New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

SAINT AND SINNER.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

A certain holy anchorite
Who for himself a cave had made,
Comfortless, in the waste Thebaid,
Where, like a wild beast in his den,
He passed a long life far from men,
Untroubled by the hateful sight
Of woman—this old man austere
Fasted, and scourged himself, and prayed,
Renouncing all the world holds dear:
His sole thought being, day and night,
How to find favor in God's eyes,
And thereby enter Paradise.

He led this life three score and ten
Starved years, puffed up with sanctity;
"Who more a saint?" he thought, and then
Prayed God to show him what saint he
Should emulate to holier be;
Thinking, no doubt, like many now,
Who kneel self-righteously, and pray,
That God would stoop from Heaven, and say:
"There is none holier than thou."

That night God's Angel came to him
(The sun at noonday would be dim
By the great light that filled the place),
And said: "If thou in sanctity,
And in the growth of heavenly grace,
Would'st all surpass, thou must do more
Than fast, and scourge thyself, and pray.
Thou must be like, or strive to be,
A certain man; a poet he,
For he upon a pipe doth play,
And sing and beg from door to door."

He heard in great astonishment,
Arose, and took his staff, and went
Wandering the neighboring country round
To find this poet; whom, when found,
(He sat a piping in the sun,
And sang what songs came in his head),
He questioned earnestly, and said:
"I pray thee, brother, tell me now
What good and great work thou hast done?
What path that holy men have trod,
What fast, what penance, or what vow
Makes thee acceptable to God?"

Ashamed to be so questioned, he
Hung down his head as he replied:
"Oh, father! do not scoff at me:
I know no good work I have done,
And, as for praying, well-a-day,
I so unworthy am to pray.
That, sinner, I have never tried—
I go from door to door and play
(You caught me piping in the sun),
Cheering the simple people there,
Who something for my hunger spare."

The holy man insisted: "Nay,
But in the midst of thy ill life
(For it is ill, as thou dost say,
Perhaps some good work thou hast done."
The singer then: "I know of none."

Within the hermit's mind a strife
Now rose—the Angel—who could tell
Whether it were from Heaven or Hell?

"How hast thou," to the poet then,
"Become the beggar that thou art?
Hast thou thy worldly substance spent
In riotous living—women, wine,
Like most that idle craft of thine
Who follow Hellward—sinful men?"

To whom the other, pained at heart,
But not a whit ashamed: "It went
Another way. 'Twas thus: I found
A poor, pale woman, running round
Hither and thither, sick, distraught
(It pains me to recall it yet);
Her husband, children had been sold
In slavery to pay a debt.
But she was comely to behold;
So certain sons of Belial sought
Her ruin, whom may God condemn!
Her, weeping, to my hut I brought,
And there protected her from them.
I gave her all that I possessed;
Went with her to the city where
Her wretched husband had been sold,
And her young children; found them there
And brought them back. You guess the rest,
For they are happy as of old.
But what of that? In Heaven's name,
What man would not have done the same?"

The hermit, smitten to the heart
At the sad tale of that poor wife,
Wept bitterly, saying: "For my part,
I have not done, in all my life,
I thought so holy, so much good.
And thou art so misunderstood,
And yet thou makest no complaint;
And men, because I fast and pray,
While thou upon thy pipe dost play,
They call thee Sinner, and me Saint!"

—Scribner for January.

48.

BY NYM CRINKLE.

I am the little old man with a basket, who sits in the front corner of No. 48 on her last trip up.

You must have noticed me.

I don't mind telling you that I am in the postoffice; that I work when you are asleep. There's a late mail has to be distributed, and I must have my hands full up to half-past one in the morning.

I've been at it ten years. They never removed me. Somehow I've clung to the place all through, in spite of politics and Presidents.

You'd think, to look at me, that I am older than I really am. Sixty-one last September. Not a day more. You see it depends a good deal on what a man does. I've known men who did all their work in a dry, hot atmosphere, to pass for veterans before they reached middle life. Shuffling letters is not as wholesome as making hay or driving a car, take my word for it. And when a man sticks at this for ten years, I fancy he gets a peculiar appearance—I might say a postoffice appearance, as if the government had stamped him.

But it wasn't about the general office that I wanted to talk, but about the car that I ride up in. I've often thought, sitting in the corner there with my lunch basket, that I see some things that you, being asleep, scarcely ever dream of.

Perhaps I magnify the incidents, and give them more meaning than they deserve. That would be natural enough in a person whose eyes are tired out with looking at buff and white letters. And yet it seems to me sometimes that the great wide-awake daylight world, which never rides in 48, can have no idea of the people I meet.

You see, there is something about the night life of the city, at least I fancy there is, that never shows itself in daylight.

Most of the stragglers that 48 picks up on her last trip seem to be labelled like certain medicines, "Keep out of the light." I've an instinct that they don't work at honest labor in the night as I do. They are differently stamped. The fact is, when the wholesome world shuts its eyes, there is an unwholesome world that opens its eyes and begins to stare and blink. Something of the compromise that exists between the vice and the self-preservation of society of course comes over into the night, but I don't think you are as sure of it after twelve o'clock.

Light itself is in some sort a conserving moral, as it is a beneficial, physical influence. I suppose society never quite outgrows the child's natural sense of helplessness in the dark.

Well, 48 on its way to Harlem has to go through a sleeping city. It picks up all the late workers, the fagged, unresisting and selfishly insensible fellows, who want a comfortable seat and forty-five minutes' nap, and who don't want to be disturbed. If you could see these people once you would recognize the night influence. Their elasticity is gone. They are sullen, querulous, drowsy and chilly. They huddle together, with their heads sunk in their coat collars and their hands deep in their pockets. There is a spiteful protest in their whole aspect against the unnatural necessity that keeps them out of their beds at night. They know me by sight, but they never notice me. Why should they? I'm very much bent. I have a thin, pinched and furrowed face. I wear steel spectacles. Altogether I present an uninteresting picture of helpless and aged respectability, which is not available for any car emergencies. If 48 runs off the track and the conductor asks the sullen and sleepy passengers to get out and help get it on, they curse and growl under their great coats and shuffle out, but they let me sit still. If there is a fight in 48, a thing which often occurs, it expends itself around me without touching me.

But the late workers are not the only passengers that 48 picks up. There is between Printing House square and the Bowery a dark, noisome, [illegible] region, with its edge upon the East river and its limit along Centre street. It is full of pitfalls. Hiding in its cellars and back alleys are the social anneals of the city—those rejected and uncatalogued creatures, half beast and half human, who lie in wait and prey upon each other. They [illegible] rats. They have a stealthy, predatory way with them, a gregarious instinct, a habit of darting [illegible] and apparently [illegible] [illegible] until everything is quiet. Then they swarm [illegible] out. [illegible] the up town car and [illegible] Houston street. They seldom go beyond that. Really, now, I doubt if a description of some of them is even permissible for polite ears. Certainly it would not be credible.

Let me say, then, in brief, that life and death, honesty and filthy vice, health and disease, innocence, desperation and brutality come together very often in 48, and glare at each other as they rattle along through the night.

Now and then a delicately bred creature goes over to Brooklyn to a party with her brother or husband, and is compelled to come home by the way of 48. Ah, I've seen that often enough. She gets in with the self reliant air that always became her in daylight. The drowsy fellows, with their heads in their collars, are curiously uninteresting, that's all, and she drops her tired head on her companion's shoulder and is secure. But on the corner of Pearl street there gets in a gorilla, vomited out of the night somewhere. A powerful desperado, full of poisonous liquor. He is not loquacious nor boisterous; he is vicious. The conductor, who has a keen eye to measure the resisting force of a passenger, treats him with a dogged deference. The passengers make room for him, with just the least bit of obsequiousness. The little old man in the corner understands all this, believe me. Outlawry is slightly imperious at night. The grip on its throat is not so tight. Outlawry, disregarding all other seats, chooses to sit down by the tired and frightened lady, and to stare at her. She shudders a little. Well she may. Never before had she come so close to this thing, for always before the daylight surrounded her with a charm that kept it away. She gets closer to the young man, and puts her veil down.

Let me tell you that this is not a fanciful example. I am telling you what I have seen out of my corner. The ruffian I have described is a typical one. Three or four times within ten years he has got into 48, and there was bloodshed before he got out. Once he insulted the gentleman who was taking the lady home. It was a deliberate, gross, and malicious insult. The mere exercise of brute power—that cowardly self-assertion which discovers itself in such characters the moment the circumstances offer them the least immunity. He addressed to the young man a vile remark, which called forth a spiteful protest. He chose to consider this protest an insult and a challenge. So he struck the young man a blow with his fist.

A mere night brawl, say you! True enough. But consider it as I have from my corner. A sudden struggle. Right and duty and inoffensive gentility on one side; wrong, oppression, force, on the other—and wrong having much the best of it. A fierce tussle, the car stopped, conductor and driver pulling at the hyena who is after the young man's blood; a call for the police, a flourish of clubs, innocent and guilty arrested together; a fainting woman alone in a car—then the joggle, joggle, as we go on again through the night.

Do not all the brave citizens in 48, including the little old man in the corner, rise as one person in defense of a woman; an indication of law and order, in support of that general principle that no man's life is safe if this ruffian has his own way.

I am sorry to say the brave citizens do not. As a rule they get an inch or two deeper down in their coat collars, and pretend not to understand the row, or to be annoyed only at the detention. One of them, I am free to admit, has a hot tingle in his aged fingers, and gnashes his two or three teeth quietly for a minute. Another, I learn afterward, writes a manly and courageous letter to the morning papers about it, but does not sign his name for fear he will be called as a witness.

Not one of them cares to imperil his personal comfort for the moment, and the comfort of his family and friends for a long time afterward, by becoming the champion of innocence in a night-car.

I can see that from my corner. Yes. I can see something else. I can see that ruffianism knows it.

Don't you make the mistake of supposing that I am one of those cowardly individuals who look on when a policeman is attacked by two or three ruffians and laugh at his appeals for help. I never wrote a valiant letter to the press about ruffianism, and yet I have been insulted, jostled and maltreated in 48. I have seen women compelled to sit and listen to ribalry from miscreant throats, which would raise a cordon of chivalrous arms round the victim if uttered in daylight. I have seen invalids and aged people treated with a course cruelty that would have shocked a Korac. I have heard mild protests uttered by moral courage lacking physical courage to back it up, and the whole car laughing derisively at the discomfiture of decency by foul-mouthed brutes.

And every time, I assure you, I have had the same tingle in my finger ends and the same pressure on my gums.

Ten years were not needed to convince me that the age of chivalry was past. I have often wondered from my seat in the corner whether if men wore swords as they once did they would leap from their scabbards as of old when men were stung by high-handed outrage.

No, sir; I am a knight at heart, though you wouldn't suspect it to look at me there in the corner of 48 with my basket on my knees, and my uncertain, watery eyes that hardly dare to look you squarely in the face. Many's the hyena that has turned his lurid eye on me with contemptuous pity, and asked with his leer what I was going to do about it.

I never told him.

But I can tell you.

Ten years ago I was knocked down by an enfranchised peasant who had not been in the country three months. He had a pack of other wolves at his back, as you may know.

There were only three things possible for me to do:

Have them arrested on a warrant.
Whale them all single-handed.
Submit quietly and thankfully.
I tried the first.

They rallied with a fresh pack. They were fined $5 a head, which their captain general paid for them; then they waited at the courtroom door and shook their fists in my face, and promised to take it out of me the first time I appeared in public.

Chivalry wasn't of much account in this case, unless I was willing to undertake the job of depopulating my ward.

I had a boy. He was sixteen then. He didn't take after me so much as after his grandfather, who was a butcher—one of those athletic, old-time fellows, who schttied round New York with spring carts, and put on red shirts at night; a stalwart, vigorous, valiant tribe. This boy of mine was a fine type of physical beauty as you ever clapt eyes on, if I do say it. He wasn't big for his age, nor heavy, but he was as strong as an iron wire, as quick as the flashes that go over it nowadays.

I resolved to make him the champion that I could not be.

And I did. Ah ha! my gorilla; you never suspected that the old man in the corner could match you with training and intelligence and skill, did you!

Perhaps, my friend, you don't believe that a man's muscles can be brought to the highest point of perfection without his becoming a brute.

Then you are not an Englishman, and you don't know my Jack.

I wish you could see him stripped. Talk about your Apollos. Why, you can't make a dent in him anywhere with your fist. It's all solid, hard, perfected sinew from occiput to ankle.

There isn't a trick that hasn't been taught him. I've seen him get away with four men in two minutes without getting off his feet. And as for courage and bottom and all that sort of thing, well, I believe the trainers know pretty well how to estimate him. You ask them.

Well, of course, Jack is a little wild, but he is a gentleman; and I want you to understand that he is serving Uncle Sam like his father, with this difference, that he's got a position in the navy yard.

Well, I was going to tell you how I was coming home not long ago in 48. It was a Saturday night, and I got off a little earlier than usual. There were two or three of us in the car. On the corner of Pearl street there got in with difficulty an old woman whose back had been broken at some time. A little dwarfed creature, dressed in rusty black, and hobbling with a stick. There was a distressful timidity about her that betrayed her helplessness. She was accompanied by a lad, who might have been her son. The car filled up, and there got in at the Bowery Theatre the gorilla and a companion brute, both noisy, tipsy, and quarrelsome. They insulted the conductor before they entered for not stopping his vehicle sooner. They brought with them an atmosphere of filth and blasphemy. Everybody in the car cowered. One of them stumbled in his drunken clumsiness over the old woman's stick, at which he whipped out an oath. I thought to myself that I had never seen two such villainous specimens of ignorance and blackguardism in my life.

One of them held the stump of a cigar in his mouth. It was lit, and he smoked with utter disregard of the other passengers.

"Please not to smoke, gents," said the conductor.

The exact reply of the gorilla to this invitation was—

"What the hell is the matter with you, say! There aint any women in this car."

He then went on smoking, and no further interference was offered by the conductor. But there was a mild mannered gentleman present, as there always is, who was not in the habit of riding at night. He ventured a quiet remark.

"But there is a lady present, gentlemen," pointing to the cripple.

The gorilla and his companion both looked at the speaker, measuring him all over with contempt. Then one of them said deliberately: "What's the matter with you? Don't you like it?"

"No, sir," said indiscretion, "I don't like it. It's the conductor's duty to stop it."

"Look here," remarked the ruffian, going up to the victim, "the conductor can't stop it. P'raps you'd better try it yourself."

Everybody trembled. We all knew what this meant. The great, stalwart bully was ready to triumph.

Just at that moment there sprang upon the car a young man with an undress naval cap on. He came in with a spring and sat down in the corner next the door.

I wonder if anybody but me noticed what a magnificent specimen of a man he was. Not a bit of clumsiness in him, as lithe as a cat, as erect as an Indian, as supple as a rattlesnake and as quick as a flash!

The two outcasts were hanging to the straps. They hovered over the poor cripple utterly regardless of her timidity. The conversation was directed to the inoffensive gentleman opposite. They carried on a jeering dialogue interwoven with oaths, of which he was the subject. He was pale but helpless.

Suddenly the young man in the corner got up and went and stood over the old woman in such a manner that he had to push the gorilla out of the way.

The fellow turned about, and their eyes met. I saw every movement, though I held my breath.

"Move forward," said the young man. "You annoy this lady."

Then spoke up the little old man in the corner for the first time:

"That's right, Jack. They've annoyed everybody in the car."

A tremendous oath came out of ruffianly lips. A sluggish arm was raised. It never reached half the height intended. Something shot out straight from the shoulder and caught him under his nostrils. At the same moment he landed against the forward door with a crash, and a similar mass of rascality fell across him. Jack was there before either, of 'em could get on his feet.

Well, it was worth all I'd ever spent on him. There was a confused howl like that of a whipped bull dog, a dumb staggering about. The car stopped, conductor and driver holding the two desperadoes. Jack, cool as a corporal, begging them to let go of the fellows.

And mind you this, every man in the car vociferating that they were a couple of roughs that ought to be ejected, and the car officials, under this pressure of public opinion, and with the help of a policeman, making haste to eject them.

Do you say that I made a brute of my boy?

No, sir; there's no brute in him, I'll warrant. From that moment I could have sworn that some of the blood of Charlemagne and Martin Luther and Cromwell flowed in him along with the current that came down with the butchers.—*New York World*.

Glowing Accounts from the Flowery Land.

Travelers from Savannah bring camellias and japonicas grown in the open air, and talk of the charms of the Sunny South. From Aiken we have advices of luxuriant roses in full bloom, and strawberries half ripened. From almost anywhere in that direction the common remark is, "We've had no winter; the season thus far has been remarkably mild." No wonder that Northern people, with money in their pockets, and teeth chattering, grow discontented, and inquire about the rates of fare to Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine, Jacksonville, etc.

From the indications thus far, the aggregate number visiting Florida this season will reach 40,000, or something rather in excess of the total for last year. A few started about the middle of November, and there was some increase in December, but there is always a disposition on the part of tourists to delay departure until after the holidays. In January the fashionable travel fairly commences, very many arranging to visit the most attractive points on the seaboard and St. John river, bringing around to New Orleans in season for the great festival of Mardi Gras (the last day before Lent), which this year comes on February 9. Many curious incidents of the festival may be witnessed, with good effect, in St. Augustine among the old Spanish families, but the modern accessories found in New Orleans are "stunning." The great rush of travel takes place in March, stimulated by the approach of cold, searching winds, so prejudicial to the health of many.

Accommodations by rail and stamers are now first class, including every luxury. Rates are as follow: All rail from New York to Jacksonville, $37 50; by steamship, via Charleston or Savannah, $27 75.

Passengers by the latter route may exercise their choice as to the mode of conveyance, either boat or rail at the termination of their sea voyage. Persons influenced by motives of economy often give a preference to the water route. The time from New York to Jacksonville varies from sixty-three to sixty-five hours, via: To Savannah, forty-eight hours; from thence to Jacksonville, fifteen to seventeen hours. Tri-weekly steamers leave New York on alternate days—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays—the latter usually being the most popular.

The St. John river blooms with orange groves as never before. Each year the groves are more extended. In a word, orange culture, if properly managed, has been demonstrated a success, and the interest is now considered a permanent one. As to accommodations for travelers, considerable improvements have taken place within the past year, particularly at Enterprise and Green Cove Springs. Special attention has been given to the culture of pleasure grounds, though in some instances buildings have been extended. Travelers will experience a happy deliverance in the substitution of iron rails for wooden ones, and steam power for locomotives on the railroad from Tocoi to St. Augustine—distance fifteen miles—which many a tortured victim remembers with sorrow. The completion of the Grand Hotel at Jacksonville, with balconies overlooking the placid bosom of the St. John river, is one of the noticeable events.

After all, the rival attractions of the piney woods of Southwestern Georgia, on the line of the Atlantic and Gulf railroad, should not be overlooked. Such a spot as Valdosta, for example, brings health to many a languishing invalid, when the moist atmosphere of Florida, however bewitching in its blooming groves and dreamy mirage, could afford no relief. For pleasure Florida is inimitable; for health there are other regions, where the aroma of balsam fills the air, which the physicians would recommend more highly.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Proposition to Utilize Dead Letter Information.

Mr. Merriam, of New York, made a novel proposition in the House one day last week, to authorize the use of information received in the dead letter office in the prosecution of criminals. There is much diversity of opinion among lawyers about the right of the government to make any use whatever of this information, and under existing law no use is made of it. It often happens that dead letters contain counterfeit money, and information which would lead to the immediate arrest of guilty parties. As the law now stands, if a clerk in the dead letter office should discover a plot to assassinate his personal friend, he would have no power to give warning of the danger.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

BY ALICE ROBINS.

What did you say, dear—breakfast?
Somehow I've slept too late;
You are very kind, dear Effie;
Go tell them not to wait.
I'll dress as quick as ever I can,
My old hands tremble sore,
And Polly, who used to help, dear heart,
Lies t'other side of the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary,
I couldn't smoke to-day,
I'm sort o' dazed and frightened,
And don't know what to say.
It's lonesome in the house here,
And lonesome out o' door—
I never knew what lonesome meant
In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long,
And the first June rose has blown;
And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day,
Too old to be left alone!
O, heart of love! so still and cold,
O precious lips so white—
For the first sad hours in sixty years
You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower. You're very kind;
She rooted it last May;
It was only a slip; I pulled the rose,
And threw the stem away.
But she, sweet, thrifty soul, bent down,
And planted it where she stood;
"Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,
"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, dear—I can not rest;
Let the old man have his will,
And wander from porch to garden post—
The house is so deathly still;
Wander and long for a sight of the old gate
She has left ajar for me—
We had got so used to each other, dear,
So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good,
She made me a better man;
From the moment I kissed her fair, young face,
Our lovers' life began.
And seven fine boys she has given me,
And out of the seven not one
But the noblest father in all the land
Would be proud to call his son.

O, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient,
But I feel sure broken up;
At eighty years it's an awesome thing
To drain such a bitter cup.
I know there's Joseph, and John, and Hal,
And four good men beside;
But a hundred men couldn't be to me
Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly—so bright and fair!
So winsome and good and sweet!
She had roses twined in her sunny hair,
White shoes on her dainty feet;
And I held her hand—was it yesterday
That we stood up to be wed?
And—no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day,
And my dear wife Polly is dead.

The Head of Oliver Cromwell.

"Senex" writes to the London *Times* as follows: Several imperfect statements having lately appeared on the above subject, let me explain what became of the remains of Cromwell. Partly from printed records and partly from what I heard from Mr. Wilkinson, to whom some of the press have alluded, Oliver Cromwell died at Whitehall Palace on the third of September, 1858, after a protracted illness. He had been long suffering from ague, and his case is cited in medical books as one of a man who died of ague while our warehouses were groaning with Peruvian bark, which we did not know how to use. During this illness he became so depressed and debilitated that he would allow no barber to come near him; and his beard, instead of being cut in a certain fashion, grew all over his face. After his death the body lay in state at Somerset House, having been carefully embalmed, and was afterwards buried with more than regal honors in Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, where it lay until, after the Restoration, it was taken out of his grave, as were also the bodies of Ireton (Cromwell's son-in-law) and Bradshaw; the latter, as president of the High Court of Justice, having pronounced sentence of death on Charles I. The three bodies were taken in carts to the Red Lion, in Holborn, and on the thirtieth of January, the anniversary of King Charles' death, they were removed on sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged until sunset, and then taken down and beheaded, their bodies buried in a deep pit under the gallows, and their heads stuck upon the top of Westminster Hall, where at that time sentinels walked.

Ireton's head was in the middle, and Cromwell's and Bradshaw's on either side. Cromwell's head, being embalmed, remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years, and then one stormy night it was blown down, and picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his cloak, took it home and secreted it in the chimney corner, and, as inquiries were being constantly made by the government, it was only on his deathbed that he revealed where he had hidden it. His family sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells, and, in the same box in which it still is, it descended to a certain Samuel Russell, who, being a needy and careless man, exhibited it in a place near Clare Market. There it was seen by James Cox, who then owned a famous museum. He tried in vain to buy the head from Russell, for, poor as he was, nothing would at first tempt him to part with the relic, but after a time Cox assisted him with money, and eventually, to clear himself from debt, he made the head over to Cox. When Cox at last parted with his museum, he sold the head of Cromwell for £230 to three men, who bought it, about the time of the French revolution, to exhibit in Mead Court, Bond street, at half a crown a head. Curiously enough, it happened that these three gentlemen died a sudden death, and the head came into the possession of the three nieces of the last man who died. These young ladies, nervous at keeping it in the house, asked Mr. Wilkinson, their medical man, to take care of it for them, and they subsequently sold it to him. For the next fifteen or twenty years Mr. Wilkinson was in the habit of showing it to all the distinguished men of that day, and the head, much treasured, yet remains in his family.

The circumstantial evidence is very curious. It is the only head in history which is known to have been embalmed and afterward beheaded. On the back of the neck, near the vertebræ, is the mark of the cut of an ax where the executioner, having, perhaps, no proper block, had struck too high, and, laying the head, in its soft, embalmed state, on the block, flattened the nose on one side, making it adhere to the face. The hair grows promiscuously about the face, and the beard, stained to exactly the same color by the embalming liquor, is tucked up under the chin, with the oaken staff of the spear with which the head was stuck up on Westminster Hall, which staff is perforated by a worm that never attacks oak until it has been for many years exposed to the weather.

The iron spearhead, where it protrudes above the skull, is rusted away by the action of the atmosphere. The jagged way in which the top of the skull is removed throws us back to a time when surgery was in its infancy, while the embalming is so beautifully done that the cellular process of the gums and the membrane of the tongue are still to be seen. Several teeth are yet in the mouth; the membrane of the eyelid remains; the pia-mater and the dura-mater, thin membranes which, I believe, lie over the brain, may be seen clinging to the inner and upper part of the skull. The brain was, of course, removed, but the compartments are very distinct. When the great sculptor, Flaxman, went to see it, he said at once, "You will not mind my expressing any disappointment I may feel on seeing the head?" "Oh, no!" said Mrs. Wilkinson, "but will you tell me the characteristics by which the head might be recognized?" "Well," replied Flaxman, "I know a good deal about the configuration of the head of Oliver Cromwell. He had a low, broad forehead, large orbits to the eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones; but there is one feature which will be with me a crucial test, and that is, that, instead of having the lower jawbone somewhat curved, it was particularly short and straight, but set out at an angle, which gave him a jowlish appearance." The head exactly answered to the description, and Flaxman went away expressing himself as convinced and delighted.

The head has also a length from the forehead to the back of the head which is quite extraordinary, and one day, before Mr. Wilkinson retired from practice, his assistant called him into the surgery to point out to him how exactly the shaven head of a lad who was there as a patient resembled the embalmed head of Cromwell up stairs, and more particularly in the extreme length between the forehead and the occiput.

Mr. Wilkinson mentioned the circumstance to the gentleman who brought the lad to him. "No wonder," said the gentleman, "for this lad is a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, whose name, like this boy's, was Williams before they changed it to Cromwell." It was curious that this type should reappear or remain after so many years.

When the head was in the possession of Samuel Russell he was frequently intoxicated when he showed it to his friends, and they cut off pieces of the hair, until the head was closely cropped.

A correspondent of the *Globe* of the twenty-eighth of September, or thereabouts, believed that the body of Cromwell, after removal from the Abbey, was buried in Red Lion square, and another body substituted and sent to the Tyburn with Ireton and Bradshaw. But it is not probable they could have obtained an embalmed body for that purpose.

The embalmed head is now in the possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, Sevenoaks, Kent.

There is a small hole where the wart was on his forehead, and the eyebrows met in the middle. The head has the appearance of hard, dry leather. There are other details, and there is other circumstantial evidence, and there are records printed and published at the time, but I feel I must not trespass on your valuable space any further, although it is a subject in which many of your readers may take great interest.

Albert Pike.

"Laertes," writing to the New York *Graphic* from Washington, presents the following pen and ink sketch of a distinguished man at the Capital:

There is no authority given for the rumor that Albert Pike is to be elected to the United States Senate in place of Powell Clayton. Pike lives in this city, or at Alexandria, near by, and is the greatest Mason in the world.

Arthur McArthur, of Wisconsin, judge of the supreme court of the District of Columbia, gave me a queer account of Pike last summer.

Said he: "I had heard of Albert Pike as being an Indian, or Texan ranger, or something.

"He came to our court and stood up there like Moses or some of the able-bodied patriarchs. His long, gray hair in ringlets fell down his back and shoulders. He stood between six and seven feet high, and stout in proportion, weighing, I should think, 300 to 400 pounds. A look of the frontiersman, the poet and the lawyer, seemed mixed in his face, with a type of something heathen and antique.

"He had a big bandana handkerchief in his fist, clenched into a little ball. Ever and anon he drew this across his nose, and then seized it in his fist again.

"And then this queer old wonder rolled off law and learning, solemn and rapid, right on in line of his argument, as practical as could be, but his illustrations and quotations were rare and unusual. I was astonished."

McArthur, by the way, is a great devourer of books and men. He is a native Scotchman. His wife is a bright little body from Madison, and both are popular here.

Albert Pike's man history has stepped over. There is no man in the world of so many sides to his character, and so plain withal. He was born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, the son of a shoemaker. A willful, poetical spirit took him to Mexico, and he returned in a pack-train as a muledriver, from Chihuahua to Fort Smith. Settling down in a printing office at Little Rock, he became an editor, lawyer, and chief of the Whig party, which he led with unflinching consistency through perpetual minority down to the civil war, fighting meantime in the Mexican war, and doing the government business of the Cherokees. He became rich and celebrated.

Quarreling with Jefferson Davis soon after the rebellion began, he withdrew from the contest, and at the close was poor. He removed to Washington City about the year 1867, and opened a law office with Robert Johnson, ex-Senator, the nephew of Vice President Johnson. His home is at Alexandria, that formerly busy seaport, where a large house with garden, stable and every comfortable appurtenance of gas, water and police may be had for about $50 a month, whereas the tyranny of fashion makes the same style of residence cost in Washington $200 a month. There, with an unusually vivacious and intelligent daughter, Pike spends his time in a large library, containing perhaps 5000 volumes, elegantly rebound—the collections of a lifetime. His taste for books extends to their covering, and he has a passion for elegant printing in common and colored ink, all his own volumes on Masonry and Hindoo philosophy being produced in this way by his amateur disciples. Fine swords, dueling pistols which have been used on the field, a collection of elaborate pipes, which he smokes nearly all the time, and strange things of *vertu*, are parts of his surroundings. His poems have been collected and reissued within the past two years, and he has written a series of books on Masonry, which, queerly enough, have carried him from his apparently trivial theme back to medieval Jewish and finally Sanscrit Masonry, as he believes. Not being a Mason, I am only aware that, either as a poet or a scholar, Pike has traced the germs of Masonry beyond the vestibule of history. He is a Sanscrit scholar and has composed some abstruse treatise, now undergoing publication in London, which is spoken of with expectancy by his friends.

Some time ago I asked one of Pike's friends if he had found anything to beat Moses' account of the creation of man.

"Yes," said his friend, "the story in the Sanscrit, from which Moses, when he was in Egypt, undoubtedly picked up his accounts of Genesis, is to this effect:

"God made a man and a woman, and put them on an island in sight of the shore of another land. God said to the man: 'There is everything on the island necessary for you. It is made for you that I may enjoy your happiness. Nothing is a restraint to you except this: You must not go off the island. Nothing but a willful spirit can take you off; for I tell you here is all.' God said to the woman, 'I have no commands for you except to love and obey this man, for whom you were made.'

"The couple got along very well until one day the man, whose name in the Sanscrit resembles the Hebrew Adam, said to the woman: 'I shall go over to yonder shore. I hear the music of strange birds over there. The flowers are brighter than these.' This place is played out.'

"He took the woman on his back, and jumping from stone to stone he crossed the water and reached the tempting shore. Instantly a bolt of lightning and convulsion scorched up everything around.

"The Lord appeared before the disobedient couple with considerable sternness. He cursed the man instantly.

"Then turning to the woman the Creator said, 'And what made you leave the island? What have you to say that I may not curse you, too?'

"The woman replied, with that presence of mind which distinguishes her sex:

"There is the man you told me to obey, and, had as he is, wherever he goes I will go. He shall go wherever he pleases if he takes me along.'

"The woman was forthwith blessed, and not cursed, as Moses related. She was allowed to have posterity, and to be blessed in the love of children."

I asked my interlocutor, who was an old Californian, if Mr. Pike entertained any hard feelings toward Moses.

"No," he said, "Pike thinks Moses was a good deal of a man."

Silent Men.

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

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL MA'AM.

BY JAMES W. GIFFORD.

In shapely boots and apron white,
And neatly fitting dresses,
With braided hat that scarcely shades
Her wealth of flowing tresses,
Down through the meadows fair and green,
The country school ma'am passes,
Each morn with smiling face to greet
The laddies and the lasses.

The grass is heavy with the dew,
The sky is bright above her,
The sunlight lingers on her path,
The song birds seem to love her;
They flit about her through the air,
And sing their sweetest praises,
The grasses spring to kiss her feet,
The clover and the daisies.

The children round the schoolhouse door,
Make haste to claim their greeting,
Their sunny faces flushed with joy,
Their little hearts fast beating.
Ah, we who claim life's pleasures vain,
Have never known what bliss is,
Unless your youthful lips have felt
The country school ma'am's kisses.

Ah, well do I remember when,
In other summer weather,
Fair little Maud and I trudged down
The country road together;
Her dinner pail swung on her arm,
The meadow larks were singing;
While from its leafy perch the thrush
Had set the hedge rows ringing.

Oh, happy days! Oh, joyful past!
Too dear to be but fleeting,
For little Maud long years ago
First heard the angel's greeting;
But when the children home from school,
Come trooping through the clover,
Again I feel myself a boy,
And live the old days over.

Life and Work in Another World.

John Weiss lectured at Lyric Hall lately on the subject: "The Development of Moral out of Physical Evil, the Tragedy it Involves and the Divine Purpose in It." The drift of the discourse may be gathered from the following summary:

The physical and moral evils involved in the world's growth came down directly into the lineage of mankind. These roots stretched through all the strata and grew up into the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, of which if a man eat he draws smiles and tears with the object of fostering only the best life; nature invented the process of death. The strongest and not the weakest are pitted by her relentless forces, so that her motto might have been, "In the midst of life I am in death." There was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in prehistoric times, and nature preserves the same indifferent temper. The decrepid and sick among animals are left to die or to be killed and eaten, and the procuring of food depends on continual stratagem, and death swallows all at last, and nature's motions exist on the digestibility of her creatures. Development may be called a continuity of mutual swallowing. Your Heavenly Father feedeth them—upon each other many animals can exercise a touching patience under pain, and man, the highest, with his capacity for turning griefs to the advantage of his soul, has invented tragedy to tell and set them forth. We sorrow not as men without hope. We know that Hamlet has reached a land—that undiscovered country—where his virtues serve him better, and as we go home from the play we feel as if we had followed him. We are lifted and better equipped to bear—

The whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

Heaven helps us. Heaven that is powerless to prevent fate from rushing, with bloody sword in hand, into our seat of life. Heaven that wouldn't lift a finger to abate the wild night in "Lear:"

O heavens!
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part.

No answer. Not a word. Bleak, pitiless silence. But the thunder clears our atmosphere. We enjoy such nights as these that pity neither wise men nor fools. Nature does not drift toward pity. Her weather is the bath that tempers the steel. "Like as a father pitieth his children," so the Lord; for "he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust." Is there any solace in attributing an abstract pity to overruling power, which does not give to men any concrete applications of it? When the pinch comes a man finds that the tender text belies its pretensions. Love of life—and surety of death; functions invented to suffer and be extinguished; no process, accident, or circumstance ever held at bay by any deference for the wishes of the person interested; each cause with its due consequence; the potato bug destroys a people's food and nothing interferes to help. Men and women are held as cheap for rotting as the toad before them. Is there in any region of this universe any invisible pity? Held dumb there in the bosom of some immutable power? Sympathy is man's own discovery. Yet man's suffering as a victim is larger than his efforts to neutralize the effects of famine, plague and storm. A thousand years are as a year to nature, but, unfortunately, not to man. An intelligent creator must have foreseen that the survival of the fittest depended on the demise of the unfit; that the increasing circumstances of misery must at last pass into the structure of mankind and operate to produce treacheries, rivalries, wars. The first struggle was for food. Leave the stomach empty too long even now, and virtue, hand in hand with amusement, vanishes. It was not the fall of man, but the rise of man that brought sin into the world. The weakness of the race was killed out, is killed out or reduced by the death of the weak. It is all to the end of the development of an immortal personality. A famous German naturalist avows that he is immensely troubled at the possibility of a future existence, and Buddha saw no other way to extinguish evil and taught his followers to long for "nirvana," either nonexistence or loss of personality. His alternative was, a bad world or none at all. Ours is the development of immortal personality by collision with bad worlds or a sneaking into the suicide of nonentity. We prefer to stay in existence and take chances, considering that deity has been taking the chances eternally. Shall mortal man be more exempt than God? You can't conceive of a universe absolutely good. If deity had shrunk from the act of creation, anticipating the development of evil, he would have declined the glory of goodness. Theology has invented desperate schemes to relieve him of the creation of evil, even going so far as to invent a devil without saying who created him. Man created with a liability to do evil, evil is an eternal consequence of the act of creation. How can we avoid seeing it? If evil is in the matter created it must have been in the deity, from whom the matter was evolved. But there can be no dualism or elemental strife in a creator. How many acts, beneficial in themselves, become disastrous by their circumstances. But the creative mind knows not the word disaster. It is invented by those who, in search of greatest happiness, come across the greatest woes. Look at nature's poisons. Can an infinite father deal in poisons? That's a theological embarrassment, and does not disturb any man. We are not responsible for the fact, and our disasters do the universe no harm; it fattens on them, and is poison-proof. The coats of your stomach may be honeycombed with acid, and it wont impair the divine digestion. Our soul can never be one with the infinite one who includes and reconciles the antithesis of good and evil. You and I—it is past praying for—are finite. If for sixty years or more we maintain a soul on this limitation, how can it ever be otherwise, save on the conception of nirvana? In sixty years—that atom of eternity—we can't originate a heaven and a hell. To go on would baffle finite capacity forever. Theology may wish to improve its finite ideals, but there is no real advantage in a human attempt to whitewash the Great First Cause. It leads to mental bewilderment and we find it very hard to keep the ideas of the spirit from being contradicted by the facts. Death can not change the soul's character. Its power is strictly limited to the material nature of the body. Good and evil will be mingled there as here. Imagining a limbo of confinement and torture for criminals in the next world is a cheap effort of fancy. So are the sheep and the goats. If no lion can be drawn here it can't elsewhere. If you can be drawn in him to survive death he must forever. Not till after his little fellows be saved will we realize all the solidarity of mankind. Popular visions of the New Jerusalem have been chiefly quarried out of the Book of Revelations. The Spiritualists have something of