their mother's smile. At last, when the fire had died out, and Rose was sleeping quietly, Lionel stepped on tiptoe to his mother's room, opened the door and looked in at the dusky mantle hanging on the chair.

"Perhaps," he whispered to himself, "I may be allowed to wear it to-morrow." But even as he spoke he heard Rose turn uneasily in her bed, and thought she murmured something in her sleep. So he closed the door with half a sigh, because he felt that he must wait yet longer ere the time should come.

The snow lasted a long, long while, until the children almost believed that the summer had been a dream, and there never had been anything else than ice and snow. The sky was almost always covered with heavy gray clouds, which hid the sun; but in time the children grew fond even of the clouds, they looked down upon them so softly and tenderly, and piled themselves into such strange, fantastic shapes. And once in a while, when the day closed and the sun sank below the ocean, the clouds would gather round him, all dressed in magnificent robes of gold, crimson and purple, and stand waiting in solemn and superb array until he had disappeared, and the gorgeous vestments vanished with him. At such times Lionel's mind would revert, he knew not why, to the enchanted mantle in his mother's room, and he wondered whether it would be transformed into splendid colors like the gloomy clouds. And sometimes he marveled that the sun should make those very clouds that strove to obscure his beauty the means of making that beauty more grand and magnificent than it could otherwise have been. Then he would ask himself whether he should be able so to glorify the magic mantle when the time for him to wear it arrived. And often it would seem to him he could no longer wait, he so longed to cover himself with the dark folds, and feel again the drowsy influence of the spell, and look once more upon his mother's face. But whenever the longing was most irresistible the voice of his sister Rose would come to him, and something in his heart would whisper that his duty was yet unaccomplished, and the mysterious mantle must still remain hanging on his mother's chair.

So the days went by, and the months, and gradually the years, and still the children lived together in the cottage. In their outward guise, to be sure, they were children no longer, for Lionel was tall and strong and stately, with deep, tender eyes, and grave, determined lips; and Rose was lovely, womanly and graceful, with sweet, confiding eyes and soft brown hair. But all this was outside; there was nothing old about their hearts, and in each other's eyes they were children still. Rose always looked up to and trusted in her brother, as in the summer days so long ago; and Lionel protected and cared for his little sister just as lovingly and tenderly as when they were first left alone together. And because the time had never once come in all these years when I could say, "Now all is done for her that I can do, and there is nothing to prevent my giving myself up to the spell of the enchanted mantle," therefore, it still remained undisturbed in his mother's room, and many years had passed since he had even opened the door to look at it. But once in a while there would be a whisper in his heart, "The time is coming, Lionel, wait and be patient!" It seemed to him like his mother's voice, and he would enter with renewed hope and courage upon another day—another year.

Still the time went on and on; and now the winter, which had seemed so endless began gradually to pass away. The winds grew warmer and gentler; the heavy clouds broke up and floated about in Titanic forms; the sun came forth again, more glorious than of yore, and soon all the snow had vanished, except that a little of the purest and whitest always rested on the heads of the boy Lionel and his sister Rose, as a memento of the long winter they had spent together in the cottage. As the summer came on, the evenings grew longer and more beautiful, and the children, instead of sitting in-doors by the fire, spent much of their time in the porch of the cottage, looking out to the sea. Every evening there was a wonderful sunset, each more perfect than the last. Every evening, also, appeared the vision of the golden path, extending from the island shore to the uttermost brink of the sea, and when the sun sank down and rested a moment, all glowing, on the water's edge, the children would gaze and wonder whether they should not now see their mother's face looking out at them.

At last, one evening there had been the most glorious sunset of all. The loveliest clouds in the heavens had collected together to see it, and each reflected and multiplied the splendor. The sea was calm, and painted the wondrous picture on its bosom so marvelously well that it was hard to decide whether the reality or the copy were the bettre. The souls of the children were filled with joy and love, and for a long time they had been sitting beside each other silent, but hand in hand, as ever.

So long did the silence last that finally Lionel roused himself from his reverie and pressed his sister's hand. When she did not return the pressure or move, he thought she must be asleep, and spoke to her gently, fearing to waken her too suddenly. But she slept on, and did not answer him. Then he looked in her face; it was all rosy and glorified with the parting splendor of the sun, and in the shifting light a sweet and happy smile seemed to hover like a dream about her mouth. A great and solemn awe fell upon Lionel's heart, for he knew that the beautiful and reverend figure in the chair was nothing but the image of the sister he had loved so long and faithfully. But turning his head, he gazed at the brightness across the sea; and in the midst of it he saw his mother's face, and beside it another, which was Rose's, only far fairer and lovelier than it had ever been before. They both smiled radiantly on him, and so faded imperceptibly away.

So thereafter Lionel lived alone in the cottage. The hours passed slowly now, for he had no longer any sister to labor for and protect, and the purpose of his life seemed to have departed with her. He sat often in the shadow of the cottage porch, where the sea-breeze lifted his long, white hair, and looked wistfully beyond the mighty sea.

One day as he was sitting, his head resting on his hand, and lost in thought, he was conscious once more of the mysterious whisper in his heart; but now, instead of bidding him wait and be patient, it repeated softly, over and again, "The time has come, Lionel! the time has come!" And he knew that now at last it was permitted him to put on the enchanted mantle. He felt, too, that never in all his life had he needed it so much as now. Faithfully had he fulfilled the task which had been given him to do. He had resisted to the end the selfish fascination of the spell; he had grown weak and weary with the lapse of years, and what now remained but to wrap the dark, inscrutable mantle around him and satisfy the life-long yearning of his soul? The long-delayed promise of his mother would be at last fulfilled; he would see her, bright and smiling, in the place whither she had gone; and surely Rose, his sweet and gentle sister, would be with her there.

So he went to the long closed door and threw it open. Involuntarily he shaded his eyes with his hand, so penetrating was the soft radiance that filled the chamber. There lay the magic mantle, but dusky and sad no longer. It was all one glory of rainbow-tinted stars, that shone and twinkled with a tender lustre. As Lionel's eyes became accustomed to their light he saw that every star contained a picture in its heart, and that it was the picture which gave the brightness to the star. And every picture represented some occasion in his life when he had conquered his desire of wearing the mantle that he might give some help or encouragement to his little sister. It was his own life, weary and cold though he had sometimes thought it, which had so transfigured and illuminated the enchanted mantle as to dazzle even Lionel himself!

He approached, lifted it from the chair, and drew it around his majestic figure. As he did so a peace and happiness of purity and depth unspeakable seemed to well up from within and reinvigorate his soul. A joyful light was in his eyes as he stepped forth for the last time on the cottage porch. He beheld the sun once again stooping to the sea, which lay breathlessly awaiting him; and across its bosom he saw the golden path which seemed to invite him onward. And onward he went, with a great hope increasing in his heart. And now he descried two shining figures advancing down the dazzling way to meet him. Nearer and nearer they came, growing more marvelously beautiful at every step; but, in spite of the brightness, Lionel needed not to shade his eyes, for he himself was well nigh as resplendent as they. As they approached they held out to him their beautiful white hands, and each took one of his, and kissed him on the forehead and the eyes. So they all three went up the golden road together—his mother and his sister on either side, and Lionel between them; and as they drew near the end of the pathway Lionel heard a grand and mighty sound of music and singing, which seemed to come from afar beyond the sea. Then he stood upon the uttermost brink and looked forward, and the glory of the vision was unutterable; but what the vision was no living man can tell.

OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN

Sermon by Rev. Dr. Holland.

The St. Louis *Globe*, of last Monday, reports the following:

Last night Rev. Dr. R. A. Holland, rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, corner of Locust and Seventh streets, delivered an eloquent sermon, founded on the text, "Our Father which art in Heaven."

The sermon was replete with thoughts which, clothed in beautiful diction and delivered with an earnestness, commanded the profoundest attention of the large audience present. Below we give a few extracts which, by their boldness, of utterance, can not fail to attract the attention of the general reader.

God is always the same, but human ideas of him change with the progress of human knowledge. It required 2000 years of providential training by bondage, and rescue by migrations and wars, to prepare the Jews for the revelation of Christ. The disciples themselves failed at first to understand their Master's mission. * * They still imagined that its privileges were national monopolies, to the privileges of which Gentiles could be admitted only through the rite of circumcision. When St. Paul dared to take the gates of the church off their hinges and invite the world to enter, his brethren denounced it as heresy and high treason. There was something new under the sun when this grand hero of catholicity stood on Mars Hill, in the centre of a city given up to idolatry, and with numberless images on every side, and spite of the prejudices of his own race, and education prejudices, proclaimed that they worshiped God, though they knew it not. The truth was too big for the church of that era.

The silent leaven of love for mankind has been steadily at work enlarging every heart it permeates. Thus, while theology was narrowing religion was expanding. It could not be stunted by the flower pots of system in which various schools of theology planted it, and which one after another, though bursting its roots for a season, have one after another been broken in pieces by its growth. As every age can know only so much of God as its thought forms can hold, there must be development in this as in other kinds of knowledge. After saying that the presentation must correspond with the intelligence of the recipient, the preacher said the heresy of one age is the orthodoxy of the next. Confessions of faith, logic woven, become the empty cocoons as soon as thought puts forth wings and flies into light.

Some time ago God was represented as creating mankind with the knowledge that they would sin and incur everlasting agony, in order that, by arbitrarily excepting a few and plunging the rest into a lake of fire, He might contemplate with proud satisfaction the glorious irresponsibility of this omnipotence. Then He was painted as less cruel but more commiserate. Having decreed a sentence, He can not restrict or fail to enforce without hurting His veracity. Yet, pitying the offenders and wishing to pardon them, He finds Himself in a painful dilemma. He would be just and at the same time merciful—merciful and at the same time just. Justice consents to punish an innocent person in the place of the guilty, and mercy promises to remit the penalty that shall have been already inflicted. In other words, justice is willing to be unjust, and mercy to be unmerciful for pay.

Finally a third hypothesis was invented. God was neither cruel nor commercial. Being governor of the universe and well aware that His laws must be enforced. He devises a plan whereby in the same act both to forgive sin and preserve the appearance of vigor in His administration. His plan is a kind of melodrama in which His own son undergoes a certain amount of gratuitous suffering for the sake of showing how inexorable are the laws which vary until after such an exhibition of respect for their sanctity can be set aside in a proclamation of amnesty to penitent transgressors.

The preacher then spoke of the governments of society and the family relation, and the defects therein. Speaking of God's watchfulness and tenderness, he said:

He knows every soul—its strength and weakness, its helps and hindrances, and its motives; how far circumstances and how far the will are responsible for a course of conduct to which both contribute. Doubtless many religions as well as races shall meet in heaven; and if the conscientious discharge of duty, as conceived by individuals, be the test, some Christians shall see God's face over heathen shoulders. This remark was illustrated by two cases: one that of the man who had every opportunity in life to be good, dying; after death a tombstone is placed over his grave, inscribed with the words "Here lies a child of God." The opposite case is that of one born amid crime and poverty, who lives an impure, unholy and criminal life. He dies, and is buried. The sexton whistles as he throws the dirt into the grave, only wishing to get through with his job quickly. Change the birth places of the two men, and you change their burial scenes. Shall I not write upon the head board of the villain of circumstances as well as upon the monument of the favorite, "Here lies the child of God?"

The preacher concluded with a number of eloquent, ornate and chaste similies, illustrating God's true love and mercy, showing that in all things He is unchangeable, and that He giveth all who trust Him forgiveness and rest, so that all can say "Our Father which art in Heaven."

A story is told of two prominent ministers of Newport, the favorite New England summer resort, which is too good to be lost. Rev. Dr. T., of the Trinitarian Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. B., of the Unitarian, being on the best terms, were one day invited to dine at the house of a mutual friend. Mr. B., for some reason, failed to come, and some one at the table took occasion to remark upon his excellent qualities. "Yes," said the Doctor, "he is a very fine man, but isn't it a pity he will swear?" "Mr. B. swear! What do you mean!" was the exclamation on all sides. "Mr. B. is a very fine man," persisted the Doctor, "but I am sorry to say he sometimes swears." Being pressed for an explanation, he finally yielded. Some time before, the two had been out fishing together, and as the Doctor stood on one rock, he heard some conversation between Mr. B. and a fisherman, who were a little distance from each other. The fisherman said: "I've got a d—d good bite." "So have I," answered Mr. B. "You see," persisted the Doctor, "that though Mr. B. is a very fine man, he will swear."

WHAT GIRLS ARE ABROAD.

THE AMERICAN GIRL.

There is no country in the world where there are more glorious girls, more lovely girls, than are to be found in this realm of the American eagle, but when you want to find any of these genuine and much-to-be-sought-after specimens of femininity you must not go into the ranks of so-called society upon your quest. The girl of the period to be found in such circles is not the girl you will desire to take home and make a wife of. Too frequently she is told at her birth that she must be "smart"—she knows that means "pert," and becomes so. At ten she is a woman, wiser and worse than her grandmother at twenty. She has her beaux and furbelows, frizzes, flowers, frenzies, fun, folly, frolic, feints and faints, falsity, fanfaronade, fantasies, and in fact, all the f's but fat. As soon as she is able to walk the streets, the leather is whittled sharp at the toes, a spike is stuck at the toes, a spike is stuck at the other end for a heel, a camel hump is secured at the base of her spinal column, her heart, lungs and liver are tied up in corsets, flesh barricades of bone and steel, and she is sent out to the world. She goes to school, eats slate pencils, and absorbs arsenic, poisoning her stomach and stunning her senses. The corsets squeeze the breath out of her lungs, and the heels send the blood to her head. She flirts with the boys and young men before nature has informed her that there are sexes. During school hours she may be in her seat, or she may be out of it—the teacher does not always know. Out of school hours she goes where she pleases, sees whom she pleases, does what she or somebody else pleases, says what she pleases, visits Dr. Huston, perhaps, or the den of his negro servant. Frequently, the Lord only knows how frequently, so-called fashionable mothers seem perfectly willing that their daughters should go to the bottomless pit, by the license they give them to go where they like. If the mothers of the scores of girls now before the courts of the country as plaintiffs or defendants in criminal cases had only known where their daughters were when they were with their betrayers, the criminal cases would probably have never appeared on the dockets. The smartness of this species of girl is her Satan. If she has a pretty face, she is in danger of becoming somebody's plaything. If she have not a pretty face, she proceeds to daub her cheeks, burn her hair, tint her lips, paint her nails, shade her eyebrows, and gasp that she may draw her corsets tighter. Then she begins to learn the trade of the adventuress. She becomes a fraud, internally and externally. She looks with lofty contempt at the honest working girl who earns her bread in honor and in virtue; but she begins to draw money for herself from the banks in which she has no deposits. In time this goes to Europe, and becomes the morganatic wife of Victor Emanuel, as did ——, or of a Bavarian baron, as does ——. That's where the "smartness" of modern society tends to lead most of its votaries.

THE IRISH GIRL.

Talking about girls, it will perhaps be in order to allow an Irish enthusiast to have a little to say about the maids of Killkarney and adjacent localities. He perhaps gushes—but then consider the Celt and the theme and you won't be surprised.

The Irish girl's character is made up of two qualities, vivacity and tenderness. The Irish girl is the natural lover. She is the fawn of the field and the house: domestic, devout, candid, courageous, superstitious, sentimental, filial, and apt to be philosophic. If belonging to the gentry she receives somewhat the same education as the English girl, with the same thinness in the curriculum; but she will dash poetry into all the prosaics and in belles lettres learn a volume while the English girl studies a page. The national schools are working a revolution among the women of the holier isle, and in sad political twilight are glimmering a hundred DeStael and Speranzas whose sons and daughters will blaze in the next generation. Mark the future of the Irish girl! She has fun far beyond that of the French; an imagination gleaming with figures, but memory moistens them into melancholy: an ambition wide as the sea, willing to bear as many burdens as compelled to hold nearly as many dead, but narrowed by the iron of traditional fear and the nearness of English guns. The chastity of Diana is borne among her mountains, and it is a maxim among the Irish women, "in part she is to blame that has been tried." The Irish girl is she who never had a change in the world. Poor, wretched, abused as a child by the savageness of disappointed parents, sold when ready to be a wife, more ignominious than Mary Powell to John Milton, miserable as a mother, often supporting husband and children, but faithful as Mary Powell was not, wearing out as the drudge of a drunkard, but never standing before a divorce court to secure a dangerous if a legal freedom; in sorrow, gay; in poverty, full of laughter; with tears and a rainbow smile through her own. She may envy, but she is more likely to emulate; she may be jealous, but chiefest of her self-respect. The specimen we find in America is not always good of the genus. She will falsify in a friend's behalf, but she will not slander or betray a foe.

She is the daughter of the church, not always of the gods; and although not always divinely tall, is often divinely fair. Her harsher feelings are passionate in intensity and emotional to duration. Her devotion to her family never pales; the brightest gold and sweetest words in Irish cabins to-day are sent by the white fingers of the Irish girls in American workrooms. She is more devoted to her father than to her child, and it may have been she that was in the mind of Pope when he wrote:

Me let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arms extend a mother's breath,
Make love or smile and smooth the bed of death;
Explore the thought, explain the aching eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky.

Unlike the English girl, marriage with her is an accidental rather than an aim; she would as soon be a Sister of Charity as the mother of the Gracchi. But if the altar lamp does not prove the magnet of her youth, she is liable to fall madly in love, to marry, and to abide unto the bitter end. She loves for the better or worse, chiefly for worse. In physique she is unsurpassed, even in Arabia. Her feet are apt to be large, because like Maud Muller, she rakes the meadows sweet with hay, but unlike Maud, digs turf in the bogs and plants potatoes on the sunny hill; but her hands are always small, and her fingers taper, and the nails are nearly pink.

She is so vigorous, and her coursing blood so thoroughly incarnadine that, as medical records show, she can bear an *en couchement* on twenty-four hours' notice, and be about her household again in forty-eight. And she neither kills her child before its birth nor feeds it by proxy after. She is the happiest and saddest, the strongest and tenderest woman on earth.

THE FRENCH GIRL.

Ah, here appears a quite different type of the feminine. She is the electric woman. She constantly desires to evaporate, to fly, to be dissipated, to float in the very air, to waste herself away in the ecstacy of excitement. Her volatility is no more in her control than the moon or the tides. God seems to have made Frenchwomen's brains nothing but occipital. The French girl is "fine by defect, and delicately weak." Reared according to Michelet,

"Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in her decencies forever."

She is bold in early youth. What the poet of the male species could alone have written—that very woman is at heart a death. She is a wit; never a humorist. A wife often, but never by a mischance a woman. She has brilliancy in conversation: an English woman may keep a hotel, but only a French woman can manage a saloon; a grace of courtesy outdoing the cavaliers of the English Charles. She is a queen when her English sister would affect to be a coquette; a scholar where a Saxon would be a pedant; a bold outliner of character or a swift critic of facts where the other would, in all probability prove a tame blue stocking. But she is only imaginative, never deliberative. Her emotions are inspiring angels; her conscience, remorse, She is the victim of climate and race and sex combined. To the public gaze her faults are magnified, because lacking in a great degree what is meant by vanity. Her better nature is masked. This never appeared to clearer view than at present. The social faults of the empire were to be exaggerated in the struggling new-born republic. Communism, the journalists and the playwrights have apparently conspired to make indecency brazen. Under the empire, with its police for censors of morals, language and costume were often free enough to spare, but never were the theatres allowed to run riot, as they do to-day. And to these theatres crowds, night after night, "respectable" as well as dissipated Paris; and you see boxes filled with family parties—modest-looking young girls laughing at the antics or puzzling out the allusions—taking the cue to listen and to think from the bravos in the parterre who watch the effect of the *en tendres* on comparative innocence. Such is the school in which young Paris is learning life and morality.

It is an Englishman who writes in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that the English commonly slander the French; but the testimony is abundantly confirmed. There seems small area of middle safety for the girl in France; they must take to the boulevards or hide in the convents; and even from the convents the Lutners and the Loysons take them out.

The "Carpet-Baggers."

We reproduce the subjoined editorial article from the New York *Evening Post:*

If some one were to make for all the South such an examination into the constitution of the State governments as has been done for Alabama, the result undoubtedly would be some curious revelations. Never was the force of the proverb—"give a dog a bad name"—more perfectly exemplified than in the case of the "carpet-baggers." They are, no doubt, a "bad lot," who are responsible for a good deal of evil; but we do not believe, heterodox as it may sound, that all the Northerners who have gone South can properly be classed as "carpet-baggers," or that those who may be so classed are resonsible for all the evil that has been done at the South.

Indeed, we know of young men who have emigrated thither for legitimate and praiseworthy purposes, and whose identification with the interests and the people of that part of the country could only be to its great benefit. And our experience, no doubt, is the experience of everybody else; so that the probability is very strong that among the Northern emigrants to the South since the war there is a considerable proportion to whom the term "carpet-bagger," as an opprobious one, does not in the least apply.

Still more is it true that much of the wrong that has been perpetrated there for the last half dozen years is not the work of Northern men.

The wrong may, perhaps, have been done under the pretence of a northern or Republican origin; sometimes even the presence of military rule has been taken advantage of to comit outrages under form of law, which would not otherwise have been ventured upon. But there has doubtless been great exaggeration as to the share that Northern men have had in the enormities of legislation, the infliction of intolerable taxes, the creation of enormous public debts, in all the gigantic swindles from which Southern people have been made to suffer, and to which they point as reason enough for the discordant condition of the country and their reluctant submission to the order of reconstruction.

There can be no doubt that the "carpet-bagger," assumed to be a Northern adventurer, has been made the scapegoat of other sins than his own. We suppose, for instance, that there is no stronger case than that of Arkansas, as it is Mr. Greeley's favorite and uniform illustration of misrule at the South, of baneful Northern influence in Southern affairs, and of the necessity of conciliation and pacification on the part of Northern people, that we may all of us subdue the rancor of our hate and cease oppressing these poor people in Arkansas. Now we have no doubt that there a good many bad people in that State; we have been personally assured both by word of mouth and by letters eloquently and touchingly written, that the sufferings of good and honest people there are intolerable; and so full and trustworthy is our information on this point that we are not compelled to rely upon one side only—we have it from both.

There can, then, be no mistake; everybody concurs that great wrongs are inflicted upon the people, differing only in this, that the wrongs are of one character, as represented by one party, and of exactly the opposite character, as represented by the other party; but as both agree in this, that the rascality of all but themselves is without mitigation or remorse, we can not escape the conviction that both parties are, to some degree, right. "Oh, that mine head were waters and mine eyes were fountains of tears!" exclaims Mr. Greeley, in effect, every time he turns his eyes toward bleeding Arkansas. Yet he knows all the time perfectly well that the wounds of that State are of her own infliction; that a vicious constitution, which is capable of frightful abuses, and which, doubtless, is very much abused, was adopted by nearly 28,000 of the voters of that State. It is absurd to suppose that there are 28,000 voters in Arkansas who are Northern emigrants—"carpet-baggers"; they are Arkansas people, born and bred there, and neither the North nor the federal government are in the least responsible for the abuses of power of which they are guilty.

The case of Alabama is still more striking, though, perhaps, it seems so only because we are a little better informed as to details. In the government of last year in that State, which has been denounced as "carpet-bag" of the most virulent type, the Governor, Treasurer, Attorney-General, Superintendent of Public Instruction and the three judges of the Supreme Court were all natives of the South. The twelve judges of the circuit courts, with one exception, all of the sixty-five probate judges except eight, the sixty-five sheriffs except five, and the sixty-five tax collectors except one, were also, all Southerners. The House of Representatives consisted of 100 members, and only twelve of them were Northern men; and of the thirty-three Senators less than one-third was from the North. The worst acts of that Legislature were pushed through by Democrats, and none of the evils of the State, so far as they have their source, either in the administration or legislation of the government can be traced to "carpet baggers." To say that these villainies are perpetrated in the name of the Republican party does not in the least help that side of the case, for the men who are responsible for these acts would be all Democrats if the Democratic party were in power.

A Mr. Whitcher, of Whitefield, New Hampshire, has recently had a trick practiced upon him, which is certainly the best of the kind we have heard of for a considerable time. Having occasion for the use of a milch cow, the gentlemen referred to bought what appeared to be a very good one at a neighboring market. As a proof of her suitability for the purpose intended, twelve quarts of rich milk were taken from her before a number of persons who claimed to be interested in the purchase and sale. The day after the animal had changed hands, Mr. Whitcher's dairy maid undertook the task of milking, but failed utterly in the effort. According to the local chronicles of the "singular event," "not one drop of the lacteal treasure would she give down." Indeed, it soon became evident that the "deceitful creature" had no appearance whatever of having milk. Mr. Whitcher and his friends profess to be greatly astonished at this unaccountable proceeding on the part of the poor beast; but it is quite clear, from the circumstances of the case, that a false udder was used in the milking scene which so excited the admiration of Mr. Whitcher, and that it was quietly slipped off before the cow was delivered to her new owner.

We find this special in the Louisville *Courier-Journal:*

WASHINGTON, October 11.—There was a reception of Comanches, Apaches, Wacos and other Indians at the White House to-day, which was different in some important particulars from previous interviews with the Indians. The President stated that the white people are now so numerous and increasing so rapidly as to crowd the Indians, and therefore it was necessary that the Indians should no more lead a roving life, but have fixed places of abode. It was given out officially, not long since, that this was not a peace commission. Putting all these things together, it would seem that the President's new policy is to force the Indians upon the reservation whether they consent or not, and that a conflict in carrying out this policy is deemed possible.

The Roof of Notre Dame.

Ah! here is a dingy and grimy old door, leading up great stone steps to the cathedral roof, where the lover of the picturesque may wander for hours without ever wearying. It is a long way up, and the steps are worn out and old; millions of feet have made great creases in them. Suddenly you stagger out upon a wide platform, and Paris, threaded by the curving Seine; Paris, with its hundred palaces, its giant avenues, its vast towers, its glorious parks, lies spread before you. You feel as it breathing a purer air; you are of the world, yet separated from it. You are elated, jubilant, exalted. The hum and din of the great capital smites but gently upon your ears. A strong thrill of excitement runs through you as you press to the outer railing, and look down from the dizzy height into the place below. Are those ants crawling on their ant-hill, or are they really men in the market place? As you get tired, and seek a spot to repose, the old woman, who has her home in a little house in the belfry, invites you to a place on a rustic bench. Do they drink beer on the cathedral's top? Oh! yes, indeed Monsieur, and champagne, too, when parties come to see the sun rise. It is quite the mode now in Paris, Monsieur, for bridal parties to come to the old tower here of early morning to make a champagne breakfast, and to view the sun rise. There was one young lady here some months ago, poor darling! who was so frightened at some gargoyles which she saw on one of the gallery balconies that she swooned, and was carried down stairs and home in a cab. Perhaps the good woman or her husband will go with you to see the gargoyles, fantastic figures which serve at once as ornaments and rain spouts, and which are as goblin-like and ghostly as figures in a fairy tale. As you stand on one of the galleries, overlooking the vast descent from the upper platform to one of the lower roofs you see ranged around, in rows, gigantic figures of dragons, hippogriffs, unnamable monsters and compounds of men and beasts in sportive or ferocious attitudes. They seem to have suddenly descended from some unknown region of the air, and to have been as suddenly petrified. Among these animals and monsters stands the figure of a tall old man, clad in the garb of the middle ages, gazing outward into ether with a wild and puzzled expression upon his features. He shields his eyes with his hands, as if afraid to look too carelessly upon some unutterable glory, and his long beard is blown back by the wind. Turning a corner suddenly, and coming upon this astonishing figure, it is difficult to persuade one's self for a moment that it is not alive.—*Scribner's Monthly.*

Shakespeare was married at eighteen; Dante, Franklin and Bulwer, at twenty-four; Kepler, Mozart and Walter Scott, at twenty-six; Washington, Napoleon I and Byron, at twenty-seven; Rossini, the first time at thirty, and the second time at fifty-four; Schiller and Weber, at thirty-one; Aristophanes, at thirty-six; Wellington, at thirty-seven; Talma, at thirty-nine; Luther, at forty-two; Addison, at forty-four; Young, at forty-seven; Swift, at forty-nine; Buffon and Goethe, at fifty-seven.

The Next House of Representatives.

This is a special to the St. Louis *Globe:*

WASHINGTON, October 13.—A table of estimated party votes in the House has been prepared by the secretary of one of the Republican committees, which gives the administration side all but thirteen of the thirty-six additional members under the new apportionment, and fifty-three majority on the balance. The House will have 284 members, of which 179 will be Republicans, and 105 Democrats. The figures give Missouri eight Republicans to five Democrats; divide the honors in Arkansas; give one to them in Mississippi; divide four and four in Alabama; giving the Republicans two in Tennessee, five in Kentucky, three in Virginia, and allow the Democrats to carry all in Georgia. The calculation is carefully made by one having ample opportunity to make a correct judgment. The coalition is allowed one in Illinois, fifteen in New York, three in New Jersey, two in Michigan, two in Minnesota, one in California, one in New Hampshire, and one in Massachusetts. They are also expected to gain in Louisiana, carry the whole six allowed in Texas. There is little doubt but that the majority will reach these figures. According to these calculations five more members will give a two-thirds majority. This, it is expected, will be made: One in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, one more in Alabama, and one in Tennessee or Arkansas, with an additional district in New York, or what is not unlikely, Delaware.

Lament of the Brewers.

A Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald* telegraphs:

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has received a memorial from a committee of brewers of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and also the members of the general committee of the Brewers' Association of the United States, representing the entire brewing interest of the country. They call the commissioner's attention to some of the injurious effects which will most certainly arise from the introduction and use of stamp cancelers proposed to be attached to all brewers' casks and other packages for the purpose of canceling or destroying stamps used in the collection of the duty on fermented liquors. The memorialists say the tax on malt liquors is collected almost to a dollar. Why, therefore, by the enforcement of the stamp canceler regulation, put the government to a very large expenditure in introducing and maintaining the same when no corresponding benefit is evident? They estimated the number of casks, barrels and hogsheads in use by brewers to be 3,000,000. The stamp canceler, guaranteed on only for two years, would, therefore, cost $3,000,000. To supply the losses that would occur from breakage, rust and other causes, necessitating their exchange by the government, would be at least $750,000 in that time. Here there is an expenditure of $3,750,000 to obtain very inadequate results: one-fourth of which sum of $3,750,000 will be a loss entailed upon the brewers by reason of loss and damage while under their care, supposing them to be legally liable for their safe return. They claim they ought not to be subjected to such an annoyance, for whenever the tax shall so decrease as to show that fraud is being practiced the government will find among them those who will be ready first to assist in discovering the same and then to make it known to the government.

The increasing frequency of sudden deaths in England has excited general attention. The number of such deaths was, in 1851, 5746; in 1870, 12,428. The medical journals seem to agree that the causes of the increase was the tremendous pace at which men now live. The mental and physical strain involved in a constant struggle to get wealth or fame quickly ends in heart disease, and this ends in death. This view is sustained in the fact that such deaths occur, as a general rule, among men between twenty and forty-five years of age. A medical review kindly advises Englishmen that these figures "warn us to take a little more care not to kill ourselves for the sake of living."

A Washington special says:

A new steamboat bill is to be prepared at the Treasury Department in time to present to the committee when Congress meets. It will be in the main similar to the proposed amendment to the House bill, made in the Senate. Several modifications will, however, be made, which have been suggested by facts developed in the investigation at the close of the late disasters on the ocean, sound and Western rivers. The treasurer will insist that the new bill shall contain what steamboat men call the liability clause.

One of the best political notes of the day occurred at Fairhaven, Massachusetts, the other Sunday. On returning home from church little Freddy, who is about five years old, said to his father:

"Our minister is a Republican, ain't he, pa?"

"I hope so, my son; but why do you think he is?"

"Because, when he was praying this morning, he said, 'Grant, our heavenly Father.' If he had been a Democrat he would have said 'Greeley, our heavenly Father.'"

ON HER TRACK.

Crittenden's Son Meets Mrs. Fair, Follows Her, and Declares that She Must Leave San Francisco.

[From the San Francisco Call.]

After the adjournment of the Fourth District Court, Judge Tyler escorted Mrs. Fair to his office in Court Block. A *Call* reporter accompanied them. Mrs. Fair, upon reaching the office, asked for a glass of water, remarking that she felt faint. After drinking, she sank heavily into a chair. When she recovered herself she entered into conversation with the *Call* reporter. She informed him she did not know how long she might remain in San Francisco, saying that she had several lawsuits pending, and remarking, with a laugh, that she might never get away at all. She then left the office with Judge Tyler.

Immediately after Mrs. Fair entered the building James L. Crittenden, son of the late A. P. Crittenden, went into the office of John B. Felton, and seating himself began to read a law book. Those who were present say that Mr. Crittenden appeared to be in a very excited condition. Suddenly he darted out of the room into the hallway, and met Mrs. Fair and Judge Tyler coming down the stairs leading from the third story. Mr. Crittenden made a motion to move toward Mrs. Fair, but he was intercepted by Judge Tyler, who was heard to exclaim, "Don't shoot! I can shoot as well as you." After a good many excited words, Judge Tyler hurriedly led Mrs. Fair down stairs. They had scarcely reached the street when Mr. Crittenden appeared, and was about to advance toward Mrs. Fair, when he was again intercepted by Mr. Tyler, who warned him not to advance, saying that Mrs. Fair was in his company, and that he considered it his bounden duty to protect her. Mr. Tyler appeared to be as much excited as Crittenden, and he put his hand into his pocket in an excited manner. Mrs. Fair stood about ten feet from the combatants, and looked perfectly unconcerned. She was engaged in gently tapping her teeth with the handle of her parasol during the altercation. At this juncture Mr. J. F. Cowdery grasped the arm of Mrs. Fair, and they walked up Clay street, and turned town Kearny street. Mr. Tyler, observing that Mrs. Fair had been taken away, walked up to the corner of Clay and Kearny streets, accompanied by Mr. Crittenden and the *Call* reporter. When the corner had been reached, Mrs. Fair and Mr. Cowdery were opposite the New York bakery, and Mr. Crittenden went hurriedly into Calvert's drug store and left there two books which he had been carrying. He then walked with Mr. Tyler and the reporter until they came up to Mrs. Fair. Mr. Tyler again remonstrated with Mr. Crittenden, but the latter vowed that he would find out where Mrs. Fair lived, and that she must leave the city. Mr. Tyler, Mrs. Fair and Mr. Cowdery then hailed a street car and entered it, followed by Mr. Crittenden and the reporter. When the car had gone about one block from the place at which the party had entered, Mr. Tyler and Mrs. Fair made their exit, upon ascertaining that Mr. Crittenden had followed them. Mr. Crittenden also stepped from the car, and the *Call* reporter did likewise. Mrs. Fair and Mr. Tyler then entered the building No. 410 Kearny street, and Mr. Crittenden hurried to the entrance. Upon being again warned by Mr. Tyler, he refrained from entering. He then went across the street and waited for about half an hour, watching the building. After waiting some time Mr. Crittenden went away.

In a conversation with the *Call* reporter, Mr. Crittenden said that he was determined to find out the residence of Mrs. Fair, and that she must leave town.

Firing Into a Railway Train.

The Houston *Union* of the sixteenth says:

Mr. Brown, a citizen of Houston, mail route agent of the Harrisburg and Columbus railroad, having returned yesterday evening from Columbus, informed us that a gang of desperadoes fired into the train the day before as it passed East Bernard station, on its way to Columbus. The names of those who are known are Johnson, Haggerty and Pease. Two or three others are not known.

When the train stopped at East Bernard, L. D. Miller, the "colored Democratic orator," who was on his way to Wharton to make a speech, got off. The desperadoes came out of a little grocery, met Miller, knocked him down with a club, and beat him. They then threw something at a gentleman seated in a buggy and hit him. Johnson was noticed to flourish his pistol, and a moment later fired at Jim Franklin, a colored brakeman, who was standing on the top of the train. This caused Conductor Gray and the other employes to rush to the door, when Haggerty fired, the ball striking the car door and burying itself deeply in the hard wood, a few inches from Mr. Gray's head. The ladies on the train were, as a matter of course, fearfully alarmed.

It is believed by Conductor Gray that these desperadoes were waylaying Hon. F. G. Franks, late Republican member of the House and now Republican candidate for the State Senate from the district comprising Wharton, Fort Bend and Austin counties. Franks had presided at the grand Republican meeting at Wharton on Friday. On Saturday he came up, with Colonel and Mrs. Gillespie and Hon. R. Allen, to East Bernard station, got on the train and came with them to Houston. It is supposed the desperadoes expected him to return on Monday's train, and, while waiting for it, had fired themselves with liquor, and thus behaved in the manner above described.

Some three weeks since the same gang fired into the section house near East Bernard, drove off the wife and children of the section master, broke two fine railroad lamps and other furniture. Subsequently they fired into the depot at East Bernard.

The railroad men have armed themselves and will shoot them like dogs if they even catch sight of them again. Mr. Franks was informed of what occurred yesterday, when the trains passed each other, and a police force will soon look after these sporting gentry. Haggerty is a fugitive from justice, having, it is, said, killed the sheriff of Goliad county some time since. The whole gang seem to be connected with some cattle drovers who have been camping for some time in the vicinity of East Bernard station. They will have to make themselves "scarce" in that region after this. We trust the most vigorous efforts will be made to take them, dead or alive.

Silent Men.

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, and gave it up, confused and abashed. In framing the constitution of the United States the labor was almost wholly performed in committee of the whole, of which George Washington was, day after day, the chairman, and he made but two speeches, in which he used but very few words. The convention, however, acknowledged the master spirit, and historians affirm that had it not been for his personal popularity and the thirty words of his first speech, pronouncing it the best that could be united upon, the constitution would have been rejected by the people. Thomas Jefferson never made a speech; he couldn't do it. Napoleon, whose executive ability is without a parallel, said that his greatest difficulty was in finding men of deeds rather than words. When asked how he maintained his influence over his superiors in age and experience, when commander-in-chief of an army in Italy, he said, "By reserve." The greatness of a man is not measured by the length of his speeches and their number.

The Terrebonne *Patriot* says of the crops:

A number of our planters commenced during the last week taking off their sugar crops. The yield, so far as could be ascertained, has turned out excellent. Mr. McClung, on Grand Caillou, commenced on the old scattering stubble cane first, from which we are informed he is making one hogshead of sugar to the acre, which is considered at this early day a good yield. Messrs. Minor, Pavy, Justin Daspit, Lapene & Buron, and J. M. Sanders, have all commenced rolling. The latter made a shipment of sixty-eight half barrels of molasses, for which he received $1 15 per gallon. Next week other planters will commence and make short runs to ascertain the yield and try the machinery.

The weather has been all that could be desired for the crops. The general and heavy rains of the first few days of the week, followed by the cool and bracing weather, has done great good to the cane.