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TO MOEMAS.

Translation—Horace, Ode xxix., Book iii.

BY C. S. BLACKBURN.

Kind patron! offspring of a noble race!
Thou who dost give an humble poet place
In thy affections, make thee haste and come,
Enjoy the pleasures of my rural home.
I have for thee a cask of mellow wine,
As yet untouched by eager lips of mine.
Of fragrance strong it is—both rich and rare,
And sweet perfume I have for thy dark hair.
From those things which may seek to detain thee
Snatch thyself off, and haste to muse with me.
Here we may contemplate the Tiber, ever
Moist, with its yellow waters failing never
Here we may see Æsula's sloping soil,
Where peasants at their rustic labors toil.
And view Tuscorlum, city of the hills,
To think of whose foundation one's heart thrills
With sadness; built, you know, by him who slew
His father—a strange, horrid tale, but true.
Leave for a season that abundance which
So oft surfeits the tastes of the rich;
Lock up thy massive mansion, which doth tower
Above the clouds where thunder storms do lower;
Cease for a while to listen at the din,
And breathe the smoke that seems pent up in
The walls; cease to admire the wealth of Rome
So opulent with gems o'er every foam.
A change of scene—of modes of life and diet;
Exchanging strife and noise for peace and quiet
Have oft been found to benefit the wealthy—
To cure when sick, make mind and body healthy,
Yes; frugal life beneath the humble roof
Of cottage brown, will serve to keep aloof
Or smooth off wrinkles from the brow of care,
And leave no trace of lingering sorrow there.

Now Orpheus rises, and next Procyon
Then Leo's breastplate glistening follows on,
Last, Sol and Leo mingle, and the heat
Upon the heads of man and beast doth beat.
The tired shepherd when come these dry days
Seeks, with his languid herd, the pleasant shades
And rivers cool, whose banks with foliage green
Are 'dorned, unruffled by meandering winds.
Thou, in the meantime, anxious for the State,
Art thinking how can she be made more great,
The city, Rome, being thy special pride,
She being thy first love what else betide;
Thou art endeav'ring to expose the plans
Against her safety made by barb'rous clans.
A deity wise enshrouds in gloomy night
The events of the future; shuts from sight
Their workings vast, and stops, and looks and smiles
At all the efforts, tricks and cunning wiles
Conjured by mortal man to ope the seal
Of fate, and read that future—woe or weal.
Remember, friend, a proper use to make
Of present time; what follows in its wake
The gods but know. Man's future's like a river,
At one time calm, next, as if boisterous ever;
Now, gliding down its channel to the sea
Calm, serene, from the wind's commotion free.
Now, when the deluge strong its waters swells,
It rolls the polished rocks together—fells
The stately oaks that for long years have stood
Upon its banks, the pride of all the wood;
Carries upon its seething bosom ruin,
Beasts, houses, farms, while through the distant glen
Echoes the sound of desolation's power—
Work of a day—aye, perhaps of an hour!
That man alone is master of himself,
Who, spite of poverty or sordid pelf,
Can say each day: "I have lived. Let God enshroud
The morrow either with a dark, black cloud,
Or 'lumine it with a resplendent sun;
Still, he will not call vain what once is done,
Nor what the fleeting hours have wrought will he
Change or undo, for whims of you or me."
For time exalts much in her cruel task,
Though liberal; nor does she stop to ask
What want her subject, and persisting still
Plays on her haughty game—now stops to fill
My life with wealth, from yours to take away
Then gives yours back; takes mine—perhaps next day,
While she remains, I praise her; if she shakes
Her pinions swift, and from my presence takes
Her golden gifts, I willingly resign
Them, wishing not to longer call them mine,
No idle tears I shed; I bid farewell
To fortune fickle, nor would deign to tell
Her come again; then don the cloak of true
Integrity, and seek love to renew
With poverty, esteemed for worth alone,
Without a dowry—to deceit unknown.
'Tis not for me to blaspheme God with prayers
To strive to bargain by my vows, for fear
The merchandise of Cypria or of Tyre
May be destroyed by Prometheus' fire,
Or on its way to Rome's great mart may be
Given over to the avaricious sea.
At such a time as this, I trust in God,
Not by false vows or hypocritic nod,
But live to do the right, and leave to fate
The future to disclose, for which we can but wait.

Homer, Louisiana, August 5, 1873.

HONORA.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Yes, Honora Brentworth was always a statuesque thing. They used to make their angels, and ghosts, and sculptures of her in all their charades and tableaux, and well she played the part. But one night I saw her in a statue scene that was enough to chill your blood, almost as hers was chilled.

She was naturally pale—none of the sickly cast of skin, but a waxen whiteness that was lovely in itself to the artistic eye, that finds pleasure in all varying beauty, and where it chooses blushes on one face, chooses pallor on another. But Honora herself detested this pallor; and often put a delicate dash of rouge upon her cheek and chin; and then she was beautiful, with her straight fair hair banded away from the classic face, whose profile was like a Psyche's, and the long-lashed eyes that were almost always cast down under their snow-white lids. "What a deathly hue!" she would cry, as she looked in the glass. "It is a sort of hospital flag. It warns everybody off from me. Nobody likes to keep company with the dead and dying, and so don't preach any more about my rouge!"

Nor was she altogether wrong in her comparison, for she had some inscrutable disease of the heart that now they would call by a long and learned name, but that then had no name at all, emperors not having died of it. Its character, however, was better known than its name, since it frequently caused her to faint quite away, and might eventually prove a more serious thing, in case any sudden shock or pleasure should ever hurry the blood too swiftly on its passage through the heart—a thing not likely to happen to Honora, who was cool and calm and unmoved to a degree not common with women, for most women have not such earthly fixity, and in their changing and flitting and sparkling they are more like the evanescent and ethereal fire. But Honora had had the trouble for half a dozen years, and said little or nothing about it, and was well and strong in spite of the occasional fainting fit; and she was so fine and queenly and brilliant that she had more lovers than she could count on her fingers.

For all that, Honora was not happy. Mordecai sat in the King's gate. She was such a self-contained, self-balanced thing that nobody would have guessed it unless observing her as closely as I did, since to me she was something of a study, for I am a gossiping thing, as you see, telling all I know. But Honora took counsel with nobody but herself, and if you can understand me, did not always tell all she knew, even to herself.

So as I looked at her I could well discover how listless she was when one person only was absent from the group about her. I could see that the room was empty to her if he was not there, that she heard people talking as if in a dream, and wished that she could waken; and when he came she woke, she lifted the beautiful white lids, and the great, soft, dove eyes glistened, and while he spoke to her the sweetest suspicion of color seemed to fan up into her cheek, so that then she needed no rouge at all. But, after all, that was seldom, for Andrew Renton had other calls upon his time than those Honora made.

I think he was a light-minded man, not worthy the devotion of so deep and strong a nature as Honora's—of such a nature as Honora's might have been had good angels guided her. But that is the way of the world. It is those men that too frequently get the devotion. And Andrew Renton had a graceful manner with him that was captivating; he had a troubadourish sort of beauty; men loved him, and it did not need his brilliant talk, his daring riding, his dash and glitter, to conquer women, so long as he had that graciously sovereign way and that air of undivided interest, which always served him where better men had failed.

Nevertheless, Andrew Renton might have been all well enough if he had had a steady soul; but he was as uncertain as the wind; because he was in this quarter to-day, it was no sign he was to be there to-morrow. He had no fixed purposes, not even any preferences; he could not tell, in point of fact, whether he liked virtue or vice the best. He thought the "Last Rose of Summer" the sweetest tune in the world when Amabel Burney sang it, and continued to think so until he heard Honora sing "Home, Sweet Home." He was sure the bluebell in Honora's fair braids was the lovliest flower that blows till he saw the camelia in Amabel's dark curls; the blonde's great repose seemed to him absolute perfection till he again fell in with the witcheries and vivacities of the dark eyed and rosy-cheeked little beauty. He turned on his finger the sapphire, whose dark blue facets broke into blood-red rays at the angles in its cutting, and wondered which of those two lovely hands would wear it, as if fate and not he were to determine.

But before Amabel Burney crossed his vision he had been all Honora's, save for occasional acts of vagrancy of no duration; and he had hesitated in his contemplated proposal of marriage only because he could not judge from her manner what the answer would be, and a not unusual vanity made him desire certainty. Every day she had expected to hear the words from his lips; she knew that she was his already; she felt that he was hers. She was so certain of his love, indeed, that she did not feel it necessary to restrain her own feelings, and though she confided nothing to anybody, she loved him tenderly and idolatrously. And one night she had betrayed it.

He came, on the morning after that fatal evening, his heart full—though, as you see, it did not take much to fill it. He was sure now of good fortune, though no words had passed between them, and he intended to complete the mute avowal of the night before, and have a definite understanding in relation to their marriage. Honora, on the night before, standing under the chandelier, with its light pouring down on the *blonde cendree* hair and gilding it, pouring over her draperies of pale silk, and flashing back from her great pearls, seemed to him so glorious a creature that he dared not wait longer ere he claimed her. He could not wait, he said. And yet if I should tell you the exact truth, it would be that as he mounted the steps the next morning he experienced a strange sense of suffocation, and had half the mind to retreat before he was manacled. I suppose the artist in him loved Honora, but the man in him loved liberty.

But as he entered the parlors that morning, without announcement, he saw Honora in the music room beyond, with her young singing mistress standing beside her, and he quietly took his seat in the window, shielded by the curtain, to gaze on her at his pleasure till the lesson should be through. But the lesson was long. He could not see Honora further than some folds of her dress; only the music teacher faced him, brunette and bright, velvet-eyed and rosy lipped—a little piece of as perfect flesh and blood as he had ever seen, he said—only the voice of the fresh young thing thrilled him. Before the lesson was over callers of importance came, and, of course, the business of the day would have had to be postponed, even if it had suffered no diversion.

There was possibility only between him and Honora of one long, full look into each other's eyes, one long, close pressure of the hands, mute reiteration of the night's mute assurance, and so it chanced that Mr. Renton walked home with the little music teacher, and he would have been a very different being from Andrew Renton if he had not followed up his opportunity, for he was a man nowise fastidious as to caste, and he found that he had made the acquaintance of one as lovely in nature as in face, as innocent and unsuspecting and sweet as a child should be, as modest and timid as a woman. There was nothing timid about Honora, though reserve and cold pride might counterfeit the charm.

At first it had been accident that threw him in the little musician's society; it was accident that caused them to meet again in music rooms, and at other houses; then it was purpose. He followed the pretty thing about, thinking he was but amusing himself. To-day he fulfilled an engagement with Honora; to-night he went to hear Amabel sing. When he saw Honora he was her slave, and showed it; as he left her his fetters were loosened; and when he saw Amabel he thought it as sweet to rule there as to serve elsewhere. Honora's fortune and Amabel's poverty made no difference with him; he already had, if not as much wealth as he wanted, yet enough to answer at a pinch—his wife, whoever she might be, could have her own coach, and would not be destitute of diamonds.

Nevertheless, as the days went he felt a trifle uneasy—the least in the world displeased with himself. He wished he had never seen Amabel, or else, on the night before he did, he had not walked with Honora in the conservatory and in the dim shadows of the palms and bananas there; for on that night they had been dancing together, he flushed with the music and the waltz, and maybe with the wine, she white and still as before; and as they paused a moment in their sauntering through the green obscurity, where each of them might have seemed little more than a beautiful shadow to the other, he had suddenly, impelled by he knew not what rashness, except the fever in his blood, bent and kissed Honora's perfect mouth, and, as if the fiery touch had broken the statue-like spell that always bound her, she had met his lips with lips as passionate. And then gay approaching voices came down the blossoming aisle with jests and laughter, and they were not alone again.

But what woman of Honora's temperament, after all that had gone before—the long friendship, the long wooing—what woman who loved, and believed in the honor of her lover, would not have received that kiss as the avowal she had awaited—would not have expected plainer rapture and more open declarations on the morrow? And what woman would not have sat in amazed and indignant silence, biding her time, when days passed, and weeks, and, at length, one month was slipping into another, and still the lover came, and yet no plainer word was spoken? What woman would not have been resolved to discover the reason that lay behind it all, and, if love was so strong in her that she could not hate her lover, would not have hated the thing that she found was robbing her of him?

But when some weeks had passed, and Mr. Renton found himself in his dilemma, Amabel's influence counteracting Honora's just enough to make him uncertain of himself—uncertain whether he wished that he might marry both of them or that he had never seen either of them: and when other weeks had passed, and affairs were worse with him instead of better, and Honora's manner grew icier every day, and Amabel's had a touch of pathos in it that it tried a man to see, then Mr. Renton resolved that he would leave town and both of these magnets for a while, and trust to time to clear up the matter for him.

He had some business in the West that he had usually intrusted to an agent; but it would be just as well for him to look at it himself; and he accordingly sat down and wrote letters and made appointments, and completed his arrangements in such a manner that the wiles and strategies of neither of the two enemies of his peace should be able to have any influence with him for this time at least.

The room was full at Honora's when he went to speak of his approaching departure, for it was her reception day—the street cumbered with fine equipages and the stairways with gorgeous women. "I have come to bid you good-by," he said, standing beside her and taking her fan. He saw the least tremor imaginable run in one undulating sparkle through her jeweled necklace, for Honora was one of those who do not believe in leaving the beautiful for age and ugliness alone to wear.

"Are you going away?" she asked; and the color crept to her cheek, where she had forgotten to put the rouge, the faintest rose-flush, but it made her simply perfect; and as he looked at her he could not help murmuring,

> A woman of the gods, divinely tall
> And most divinely fair.

Another guest claimed her attention that moment, and she absently held her hand for the fan while speaking with her face averted and toward the new-comer, Mr. Renton had nothing to do but to gaze at her in her magnificence, with the pale pink shimmer in her silk, the vapory lace, the jewels, the features like a Greek goddess, the shining fairness of face, and the smile as dreamy as if she were a being of another sphere that all the time claimed her thoughts. It was too much for Renton, of course; you might as well expect him to stand in the East and not feel the sun. "Yes, I am going away," he said, as she turned again in his direction. "And when I come back, Honora?"

What, when he came back? She meant to answer him coldly, but it was impossible. She had loved him from childhood; suspense and fear had only fed the flame. Love loses all sense of pride; anger goes down before it. Doubtless he had been trifling with her, but—she loved him. "When you come back?" she said, under her breath, marble white, not lifting her eyes.

He was bending low before her in ceremonious adieu, to all the world, if all the world were looking, but he had taken her handkerchief holder, and was sliding its ring over the third finger of her outstretched hand. "When I come back," he said, "shall I put a different ring on that finger—one never to come off?"

She could not speak; she could only reply with a grasp of the hand; and then glancing up, he saw the blush mounting her white face, bathing cheek and forehead in its deep and rosy tints, and suddenly surging away and leaving them ashen, as she fell forward fainting.

There was an outcry at once about the heat of the rooms; and these crowded up with fans, and those with vinaigrettes, and the rest with ice water and with wine; and Renton carried her to the sofa of an adjoining parlor, and left her with her feathered and jeweled tiring women. And when she came out again, half an hour afterward, pale and smiling, with an ineffable peace on her face, he kissed her hand and went.

Mr. Renton thought that he would write little Amabel a farewell, and he went to drive in the park, and he dined with a friend, and when evening came he did not feel like writing. He felt like hearing some music, and he knew he could not see Honora, for she was to be at a grand dinner party. And so, on the whole, it seemed as well to be civil, and bid little Amabel good-by in person. He could suffer the statement to escape in the course of usual conversation, he fancied that he felt himself bound in honor to Honora, and that would put an end to any expectations Amabel might have cherished. Yes, he repeated, as he went along, he certainly was bound in honor—and Mr. Renton had not an idea but that he was one of the most honorable men alive.

Amabel was sitting at her piano when he went in, but she was not playing; her head was leaning forward on the music-rack, and her attitude was one of listless melancholy. At his step she sprang to her feet, and he saw that the tears were still sparkling upon her face, and making her, with her burning cheeks and her dark eyes glittering under the moisture, more dazzling than ever. She sat down again directly, after greeting him, and began to play to him, and then to sing. Renton was a connoisseur in his way; the voice, if not strong, was sweet, and the method was fine, the feeling was perfect; he lounged in a comfortable chair, gazing at the pretty picture the girl made, his soul and senses soothed in an epicurean luxury. By-and-by Amabel left the piano and came to sit beside him. "Oh!" she cried, "I thought you were gone!"

"And was that why you were crying?" he asked. She stopped a moment in her advance. "I haven't any friends, you know, in all the world!" she said. "I am all alone. And you seemed—you seemed—"

"I seemed—"

She paid no attention to his tone, but impatiently shook back the tumbling black curls. "And when I thought you had gone without bidding me good-by," she began, and then her voice choked and she flung herself half about and burst into tears again. And in another moment Renton, who could not endure the sight of pain at all, never the sight of tears, and least of all the tears of a pretty child for whom he had a tenderness, had his arms about her, and was kissing off the tears and declaring that he loved her passionately. And when he drove away to the station that night he had left his ring upon her finger and he had bidden her be ready for her bridal upon his return two months hence.

As he established himself that night in his section of the sleeping car, he felt, strange as it may seem, better satisfied than for a long time before. He decided that he had acted rightly, and not only, rightly, but magnanimously. Honora had other interests, other pleasures, distractions, friends and lovers, but Amabel had only himself. He would write to Honora, and close the affair between them, or he would let it slide, and make things right when they met. He thought the matter over, and was sure he would be happier with the gentle little Amabel—there was something far more flattering to his self-love in Amabel's reverence for him as a demi-god than in Honora's love for him as a man. And he pictured the girl in the splendor in which he would array her as his bride, and he heard her some night surprising his friends with that rich, sweet voice of hers, and he fell asleep. That either of the young women would have despised him for his conduct to the other did not occur to him; and he was right, for contempt would not have abated Honora's passion, and Amabel would have felt her love to be but so much the more necessary to him.

That week, as usual, Amabel went to give Honora her lesson. She was near the end of the term with all her pupils, and she thought it better to finish naturally, and then the money would be of value to her in making herself fit for a bride. She must have one white silk and one black one, at any rate, she said; and she had already laid out all she had in the purchase of the white one, which the person with whom she boarded was fitting for her. She was so happy and so glad that she could hardly keep herself from dancing as she passed along the street. She had no thought of making a secret of her bliss; and it was during Honora's lesson that, emphasizing some point of her instruction, she stretched her finger across the page, and Honora saw shining there the sapphire, with its deep blue facets breaking into blood-red rays at the angles of its cutting—saw that Amabel wore Renton's ring.

It was only by a supreme effort then that Honora kept her self-control. But she did. She felt herself sinking and falling, but she clutched the edge of the piano and sat upright; and presently the blood that the shock had sent curdling about her heart had regained its equilibrium. The sight of that ring had not been wholly unexpected by her; she had been making her quiet investigations, and had divined that Renton had been paltering with the girl in all that time when she had been waiting for him to speak decisively to herself. She had felt, to be sure, that that was over and done with since the morning when he bade her farewell before his journey, and made her heart beat so with joy as he slipped the handkerchief ring on her own finger; but when days had passed without the receipt of a line from him, she had begun to fear that his fickleness had the better of him again.

She had wondered, during those silent days, if Amabel could give no further account of him; she had reasoned that if some kind fortune would remove Amabel for a time, all would be well. And now, as she sat there gazing on the sapphire, everything that she could do was to repeat over and over to herself, "I must put her out of the way!"

She would make sure of the thing first. She looked up at Amabel's happy face. "You are wearing Mr. Renton's ring," she said calmly.

"I am engaged to Mr. Renton," answered the triumphant girl, with a deep soft blush.

"I suppose I need not ask you, then, if you have heard from him since he went away?"

"Oh, every day," said Amabel. "He is so good to me." There was something appealing in the girl's attitude; she was quite Honora's age, and was her teacher, yet somehow seemed very much younger and weaker; she was half conscious, perhaps, that she had, though unwittingly, robbed the other of the love of a life-time; she seemed almost to ask pardon as she stood beside her, with her down dropped hands clasped together and her down dropped eyelids veiling the depth of her eyes, as if they might reveal too much happiness when they lifted. "He is so good to me," said Amabel.

"How can he help it?" said Honora briefly. And she looked at the girl in her indigo-hued dress, with the rich carnations and creams of her clear dark skin, and the smile that brooded over her bliss and she admired her and hated her together.

"I must put her out of the way," repeated Honora. And she sat repeating it long after Amabel was gone. "She has no friends to inquire after her," she said. "And as for him, he will presently forget. It can only be the infatuation of a moment that is conquering the purpose of years. Were she but removed he would return to me, and be as he was before. Why should I let her rob me?" she cried aloud. "He was mine! He is mine! It is only the glamour of her colors and her lustres, her lovely flesh and blood that obscures our love. A year with her placid stupidities and silly minauderies would vex his soul out of his body, and she, too, would be merely wretched. And I will do her no harm, indeed," she added, presently. "If I shut her up half a dozen years she will be in no worse slavery or prison bounds than she is now, as she goes through the drudgery of her dreary round of lessons. And when she is free—I am rich—she shall have an annuity awaiting her that will secure her forever from care and work, and she will be still young, and she will find other lovers. What can she know of love? What is her passion of two months beside mine, that has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength? And by that time his fate will have been settled. He will have searched for her a little while, will have failed, will have come to me for consolation, will have found it, and I will have my own again!" she cried. "He was mine! He is mine! He shall be mine!" As she stood there in the sunshine, white, and with radiant eyes and a fierce, strong smile, she was the picture of triumph and defiance.

Wealth can do many things in a great and wicked city. It can hire strong arms and hard hearts; it can have coaches waiting in the shadow of appointed places to-night if yesterday missed, and to-morrow if to-day misses; it can purchase certificates of physicians; it can secure the silence and the services of the keepers of the insane. And it did all that for Honora. And when the iron gate had clanged behind her rival, and she knew that till she spoke the word the girl would see no sunshine save that which fell through a grate, she sat down and awaited the lover to retain whom she had wrought such evil. The wild wretchedness and woe of the wailing girl within those cruel walls, the struggles, the appeals, the fruitless efforts, the despair that was akin to madness—all these things mattered not to Honora now. She would not be troubled by them. "It may as well be she as I," she said. "It has to be one of us. What will he think of her? What I want him to think of her—that she is false and vile as she is fair. She is out of the way. Come, Andrew Renton, come."

But Amabel Burney, in saying she had not a friend in the world, had reckoned without her host, or rather, as we should say, her hostess; for the person with whom she had her home had not seen the little maiden going in and out, always so happy, so industrious, so bright, without giving her many a kind and loving thought. And now when the child did not come home, but her music, her dresses, her letters, were all lying in her room as she had left them, day after day untouched, the good woman became alarmed, visited the chief of police, turned over the letters till she found the address and wrote to Andrew Renton, and then went on finishing the white silk wedding dress, though she dropped many a tear on the seams.

And so Andrew Renton came—came sooner than he was expected, and unknown at first to any but the chief and the person who had sent for him, while all his heart was awake and alive and aflame; and now, fixed of purpose, sleepless and tireless, and racked with a thousand pangs, he was working out by day and night the salvation of the lost girl. It is true, the chief had a suspicion, for his own part, that it might be Andrew himself who had spirited the girl away, and was quietly working that little problem in the dark. But Andrew knew nothing of that, nor would he have cared if he had known. A chosen friend was with him now, a score of keen detectives followed his commands, and in the nights when Honora in her white satisfied sleep lay dreaming of him as still far away in the Western snows, he was, perhaps, passing under her window, as he delved and wrought out her secret from the dark recesses of the city's crime.

The two months of Mr. Renton's promised stay in the West had expired at last. His sister, quite ignorant of all the coil, had told Honora that a telegram from his agent had prepared her to expect him now on any train, and she had decided not to postpone the great party she had announced for his birthday. "He may come," she said, "before it is over. And I shall save the new waltz for the last, so that you may have it with him, my dear. *L'Amour et La Mort*—oh, the air is perfectly ecstatic! There, it goes this way!" and with that the giddy young matron had waltzed herself out of the room.

Honora went late to the party. He was coming! Her heart beat so at the thought all day that she could hardly move, and she did not put on her rouge lest the flush that greeted him should be redder than rouge. But at night she was white and calm and statuesque as she had ever been. No one that looked at her would have guessed the riot about that heart, and not a line upon her perfect face showed the consciousness of any evil, told that a crime lay behind its mask, and that she carried about with her the foul burden of a murdered soul. "He is coming," she was thinking. "He will see me before he knows the thing has gone: and the absence may have ruined all that. I shall dance with him: I shall regain my power. Presently I shall hear his step. I shall hear his dear voice, I shall touch his hand, I shall see his face."

She sat just a little withdrawn from the full blaze of the light, refusing to dance with any, though she kept the gayest group in the room about her. Never had any one seen or heard her so brilliant; but she hardly knew what she was saying. Every nerve was stretched for the moment of his coming. The music went sounding on deliciously, the flowers gave up their intoxicating odors, the gleam of jewels and the sheen of satins moved before her, all unconscious of them; she saw nothing but the door through which Andrew Renton was to pass. As she sat there on the low ottoman, her white brocade, with the pale blooms swimming over it, spread around her, with the steady glow of her carbuncles, with the bandeau of deep-red roses in her hair, she was as sumptuous and superb a creature as ever waited for a suitor to tread a measure; and she knew it.

But the evening was wearing on, and at last, after a brief silence from the orchestra, there stole out the first breathings of a low and far off strain—a single horn sighing the sweet convolutions of the tune, softened and re-echoed by bassoon and flute, swollen by the violins, till the full band burst forth with the perfect music of *l'Amour et la Mort*, and just at that moment a murmur was running round the room that the one in whose honor the fete was given had arrived.

It happened that the various groups of the room had gathered just then between Honora and the door. A gentleman bent over her shoulder, speaking with her, and her eyes were on her fan, whose filigree silver sticks she was slowly shifting. Her pulses were beating with the music, but she did not know that the tune was *L'Amour et la Mort*. She did not hear what the admirer bending there above her said. She did not see Andrew Renton, tall and splendid and stately, approaching her with another on his arm; she did not feel his presence in the room, till his voice sent the blood bubbling through her veins while he said, "Permit me, Honora, to present to you my wife," and she looked up to see bridegroom and bride—the bridegroom gazing at herself with eyes that pierced her like swords; the bride, wasted, indeed, from the round and dimpled thing she used to be, but still with a rich red mantling her dark cheeks, with a lovely light shining in her dark eyes, as she clasped her husband's arm with both her little hands, and surveyed the enemy.

Honora's breath came quick; a pale color fluttered up her her cheek once more and left it again; her heart, like a great trip-hammer, was beating out its blows on her breast as it forged the life of that next minute; but her eyes fell and she never looked up again. But she arose, and bowing, her head bent before bride and groom in one long proud courtesy—so long and deep an inclination that she had seated herself on the low ottoman again in concluding it. Her hands still held the filigree sticks of the fan, though the sticks were crushed between her fingers; her head was still bowed; the smile was fastened upon her haughty lip.

People turned to look at her as she remained so that instant, icy and still, with the smile, the bent head, the fan, the flicker of the wax lights glancing in her jewels, restless where all was fixed, the face blanching whiter and graver than the ancient frost. "The man has chosen warm flesh and blood rather than marble," whispered one. "She is like a beautiful statue!" said another. "Like?" cried a third, running forward, as the groups broke up and scattered in a horror, and the ecstatic music hushed itself and stopped—"she is a statue!"

And it was quite true; for Honora sat there, dead.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Custer and Stanley.

[From the Chicago Post.]

General Custer, like other men, undoubtedly has his faults, but in this case neither General Stanley nor his friends can be justified in throwing stones, because the General himself has certainly been living in a glass house. In order to get a clear understanding of the whole matter it is necessary to observe that a detachment of the Yellowstone expedition, consisting of the engineers' corps of the Northern Pacific railway, with an escort of six companies of infantry and a small section of cavalry under the command of Major E. F. Townsend, left Fort Abraham Lincoln, opposite Bismarck, on the seventeenth of June. The main body, under the immediate command of General Stanley, did not leave Fort Rice, twenty-five miles below Fort Lincoln, until the twentieth, expecting, however, to overtake the detachment within a week or ten days. The Seventh Cavalry, under General Custer, formed a part of Stanley's force, and it was well understood that an unpleasant feeling existed between these officers from the start.

On Tuesday, June 24, the detachment was overtaken by a terrific hail storm and hurricane, which stampeded the animals, broke up several of the wagons, and prevented any further movement until assistance could be provided. On the twenty-fifth Major Townsend sent his small cavalry force of only twenty men in search of General Stanley and the needed succor. At the end of two days Stanley was found on the Heart river, twenty miles distant, with nearly his whole force on the south side of that stream and unable to cross by reason of high water. The cavalry, however, under Custer, were safely on the north side. Hearing of the accident to Townsend's command, Stanley directed General Custer, with such supplies as had been moved across the river, to march to his relief. He arrived at Townsend's camp on the twenty-seventh. In the meantime the engineers, whose transportation had also been impaired by the storm, were running their line some ten miles in advance of the camp, and returning to it each day. This was, of course, extremely laborious and inconvenient. Anxious to push along the surveys with as little delay as possible, Engineer Rosser went back to Stanley's camp and requested that General Custer, with his cavalry, might act as escort to his party, and that thus the work might go on. This request was granted, whether with or without any restrictions as to time or distance I was unable to learn. At all events, we advanced on the twenty-ninth some ten or twelve miles, and again on the thirtieth six miles. On the first of July we remained in camp. On the second we advanced twenty miles, and on the third only two miles. On July 4 we marched twenty-five miles, resting on the Heart river, about eight miles below the point we designed to reach. This was a blunder, and on the fifth we retraced our steps about eight miles. At 7 P. M. on the fifth of July, or three weeks from the time of our leaving the Missouri, Stanley's column appeared in sight, and that night went into camp on our right. Stanley was much irritated because Custer had advanced so far, and, it is said, denounced him openly. On the sixth of July no movement was made. On the seventh we advanced twelve miles. On that day Stanley sent an order to General Custer prohibiting the latter from using a cooking stove, which had, up to this time, been employed by his servant. He also wrote a message to General Custer, inquiring by what authority he allowed a certain civilian the use of a horse belonging to the government. Custer rejoined that it was by the same authority that he (Stanley) allowed the same privilege to a certain other civilian, the correspondent of a New York newspaper. On the receipt of his note, Stanley ordered Custer and his senior subordinate, Captain Hart, to headquarters. It was at guard mounting, about 7 P. M. I was standing within fifteen feet of Stanley at the time. The two officers rode up to the open space on which the guards were being inspected, dismounted and advanced to Stanley's tent. He was standing alone outside in his shirt sleeves. As the officers approached him I noticed that no salute passed except between Captain Hart and Stanley. The General then informed Custer that he was under arrest, and directed Captain Hart to take command of the regiment. Salutes were exchanged between the captain and Stanley, and the two cavalrymen retired, the whole ceremony not occupying more than half a minute. The next day Custer marched in the rear of his regiment. The sympathy for him was deep and universal outside of Stanley's headquarters, as far as I had any opportunity to observe. But there was no disguising the fact that Custer had used language that was disrespectful toward his superior officer in his rejoinder to Stanley's note. The provocation, however, was great, as it was felt that Stanley's conduct was unnecessarily irritating in his interference with the domestic concerns of the cavalryman's headquarters. The kind offices of mutual friends of the two Generals led to something like a reconciliation, and on the ninth Custer was again at the head of his column, although it was authoritatively stated the end had not yet been reached, and would not be until after the return of the expedition.

The Fan Flirtation in Spain.

No less a personage than Mr. Chapus, the editor of the sprightly Parisian ladies' paper, *Le Sport*, indulges in explaining to its readers how the fan flirtation is practiced in Spain. The Andalusian custom seems to resemble our own very much. This is how, says the chronicler:

The open fan moved from the hand outwardly indicates that the lady is married, and sends you away; the contrary that she is a widow; it is a call, and is performed with more or less rapidity. If the motion is vertical, from top to bottom, she is neither married nor a widow; if from bottom to top, the signification is that you must be submissive. The closed fan, held vertically, implies that you may act freely; if open and covering the breast, absolute discretion is commanded. The closed fan, presented horizontally, signifies gallantry; presented by the small end, rejection or indifference; with one compartment unfolded, friendship; with two compartments unfolded, sympathy; and three, love, passion.

But this is not all; the fan flirtation is further brought down to a success. "Every worldly fan should be composed of seven compartments or folds—one for each day in the week. The hour of meeting is indicated by blows struck on the compartment corresponding with the day selected—two, three, four blows signifying two, three or four o'clock. The fan, when closed and placed on the lips, imposes silence; the circular motion signifies we are noticed and watched; and when one of the extremities is placed on the forehead it is ominous in its significance, and means, 'my husband is coming.'"

An invalid once complained to his neighbor of a shanghai which the latter kept. The bird was a terrible nuisance, and gave him no peace day or night. "But," said the skeptical owner, "my cock only crows four or five times a day. I don't see how that can annoy you so much." "Because," replied the sufferer, "you don't take into account all the times when I am expecting him to crow."

[From the Graphic.]

"A PERFECT GENTLEMAN."

BY GEORGE L. CATLIN.

Well, you talk about your "tone," but if you had only known
Colonel David Slash, who lives at Opelligga,
(Called "Colonel Dave" for short), you surely would have thought
No high-toned-er ge'l'man ever pulled a trigger.

You can risk your bottom dollar that the negroes used to holler
When they see the Colonel come to stir them round;
Yes! and how the little darks used to scatter like the sparks
When they heard that Mars'r Dave was on the ground.

He could hit a silver dime with a rifle every time
At sixty paces, sure as you're a sinner;
And, by thunder, he could drink (I'm a lyin', p'r'aps, you think)
Twenty Bourbon straights afore he got his dinner.

He always turned the joker, and he held such hands at poker
That he gen'r'lly went it blind and raised the ante;
Which reminds me of a game with a stranger man, who came
One evening down at Major Russell's shanty.

We were sitting there—Jedge Noyes, his two oldest grown-up boys,
Dr. Sanders, Cap'n Jenkins and his brother,
The Stranger, Dave, and me—when Colonel Dave says he,
"Come, ge'l'men, let's step up and have another."

So we stepped up to the bar, had a drink and a cigar
All around on the Colonel's invitation.
And everybody present felt agreeable and pleasant,
And we had a reg'lar friendly conversation.

Then the Stranger chanced to say how he'd never learned to play
Draw poker, but he wished that he was able.
"Well, in case you'd like to learn," says the Colonel, "let's adjourn
To the other room. There's candles and a table."

So we all, with one accord, sat down around the board,
And who should get the deal but the Stranger.
Lor'! he shuffled up the pack and he dealt with such a knack
That I saw in a moment there was danger.

Says the Colonel, quite resigned, "I go twenty dollars blind;
Let's see, I want one ke-ard, Mr. Dealer."
Says the Stranger: "Well, so be it, I reckon I can see it,
And go you fifty better, for a feeler."

Then we all of us withdrew from that game except them two,
But they went at it reg'lar business fashion.
And I never shall forget the way they both did bet,
Till I saw the Colonel getting in a passion.

Says the Stranger with a frown, "There's a thousand dollars down
On the table—that's my pile. Colonel; size it."
"Do you call me?" cried the Colonel, with a smile that was infernal,
"I'm a ge'l'man. Where's the party who denies it!"

The Stranger, very cool, answered, "Colonel, you're a fool;
Show your cards. Ge'l'men, steady; keep your places."
Then down the Colonel flings a seven and four kings
And the Stranger, faintly smiling, shows four aces.

I disremember quite who it was blew out that light
(As I swore next day afore the cor'ner's jury);
Mind! I saw no one begin it, but, in another minute,
The pistol balls were going round like fury.

As many as were able got underneath the table;
I shot up the chimney like a cinder;
Cap'n Jenkins hugged the floor, the Jedge slid out the door,
And the Doctor bolted straight through the winder.

Well, the 'mount of it was this the Colonel didn't miss,
Though he fired in the dark; but what was funny,
When he brought in the lamps and began to count the stamps,
Why, the half of it was counterfeiter's money.

THE CHOLERA OF 1873.

BY WILLIAM H. HOLCOMBE, M. D.

[In the United States Medical and Surgical Journal for October.]

A pernicious gastro-intestinal catarrh, reported as *cholera sporadica*, prevailed in New Orleans from March to July. Like the great epidemics of the Asiatic cholera, it was preceded by influenza and followed by dysentery, although in a minor degree. But there were so many differences that the old experts of 1849-50 could not confound the recent epidemic with the terrible malady that is said to have originated on the banks of the Ganges.

There was no Asiatic cholera nearer to us than Central Europe, and no recorded advance of it westward. Our disease was not imported by sea-going vessels, nor brought by railways. It originated here, and not on the river banks, nor among the marine population. It did not spread from any one centre or focus. The first five or six deaths occurred at points in the city far distant from each other. There was no sign whatever of contagion. There were multiple deaths reported from but two houses in the city. I saw thirty-one cases, and every case was in a different house, and in a different family.

My general skepticism as to the current and popular ætiology of diseases was strengthened by my observations of this particular malady. Cholera is said to be a disease of hot weather, and the winter epidemics of Northern Europe are ascribed to the dense heat and filth of overcrowded and ill ventilated rooms. Our disease began when the weather was cold, and vanished entirely just at our point of extreme heat.

In three fourths of my cases, no cause whatever having the least rational basis could be assigned for the attack. Make out a full list of all the supposed causes of cholera, and with a full practice you can jot down case after case as having occurred under precisely the opposite conditions.

In leaving New Orleans it did not follow the main routes of travel. More cars and passengers run from our city daily to Mobile and to Louisville than to any other point, and those cities have escaped entirely. Nashville, which suffered sooner and more severely than other places, is entirely off the direct line from New Orleans, and has very little communication with us. The disease, moreover, has passed by great cities, railways and river courses, and fallen like a thunderbolt on sundry obscure and remote inland towns in the interior of the Southern and Western States.

The causation of cholera is still an unraveled mystery, and so will ever remain as long as ætiology is studied from standpoints exclusively physical and materialistic, and the great spiritual *rapport* between man and nature entirely ignored.

There were 232 deaths by cholera reported in the four months. But many of the 368 deaths reported during the same time as cholera morbus, cholera infantum, etc., were, no doubt, with more truth to be assigned to the prevailing type—the pernicious gastro intestinal catarrh. Why should more than a hundred deaths be attributed to cholera morbus in 1873, when only three deaths were reported in 1872 from that rarely fatal malady? The deaths by cholera infantum are reported as double those of last year, whereas the extraordinary, comparative coolness of our summer ought to have made that disease less fatal than usual.

My impression is that the disease was of a very mild type, and that the fatal cases were the wholly neglected ones, or the result of outrageously bad treatment. Cholera, even the most malignant Asiatic, leaves the brain and mental faculties conspicuously clear, and when you hear of cholera patients dying stupid and comatose, as I frequently did, you may expect that their allopathic friends have caused or hastened their exit into the spiritual world by opiates—kindly meant.

The symptoms were those of mild Asiatic cholera; very copious rice-water evacuations, intense pains in the abdomen, cramps in the extremities, frequent vomiting, prostration, cold sweats, cold tongue, feeble pulse, intense thirst, restlessness, etc. In a few cases where there were incessant jactitation, a husky voice and venous suffusion of countenance. In one of my cases there was suppression of urine for thirty-six hours. I saw no genuine collapse.

One of the earliest things noticed was the failure of camphor to do what was confidently expected of it. Almost every patient had taken several drops of camphor, every three or five minutes before I reached the bed; and nearly always without any appreciable result. This was surprising to them all. Every homeopathic family knows that camphor is one of the best specifics for cholera. Even the allopaths are finding that old Dr. Ringer, whose therapeutics, well saturated as it is with homeopathic ideas, is the best allopathic book which has appeared in the last decade, gives Hahneman's exact prescriptions for the use of camphor in cholera as if it were his own discovery. But camphor must fit the case exactly, or it will be of little value, and this was not a camphor epidemic.

Camphor represents the sudden and rapid development of genuine Asiatic cholera. The symptoms which call for it are great muscular prostration, occurring simultaneously with mental apathy, coldness of the whole surface, hoarseness, stupor, intense anguish, and all before any great sweating, vomiting or purging has exhausted the system. It does not represent an extensive gastro-intestinal catarrh, but rather a terrible shock to the great sympathetic nervous system, and suits the congestive chill of malarious disease just as it does the worst form of Asiatic cholera, in which the case seems to begin, instead of ending, with collapse.

Now there may have been cases of that kind in the city which might have been saved by camphor, but I saw none of them. The constitutional type of the disease, as it came under my notice, called especially for veratrum alb., vomiting and purging of rice water, cramps in the abdomen, cold skin, nose, face and tongue, cold sweat on the forehead, feeble pulse, etc., with no special rapidity in the development in the case.

In every case I alternated veratrum first dec. with cuprum third cent. every five minutes, until the cramps and discharges ceased, which occurred in almost every case in from two to four hours. I enjoined the horizontal position, insisting even upon the use of the bed-pan for the evacuations. I allowed ice water to drink, frequently, but no more than a quarter of a common tumbler at each time. Insisted upon the patient lying still and under moderate cover. Applied a mustard plaster over the whole abdomen in some very painful cases, and in one instance where the evacuations were of enormous size, gave injections of starch-water and laudanum with apparently good effect.

The difference between cuprum and veratrum seems to be this: *i. e.*, veratrum affects the sphere governed by the great sympathetic: cuprum, the cerebro-spinal sphere. Veratrum has cramps predominantly of the voluntary muscles. Cold sweating demands veratrum especially, while violent cramps call more loudly for cuprum. Either remedy may be used alone with excellent effect when clearly indicated; but in the cholera, the cerebro-spinal and the ganglionic systems are so often implicated together and act and react upon each other, that I thought it best to alternate the remedies, and the brilliant result has in my opinion justified the measure.

When you see cases of cholera of the genuine camphor type, you may be sure that cases demanding arsenicum, and even secale cor., will present themselves. Arsenicum may be said to represent the reaction against the camphor-congestion. In other words, a case of camphor-cholera, slowly recovering, will almost certainly call for arsenicum. And when camphor is rarely indicated in the beginning, you will rarely find a demand for arsenicum.

In the late epidemic, the characteristic symptoms of arsenicum did not appear in any of my cases. Incessant restlessness and change of position; intense thirst, satisfied for a few moments by a small quantity of water; cold skin, with great subjective heat; violent burning pain in the epigastrium, and discharges, not rice-water, but frequent, scanty, and of a dark or yellowish water. It takes all these symptoms combined to make a true arsenic case.

I saw one case which recovered slowly under arsenic and carbo. veg. thirtieth attenuation, after veratrum and cuprum had arrested the rice-water discharges and cramps, but failed to advance the cure beyond that point. The patient was an old English woman, and the symptoms remaining were: retching without vomiting, dirty, yellow discharges, flatulence, huskiness of voice, slight discoloration of countenance, thirst, restlessness, and fear of death.

The arsenic of copper—cuprum arsenicum third cent., was found very useful in the choleric diarrhea which has prevailed during the summer, in the disturbed condition of the bowels during convalescence from cholera, and even in some of the dysenteric cases which prevailed on the decline of the epidemic.

For the stage of reaction after an attack of cholera, aconite is unquestionably the best remedy. I put ten drops of the mother tincture into half a glass of water, and gave two teaspoonfuls hourly. My experience with that dose has been so satisfactory that I have had no occasion to experiment with the higher attenuations.

Abdominal neuralgias were very frequent during the prevalence of the disease. Cramp in the stomach, bilious colic, ovarian neuralgia, nephritic colic, lumbago and sciatica were prescribed for more frequently than before. Several cases were mistaken for cholera sicca, dry cholera, from the very violent and alarming symptoms, which proved nothing but intermittent neuralgia of the cœlaic plexus.

I lost no case of the late pernicious gastro-intestinal catarrh, or false cholera, as I would term it. This is not at all surprising, when none of the cases were of the very severe type, when they all occurred in patients in most comfortable circumstances, when I was called in ample time to every case, and when the treatment was homeopathic. I do not believe that the most judicious allopathy, with all the same advantages, could have presented so fair a result.

The Pope and the Free Masons.

The Pope is the Don Quixote of our age. Wherever he sees a windmill, with lance in rest, he rushes at it; when beaten, he consoles himself by excommunicating the objects of his wrath. When he lately appointed twenty-two new bishops, and gave them, as was proper, his fatherly counsel, he specially exhorted them to show no quarter to Free Masonry. Referring to the conflict between the bishops and the Masons in Brazil he said:

"In these days a conflict is raging between some bishops and a Catholic government in America. The Free Masons are there; they penetrate everywhere; and, not contented with sitting among the counselors of the sovereign, they even introduce and insinuate themselves into the membership of pious associations, such as confraternities, and they blow their trumpet, saying that the Masons of that part of America are not condemned, because they are not like those of Europe, but are a charitable society. The assertion is false; they are excommunicated and anathematized like all the rest. Nevertheless, they go to the lengths I have stated; and now that the bishops are saying with St. John the Baptist, *Non licet*, they raise a cry, they threaten public hostilities, and they imperil the church and the throne. If it had been said from the beginning, *Non licet*, better effects would have been seen; now, however, the republicans of the streets, the wicked, and even the ministers themselves fiercely oppose the bishops, in order to support these sectaries condemned by the church, and thus to produce those grave scandals and those ruinous mischiefs which are feared. Wherefore, dearly beloved brethren, cry aloud in time in all cases of unjust pretensions—cry, *Non licet*."

To what lengths will this foolish old man, who persuades himself that he is infallible, go? He has cursed the King of Italy, and all who have taken part in the promotion of Italian unity; he has denounced the Old Catholics as schismatics; he has poured his wrath upon the Protestants who are honestly trying to do good in Rome; he curses the Masons—whom will he not curse? He has flung himself against modern civilization, determined to arrest it by the force of his infallibility. The spectacle is an amazing one. Men are puzzled to determine whether they should feel grieved or laugh.

The Masons are a charitable association. Whether to unite with them or not is a question of common prudence; by many good men that question is decided in one way, and by many equally good men in quite another. But the consignment of them to eternal perdition, as enemies of God and his people, is an outrage which only a Pope could commit. The truth is, the Roman priesthood will tolerate no secrecy which they can not control; they will have all human hearts laid bare to their inspection, and will be assured that they hold in their hands the springs of all human actions. By this power they would, if they could, control the world, and Masonry, just as Protestantism, is in their way. The priesthood is itself a secret organization, and will endure no rival.—*New York Methodist.*

The Arlington, Washington, District of Columbia, having been thoroughly renovated and greatly improved, will re open to-day.