New Orleans Republican.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES

OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

UNDER THE ELM.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Poem read at Cambridge on the Hundredth Anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775.]

Words pass as wind, but where great deeds were done
A power abides transfused from sire to son;
The boy feels deeper meaning in his ear,
That tingling through his pulse life-long shall run,
With sure impulsion to keep honor clear,
When, pointing down, his father whispers, "Here,
Here, where we stand, stood he, the purely Great,
Whose soul no siren baseness could ensphere,
Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate."
Historic town, thou holdest sacred dust,
Once known to men as pious, learned, just,
And one memorial pile that dares to last,
But memory greets with reverential kiss
No spot in all thy circuit sweet as this,
Touched by that modest glory as it past.
O'er which you'll hath piously displayed
These hundred years its monumental shade.

Of our swift passage through this scenery
Of life and death, more durable than we
What landmark's emergent as a tree
Repeating its green legend every spring,
And, with a yearly ring,
Recording the fair seasons as they flee.
Type of our brief but still renewed mortality!
We fall as leaves; the immortal trunk remains;
Guided with costly juice of hearts and brains
Gone to the mould now, whither all that be
Vanish returnless, yet are prorean still
In human lives to come of good or ill,
And feed unseen the roots of Destiny.

Men's monuments, grown old, forget their names
They should eternize, but the place
Where shining souls have passed imbibes a grace
Beyond mere earth; some sweetness of their fames
Leaves in the soil its unextinguished trace.
Pungent, pathetic, sad with robier aims,
That pens truths our lives and heightens them or shames.
This substantial world and flesh
Seems solid for a moment when we stand
On dust ennobled by heroic feet
Once mighty to sustain a kindling land,
And mighty still such burden to uplear,
Nor doomed to tread the path of things that merely were:
Our sense, refined with virtue of the spot,
Across the mists of Lethe's sleepy stream
Recalls him, the sole chief without a blot,
No more a pallid image and a dream,
But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme.

Our grosser minds need this terrestrial hint
To raise those buried days from tombs of paint;
"Here stood he" softly we repeat,
And lo, the statue shrined and still
In that gray minster front we call the Past,
Feels in its frozen veins our pulses thrill,
Breathes living air and mocks at Death's deceit.
It warms, it stirs, comes down to us at last,
Its features human with familiar light,
A man, beyond the historian's art to kill,
Or sculptor's to efface with patient chisel-blight.

Sure the dumb earth hath memory, nor for naught
Was fancy given, on whose enchanted loom
Present and Past commingle, fruit and bloom
Of one fair bourgeon, inseparably wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of thought.
So charmed, with undeluded eye we see
In history a fragmentary tale
Bright clews of continuity.
Learn that high natures over Time prevail,
And feel ourselves a link in the entail
That binds all ages past with all that are to be.

Beneath our consecrated elm
A century ago he stood,
Framed vaguely for that old fight in the wood
Which redly foamed round him but could not overwhelm:
The life foredoomed to wield our rough-hewn helm:—
From colleges, where now the gown
To arms had yielded, from the town
Our rude self-summoned levies flocked to see
The new-come chief and wonder which was he.
No need to question long: clean-limbed and tall,
Long trained in murder brooding forsate lone
To bridle others' clamors and his own,
Firmly erect, he towered above them all,
The incarnate discipline that was to free
With iron curb that armed democracy.

A motley rout was that which came to stare,
In raiment tanned by years of sun and storm,
Of every shape that was not uniform,
Doffed with regimentals he and there;
An army all of captains, used to pray
And stiff in fight, but serious drill's despite,
Skilled to debate their orders, not obey;
Deacons were there, selectmen, men of note
In half-tamed hamlets ambushed round with woods,
Ready to settle Freewill by a vote,
But largely liberal to its private moods;
Prompt to assert by manners, voice or pen,
Or ruder arms, their rights as Englishmen.
Nor much fastidious as to how and when:
Yet seasoned stuff and fittest to create
A thought-stand army or a lasting State:
Haughty they said he was, at first, severe,
But owned, as all men own, the steady hand
Upon the bridle, patient to command,
Prized, as all prize, the justice pure from fear,
And learned to honor first, then love him, then revere.
Such power there is in clear eyed self-restraint
And purpose clean as light from every selfish taint.

Musing beneath the legendary tree,
The years between full off, I seem to see
The sun flecks, shaken in the stirred foliage through,
Dapple with gold his sober buff and blue
And weave prophetic aureoles round the head
That shines our beacon now nor darkens with the dead.
O man of silent mood,
A stranger among strangers then,
Now art thou since renowned the Great, the Good,
Familiar as the day in all the homes of men!
The winged years, that wanlow praise and blame,
Blow many times out, they but fan to flame
The self-renewing splendors of thy fame.

How many subtlest influences unite,
With spiritual torch of joy or pain,
Invisible as air and soft as light,
To body forth that image of the brain
We call our country, visionary shape
Loved more than woman, fulier of fire than wine,
Whose charm can none define,
Nor any, though he flee it, can escape!
All partic-oored threads the weaver, Time,
Sets in his web, now trivial, now sublime,
All memories, all forebodings, hopes and fears,
Mountain and river, forest, prairie, sea,
A hill, a rock, a homestead, field or tree,
The casual gleanings of unreckoned years,
Take goddess shape at last and there is She,
Old at our birth, new as the springing hours,
Shrine of our weakness, fortress of our powers,
Consoler, kindler, peerless 'mid her peers,
A force that breath our conscious being stirs,
A life to give our permanence, when we
Are borne to mingle our poor earth with hers,
And all this glowing world goes with us on our biers.

You, who hold dear this self conceived ideal,
Whose faith and works alone can make it real,
Bring all your fairest gifts to deck her shrine
Who lifts our lives away from Thine and Mine
And feeds them at the core with manhood more divine;
When all have done their utmost, surely he
Hath given the best who gives a character
Erect and constant, which nor any shock
Of loosened elements, nor the forceful sea
Of flowing or of ebbing fates, can stir
From its deep bases in the living rock
Of ancient manhood's sweet security;
And this he gave, serenely far from pride
As baseness, born with prosperous stars allied
Part of what nobler seed shall in our loins abide.

No bond of men so strong as common pride
In names sublimed by deeds that have not died;
These are their arsenals, these the exhaustless mines
That give a constant heart in great designs;
These are the stuff whereof such dreams are made
As make heroic men; thus surely he
Still holds in place the massy blocks he laid
Neath our new frame, enforcing soberly
The self-restraint that makes and keeps a people free.

Oh, for a drop of that terse Roman's ink
Who gave Agricola dateless length of days,
To celebrate him fitly, neither swerve
To phrase unkempt, nor pass discretion's brink,
With him so statue like in sad reserve,
So diffident to claim, so forward to deserve!
No need I shun due influence of his time
Who, mortal among mortals, seemed as now
The equestrian shape with unimpassioned brow,
That paces silent on through vistas of acclaim.

What figure more immovably august
Than that grave strength so gentle and so pure,
Calm in good fortune, when it wavered, sure,
That soul serene, impenetrably just,
Modeled on classic lines so simple they endure?
That soul so softly radiant and so white,
The track it left seems less of fire than light,
Cold but to such as love distemperature?
And if pure light, as some deem, be the force
That drives rejoicing planets on their course,
Why for his power benign seek an improper source?
His was the true enthusiasm that burns long,
Domestically bright,
Fed from itself and shy of human sight,
The hidden force that makes a lifetime strong,
And not the short-lived fuel of a song.
Passionless, say you? What is passion for
But to sublime our natures and control
To front heroic toils with late return,
Or none, or such as shames the conqueror?
That fire was fed with substance of the soul
And not with holiday stubble, that could burn
Through seven slow years of unadvancing war,
Equal when fields were lost or fields were won,
With breath of popular applause or blame,
Nor fanned nor damped, unquenchably the same,
Too inward to be reached by flaws of idle fame.

Soldier and statesman, rarest unison:
High-poised example of great duties done
Simply as breathing, a world's honors worn
As life's indifferent gifts to all men born;
Dumb for himself, unless it were to God,
But for his barefoot soldiers eloquent,
Tramping the snow to coral where they trod,
Held by his awe in hollow-eyed content;
Modest yet firm as Nature's self; unblamed
Save by the men his nobler temper shamed;
Not honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he stood withstood;
Broad minded, higher souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's—Washington.

Minds strong by fits, irregularly great,
That flash and darken like revolving lights,
Catch more the vulgar eye unschooled to wait
On the long curve of patient days and nights,
Rounding a whole life to to the circle fair
Of orbed completeness; and this balanced soul,
So simple in its grandeur, coldly bare
Of draperies theatric, standing there
In perfect symetery of self control,
Seems not so great at first, but greater grows;
Still as we look, and by experience learn
How grand this quiet is, how nobly stern
The discipline that wrought through life-long throes
This energetic passion of repose,

A nature too decorous and severe,
Too self respectful in its griefs and joys
For ardent girls and boys,
Who find no genius in a mind austere,
That its grave depths seem obvious and near,
Nor a soul great that made so little noise,
They feel no force in that calm cadenced phrase,
The habitual full dress of his well bred mind,
That seems to pace the minuet's courtly maze,
And tell of ampler leisures, roomier length of days,
His broad-but lofty brain, to self so little kind,
That no tumultuary blood could bind,
Formed to control men, not amaze,
Looms not like these that borrow height of haze
It was a world of statelier movement then
Than this we frett in, he a den zen
Of that ideal Rome that made a man for men.

The longer on this earth we live
And weigh the various qualities of men,
Seeing how most are fugitive,
Or frivol gifts, at best, of now and then,
Wind-wavered corpse-lights, daughters of the fen,
The more we feel the high austere-natured beauty
Of plain devoutness to duty,
Steadfast and still, nor paid with mortal praise,
But finding amplest recompense
For life's long fatiguing expense
In work done squarely and unwasted days
For this we honor him that he could know
How sweet the service and how free
Of her, God's eldest daughter here below,
And choose in meanest raiment which was she.

Placid completeness, life without a fall
From faith or highest aims, truth's breachless wall,
Surely if any fame can bear the touch,
His will aver "Here!" at the last trumpet's call,
The unexpressive man whose life expressed so much.

Never to see a nation born
Hath been given to mortal man,
Unless to those who in that summer morn
Gazed silent when the great Virginian
Unsheathed the sword whose fatal flash
Shot union through the incoherent clash
Of our loose atoms, crystallizing them
Around a single will's unpliant stem,
And making purpose of emotion rash,
Out of that scabbard sprang, as from its womb,
Nebulous at first but hardening to a star
Through mutual share of sunburnt and of gloom,
The common faith that made us what we are.

That lifted blade transformed errant jangling clans,
Till then provincial, to Americans;
Here was the doom fixed; here is marked the date
When this New World awoke to man's estate,
Burnt its last ship and ceased to look behind;
Nor thoughtless was the choice; no lover's hate
Could from its poise move that deliberate mind,
Weighing between too early and too late
Those pitfalls of the man refused by Fate;
His was the impartial vision of the great
Who see not as they wish, but as they find.
He saw the dangers of defeat, nor less
The incomputable perils of success,
The sacred past thrown by, an empty rind;
The future, cloud land, snare of prophets blind:
The waste of war, the ignominy of peace.
On either hand a sullen rear of woes,
Whose garnered gleanings none could guess,
Piling its thunder heads and muttering "Cease!"
Yet did he not look back it seemed, but gravely chose
The seeming desperate task whence our new nation rose.

A noble choice and of immortal seed!
Nor doem that acts heroic wait on chance
Or easy were as in a boy's romance;
The man's whole life preludes the single deed
That shall decide if his inheritance
Be with the sifted few of matchless breed,
Our race's sap and sustenance,
Or with the unmotived herd that only sleep and feed.
Choice seems a thing indifferent; thus or so,
What matters it? The Fates with mocking face
Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.
Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
And but two ways are offered to our will—
Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
The problem still for us and all of human race.
He chose—as men choose—where most danger showed,
Nor ever faltered neath the load
Of petty fates, that gall great hearts the most,
But kept right on the strenuous up-hill road,
Strong to the end, above complaint or boast.
His soul was still in its unstormed abode.

Virginia gave us this imperial man
Cast in the mighty mold
Of those high-stature ages old
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran,
She gave us this unblemished gentleman:
What shall we give her back but love and praise
As in the dear old untrestrained days
Before the inevitable wrong began,
Mother of States and undimished men,
Thou gavest us a country, giving him,
And we owe always what we owed thee then,
The boon thou wouldst have snatched from us again,
Shines as before with no abatement dim.
A great man's memory is the only thing
With influence to outlast the present whim
And bind us as when here he knit our golden ring.
All of him that was subject to the hours
Lies in thy soil and makes it part of ours.
Across more recent graves,
Where unresentful Nature waves
Her pennons o'er the shot-ploughed sod,
Proclaiming the sweet truce of God,
We from this consecrated plain stretch out
Our hands as free from sfterthought or doubt
As here the united North
Poured her embrowned manhood forth
In welcome of our saviour and thy son,
Through the battle we have better learned thy worth,
The deep-set courage and undaunted will,
Which, like his own, the day's disaster done,
Could safe in manhood, suffer and be still.
Both thine and ours the victory hardly won;
Never with distempered voice or pen
We have misdeemed of thee; here we take it back—
And for the dead of both don common black
Be to us evermore as thou wast then,
As we forget thou hast not always been,
Mother of States and unpolluted men,
Virginia, fitly named for England's manly Queen.
—Atlantic.

MADAME DELICIEUSE.

BY GEORGE W. CABLE.

Just adjoining the old Cafe de Poesie on the corner stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business—as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you—be you who you may—in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep blue eyes and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly—very. It was curious to see the jars and jars and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches, and dried lizards and eels and little alligators and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches and interspersed with long lost spatulas and rust eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skillful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to show himself to his social profit—two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people remote from the seats of learning, and spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely; but intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree—not even upon their name. Is not that droll?—a man named General Villivicencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only that the doctor drops the *de Villivicencio*."

"Drops the *de Villivicencio*! but I think the *de Villivicencio* drops him, ho, ho, ho,—*diable!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered the narrow, red-brick front mansion of young Mme. Delicieuse, firm friend at once and always of those two antipodes, General Villivicencio and Dr. Mossy. Its dark-covered carriage-way was ever rumbling, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms always sent forth a luxurious light from the lace-curtained windows of the second story balconies.

It was one of the sights of the rue Royale to see by night its tall, narrow outline reaching up toward the stars, with all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some tastes of human experience; had been betrothed at sixteen (to a man she did not love, "being at that time a fool," as she said); one summer day at noon had been a bride, and at sundown—a widow. Accidental discharge of a tipsy bridegroom's own pistol. Pass it by! it left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrels and weapons.

The little maidens whom poor parentage has doomed to sit upon street door-sills and nurse their infant brothers have a game of "choosing" the beautiful ladies who sweep by along the pavement; but in Rue Royale there was no choosing; every little damsel must own Madame Delicieuse or nobody, and as that richly adorned and regal favorite of old General Villivicencio came along they would lift their big, bold eyes away up to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal—"Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Delicieuse as well as fair Madame Delicieuse; her principles, however, not constructed in the austere Anglo-Saxon style exactly (what need, with the lattice of the confessional not a stone's throw off!) Her kind offices and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villivicencio's splendid alms; if she could at times do what the infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of enterprise.

She had charms, too, of intellect—albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an "educated woman"—charms that even in a plainer person would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. She had the whole city at her feet, and, with the fine tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully wrest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the American faubourg, learning the English language, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the centre of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing rooms, she was always queen lily. *Her* house, *her* drawing rooms, etc., for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Mme. Delicieuse; she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villivicencio's arm at some gorgeous ball, these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name as when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the banquette on the front of the Delicieuse house, one was a small affair and the other a deeper and broader one, from which madame and the ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one eighth of January morning to see the military display. It was a bright blue day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sight-seers passing below looked up by hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager twitter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half hours waiting for the pageant. By and by they fell a listening, for Mme. Delicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Dr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her listeners, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

"Vous savez," she said (they conversed in French, of course), "you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in disaccord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not *so* high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the banquette—for I am not so very many years younger than he, no, indeed—and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and ——"

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

"That was when they lived over the way. But wait! You shall see; I have something. This evening the General ——"

The houses of rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, overleaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favors and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villivicencio, veteran of 1814-15, and with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Delicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women; she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw madame and one other person only. A small, blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"Vite!" said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame, and one, it seemed—

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villivicencio cast a kiss to his son."

The staff of General Villivicencio were a faithful few who had not bowed the knee to any abomination of the Americans, nor sworn deceitfully to any species of compromise; and this band, heroically unconscious of their feebleness, putting their trusts in "resections" and like delusions, resolved to make one more stand for the traditions of their fathers. It was concerning this that Mme. Delicieuse was incidentally about to speak when interrupted by the boom of cannon; they had promised to meet at her house that evening.

They met. With very little discussion or delay (for their minds were made up before hand), it was decided to announce in the French-English newspapers that at a meeting of leading citizens it had been thought consonant with the public interest to place before the people the name of General Hercule Mossy de Villivicencio. No explanation was considered necessary. All had been done in strict accordance with time-honored customs, and if any one did not know it it was his own fault. No eulogium was to follow, no editorial indorsement. The two announcements were destined to stand next morning, one on the English side and one on the French, in severe simplicity, to be greeted with profound gratification by a few old gentlemen in blue cottonade, and by roars of laughter from a rampant majority.

As the junto were departing, sparkling Madame Delicieuse detained the General at the head of the stairs that descended into the tiled carriage way, to wish she was a man that she might vote for him.

"But, General," she said, "had I not a beautiful bouquet of ladies on my balcony this morning?"

The General replied, with majestic gallantry, that "it was as magnificent as could be expected with the central rose wanting." And so madame was disappointed, for she was trying to force the General to mention his son. "I will bear this no longer; he shall not rest," she had said to her little aunt, "until he has either kissed his son or quarreled with him." To which the aunt had answered that, "coute que coute, she not cry about it;" nor did she. Though the General's compliment had foiled her thrust, she answered gayly to the effect that enough was enough; "but, ah! General," dropping her voice to an undertone, "if you had heard what some of those rosebuds said of you!"

The old General pricked up like a country beau. Madame laughed to herself, "Monsieur Peacock, I have thee;" but aloud she said gravely:

"Come into the drawing room, if you please, and seat yourself. You must be greatly fatigued."

The friends who waited below overheard the invitation.

"Au revoir, General," said they.

"Au revoir, Messieurs," he answered, and followed the lady.

"General," said she, as if her heart were overflowing, "you have been spoken against. Please sit down."

"Is that true, Madame?"

"Yes, General."

She sank into a luxurious chair.

"A lady said to-day—but you will be angry with me, General."

"With you, Madame! That is not possible."

"I do not love to make revelations, General; but when a noble friend is evil spoken of"—she leaned her brow upon her thumb and forefinger, and looked pensively at her slipper's toe peeping out at the edge of her skirt on the rich carpet—"ones heart gets very big."

"Madame, you are an angel! But what said she, madame?"

"Well, General, I have to tell you the whole truth, if you will not be angry. We were all speaking at once of handsome men. She said to me: 'Well, Mme. Delicieuse, you may say what you will of General Villivicencio, and I suppose it is true; but everybody knows'—pardon me, General, but just so she said—'all the world knows he treats his son very badly.'"

"It is not true," said the General.

"If I wasn't angry," said madame, making a pretty fist. "How can that be?" I said. 'Well,' she said, 'mamma says he has been angry with his son for fifteen years.' 'But what did his son do?' I said. 'Nothing,' said she. 'Ma foi,' I said, 'me, I, too, would be angry if my son had done nothing for fifteen years'—ho, ho, ho!"

The old General cleared his throat, and smiled as by compulsion.

"You know, General," said Madame, looking distressed, it was nothing to joke about, but I had to say so, because I did not know what your son had done, nor did I wish to hear anything against one who has the honor to call you his father."

She paused a moment to let the flattery take effect, and then proceeded:

"But then another lady said to me, she said, "for shame, Clarisse, to laugh at good Dr. Mossy; nobody—neither General Villivicencio, neither any other, has a right to be angry against that noble, gentle, kind, brave—"

"Brave!" said the General, with a touch of irony.

"So she said," answered Mme. Delicieuse, "and I asked her, 'how brave?' 'Brave' she said, 'why, braver than *any soldier*, in tending the small-pox, the cholera, the fever, and all those horrible things. Me, I saw his father once run from a snake; I think *he* wouldn't fight the small-pox—my faith,' she said, 'they say that Dr. Mossy does all that and never wears a scapula! and does it nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand for nothing! *Is* that brave, Madame Delicieuse, or is it not?' And, General, what could I say?"

Madame dropped her palms on either side of her spreading robes and waited pleadingly for an answer. There was no sound, but the drumming of the General's fingers on his sword-hilt. Madame resumed:

"I said, 'I do not deny that Mossy is a noble gentleman;'—I had to say that, had I not, General?"

"Certainly, Madame," said the General, "my son is a gentleman yes."

"'But,' I said 'he should not make Monsieur, his father, angry.'"

"True," said the General, eagerly.

"But that lady said: 'Monsieur, his father, makes himself angry,' she said. 'Do you know, Madame, why his father is angry so long?' Another lady says, 'I know!' 'For what?' said I. 'Because he refused to become a soldier; mamma told me that.' 'It can not be!' I said."

The General flushed. Madame saw it, but relentlessly continued:

"'Mais oui,' said that lady. 'What!' I said, 'think you General Villivicencio will not rather be the very man most certain to respect a son who had the courage to be his own master? Oh, what does he want with a poor fool of a son who will do only as he says? You think he will love him less for healing instead of killing? Mesdemoiselles, you do not know that noble soldier!'"

The noble soldier glowed and bowed his acknowledgements in a dubious, half remonstrative way, as if Madame might be producing material for her next confession, as, indeed, she dilligently was doing; but she went straight on once more, as a surgeon would.

"But that other lady said: 'No, Madame, no, ladies; but I am going to tell you why Monsieur, the General, is angry with his son.' 'Very well, why?'—'Why?' It is just—because—he is—a little man!"

General Villivicencio stood straight up.

'Ah! mon ami,' cried the lady, rising excitedly, "I have wounded you and made you angry, with my silly revelations. Pardon me, my friend. Those were foolish girls, and, any how, they admire you. They said you looked glorious—grand—at the head of the procession."

Now, all at once, the General felt the tremendous fatigues of the day: there was a wild, swimming, whirling sensation in his head that forced him to let his eyelids sink down; yet, just there, in the midst of his painful bewilderment, he realized with ecstatic complacency that the most martial-looking man in Louisiana was standing in his spurs with the hand of Louisiana's queenliest woman laid tenderly on his arm.

"I am a wretched tattler!" said she.

"Ah! no, madame, you are my dearest friend, yes."

"Well, any how, I called them fools. 'Ah! innocent creatures,' I said, 'think you a man of his sense and goodness, giving his thousands to the sick and afflicted, will cease to love his only son because he is not big like a horse or quarrelsome like a dog? No, ladies, there is a great reason which none of you know.' 'Well, well,' they cried, 'tell it: he has need of a very good reason; tell it now.' 'My ladies,' I said 'I must not'—for, General, for all the world I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son; you know, General, you have never told me."

The beauty again laid her hand on his arm and gazed, with round-eyed simplicity, into his somber countenance. For an instant her witchery had almost conquered.

"Nay, madame, some day I shall tell you; I have more than one burden *here*. But let me ask you to be seated, for I have a question, also, for you, which I have longed to ask. It lies heavily upon my heart; I must ask it now. A matter of so great importance—"

Madame's little brown aunt gave a faint cough from a dim corner of the room.

"'Tis a beautiful night," she remarked, and then stepped out upon the balcony.

Then the General asked his question. It was a very long question, or, may be, repeated twice or thrice; for it was fully ten minutes before he moved out of the room, saying good evening.

Ah! old General Villivicencio. The most martial-looking man in Louisiana! But what would the people, the people who cheered in the morning, have said, to see the fair Queen Delicieuse at the top of the stair, sweetly bowing you down into the starlight—humbled, crest fallen, rejected!

The campaign opened. The Villivicencio ticket was read in French and English with the very different sentiments already noted. In the Exchange, about the courts, among the "banks," there was lively talking concerning its intrinsic excellence and extrinsic chances. The young gentlemen who stood about the doors of the so called "coffeehouses" talked with a frantic energy alarming to any stranger, and just when you would have expected to see them jump and bite large mouthfuls out of each other's face, they would turn and enter the door, talking on in the same furious manner, and, walking up to the bar, click their glasses to the success of the Villivicencio ticket. Sundry swarthy and wrinkled remnants of an earlier generation were still more enthusiastic. There was to be a happy renaissance; a purging out of Yankee ideas; a blessed home-coming of those good old Bourbon morals and manners which Yankee notions had expatriated. In the cheerfulness of their anticipations they even went the length of throwing their feet high in air, thus indicating how the Villivicencio ticket was going to give "doze Americains" the kick under the nose.

In the three or four weeks which followed the General gathered a surfeit of adulation, notwithstanding which he was constantly imagining a confused chatter of ladies, and when he shut his eyes with annoyance, there was Mme. Delicieuse standing, and saying, "I knew not a reason why you should be angry with your son," gazing in his face with such simplicity, and then—that last scene on the stairs.

Madame herself was keeping good her resolution.

"Now or never," she said, "a reconciliation or a qurrrel."

When the General, to keep up appearances, called again soon after his late discomfiture, she so moved him with an account of certain kindly speeches of her own invention which she imputed to Dr. Mossy, that he promised to call and see his son; "perhaps;" "pretty soon;" "probably."

Dr. Mossy, sitting one February morning among his specimens and books of reference, finishing a thrilling chapter on the cuticle, too absorbed to hear a door open, suddenly realized that something was in his light, and, looking up, beheld General Villivicentic standing over him. Breathing a pleased sigh, he put down his pen, and, rising on tiptoe, laid his hand upon his father's shoulder, and lifting his lips like a little wife, kissed him.

"Be seated, papa," he said, offering his own chair, and perching on the desk.

The General took it, and, clearing his throat, gazed around upon the jars and jars with their little Adams and Eves in zoological gardens.

"Is all going well, papa?" finally asked Dr. Mossy.

"Yes."

Then there was a long pause.

"'Tis a beautiful day," said the son.

"Very beautiful," rejoined the father.

"I thought there would have been a rain, but it has cleared off," said the son.

"Yes," responded the father, and drummed on the desk.

"Does it appear to be turning cool?" asked the son.

"No; it does not appear to be turning cool at all," was the answer.

"H'm'm!" said Dr. Mossy.

"Hem!" said General Villivicencio.

Dr. Mossy, not realizing his own action, stole a glance at his manuscript.

"I am interrupting you," said the General, quickly, and rose.

"No, no! pardon me; be seated; it gives me great pleasure to— I did not know what I was doing. It is the work with which I fill my leisure moments."

So the General settled down again, and father and son sat very close to each other—in a bodily sense; spiritually they were many miles apart. The General's finger-ends, softly tapping the desk, had the sound of far-away music.

"The city—it is healthy?" asked the General.

"Did you ask me if——?" said the little doctor, starting and looking up.

"The city—it has not much sickness at present?" repeated the father.

"No; yes—not much," said Mossy, and, with utter unconsciousness leaned down upon his elbow and supplied an omitted word to the manuscript.

The General was on his feet as if by the touch of a spring.

"I must go!"

"Ah! no, papa," said the son.

"But yes, I must."

"But wait, papa. I had just now something to speak of—"

"Well?" said the General, standing with his hand on the door and with rather a dark countenance.

Dr. Mossy touched his fingers to his forehead, trying to remember.

"I fear I have—ah! I rejoice to see your name before the public, dear papa, and at the head of the ticket."

The General's displeasure sank down like an eagle's feathers. He smiled thankfully and bowed.

"My friends compelled me," he said

"They think you will be elected?"

"They will not doubt it. But what think you, my son?"

Now the son had a conviction which it would have been madness to express, so he only said:

"They could not elect one more faithful."

The General bowed solemnly.

"Perhaps the people will think so; my friends believe they will.

"Your friends who have used your name should help you as much as they can, papa," said the Doctor. "Myself, I should like to assist you, papa, if I could."

"A bah!" said the pleased father, incredulously.

"But, yes," said the son.

A thrill of delight filled the General's frame. *This* was like a son.

"Thank you, my son! I thank you much. Ah, Mossy, my dear boy you make me happy!"

"But," added Mossy, realizing with a tremor how far he had gone, "I see not how it is possible."

The General's chin dropped.

"Not being a public man," continued the Doctor; "unless, indeed, my pen—you might enlist my pen."

He paused with a smile of bashful inquiry. The General stood aghast for a moment, and then caught the idea.

"Certainly! cer-tain-ly! ha, ha, ha!"—backing out of the door—"certainly! Ah! Mossy, you are fight, to be sure; to make a complete world we must have swords *and au revoir*; no, I can not stay—I will return. I hasten to tell my friends that the pen of Dr. Mossy is on our side! Adieu, dear son."

Standing outside on the banquette he bowed—not to Dr. Mossy, but to the balcony of the big red-brick front—a most sunshiny smile, and departed.

The very next morning, as if fate had ordered it, the Villivicencio ticket was attacked—ambushed, as it were, from behind the American newspaper. The onslaught was—at least General Villivicencio said it was—absolutely ruffianly. Never had all the lofty courtesies and formalities of chivalric contest been so completely ignored. Poisoned balls—at least personal epithets—were used. The General himself was called "antiquated!" The friends who had nominated him, they very positively sneered at, dubbed "fossils," "old ladies," and their caucus termed "irresponsible"—thunder and lightning! gentlemen of honor to be called "not responsible!" It was asserted that the nomination was made secretly, in a private house, by two or three unauthorized harum-scarums (that touched the very bone) who had with more caution than propriety withheld their names. The article was headed, "The Crayfish-eaters' Ticket." It continued farther to say that, had not the publication of this ticket been regarded as a dull hoax, it would not have been suffered to pass for two weeks unchallenged, and that it was now high time the universal wish should be realized in its withdrawal.

Among the earliest readers of this production was the young madame. She first enjoyed a quiet gleeful smile over it, and then called:

"Nannie, here, take this down to Dr. Mossy—stop." She marked the communication heavily with her gold pencil. "No answer; he need not return it."

About the same hour, and in a neighboring street, one of the "not responsibles" knocked on the Villivicencio castle gate. The General invited him into his bedroom. With a short and strictly profane harangue the visitor produced the offensive newspaper and was about to begin reading, when one of those loud nasal blasts, so peculiar to the Gaul, resounded at the gate, and another "not responsible" entered, more excited, if possible, than the first. Several minutes were spent in exchanging fierce sentiments and slapping the palm of the left hand rapidly with the back of the right. Presently there was a pause for breath.

"Alphonse, proceed to read," said the General, sitting up in bed.

"De Crayfish-eaters' Ticket"—began Alphonse; but the third rapping at the gate interrupted him, and a third "irresponsible" reinforced their number, talking loudly and wildly to the waiting man as he came up the hall.

Finally, Alphonse read the article. Little by little the incensed gentlemen gave it a hearing, now two words and now three, interrupting it to rip out long, rasping maledictions, and wag their forefingers at each other as they strode ferociously about the apartment.

As Alphonse reached the close, and dashed the paper to the floor, the whole quartette, in terrific unison, cried for the blood of the editor.

But hereupon the General spoke with authority.

"No, Messieurs," he said, buttoning his dressing-gown savagely, "you shall not fight him. I forbid it—you shall not!"

"But," cried the three at once, "one of us must fight, and you—you can not; if you fight our cause is lost! The candidate must not fight."

"Hah-h! Messieurs," oried the hero, beating his breast and lifting his eyes, "grace au ciel. I have a son. Yes, my beloved friends, a son who shall call the villain out and make him pay for his impudence with blood, or eat his words in to-morrow morning's paper. Heaven be thanked that gave me a son for this occasion! I shall see him at once—as soon as I can dress."

"We will go with you."

"No, gentlemen, let me see my son alone. I can meet you at Maspero's in two hours. Adieu, my dear friends."

He was resolved.

"Au revoir," said the dear friends.

Shortly after, cane in hand, General Villivicencio moved with an ireful stride up the banquette of Rue Royale. Just as he passed the red-brick front one of the batten shutters opened the faintest bit, and a certain pair of lovely eyes looked after him, without any of that round simplicity which we have before discovered in them. As he half turned to knock at his son's door he glanced at this very shutter, but it was as tightly closed as though the house were an enchanted palace.

Dr. Mossy's door, on the contrary, swung ajar when he knocked, and the General entered.

"Well, my son, have you seen that newspaper? No, I think not. I see you have not, since your cheeks are not red with shame and anger."

Dr. Mossy looked up with astonishment from the desk where he sat writing.

"What is that, papa?"

"My faith! Mossy, is it possible you have not heard of the attack upon me, which has surprised and exasperated the city this morning?"

"No," said Dr. Mossy, with still greater surprise, and laying his hand on the arm of his chair.

His father put on a dying look. "My soul!" At that moment his glance fell upon the paper which had been sent in by Mme. Delicieuse. "But, Mossy, my son," he screamed, "there it is!" striking it rap