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[For the Sunday Republican.]

TO F. P.

How I love to fondly press thee
To my bosom, and caress thee;
Lead thy lips with warmest kisses;
Have thee tell me what such bliss is.
But such happiness too much is,
For, with sad and heavy hearts,
On the morrow we must part.

XENIA.

New Orleans, January 14, 1873.

PROFESSING CHRISTIANS.

A Semi-Sermon.

BY A. LAIC.

One great bar to the spread of practical Christianity in this country is the use of the term Christian in a technical sense by evangelical churches. According to this use Christianity does not consist in faith or works of both, but in a mysterious spiritual "experience" not obtainable by any effort on the part of its object. I use the word "object" intentionally, as the "change of heart" so strenuously insisted upon as indispensable is produced entirely from without. To have been born in a Christian community, of Christian parents, baptized into a Christian church, and passed one's life in the performance of Christian duties from Christian motives, loving God and the neighbor, and testifying love to the one by actively manifesting it to the others—all this, according to the above-mentioned technical use of the term Christian does not constitute a man a follower of Christ, unless, in addition thereto, and as the foundation of his good works, he claims to have undergone this indispensable but unattainable inward change. Without it all his virtues are valueless—nay, worse, filthy rags, unfit for entrance into the Bridegroom's presence, and certain to doom their presumptuous wearer to the outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. The very prayers of the unconverted (that is, those who have not had this experience) "are insults to the Almighty," is the dictum of a high evangelical authority of this place.

That these views are unfavorable to the practice of morality by those who have not enjoyed this experience, or imagined that they have, will appear on a moment's reflection upon some of the peculiar features of human nature. These peculiarities are plainly indicated in certain proverbs: "A miss is as good as a mile;" "It is as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb;" "If I have the name, I'll have the gain"—all tending to show the popular fallacy that beyond certain limits self control is folly, that outlawry of every kind is absolutely irresponsible. Many a young man is led by this discouraging distinction between "professing Christians" and the outside world to imagine that certain actions are allowable to him that are forbidden to the elect—a fatal mistake by which he acquires a habit of vice which daily drives him farther and farther from the pale of the true church. "I may do what I please," says he, "I am not a Christian," ignoring apparently that the moral law is equally binding on all, and that the only possible difference between a good moral man and the most exalted Christian is this—the latter performs his good deeds from the motive of love to God.

This technical definition of Christianity has a still further objection, and a still greater one than those already mentioned—it is directly contrary to the teachings of Christ. Active benevolence, forgiveness of wrong, purity of heart—these are the distinctive marks by which He designated His true followers. In His parables, as well as in His direct teachings, He always insisted on such practical evidences of discipleship. In the parable of the two brothers, one of whom promises to obey his father, but does not, while the other refuses but obeys, He teaches that even a tardy performance of duty is far better than a ready but insincere profession of obedience. In that passage commonly received as a prophetic description of the last judgment, what are the grounds of salvation in those welcomed to His Father's mansion? A profession of having experienced "a change of heart?" Nothing of the sort. Those were accepted who had performed acts of benevolence. Not every one that saith Lord, Lord, is to enter into the kingdom of heaven, but those that do the will of the Father. The publican and harlots, he says in most emphatic language, shall be preferred before many of those who "professed," according to the orthodoxy of that time, to be the chosen of God. Doing, not "professing," is the burden of His teachings; and why should His professed followers make other requirements? Why not regard as Christians all who acknowledge Jesus as the God-appointed teacher of the human race in things spiritual, the incarnation of God's ideal of man; and, so believing, and adopting Him as their Master, strive humbly to obey His precepts, and as nearly as possible follow His example? Do not such approach as nearly to the model He offered, as those who base their claim to discipleship upon their "experience?" Is not a cheerful recognition of the Divine Fatherhood and Motherhood of God, an implicit confidence in His providential care, and a grateful use of the blessings He bestows, as genuine an "enjoyment of religion," as a fanciful self assurance of Divine favoritism? Let those then who have never experienced the preliminary perturbations and subsequent satisfaction, technically called "conversion," be not disheartened on that account, nor, taking this fiction of theology for the "new birth," of which Christ spoke, permit themselves to be brow-beaten out of their birth-right; but if they have accepted Christ as their spiritual leader, let them follow His teachings as they understand them, and so doing, openly claim as their right the name Christian.

Falling Over a Wheel-barrow.

If you have occasion to use a wheel-barrow; leave it, when you are through with it, in front of the house, with the handles toward the door. A wheel barrow is the most complicated thing to fall over on the face of the earth. A man would fall over one when he would never think of falling over anything else; he never knows when he has got through falling over it either, for it will tangle his legs and his arms, turn over with him and rear up in front of him, and just as he pauses in his profanity to congratulate himself, it takes a new turn, and scoops more skin off of him, and he commences to evolute anew, and bump himself on fresh places. A man never ceases to fall over a wheel-barrow until it turns completely on its back, or brings up against something it can not upset. It is the most inoffensive looking object there is, but it is more dangerous than a locomotive, and no man is secure with one unless he has a tight hold of its handles, and is sitting down on something. A wheel-barrow has its uses, without doubt, but in its leisure moments it is the great blighting cause on true dignity.—*Danbury News.*

ARCHIBALD GORDON'S MISERY AND CURE.

BY THEODORE TILTON.

[From the Golden Age.]

I have always promised myself to tell this story at some time or other, and so I now make it my Christmas contribution to the *Golden Age*.

But first, by way of a little preface, let me say that, being a physician (and, I trust, also a Christian), I have always set great store by Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici." Not that I believe in that old writer's bigoted narrowness. But without religion of some kind, a physician is a quack—just as "an undevout astronomer is mad." Perhaps it is my religion alone that saves me from quackery, for I should be a knave without it. Certain it is that the patient, whose case I shall here report, suffered a year's madness just for want of what I call religion; in other words, just for a little lack of human nature's sweet and necessary faith in God, in man, and in woman; or I might say in woman, in man, and in God; for whatever be their order, these are a trinity that no human soul can afford to despise. This is the prime dogma of my creed; this is my religion as a physician.

And now for the narrative:

I was practicing at Cornwall, on the Hudson. The place was not then so much of a summer-resort as it has become since. Nevertheless as the late Mr. N. P. Willis had made it somewhat familiar to New York readers, it attracted a good many of them thither during the hot months. It is just north of the Highlands, and is perhaps the nearest point to the city at which an invalid can altogether escape the prickly roughness of the sea air.

One Saturday afternoon I received at my office a note written in a manly hand, elegant and scholarly in expression, mentioning that its writer was ill, but not from bodily ailment; and putting to me Macbeth's question whether I could "minister to a mind diseased."

"If so," said he, "call on a miserable man at the Atkins House, and inquire for yours, desperately,

"ARCHIBALD GORDON."

I called. He was sitting on the piazza, picking a tiger lily to pieces—himself the greater tiger. At a glance I knew he was the man who had sent for me. There was an unmistakable haggardness in his look—as if he had washed his face in the waters of Marah, and left it streaked and stained with cynicism, anguish and despair. Sometimes the countenance turns traitor and tell-tale against the soul; sometimes it gives up all the secrets of a sorrowing breast; sometimes it respects no privacy of a breaking heart. This man's misery was an open book.

"You are the doctor," said he.

"And you are the patient," said I.

"Yes," he rejoined. "So far, then, we understand each other; but that's as near as we shall ever get in our mutual acquaintance. Do you think that one human creature ever yet had wit enough to comprehend his fellow-being? I don't believe it," he exclaimed, with bitterness in his emphasis and self-reproach in his tone.

After some non-committal talk, I saw that I must grasp him with a strong hand. He was a man of will, brains and heart. He had summoned me for counsel, yet had made up his mind to have no confidence in my power to do him any good. He was getting ready to rebel against my advice, even before I had shown any sign of offering it. So I changed my tactics and did not intrude any suggestions upon him, nor even trouble him with any questions about his case. I resolved that he should be the confessor, not I the inquisitor.

At length, after having picked his flower to pieces and thrown away the stem, he quietly remarked, as if not altogether believing what he said:

"You can do nothing for a wretch like me."

"That's true," I observed, "and what is more, I shall not try."

"Why not?" he asked, as if my answer had taken an unexpected turn.

"Because," I rejoined, "it is plain that you have but one friend and one enemy; it is plain that both these are one and the same person; and it is plain that this mischievous individual is yourself. You are the only man who can do yourself any good or harm. You are your own patient and physician. You must be your own medicine and nurse."

He weighed me as in a balance for a moment, and then remarked.

"I will tell you the devilish facts."

"No," I replied, rather craftily, and suppressing my inquisitiveness. "As your secrets can be of no use to me, and as I can make them of no use to you, I think you may as well keep them to yourself."

This nettled him a little, but pleased him more, and brought him to the confessional at once.

"Read this poem," said he, handing me a book, "and while you are reading it I will go up stairs and get you a Partagas cigar. Excuse me for a moment."

The book was a blue-and-gold Tennyson, opened at the turning down of a leaf, the margins of the two facing pages scrawled over with pencil notes, and the cover blurred and smeared as if it had been laid on wet grass. The poem was "Edward Gray," and I may as well transcribe it here at once:

Edward Gray.

Sweet Emma Moreland of yonder town,
Met me walking on yonder way,
"And you have lost your heart?" she said,
"And are you married yet, Edward Gray?"

Sweet Emma Moreland spoke to me;
Bitterly weeping I turned away;
"Sweet Emma Moreland, love no more
Can touch the heart of Edward Gray.

"Ellen Adair she loved me well,
Against her father's and mother's will;
To day I sat for an hour and wept,
By Ellen's grave, on the windy hill.

"Shy she was, and I thought her cold;
Thought her proud, and fled over the sea;
Filled I was with folly and spite,
When Ellen Adair was dying for me.

"Cruel, cruel, the words I said;
Cruelly came they back to-day;
'You're to slight and fickle,' I said,
'To trouble the heart of Edward Gray.'

"Then I put my face in the grass—
Whispered, 'Listen to my despair;
I repent me of all I did;
Speak a little, Ellen Adair!'

"Then I took a pencil and wrote
On the mossy stone, as I lay,
'Here lies the body of Ellen Adair,
And here the heart of Edward Gray!'

"Love may come and love may go,
And fly like a bird, from tree to tree;
But I will love no more, no more,
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

"Bitterly wept I over the stone;
Bitterly weeping, I turned away;
There lies the body of Ellen Adair,
And there the heart of Edward Gray!"

"Did you read it?" he asked, returning with a smoke-offering.

"Yes," I replied, "I have read it before; everybody has read it."

"Well," said he, "a thousand people may read it, and yet not one in the thousand comprehend it; that is, except—"

"Except what?" I asked, noticing his hesitation.

"Except," said he "some man who has suffered in the same way—some man who, like a perverse and headstrong fool, has committed suicide not on his body but his heart."

Exhibiting but little curiosity, I elicited the greater confidence. He showed a desire to be communicative. Having hinted at his story through the poem, he was about to make a more definite disclosure of it in prose.

"But first," said he, "let me get away from this piazza, and sit under yonder chesnut tree."

Whereupon, in picnic fashion, we stretched out our smoke emitting figures on the shaded hill, and lay like twin Jupiters on Olympus, wreathed in our own clouds.

"Now," said he, leaning on his elbow, "a year ago, under this very tree, I sat one moonlight night and talked with a woman who in midsummer seemed as cold as ice; and I loved her, and was vexed with her, both at once; and I wanted to marry her, yet hung back through a mad whim that I would first punish her; and though I knew she loved me to the uttermost, yet I kept insanely arguing to myself that she did not; and then in a freak I tore my heart away from her, and with a few disdainful words left her sitting speechless and pale; and here now at this moment, I can turn day into night, and see her still sitting, dumb and stunned under my blow; and the gentle victim, like an unburied ghost, pursues me everywhere, uttering no reproach, but simply showing her suffering face; and I now know that I stabbed the soul of a woman who would have died for my sake; and ever since, for my crime against her, I have lived like a dead man, carrying a hell in my breast; and that's the whole damnable tale."

He said this with a vehemence that was fiery, and a sincerity that was pathetic.

"Ah," said I, drawing breath and taking time to think, "the secret of your pain, then, is this, that you have inflicted an injury on another. You have broken the heart that loved you, and the memory of your crime is a punishment greater than you can bear. The very thought of what you have perpetrated makes you shudder, and yet you can not help thinking of it all the time. It is face to face with you day and night. As a physician I know something of the nature of your anguish. It is of a kind which fulfills the whole measure of possible vengeance. The human mind is competent to no higher type of suffering. God himself chose it for his supreme penalty against the slayers of the Nazarene, when He simply ordained that they should 'look upon him whom they had pierced.' That look—they could not bear it. Yes, that's the true analysis of your self-torture. You can not say 'an enemy has done this thing.' It is your own doing and undoing."

Having delivered myself of these metaphysical observations, to which he made no other answer than to light a fresh cigar, I added:

"And the lady, I presume, followed her prototype in the poet's fable, and died of disappointed love?"

"No; not at all," he replied spitefully.

"Not dead?" I exclaimed. "Why, then, while there's life there's hope. It is not too late to right the wrong, and earn a pardon. Not dead," I repeated, dwelling on the words.

"No, she's not dead," he answered, "she's married!"

At this sudden change in the tale, I could hardly suppress a smile. I then accepted a fresh cigar, and followed it into a new train of recollections. Here, thought I, was a love-sick swain, who at first had played the capricious tyrant with his shepherdess; who then had ignorantly, but none the less cruelly, crushed the sweet and hiding violet of her unobstrusive love; who next had gone away and left her in her bruised beauty to be plucked by another hand; and who finally had nothing else to do save to punish himself properly with unavailing remorse and merited despair.

"Served you right," I exclaimed, speaking my honest mind, and not compromising with him for a moment.

"Yes; I grant it," he replied; served me right, but not her; she married a man whom she can never love; for a woman who loved as she did, loves but once and forever. Such a marriage is a mockery. Ever since I heard of it I have been fit only for a madhouse."

"A year ago, did you say, you met her?"

"Yes, at this very spot; it was just here that I first saluted her; it was just here that I parted with her. And she was married last winter at Grace Church, New York. Her father's family—bride, bridegroom, and I know not who else—have all gone to Europe for two years."

"I believe," said I, suddenly impressed with a reminiscence, "that I knew the lady myself; for I made the acquaintance of almost everybody here last summer, and I only wonder that you escaped me. Let me see. What was her name?"

"Let you see? Yes," said he, "you shall see. Your eyes shall look and peer and gaze at her name, which will save your ears from hearing it. That is her name," he exclaimed, taking out of his pocket a little French casket resembling a glove box, and taking out of this a dainty little cambric handkerchief on which was writtten in the Chinese ink of indelibility the name of "Lucy Rayner."

This disclosure opened my eyes wide.

"Why do you stare?" he asked.

I answered evasively.

"I was simply thinking, sir, that there were two families of Raynors here last summer—one spelt 'n-o-r' and the other 'n-e-r.'"

"Well," said he, "I never heard of there being two; one was the death of me; the other may go to the dogs."

"I will wager," said I, "that I can recall the young lady's looks. She wasn't one of the belles. Too quiet for that. Rather retired and bashful. Just a little under size, and very gentle in her ways. Hair light, natural, and all her own—no back-stuff from the shops. Although a trifle sick, but never enough to need medicine. I remember her well. Why, I once wrote for her this prescription: 'A horse and saddle—to be taken once a day.' Isn't that her ladyship?"

"Well," said he, "the picture is something like a portrait."

"Yes," said I, "Lucy Rayner. I knew her. And so she's married. What's her name now?"

"She married her father's junior partner; his name is Baxter. The firm is Rayner, Clay & Baxter, iron merchants, and I would like to supply one of the company with cold steel."

Taking out my watch, I remarked, as if in haste,

"Well, I have heard the case. I know a medicine for a mind diseased, and I'll bring it to you to-morrow. Good day."

The Powelton House, at Newburg, is an hour's easy drive from Cornwall. It stands on high and stately ground, and overlooks a superb country, intersected by the finest river of the whole earth. Among its summer occupants were my previous acquaintances, the Rayners, who, in coming to spend a second season in the same pure air, chose Newburg instead of Cornwall. Miss Lucy Rayner had already been a semi-patient of mine for a month. I had visited her twice. She was not sick, but worse than that; she was lifeless, hopeless and joyless. Some inward frost was nipping her outward bloom. The fountain of feeling had ceased to flow, and was stagnant. What arrow had pierced her I could not tell, but I knew she was hiding a wound. All this I witnessed for a month, and twice tried to fathom. I now drove to the Powelton House to try once more.

"I did not send for you," she said, with her sad, calm voice.

"No," I replied, "I have not come to give advice, but to get it. I am in a perplexity, and need a woman's wit to help me out of it. I have a patient who is beyond all hope unless I can contrive to inspire within him the cheerful heart that doeth good like a medicine. You know I am a great believer in my kind of religion—I mean faith and confidence between man and man, and especially between man and woman. Well, I have a strong man on my hands who is on the verge of distraction because he misinterpreted a woman's heart. It was a true heart; it was a pure heart; it was a loving heart; it was a heart which was his, his only, his against the world, and his for all time. But he mistook it; he did not understand it; he spurned it. At last, when too late, he came to his senses; he saw the wrong he had done, and he now scourges himself for his crime, and afflicts his fancy with a perpetual vision of the pale, suffering face of her whom he harmed; yes, and he will go mad unless he can be rescued from this perilous state of mind; and I want you as a woman to tell me what you think this woman would say to him, if they ever again should meet, for I shall order him to go on a search through the wide world till he find her, but I first want to know how such a woman would act on being found."

This little speech cast a sudden shade over my lady's countenance. She had been knitting with long wooden needles, but during my narrative had laid down her worsted work in her lap; she now resumed it, using her fingers somewhat excitedly, and made no reply.

"Come," said I, rallying her attention, "you are a woman; you know a woman's mind; so tell me what this woman would do."

"Well," said Lucy, "if she were a woman of a high and rich nature, as you picture her, I think she would love the sufferer all the more for what he had suffered for her sake."

At this confession, which I had expected, I said to myself: Ah, Lucy Rayner, that was spoken like a true woman; one who forgets her own pain in the remembrance of another's wounds; who allows no wrong to go unforgiven, and chides no penitent with reproach; who, like charity's own self, which is her other name, "suffereth long and is kind;" and who, with a fine genius for conquest, steadies her own heart in strategic patience, and conquers back her wandering mate by invincible love.

My question was answered, and I was satisfied.

"Well, Miss Lucy," I said, "your opinion is the same as mine. I thank you for the confirmation of my judgment. Now we will drop this disagreeable subject, and take up another. The chief object of my call to day was to invite you to take a ride with me to-morrow. I must force you out into the open air. If you will not go of yourself, I must come and take you. We can ride to Cornwall and back. Will you go?"

"Yes," said she, rather demurely, "I would like to see the old chestnut tree. I have not been there this year."

"Then," said I, "it's a bargain; to-morrow at three o'clock. Good-by."

I came away feeling that I was playing a part in a melodrama.

My next day's ride from the Powelton House toward Cornwall, accompanied by my fair invalid, was noticeable for its clear sky, its smiling wayside weeds, its quarrelsome and melodious birds, its occasional ox-team, its frequent pleasure-riders both in carriages and on horseback—noticeable, I say, for all these, but still more for its voluble tongue and attentive ears; the tongue being mine, the ears Miss Lucy's.

"By the way," I observed, "do you remember another family of Rayners who used to visit Cornwall? I think they spent last summer here, or perhaps the summer before. What has become of them?"

"Yes," she replied, "I remember them slightly. It was two years ago. They have not been here since. There was a marriage in their family last winter in New York, and—what do you think?—the absurd story went round that the happy event had occurred in my papa's household—though such a thing, you know, is not at all likely ever to happen," she added with a smile.

I did not drive to the Atkins House, but to the chestnut tree, where I left my horse and wagon in charge of my gentle passenger—all three greenly pavilioned in the summer shade.

"By the by," said I, turning back before I had gone three steps, "Miss Lucy, you remember Mrs. Rhodes, to whom you sent the flowers last year? She is here again, laid up with the ague. Suppose you send her your card and compliments. The remembrance would cheer her."

"I have no cards with me," was the reply.

"Here, then," said I, "is a blank card; write your name and a message on it, and date it to-day."

She took my lead pencil and wrote: "Good wishes. Lucy Rayner, July 21, 1872." It was the self-same hand-writing which appeared in the Chinese ink on the handkerchief. On my way into the hotel I slipped this card into a little envelope such as I used in giving out medicines, and wrote on the outside "Elixir Vitæ."

Mr. Gordon was sitting under a grape vine in the garden, which was on the opposite side of the house from the chestnut tree. He was apparently reading, for he held a magazine, but he was really dozing, and it lay unnoticed on his knee. I saluted him with a good afternoon. He hastily rose and welcomed me with something of the same sad indifference, almost bitterness, as on the day before.

"I am in some haste," I said, "so I will first run across the road to Mr. Wilson's, and then ask you to save my time by stepping down to where my buggy is, by the chestnut tree. Here is the medicine I promised you. Take it at once. It will make you a new man."

So saying, I quickly stepped away, and passing behind some lattice work, through which I could see without being seen, I saw him slowly open the envelope, suddenly start with astonishment, hold out the card with one hand, put the other to his bewildered brain, and then look around for me. He was in a rage like a lion in a snare, and suddenly springing forward in the direction in which I had gone, he pounced upon me before I could get out of the way.

"What is that?" he exclaimed.

"What is what?"

"Why, this card?"

"Let me see. O, that was meant for old Mrs. Rhodes. I beg your pardon. The medicine I brought for you is in my wagon under the tree. I will join you there soon."

This time I walked away far enough to be out of reach, and left him alone. Why not? My own part in the play had ended. Even as a mere spectator, I had no courteous excuse to remain. "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not with its joy." What right had I to enter into the chambers of this man's breast? None. So I took myself aloof from him on the instant, and left him to solve his enigma by himself. The tumult within him—of memories, misconceptions, guesses, hopes, hallucinations—all the stormy yet sunshiny conflict in his wonder-smitten, tempest-beaten breast; this, to a man like myself, interested in psychological phenomena, would have been a pleasant exhibition as portrayed on "the human face divine;" but it was a spectacle which I had no right to gloat over, pry into or gaze at.

Then, as to the next ensuing scene, still less right had I to stand even afar off, at the most decorous and inaudible distance, unobserved yet observing, and allow my unbidden eyes to take the merest glimpse or peep at the strange and joyful drama enacted under the chestnut tree when two lovers met again in their old trysting place. The churl who gazed through the crevice of a shut window as the naked Lady of Coventry rode past, was struck and seared with a just blindness; for "the powers that wait on mind cancel a sense misused." But how much greater penalty deserves to fall on the still more prurient Paul Pry who morbidly sets his curious eyes, not on a stark and shrinking body, but on a stripped and naked soul!

Therefore I went into the woods—my thoughts and I together—these being a band of restless companions. My tramping feet wandered after them, crushing the mosses and breaking the harebells. I walked and meditated, both in fierce earnestness.

"Let them have it out," said I; "it can not be settled in a moment; they shall have full time for explanations and apologies—free opportunity for pledges and protestations. There is mischief to be undone, and reparation to be made. There is a tangled skein to be unraveled, and a silken cord to be tied. I will be in no haste."

So for a couple of hours I sauntered among the trees, and like Jacques, moralized. These reunited lovers had just touched the summit and supreme moment of life; and yet, though my heart leaped and bounded with theirs, I was angry with the fools for their year's folly. At the very moment when they were undoubtedly forgiving each other, I was resolutely blaming both. They had no right to commit against each other such a blunder, such a crime as the mutual misunderstanding by which they had well nigh shipwrecked their lives. I held them both in the wrong, not both equally, but both actually; Miss Rayner as well as Mr. Gordon—Ellen Adair as well as Edward Gray. A shy and coy woman, who loves a strong and ardent man, should beware lest, in her reserve, she hide her love so completely that, like Genevra of the mistletoe bough, it is never discovered by him who seeks it, but is left sealed in its coffin forever. Moreover, a strong, impulsive and imperious man, who loves a reserved woman, should use his bright wits, and not trust to his blind jealousies, to determine the state of such a woman's heart. Half the misunderstandings of those who can least afford to misunderstand each other at all, arise from two joint reasons: first, from want of frankness on the part of those who think they have no need to explain; next, from want of faith on the part of those who can take nothing for granted without an explanation. The blunder of Ellen Adair and Edward Gray proved fatal; this was a natural result. The blunder of Lucy Rayner and Archibald Gordon was remedied; this was a happy accident. But there is the same warning in both cases. There are certain fundamental cannons of love-making which ought to be written in letters of gold. One is, if love is worth being possessed, it is worth being confessed; for "confession is good for the soul." The other is, trust to the uttermost the heart that loves you, and that you love; for it is true of all lower loves, as of the one highest, "Thy faith hath saved thee."

Soliloquizing thus with silent loquacity till the shadows began to lengthen out the afternoon, I then walked leisurely toward the chestnut tree, whistled on my way thither to give a forewarning of my approach, startled a lady and gentleman who sat very close together, and as they rose to meet me, each with an offered hand, I accepted a hand from each, and bound both their hands together; their hearts likewise.

"Dear convalescents," said I, by way of epilogue, "your physician pronounces you safely passed through the crisis. If, however, you need more medicine, take an extra grain of faith in one another. This is the best of all cures for heart-burnings. I prescribe it in all such cases. It is not exactly the 'Religio Medici' of Sir Thomas Browne; nevertheless, it is the religion of a physician—yes, and of a Christian."

Such is the story, which by the way, now that I have read it over in my manuscript, does not seem half so vivid in the narration as it was in the reality; but if it lacks something of the dramatic incident common to Christmas tales, nevertheless it illustrates (I am sure) the forgiving spirit which should mellow and sanctify the Christmas season.

NEW PAINTINGS AT THE CAPITOL.

Powell's "Battle of Lake Erie," and Moran's "Yellowstone Valley."

[From the Chicago Tribune.]

THE NEW PAINTINGS AT THE CAPITOL.

While half the town was New Year calling, the axes and screws of carpenters were at work on the Senate side of the Capitol edifice, fastening into the wall, over the great east staircase, Powell's large painting of "The Battle of Lake Erie." For many years the spot has been occupied by a painting of Washington mounted.

The cost of Powell's painting was ample to have contented a very considerable artist, viz: $25,000. The order was given chiefly by the co-operation of General Schenck, who held to the notion of all protectionists, that it is better to encourage a bad artist of one's own State than a good one of some other State. Mr. Jay Cooke perceived the folly of this principle in art when he charged an Ohio lady with a commission to paint Put-in-Bay, when it was forwarded to him insured for $8000. It was condoned for at $1000, and laid away in the loft with superannuated fire-screens. *Requiescat in space!*

Mr. Powell devoted all his artistic genius thereafter to drawing $4000 in parcels from the library fund and neglecting the painting. After he had been subjected to a good deal of disparagement, he was compelled to satisfy the Library Committee with a bill of sale; and he now proposes to complete it, pilloried after a fashion, as it hangs upon this wall. Might all who work with half conscience for a dead horse consent to pay such public expiation!

THE BIG PICTURE.

The painting in itself is not unworthy its purpose and place. It is so large as to show a boat's crew of men, life-size, in the foreground, and the hulls of several vessels near at hand, high and full. It also shows considerable of the action of the main combat between the fleets, and some floating rigging, and people. The composition is scant, as if the artist did not want to do a brush stroke more work than would satisfy the bond; but this very negligence gives an openness to the water-view, keeps the eye intent on the central episode, and the story of the battle is not confused with details.

The study is Perry's abandonment of one flagship for another, after the first had become unmanagable. He is seen standing in a rowboat pulled by half a dozen men, some of whom are wounded; the boat itself is splintered, and all are working under a certain apprehension, not to say panic, except the Commodore, who is braced up to the verge of the dramatic, as if he also felt the situation, but was the actor of it. His helmsman is disconcerted, but everybody, sailor fashion, obeys orders automatically, and with a minutiæ which gives some reality to the subject; for instance, one wounded fellow is pushing his oar against some sail and spar with a sailorly sensibility, and all the men in the boat are looking various ways, as men are apt to do in close action, where the bursting of shells and various movements attract each man according to his position. Nevertheless, they all appear to be seeing through their ears, which is right enough, for a sailor rows with his hands and ears, and is entitled to his eyes. The boatswain in this picture appears to be protesting a little bit with Perry, which is not unnecessarily familiar in the closer shaves of life. Perry himself, with one hand on his sheathed cutlass, is pointing toward the vessel he wishes to board, and resisting the importunities of a lad who is afraid, under the circumstances.

The criticism on this picture will probably turn upon the drawing; upon the specific gravity of the boat to carry its crew; upon the relative statures of the persons; and possibly upon the superficiality of the idea and the characters involved. As to color, the time is yet premature for making judgment upon that. I hold that, for national pictures, an excellent popular treatment is better than any deeper attempt which will please the few and miss the public sense. A public order like this should not be used by any artist to experiment for a doubtful individualism or class-opinionatedness; as, for example, no man receiving a public order, the intent of which is understood to be the national pleasure and inspiration, would have any right to use the late pre-Raphaelite treatment, and, in order to be precisely conscientious, make ninetenths of all the visitors at the Capitol grin and hoot.

Considered with respect to its use and end, and also to its depiction of the main realisms of this battle, Mr. Powell's new picture is a great improvement upon his De Soto.

I said to the Librarian of Congress:

"Whom have we capable of doing any better with figures on so great an area?"

"What is the use," he replied, "of filling such areas before there is a national art? This Capitol is not meant to be ornamented throughout in a single century."

THE FIRST LANDSCAPE.

I was also struck with another remark of the Librarian, which he made with reference to Moran's painting, newly arrived, of "The Yellowstone Valley:"

"It is premature for us to be going into the purchase of American landscapes."

Moran's new landscape was lobbied through Congress by violating the law which forbids the use of the edifice for the exhibition of works of art. It was brought, all flaming with yellow light and blue cascade, into the old Hall of Representatives, where it struck the average members as a red flannel shirt would affect an Indian. Buttonholing began. The artist fell in his price, by successive gradations, from $20,000 to $10,000, and then it was said to be dirt cheap, which was true, for it is the most diluvial of all subjects. It depicts a great fissure, or canon, in the yellow plains, down which a stream drops into an inconceivably deep and narrow creek, and the entire fall is repeated by the trick of putting the spectator in the line of the descent, as well as the subsequent current flowing toward the eye. A rock-shelf projects forward from the foreground, and the foliage is drawn like stage-drapery down the sides, and this foreground is deeply shaded, while all the central scene is in such dazzling yellow, amber and chalk as to make the composition theatrical.

The value of this painting is about $2500, fairly calculated. To the government it is worth less than to an individual, because its artist can duplicate it, and the hundred other sketches he took on the Yellowstone, and fill the country with chromos which will presently cheapen the entire range of such subjects. Nations should never buy landscapes, unless associated with some depiction of a national event. This is the first transgression of the kind.

CATLIN.

Just forty years ago an artist was landed at the mouth of the Yellowstone, whose conscientious and preserving endeavors to accomplish a great national purpose in art met with humiliation and death at the very period when Mr. Moran's smart landscape of the Upper Yellowstone arrived in the Capitol. This was George Catlin, a native of the Wyoming valley of Pennsylvania. He was rewarded in London, in 1841, with a superb edition of his letters, illustrated by 4000 engraving. In these he gives the object of a life of which his countrymen never appreciated the monument nor the sacrifice. He says:

"My mind was continually reaching for some branch or enterprise of the art on which to devote a whole lifetime of enthusiasm."

Accident brought him to consider the Indian race, stripped by nature like the model to the artist, and the most perfect type, at that time, of physical and natural man. He gave his life to this work, to be the pictorial predecessor of Schoolcraft, "to lend a hand to a dying nation who have no historians or lithographers of their own to portray with fidelity their native looks, and snatch from a hasty oblivion what can be saved for the benefit of posterity."

By 1841 he had visited forty-eight different tribes, painted three hundred and ten portraits in oil, and over three thousand full-length figures in games, customs, worship and war. His gallery was exhibited in England and Belgium, and all its proceeds devoted to another journey and to strengthening his object.

After the destruction of Stanley's gallery at the Smithsonian fire, Catlin's alone remained. The bulk of it had been mortgaged to Joseph Harrison, Esq., of Philadelphia, and a portion was exhibited in the Smithsonian, where the dying artist fretted out his life that nobody in Congress or the government would so much as visit his collection.

He said, just before his death: "I have worked for the literature and glory of this nation more than forty years, and I can not get a member of Congress to let me show him my work. But they vote $10,000 to young Moran for his daub of scenery, which I beheld before he was born." GATH.

Prospective Immigration.

[From the Baton Rouge Advocate.]

The present outlook, as stated in our last issue, indicates that a period of unusual immigration is at hand. In other years there have been throngs from some particular country, outnumbering what are likely again to come from the same regions, but now causes are in operation for a more general movement, not in one, but in several countries. The experience of the war and the pressure of military burdens, more severe than formerly, have turned the attention of thousands in Germany to this country, and the accounts are that, notwithstanding the governmental discouragement, the movement is likely to continue with a much increased rather than diminished volume. From the departments of France, especially the two provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, the emigration to this country has been already large, and from the multitudes who have preferred to expatriate themselves rather than become German citizens, it promises to be yet very much larger. But from a region whence emigration to America has up to this time been small, there is commencing a movement which promises to become extensive. We allude to Southern Italy. The story of the landing of several companies recently at New York is fresh in the minds of all. It has been asserted that they are indolent, ignorant, miserably poor, and likely to remain permanent paupers in this country. In answer to all this the Italian Consul General has published a letter which puts quite a different face upon the immigrants. He first protests against the representations which have been made of the character of these people, and asserts that no more peaceable, and orderly, and work hunting people come to us from any nations. The Italian government, he further asserts, has none too many of this class, and is strongly discountenancing the emigration, which it would stop if it could by any means not despotic. The shameless persecution of the Jews of Roumania has also started an extensive movement in the East, which will bring many thousands of these "sturdy, intelligent, skilled mechanics" during the year. Besides these sources of an increased immigration, an unusually strong tide is setting in this direction from England. Colonies are not a little in fashion, as well as the emigration of isolated families. One agent charged with organizing colonies for Minnesota, is represented as overran with applications for farmers. He says he has been "literally astonished" at the number of farmers and farmers' sons, and people who are comparatively wealthy, who intend to go. He is already sure of enough to represent a capital of $250,000, and this, he thinks, will be quadrupled before spring. Greatly reduced fares by steamer will offer unusual facilities to all who wish to come in that way, and this will help to increase the tide. Let our land owners and merchants organize an immigration association, offer the same inducements as those held out by the West, and the waste places of the former will soon be filled, and the trade of the latter increased folds. The "tide," however, will avail us nothing, unless we display "that eagerness born of exertion."

English Immigrants in Texas.

The Galveston *News* says:

J. McAdam, the representative of the State in Great Britain, arrived last Sunday with 136 English farm people and families. He left Liverpool on the twenty-seventh of November, in the steamship Minnesota, and arrived in New Orleans on the fifth of January, after a fearful passage of thirty-seven days, having had to put in to Bordeaux and Havana. The people with him are all agricultural laborers, having been procured by him in the counties of Hampshire, Dorsetshire, Somerset and Surrey. He states that 235 left England in the San Jacinto, which will arrive here about the twenty-fifth, and he expects to return to England in about thirty days to engage immigrants for the fall of 1873.

We learn from Mr. McAdam that there are representatives of the various Western States, and Union Pacific railroad and Burlington and Missouri railroad, who are well supplied with documents relative to their respective sections, and have fine offices, with their products well displayed, in order to induce the flow of capital as well as labor into their midst. We think that if our planters and others interested in British farm emigration, that have fine samples of their produce and documents favorable to immigration, would do well to let Mr. McAdam have the benefit of the same, in order that he may offer equal inducements with other sections of the country.

A New Way to Light Gas.

A new method of lighting gas has been invented by Mr. J. Billington Booth, of Preston. By this method street lamps can be lighted simultaneously from any distance. The apparatus constituting the invention, the Preston *Chronicle* tells us, looks like a moderately sized globular inkstand of glass, surmounted by a tube of the same material, with a metallic top. By screwing off the burner it can be very easily attached to any lamp, chandelier-pipe, or ordinary gas jet. The base or globular portion is well filled with a deep red colored liquid, so cheap that three penny worth will serve the lamp for a year. Over the liquid and within the glass tube there is a plate of zinc, with a piece of graphite or gas coal, and between these and a thin coiled platinum wire, fixed over the cup of the general vessel, into which a gas burner is inserted, galvanic communication is obtained. Ignition is thus effected: A pipe is screwed to the top of the gas pipe; pressure on the gas in this pipe causes a simultaneous depression upon the chemical solution which occupies a lower level in two side tubes; the gas occupies the vacuum caused by the displaced liquid, and then ascends to a chamber connected with the burner, while the displaced liquid is pressed into two side tubes effecting contact with the zinc and graphite, and generating galvanic activity. This is communicated to the platinum wire, and excites its catalytic power; the wire being then exposed to the ascending jet of gas, immediate ignition takes place.

The Washington *Chronicle* of Tuesday, in an article on Louisiana affairs, says:

So new Louisiana is favored with two Legislatures, two Governors and Lieutenant Governors, and all the paraphernalia of two State organizations. The spectacle is one humiliating in the last degree, because, as every man knows, one of these parties must be acting upon a fraudulent assumption. Fraud may have so far tainted the action on both sides as to render it doubtful which of the two sets of candidates were honestly entitled to the return. An investigation may disclose the fact that one party returned the most votes, while the other failed because of frauds in the registry. There is not and has not been at any time for years a doubt that the Republicans have a large majority in the State. If that majority allowed its strength to be divided, or failed to poll it for reasons within its own control, no investigation can repair the evil. It must merely record the facts. If, on the other hand, it be proven that an arbitrary exercise and abuse of power by election managers changed the result, then a development of the facts will vitiate the return and remand the question to the people.

The *Chronicle* adds:

The Kellogg administration will be recognized until there is some action in the State or federal court to change the posture of affairs.

SAN DOMINGO.

Fred Douglass at St. Louis.

We copy the subjoined report from the St. Louis *Times* of Tuesday:

Douglass commenced by a geographical description of the position of San Domingo, stating that Hayti, the eastern section of the island, with an area of 10,000 square miles, had a population of 800,000, while Dominica, on the west, had a population of 150,000 on a territory of 22,000 square miles. It was not his purpose to discuss this matter in a political or even patriotic sense, but to awaken a spirit of inquiry among American people, which should make them more intimately acquainted with this beautiful island. It might be important to know what San Domingo could do for us, but it was a vastly nobler inquiry to ask what we could do for San Domingo. He invoked the sympathy of America for San Domingo, saying that no country was more greatly blessed by nature or more cursed by man. She stood on the verge of civilization, and whether she should be saved through enlightenment or sink into the measureless depths of barbarism was the question. Here was the first American soil trod by the Hindu-Caucasian race; she was the cradle of American beginnings. "I am," said the speaker, "only a distant relation of the Caucasian race, and have but little to do with its achievements, but I felt a thrill when I stepped for the first time on the shore of San Domingo, where Columbus stood, and breathed the air that he first breathed; to see the mountains and know that these were the first lands to soothe the fevered eye of the great discoverer, should be enough to gladden the observer, of whatever race, color or previous condition. Here was built the first Christian church in America, and long before New England heard the gospel, San Domingo was the centre of missionary effort." He dwelt eloquently on the beauty of the churches with which the island is studded, most of which are still splendid monuments of religious faith, though some have fallen into ruin.

In America destruction and creation go hand in hand. Chicago, ashes to-day, was granite to-morrow; so likewise with Boston, but in San Domingo there seemed no such power of recreation; destruction was perpetual. He then gave a vivid and interesting picture of San Domingo, the city founded by Columbus, once wealthy and possessing a population of 70,000, now poor and squalid, with but 7000 souls within its crumbling walls. The people were constant and intent on their devotions. They believed as firmly in miracles to-day as did the early Christians. In spite of their religion, they have been a failure as a nation, because the colored race had never had the opportunity of cultivating their intellectual powers.

San Domingo was not only the first to hear the Gospel, but the first also to adopt the Christian institution of African slavery, and it was also the first to feel the terrible storm of blood and fire that surely follows in the track of national crime. Some were now trying to worry the negro back into a state of bondage in the Southern States, and he warned such that evil must come from this cause. There might be blows to give, but there would also be blows to take, and woe to those who sought to commence the work of extermination of the negro.

Douglass denied having visited San Domingo as a blind partisan. If he had any bias, it was toward the views of Charles Sumner, than whom no man in the United States deserved more gratitude from the colored people, while the other members of the commission, notably Ben Wade, were all honest men.

Speaking of the proposed plan of annexation, after discussing the subject in various aspects, the speaker came to the conclusion that the true interests of both San Domingo and America required that plan to be adopted, and that the island be annexed. The remainder of the lecture was composed of a series of arguments in support of this view.

Self-Sealing Newspaper Wrappers.

During the last fiscal year, says the Washington *Chronicle*, 8,824,250 stamped newspaper wrappers were sold at post offices, and as the number of unstamped sold by the general trade must have been equal or even greater, the total number of stamped and unstamped sold during the year would be about eighteen millions, with an increase of thirty-four per cent over the previous year; and yet, perhaps, not one in three of the whole public ever saw or used one of these convenient wrappers. They now have a one cent stamp, and are sold at six cent for five wrappers, being only one cent for the five wrappers, exclusive of stamps. A one cent stamped wrapper, under the present law, carries two ounces, and will inclose a large newspaper. With this reduced postage, and the increasing knowledge of this convenient article, with millions of newspapers read daily, doubtless the number will in a few years run up to one hundred millions annually, carrying $1,000,000 in postage, and thus aid largely in "diffusing knowledge among mankind."

The wrapper increases the sale of newspapers to send to friends by mail, and is, therefore, an advantage and profit to all great newspapers.

The Washington *Chronicle* says:

Information received by the State Department from Spain gives assurance that the efforts of the administration to secure the abolition of slavery in Cuba are received and responded to kindly by the Spanish government. The measure is gaining strength, and but for the unsettled state of Cuba, would soon be in process of adoption. Our relations have at no time been more friendly with Cuba, notwithstanding the reports to the contrary so frequently put forth. No doubt is entertained that Spain is acting in good faith.

A solicitor who has recently been engaged by a prominent life insurance firm, returned to the office of his employers the other day and complained that he had been snubbed by a gentleman on whom he had called. "Snubbed," cried the manager, "snubbed! Why, what did you do that he should have snubbed you? I have solicited life insurance from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, and have never yet been snubbed. I have been kicked down stairs, beaten over the head with chairs, and thrown out of the window, but snubbed I never have been." The solicitor is driving a coal wagon.

Now let the Grand Duke Alexis break his heart. The "beautiful young lady" with whom he delighted to dance at St. Louis, and with whom he "fell in love," has married "another feller." The Kansas papers contain accounts of the recent nuptials of Miss Sallie Shannon, daughter of Governor Wilson Shannon, of Lawrence, in that State, to Mr. John A. Walsh, a young St. Louis millionaire. They were married with great pomp at the Catholic church at Lawrence, a Catholic Bishop officiating. The Grand Duke must bear it as best he can when he hears the news.

Edward King and J. Wells Champney, of *Scribner's Monthly*, were in St. Louis a few days since on their way to Texas. Mr. King is a spirited and entertaining writer, and is now engaged by the Scribners to prepare for their popular magazine a series of descriptive letters of Southern life and character, the first numbers of which will appear early next summer. Mr. Champney, of Boston, is an artist whose *genre* paintings and humorous sketches have already won for him a fine reputation. He will illustrate Mr. King's letters, no doubt, in a very entertaining style, and the two will make a contribution to the magazine of rare attraction.

The trip includes a thorough survey of the Indian Territory and its various tribes and characteristics; also Texas, its scenery, towns and people; afterward, New Orleans and coast life; and then, perhaps, the Mississippi river up to St. Louis.

This is said by the Madison *Journal*:

We learn from the Richland *Beacon* of last week that quite a number of good farmers from Alabama have settled in Richland parish within the last two weeks. It is the understanding that should the farmers find the soil of North Louisiana productive they will next year send back for their friends. Madison parish can furnish homes for hundreds of good, honest laborers, and we hope to see them remove here during the year. We have thousands of acres of the best soil in the sunny South, all lying idle for the want of farmers to cultivate it.