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[For the New Orleans Republican.]

MY RELIGION.

BY NESTA LA NOVICE.

I.

A little blade of grass, drooping, wilted,
Dying—slowly dying, hour by hour;
God sees, has pity, and sends the grateful,
Refreshing, purifying shower.
As to blade of grass the rain,
To me is my religion.

II.

As to the weary, panting, thirsty stag,
The sparkling woodland spring, cool and clear,
Long looked for, vainly sought, at last is found—
A cooling liquid, delightfully near—
As to stag the grateful draught,
So to me is my religion.

III.

There's a lovely tinted fragrant flowers,
There a gently, softly shining star,
Beaming from their widely different spheres,
More lovely bright, more beautiful by far,
Than star, or lovely flower,
Is to me, my religion.

IV.

The mighty mountain, magestic in height,
The quick rushing waterfall sublime;
The pale, sweet shining moon, or peerless sun;
Nothing subject to the hand of time,
Can a comparison bear,
For me, to my religion.

V.

More grand than loftiest mountain,
More pure than the purest fountain,
More sublime than the cataracts dashing;
More bright than the sunbeams flashing,
More mild than mildest star, or moon;
More lovely than fairest flow'rets bloom,
To me, is my religion.

New Orleans, April 27, 1876.

BARBARA'S OUTING.

"I'd go right off to the the-ayter, I would."

She was sitting on the doorstep of a low house, No. 3 Skeggs alley; a child of twelve, according to the parish registry; but such a child! Hardly big enough in body for seven, and with a face of seventy; sharp, and lined with sunken cheeks and pinched mouth, and eyes weird and hollow as a baby spectre. Mulready might have painted that little, shrunken figure, a mere twist of rags hanging loosely over the bony frame; the small, skeleton hands supporting the sharp chin; the naked, chapped, and mudencrusted feet dangling in the gutter wherein disported themselves some of her congeners—children of the night side of London—children born in the slime, nursed in hunger, bred to sin—children to whom jail is a lively variety, and the school board an awful and horrible Nemesis.

Barbara in particular regarded this latter institution with a holy horror, witnessed by sundry fresh and livid bruises on her attenuated person; for during the past fortnight the school board had swooped down on Skeggs alley, and had carried off my heroine and some thirty of her playmates to steam and smother in a big school room, there to idle and squabble, to grow sick with hunger, and heavy with sleep, and finally to be turned out into the raw, damp fog, wild for mischief and famishing for food, whooping, shrieking, and fighting, hauling at heavy babies, bumping against respectable people, pursued by outraged policemen, and finally drifting home to their several dens and nests among the bystreets and alleys.

Barbara's mother, or rather the person who did duty for mother, her original parent being deceased, had at first stoutly refused to allow "her gurl to go to any o' they dratted schules whatsumdever." This worthy lady earned her living by washing at a laundry some two miles off, and having, within the last fourteen months, presented Mr. Butts, Barbara's father, with a son and heir, she not unreasonably required the assistance of her step-daughter in looking after that infant hope. This opinion, however, was in no wise shared by the allsapient heads at the school board; and Mrs. Butts, having been twice summoned to answer for her contumacy before the nearest magistrate, and failing to show why her husband, described as "able-bodied journeyman carpenter," should not support his family, was twice fined and ultimately obliged to succumb.

Rations in consequence ran short at No. 3, and Mrs Butts, considering Barbara as the guilty party, consoled herself by mulcting that young lady of her supper, and giving her sundry supplemental thrashings into the bargain.

Barbara ought to have been used to thrashings. Indeed, I think she was; for although she howled and shrieked plentifully during the operation, and though her wretched little body was tatooed like a New Zealand chief's with black and blue, few tears made their appearance; and two minutes after her shrieks were over she would generally be seen dandling a baby rather bigger than herself, and chattering glibly to some of the neighboring fry who had been drawn by a pleasing curiosity to the scene of castigation.

To be deprived of supper, however, was something very different and far more unpleasant. It is really astonishing, considering how shriveled those small stomachs must become from fasting, that an immense capacity for hunger should still be left in them; or that the hot and comforting aroma proceeding from a baker's shop should be capable of inspiring such an intense poignancy of anguish in the little nostrils, which yet sniff and sniff as though condemned by some internal power to the tortures of a new Tantalus. Barbara has often gone supperless before; but that was in company, and generally because Mr. Butts had consumed the family supper in drink. To know that there was some supper at home, and given none of it, was a far worse experience.

And yet "something to eat" was not with Barbara the *summum bonum* of all earthly desires.

Long ago—before Barbara's entry into this "little heaven below"—Mrs. Butts No. 1 had filled the subordinate position of a a "fairy" at the Grecian Theatre. Mr. Butts, not having at that time wholly consecrated himself to the arduous task of supporting the Green Lion at the corner, was devoting a portion of his time to carpentry, and had got employment behind the scenes of the same theatre as Miss Sarah Jenks, or Elvina Desmond, as that thin and shabby fairy figured in the roll of *dramatis personæ*. In the course of this employment he inadvertently set his foot on a trap, went through, and broke his leg, as he said—bruised it, as those about him declared. Unsympathizing onlookers, indeed, asserted that there was hardly anything the matter, proffered a glass of brandy and water, and suggested that Mr. Butts only required a night's rest to be as right as a trivet. Sarah Jenks, however, was more compassionate. From the depths of what appeared to be her stays she extracted a hoarded shilling, and with that coin hired a cab to convey Mr. Butts to his dwelling. Further, when the injured leg turned out to be so bruised and swelled as to entail Mr. Butt's "laying up" for several days, Sarah mulcted herself of badly needed breakfasts, and went without her Sunday dinner, in order to supply the sufferer with sundry comforts, which he would otherwise have been obliged to forego.

Sympathy is seldom wasted even in this world. Mr. Butts had at that time a very soft corner in his heart, and Sarah Jenks had found the key to it. Three weeks after the leg was well she exchanged her maiden name for that of Butts. Three years later she resigned that in favor of a tombstone, and retired into permanent seclusion under the sods of Kensal Green. For more than twelve months previous to that event she had seceded from the boards of the Grecian in consequence of Mr. Butts having consented to aid commercial prosperity by joining a "strike," and becoming merely a sleeping partner in the domestic firm in Skeggs alley. At that time Barbara was still a mere baby, but having been on one occasion carried to the theatre by her mother, and left in charge of a neighbor's boy at the pit door, she remembered till her dying day a vision of a place all dazzle and glitter, of strange, shining beings floating in the air, and hundreds—millions in baby eyes—of upturned faces regarding them. From that day to this the vision never faded out. Strange, bewildering, unintelligible, but wondrously, incomprehensibly beautiful, it remained in her mind from year's end to year's end; a thing of beauty planted deep in her soul; a thing which to see once again and die would be as a peep of paradise to some devout believer. Consequently, when beaten and turned out supperless into the street on this November afternoon, she listened with avidity to her friends' descriptions of what viands they would indulge in, were they ever to find themselves reveling in the floating capital of a whole shilling; and yet, when pressed for her decision as to the rival merits of "sassingers and puddin'," and "ot kidneys and jammy things," she shook her ragged head and answered stoically:

"I would rayther go to the the-ayter."

Her companions stared. Their minds did not rise beyond their stomachs, which were indeed sufficiently empty to be needful of mental replenishing, but Barbara's was emptier still. How came she to care for merely external delights? She vouchsafed no explanation of the mystery. When you have come to middle age unnecessary words seem a waste both of time and trouble, and at twelve years old Barbara was very middle aged.

"Barbara! Where is that dratted gurl gone to?"

It was Mrs. Butts' voice raised to screaming pitch from the doorstep of No. 3. Barbara heard, but merely crouched closer to the gutter. Perhaps she thought it merely signified another beating, and reasoned with a certain small child of her own calibre.

"If I go I'll be vhipped, an' if I stay I'll be vhipped; so I think I'll stay an' be vhipped." For copying this philosophical child's argument Barbara stayed and—was whipped. Another call or two, then a clutch on the back of her neck, and a shower of blows, and Barbara was dragged summarily from the gutter and shaken first on to her feet, and then nearly off them again.

"You wicked, owdacious, imperent chit of a gurl!" cried the laundress, not perhaps unjustly. "I know you heard me (whack). I saw you sneak out of the way (whack, whack), an' p'raps that poor baby burnt or scalded to death, with me a scutterin' arter you (whack, whack, whack). Oh you limb o' mischief you!"

"Let me alone, then. I wasn't doin' no harm," retorted Barbara, amid manifold writhings in the strong grasp. "Why don't you give me suthin' to eat? I'd come quick enough then."

"I dare say! Like enough, Miss Imperence, an' your fine schoolin' a-losin' me my day's work. Get in this minnit, an' give the baby his grule while I'm cleanin' up. He'll 'ave pulled it all over hisself if you're not sharp; so look alive!"

Barbara obeyed. Might was decidedly right where Mrs. Butts was concerned; and Might led the way to the small back room which, with the addition of a cupboard under the stairs, was parlor, kitchen, bedroom, and all, for the united family. There Barbara found a broken clothes basket, from which she lifted a heavy and unwholesome looking baby, turned the basket upside down, and seated herself upon it, proceeded to still the roars which issued from the infant lungs by the aid of thick, gray porridge.

Will it be believed that she never once put the spoon into her own mouth instead of into that of the voracious infant? And yet the mess, indescribably nasty to us, was appetizingly hot and savory to her. And the baby was too young to tell!

Human nature is strange. Barbara had not shed a tear during the beating, though to be sure she could have avoided it by the simple act of obedience. Long before the gruel was done she was in floods of tears, sobbing passionately with sheer hunger; and yet she could have avoided that by the simple act of robbing her unwholesome little brother. Oddly enough, the one idea was as strange to her as the other. Nay, when the unwholesome baby, being satisfied, looked up to see where the tears came from which splashing on its nose, and said pitifully, "Poor Bar! Poor!" in baby language, Barbara hugged him closer to her skinny little body and showered kisses on his uninviting mouth, alternately apostrophizing as "her own precious chicksey," and informing him that his mother was "a beast—that she was."

Soothed by this lullaby, the unwholesome baby went to sleep; and Mrs. Butts, finding him in that happy condition on her return from a neighborly gossip, ordered him into the clothes basket again, and dispatched Barbara to get her bonnet out of pawn for the convenience of "meeting-going" on the morrow. Mrs. Butts' bonnet was a very sacred article of dress. It always spent the week days in retirement, emerging only on the Sabbath, and not then if Mr. Butts had been more than usually active in his patronage of the neighboring public.

It was dark by this time, and the pawnbroker's where the bonnet was at present "locating" was at some distance; yet Barbara felt rather glad than otherwise at the prospect of an outing. The fog, which had been dense all day, was turning into fast drizzling rain; yet she put on neither hat nor jacket. The former had succumbed in a school fight; the latter was serving as a pillow for the baby. Barbara made light of either circumstance, and departed at a trot.

Skeggs alley is not many miles from the Strand. The pawnbroker's shop was midway between the two localities. Barbara had redeemed the bonnet, wrapped it in an old silk handkerchief of ample size provided by Mrs. Butts for the purpose, and was turning homeward when a handsome cab stopped in front of her with a jerk; a lady came out of a shop opposite, sprang lightly into it, and was whirling away in a moment, the wheels spattering Barbara with mud as they flashed past her. She never felt it. With a strange sound, something between a shriek and a chuckle she made one leap, rolled on the pavement, and then, picking herself up, began to move off hobbling and whimpering.

In that instant Barbara had secreted in her rags a purse dropped by the now vanished lady, and with the histronic talent of a born artiste was bemoaning herself over an imaginary fall.

To slink up the nearest by-street, ensconce herself in a doorway, and inspect her prize, was the work of a couple of minutes; and Barbara felt almost appalled by the loose heap of silver which, as the clasp gave way, rattled musically into her lap. She was in too great terror of interruption even to count it over. The first thought—in that moment the only one—was "Now I can get a tuck in." And as visions of delightful eating-shops in the Strand crossed her mind's eye, she hastily replaced the purse and its contents in her bosom, leaving out one shilling only, and with this in her mouth, trotted off in quest of something to eat. There are, however, other delights passing even eating-shops in the Strand.

Barbara was not aware of them.

She was gluing her nose against a window full of eatables, filled heart and soul with the one pronoun "which," when two men jostled against each other and her.

"Why, Tom!"

"Simpson! Where are you off to?"

"The theatre."

"The deuce! So am I. Lyceum?"

"Lyceum."

"The deuce you are! We'd better make haste then, or the farce will be over."

They made haste. Barbara turned round with eager haste; but the "deuceish" person" and his laconic friend were already speeding out of sight. They were going to the theatre—the theatre, to which she had longed to go all her little life. Now, in one moment, God had sent her the wherewithal. Why should not she go too? But would she be in time?

The thought drove away all remonstrance even of hunger. They had spoken of being late, and Barbara, not knowing much of theatre rules, fancied that the magic doors might be shut if the guests were not assembled at a certain time. The mere dread was agony to her, and her heart was beating in quick echo to her little naked feet as she speed after the retreating youths. Fortunately they did not go far. She saw them stop and disappear within a great, glaring doorway, and was following swiftly, when a new idea struck her. Would not those grand medaled persons on guard drive her away if she presented herself, bareheaded, barearmed and unkempt, before their scrutiny?

For a moment she paused despairing. The next she was seated on a doorstep making her toilet.

The redeemed bonnet, a large one of faded purple satan, was tied carefully over her rusty little head, two well licked palms having first smoothed down the elf locks on the temples. The big silk handkerchief, folded shawlwise, was pinned across her shrunken little body, the wet hastily wrung out of the tail of her draggled frock, the ragged stockings pulled as high as they would go over the skeleton legs, and—Barbara was dressed.

Why not? Dress is a matter of taste, varying with different countries and climates. Barbara's toilet might have seemed rather extensive to a Kaffir's squaw.

The ticket porter at the Lyceum was just lighting a fresh cigar within his den when a small and squeaky voice inquired from without:

"Please, sir, which is the cheapest seats?"

"Gallery," he answered, without looking round, till he heard a chink on the board, and the rejoinder:

"One, please, sir."

Then he did look; and saw nothing—nothing, that is, but a little red claw in close proximity to a shilling. Following the claw and peering over the ledge, his eye fell on a very large bonnet attached to a very small child, who was standing on tiptoe to look at him.

"Is this money yours?" he asked, staring.

"Yes, sir, please, sir." So it was in Barbara's eyes.

"And who's the ticket for?"

"Me, please, sir."

"You! What, you alone! Ain't no one with you?"

"No, sir—me alone, sir, please, sir," gabbled Barbara, in a great hurry to get in.

"You be off," said the man curtly. "We don't want no babbies here. Catch!" and he whipped the shilling off the ledge with the wet end of his cigar.

"Move out of the way," said a bustling man of the lower orders, and Barbara was swept aside. For a moment it seemed to her as if the world had been swept away as well. Her heart swelled up, and for the second time that day the tears bubbled over fast. Was she to be foiled in her life's desire with the money for it actually in her hands?

"Now, then, what's the matter?" some one said, and looking up she saw towering above her a big blue form and a black helmet. In an instant Barbara was on the defensive.

"Please, sir, I ain't done nuthin'. I wanted to go to the gallery; and I guv the gentleman a shilling—there it are, sir—an' he said as I were a baby."

"And so you are," quoth X089. "Get off home to your mother straight. She never gave you that shilling for theatre-going, I warrant, if she gave it you at all."

"Yes, sir, she did, please, sir; but I'll go home, sir; I'm just a-going now, I am," answered Barbara, glibly; and then she wriggled away, and wriggled herself into the entrance to the upper boxes. Bobby had his eye on her, and followed. There was nothing of superior interest going on at the moment, and Barbara's appearance was peculiar.

She hurried up to the man in charge and asked the price of a seat in almost gasping tones. He stared at her in surprise, and asked like the first—

"For *you?*"

"Yes, sir; but I ain't alone, please, sir. My brother's up there, he is; and he said as I were to follow him, please, sir."

"Two shillings," said the collector laconically; and in another moment Barbara was out of sight. As she turned for one frightened glance backward before gaining her haven of bliss, she saw the face of the policeman below.

He had paused to exchange a word or two with the collector, and then followed in her wake.

"That girl aint up to no good," said the finger of the law.

She was up in heaven just then. Dazzled with a flood of radiant light, bewildered by a crash of noise, a burst of many instruments all mingled together, her bonnet fallen on to her back, her senses all on the reel, Barbara fought her way to a vacant seat beside a gentleman's servant, at the very moment that X089's face appeared at the entrance. John Thomas was just laughing at some quip from the stage, when he felt his arm seized in two dirty, little, trembling hands, and a small voice panted:

"Oh! please say your my brother. Oh! please do. Please!"

"Your brother! What the deuce do you mean!" cried the young man, shaking her off indignantly. "What are you up to here?"

"Pickpocketing most like," observed X089. "Here, come out o' that," and with the vision of a fairy palace opening before her, with that one blaze of beauty in her eyes, that crash of music in her ears, Barbara was dragged away in the policeman's clutch.

Probably it was not a very gentle one; for in the process something fell with a great chink and clatter, and Barbara made a futile clutch at it. It was her purse.

The lady's purse, rather. X089 lifted it with a gleam of satisfaction on his impassive countenance.

"I thought so," he said sententiously. "Now, where did you steal that from?"

"I didn't steal it," sobbed Barbara. "Mother give it me, she did, to pay the groceries. There was candles, and tea, and—lots o' things."

"Fitteen and three—four pence," said X089, counting. "Where does your mother live? Of course you're lying, but I'll take you to her afore locking you up, if you are."

It was doubtful whether the threat of "locking up" or the fear of seeing her prize absorbed by Mrs. Butts had most effect on Barbara. She shifted her tack on the instant, sobbing dispairingly:

"Oh! don't take me to mother—please don't, sir. I ain't done no harm. I found it in the street. I didn't steal it—indeed I didn't, sir."

X089 shrugged his shoulders. "Have done with lying, and tell me where your mother lives, will you?" he said, pocketing the purse with obstinate decision. But Barbara could be obstinate too. Her prize was lost beyond recall; but to be taken home in charge of a "bobby" meant in addition a beating worse than ordinary, and Barbara's bruises were still smarting. Without a moment's hesitation she gave an address about half a mile distant from the real one; and her guardian, having first ascertained that no one in the upper boxes had lost a purse, walked her off in that direction.

Naturally the walk was vain. No one in that street knew aught of Barbara, and still dreading the sacred name of home more than the vague one of prison, this young lady, brought up under the secular rule of the school board, was walked off, howling dismally, to the station.

A night in a dark cell shut up with two drunken women—a night unsoothed by sleep; and with hunger gnawing away at her young vitals all the time, broke down Barbara's obstinacy at last. Brought before the magistrate in the morning, she still indeed persisted in her story of having found the purse, but gave her right name and address; and no one appearing to claim the property, was sent home with a stern caution and reprimand.

Skeggs alley was all in a bustle that morning. On the previous night Mr. Butts had crowned his devotion to the "public" by the sacrifice of his life; having been found by the police face downward in a swollen gutter, where he had probably passed several hours, and Mrs. Butts, in the first freshness of her widowhood, thought the opportunity of getting rid of Barbara too good to be lost.

"The girl belonged to 'er 'usband, not 'er, and she'd 'ave to go to the 'house as it was. Since the perliceman had got Barb'ra he might keep her. Most like she stole the purse. She were always thievin' round, she were."

Poor little untaught Barbara! It seemed a toss up between "house" and reformatory for her; and yet why "poor?" Surely either were better than Mrs. Butts.

Fate, however, had willed differently. A lady who was passing along the court, a lady in semi-sisterhood dress, and with a kind, quiet face, drew near to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. Some few words took place between her and the policeman, some few more between her and Mrs. Butts. Then Barbara was asked if she would like to live with some other nice little girls at the lady's house; and replying promptly in the affirmative, took a cool farewell of her stepmother, hugged and kissed the unwholesome baby with a passion of tears, and was put, still howling, into a cab, and driven away to a quiet house near the Regent's canal, where a score of other little orphans, in warm stuff dresses and neat white caps, were reading, writing and sewing under the care of two or three quiet, kind looking women like her new friend.

Six months later, visiting at that house, I saw Barbara, a delicate looking girl still, but the picture of neatness and intelligence, and beloved by everybody for her honesty, good temper and patient docility.

Six months later and I got a letter from the superior; Barbara had run away!

Some visitors, pleased with the girl's tenderness toward a sickly baby orphan, had broken through the rules. That evening Barbara disappeared.

She was brought back the next morning. Jammed in a crowd outside a theatre, some one had knocked her under the wheels of a cab, and the whole vehicle passed completely over her body, crushing it like a nut. Life was trickling away fast when we laid her on her bed, but she still held the shilling tight, and said:

"Please give it Baby Nell." Then, after a pause, "I'd ha' come straight 'ome arter I'd seen it." Another pause, very long this time. Death stooped lower, and lifted the veil from the child's face. With a faint cry she opened her eyes, staring out and upward.

"Oh, look, look!" she gasped. "It's all bright. Look! An' shinin' things, just the very same. * * * I shall see it now." And so, with a smile of ecstasy on the poor, white face, Barbara's head fell back.

The ruling passion satisfied in death.—*Galaxy.*

Mr. Sidney Lanier's Cantata.

The announcement of the centennial commission that the hymn for the opening ceremonies of the exhibition on May 10, has been furnished by John G. Whittier, and the text of Mr. Dudley Buck's cantata by Sidney Lanier, of Georgia, has been received by the press and people of the United States with entire satisfaction. The following is the text of Mr. Lanier's cantata, which he entitles

THE CENTENNIAL MEDITATION OF COLUMBIA:

I.

From this hundred-terraced height
Sight more large with nobler light
Ranges down yon towering years;
Humbler smiles and lordlier tears
Shine and fall, shine and fall,
While old voices rise and call
Yonder where the to-and-fro
Weltering of my long-ago
Moves about the moveless base
Far below my resting place.

II.

Mayflower, mayflower, slowly hither flying,
Trembling westward o'er yon balking sea,
Hearts within farewell dear England sighing
Winds without but dear in vain replying,
Gray-lipp'd waves about thee shouted, crying
No! It shall not be!

III.

Jamestown, out of thee—
Plymouth, thee—thee, Albany—
Winter cries, Ye freeze; away!
Fever cries, ye burn; away!
Hunger cries, Ye starve; away!
Vengeance cries, Your graves shall stay!

IV.

Then old Shapes and Masks of Things,
Framed like Faiths or clothed like Kings—
Ghosts of Goods once fleshed and fair,
Grown foul Bads in alien air—
War, and his most noisy lords,
Tongued with lithe and poisoned swords—
Error, Terror, Rage, and Crime,
All in a windy night of time
Cried to me from land and sea,
No! Thou shalt not be!

V.

Hark!
Huguenots whispering yea in the dark,
Puritans answering yea in the dark!
Yea, like an arrow shot true to his mark,
Darts through the tyrranous heart of denial,
Patience and labor and solemn-souled trial,
Foiled, still beginning,
Soiled, but not sinning,
Toil through the stertorous death of the night,
Toil, when wild brother-wars new-dark the light,
Toil, and forgive, and kiss o'er, and replight.

VI.

Now praise to God's oft-granted grace,
Now praise to man's undaunted face,
Despite the land, despite the sea,
I was: I am: and I shall be—
How long, good angel, Oh! how long?
Sing me from heaven a man's own song!

VII.

"Long as thine art shall love true love,
Long as thy science truth shall know,
Long as thine eagle harms no dove,
Long as thy law by law shall grow,
Long as thy God is God above,
Thy brother every man below,
So long, dear land of all my love,
Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

VIII.

Music, from this height of time my word unfold;
In thy large signals all men's hearts man's heart behold;
Mid-heaven unroll thy chords as friendly flags unfurled,
And wave the world's best lover's welcome to the world.

SIDNEY LANIER.

A Romance of the Kitchen.

Heiresses found among servant girls are so plentiful that no well regulated city should be without one. In a majority of cases, however, the pedigree is hinted at so remotely and the incidents handled so gently as to leave doubts of the genuineness of the article. Chicago has been harboring an heiress among her domestics whose claims are not mere conjecture, but a proven reality, and who is now on her way to claim her inheritance. About twenty-one years ago a young Creole, resident of New Orleans, named George Martinez, wooed, won and wedded the daughter of a well known minister of one of the evangelical churches. The young couple, unless portraits taken at the time deceive, were possessed of much more than an average amount of natural beauty, besides being liberally endowed mentally, and they were welcome members of the elite of New Orleans society. Possessed of a liberal share of wealth and a goodly stock of contentment, they lived happily and prospered in many ways, and the breaking out of the rebellion found them the parents of two children, Louisa, a girl of five, and George a boy of three, both the children being named after their parents. Mr. Martinez was one of those fiery Spanish Louisianians who do first and reflect afterward, and when the war was declared, scarcely waiting to bid his loved ones good-by, he joined the Confederate army. Like a large majority of the Confederates, he confidently believed he was going out simply to participate in one brilliant series of victories, and in few weeks or months at farthest would return a victorious warrior, and again clasp his wife and babies in his loving arms. The weeks speedily grew into months, and the months had become long and weary, and the end—the victorious end for which nearly all Southerners still hoped—seemed as as far off as ever. In fact, to the young wife and mother it was receding, and dangers immediately threatening New Orleans, from the advance of the federal troops, admonished her to seek a safer retreat for herself and babies. In a short time an opportunity was presented of reaching St. Louis, where her father then resided. She had not heard from her husband since his departure, as he was in a branch of the army from which it was very difficult to get communications, and she had doubts that he yet lived, but did not give up all hope until death released her from the trials and tribulations of this world. Owing to the unsettled condition of affairs in New Orleans, she was barely able to obtain a sufficient sum of money to carry herself and children to her father's house in St. Louis. There for a time she resided, but her father, never having approved of her choice of a husband, soon made it anything but a pleasant home for her, and she was compelled to seek shelter elsewhere, and left, making neither effort to conceal from him nor apprise him of her whereabouts. She went to Wisconsin, and by domestic labor, for which she was illy prepared by training and nature, as her health was very delicate, she managed to support herself and children until just after the close of the war, when the angel of death claimed her, and the children were left orphans among strangers. They had been given to understand that their father was dead, and knew of no relative to whom they could reasonably apply for a home, consequently they were placed in an orphan asylum, whence they were, however, soon removed, Louisa being taken charge of by a family in Delavan, and George by a kind gentleman in a town near by. When the war closed Mr. Martinez sought his loved ones, but without avail. Their neighbors in New Orleans only knew that they had gone to St. Louis, and Mrs. Martinez's father knew, or pretended to know, nothing of them. Later the father informed Mr. Martinez that his wife was dead, but professed ignorance as to the fate or whereabouts of the children. At intervals since the war, whenever his business—that of an extensive tobacco dealer in Mobile—would permit, the father has sought his offspring, and in his travels has been all over the United States, from Boston to New Orleans and from New York to Omaha, spending many thousand dollars endeavoring to find them. About two months ago he again started out, with but a faint hope, however, as he had been too often disappointed to feel much encouraged. After searching some time, he made another appeal to his clerical father-in-law in St. Louis, and the old gentleman relented and informed him that the children had been placed in an orphan asylum in Wisconsin. Thence he proceeded, and by examining the register of the various asylums, finally obtained a trace that led him to Delavan, where he learned that Louisa had moved to Chicago and was employed as a domestic by a lady who rents furnished rooms on Clark street, within a short distance of the Grand Pacific Hotel. Hastening here, he found the place early yesterday morning, and rapping at the sittingroom door, was confronted by his daughter. The parent's instinct led him to recognize his child at once, and he clasped her in his arms, greatly to her astonishment, as she had no idea who the handsome, elegantly dressed, dark gentleman with the unfamiliar accent could be. He explained that he was her father, but was compelled to make other explanations before he could convince her of the fact, but once assured, the poor girl's heart, which had so long been deprived of the living sympathy of a parent, overflowed, and she wept with joy. Louisa had often remarked to acquaintances that "some day she would get a pile of money, or some person would come and take her away," but as she could give no reason for her belief, except that she "felt it," no one paid any attention to her remarks, and she passed in the house for a good-natured girl with a secret history, no one pretending to surmise what that history might be. During all the years she has had to toil for a living she has lived a pure and honorable life, of which fact her father took pains to inform himself. Then he told her to make hasty preparations to depart for Mobile, where he is possessed of a beautiful Southern home, a prosperous business, and enough wealth to live in elegance without being troubled with the cares of business should he choose to relinquish it. The father and daughter left for Wisconsin to get George last evening, and tonight they will pass through the city en route for Mobile.—*Chicago Journal.*

A Lively Boston Boy.

One day not long ago a Detroit lawyer had his attention called to a bright boy wandering up and down Griswold street. He learned that the boy was an orphan and a stranger, having been shipped from Boston by some one who who imagined that the "Hub" was hardly enterprising enough for such an enterprising boy. The lawyer wanted a lad in his office, and he took Thomas on trial, agreeing to pay his board and give a little something besides, if he was a good boy. The boy said he just ached to become a lawyer, and he was so enthusiastic to get ahead and become known to fame that he broke a chair and a pane of glass the first afternoon. When the lawyer gently suggested to him to restrain his ardor, Thomas promptly replied:

"There's nothing like making a law office get up and howl!"

It was amazing how quickly that boy picked up a knowledge of legal business. It was his duty to stay in the office when the lawyer went out, and he felt all the importance of his position. When big boys came around to ask for a job of carrying up coal, Thomas went for them heavy.

"Boys!" he would answer in a severe voice, "I don't want to see you come to grief, but if you don't hurry right down stairs I'll get out a capias, switch you behind the bars and have you hung before grass starts."

The attorney had to go to Chicago one day, and he told Thomas he might wash the windows and slick up a little. Thomas went in. He had new matting put on the floor, put a painter at work and hired an old woman to wash everything which could be washed. It was a neat job all around, and he felt as if he ought to be praised for his enterprise. The attorney began to scold, but Thomas remarked:

"Aint we as good as those one-horse lawyers across the road? Is a law office a barn, or is it a law office?"

Two weeks ago he was told to go down and order half a ton of coal to keep the stove going till warm weather. Some one told him that coal would be considerably higher next year, and so, on the ground of economy, he ordered five tons sent up, and most of it had been dumped on the walk before the attorney discovered the situation. Thomas would probably have lasted a week or so longer than he did but for his reception of a lady client who came to see the lawyer about applying for a divorce. The lawyer was trying a case in court, and the boy had sole charge of the office. He received the lady in his usual urbane manner, and when she inquired for the attorney, he replied:

"He is out, but my legal services are at your disposal."

She didn't seem inclined to consult him and he went on:

"Is it a case of wife-beating or divorce?"

She intimated that he was an impudent boy, and he replied:

"Very well, madam; we can't take your case at all!"

She said she'd call and see the lawyer, but Thomas answered:

"It won't do you any good. We can't take your case at all—not for love or money."

She returned two hours later, when the lawyer was in and Thomas was out, and it was decided that the boy would have to seek some other profession. That evening, when so informed, he replied:

"All right. If I'm going to be a lawyer I want things to git right up and git around. You don't want a lively boy around here, and I saw that a week ago."

It was intimated that he hadn't better "sass" any one, and he blandly replied:

"No one is sassing you. If you want this partnership dissolved, we'll part friendly. If you don't want to rush things, this is no place for me."

He is peddling peanuts now, and the way he dusts around is the cause of his having half a dozen fights per day.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Statue on Bedloe's Island.

Yesterday afternoon an informal meeting was held at the office of Compagne Generale Transatlantique, by Mr. Auguste D'Ouville, of the said company, and Mr. Adolt Salmon, of No. 14 Wall street, both members of the Union Franco-Americaine, at Paris, which is about placing on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York, the colossal statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World," the cost of which is 1,800,000 francs, and the height from the base of the pedestal 105 feet.

The gentlemen in question gave the *Herald* reporter the following information: "It is understood in Paris that the United States, to make the affair truly international, shall place the foundation of the monument. The cost will be about $30,000. In France the workmen all over the country have given their ten and twenty cents toward the cost of the edifice. We want the *Herald* to help us in giving publicity to the matter, so that Americans can subscribe for the cost of the foundation. We hope that the subscription will be in small sums. We will receive them, or they can be sent to Mr. Mennier, editor of the *Courrier des Etat Unis*. The statue is a fraternal work, and will be a monument of the sympathy existing between the great republican nations in the centennial year of American independence. The foundation stone is to be laid on the fourth of July, 1876. The following members of the committee are expected here by the tenth of June: Ed. Laboulaye, president director; Henri Martin, Dietz Monin, vice presidents; Oscar de Lafayette, Jules de Lasteyrie, Paul de Remusat, Count de Tocqueville, Waddington, Cornelis de Wirt, Jean Mace, Count Serurier, Wolowski, L. Simonin, V. Borie, Aug. Bartholdi, A. Caubert and De Lagorsse.

The artist of the monument is Mr. Bartholdy, of Paris, cousin of the French Minister at Washington. Several prominent citizens of New York are about forming a committee to receive contributions, and we of the committee intend to help them all we can. The monument will be sent over in sections on a French vessel of war within a few months. Prominent vessels of the French navy will be here for the celebration of laying of the corner stone on the fourth of July.—*New York Herald.*

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

BY REV. WILLIAM C. GANNETT.

God plowed, one day, with an earthquake,
And drove His furrows deep;
The huddling plains upstarted,
The hills were all aleap;
But that is the mountain's secret,
Aye hidden in his breast;
"God's peace is everlasting!"
Are the dreamwords of their rest.

He hath made them the haunts of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth His mornings upon them,
His sunsets lighten their face;
His thunders tread in music
Of footfalls echoing long,
And carry majestic greeting
Around the silent throng.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys
In the love song of the rain.
Green tribes from far come trooping,
And over the uplands flock;
He hath woven the hours together
As a robe for His risen rock.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for the flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born races,
Masterful, free and proud.
The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray;
God freshens again within them,
As He passes by all day.

And lo! I have caught their secret,
The beauty deeper than all!
This faith—that life's hard moments,
When the jarring sorrows befall,
Are but God plowing His mountains;
An those mountains yet shall be
The source of His grace and freshness
And His peace everlasting to me.

A Change of Fortune.

Eleven years ago Henrietta Irving made her first appearance as an actress at the Olympic Theatre, which was then under the management of Mrs. John Wood. Miss Irving was young, beautiful and talented. She worked at once into public favor, and during two seasons was a prominent member of that well-remembered company. She was then tendered Mrs. Hoey's place at Wallack's Theatre, but had already accepted an engagement in Philadelphia. In 1867 she married Edward Eddy, the tragedian, who was much her senior in age, but she did not abandon the stage. As Henrietta Irving she continued to act, in conjunction with her husband, and separately as a "star," appearing with success in Shakespearean and other characters, and making herself known to patrons of theatres in nearly every city in the country. Early in the present dramatic season they went to the West Indies with a company, and in Kingston, Jamaica, Mr. Eddy died. An account of his funeral in this city on January 16, the ceremonies being conducted by Free Masons, was the last that the public saw relating to the popular actress. Yesterday the following letter was received:

To the Editor of the Sun:

SIR—The widow of a once prominent man, and a Free Mason of the Thirty-third Degree, appeals to you for life. My late husband, Edward Eddy (actor), died four months ago at Kingston, Jamaica. I was was left financially helpless. I borrowed the means to convey his dear remains home, thinking his lodge would liquidate the debt. I was mistaken. Through some quibble, called the "forty-second section," they declined to assist me in any way. For weeks I have been confined to my bed by illness, brought on by grief and want. I am without the common necessaries of life—fire, food or medicine. God help me if this my appeal to you shall fail! My illness is augmented by constant duns from Jamaica—the last for the shroud in which my husband was buried. I am heart-broken. I have no acquaintances in this city, but have no doubt that Mr. Eddy had friends who would assist me if they knew my deplorable condition. Will you please make my case known to the public, retaining my address at your office for those who choose to call! Most respectfully,

MRS. EDWARD EDDY.

Mrs. Eddy was found, as she had said in the letter, sick and destitute. A large Newfoundland dog sat by the bed upon which she lay, looking as though he knew that his mistress was in trouble. She was thin and white from long illness, and seemed very weak and nervous. Her surroundings were comfortless. She showed bills and dunning letters from persons in Kingston, who had lent money or otherwise assisted in caring for Eddy's body, and said that her inability to settle had helped to keep her sick. She had supposed that the Free Masons would pay the burial expenses of a member of such a high degree as her husband had been, but told that he had forfeited his claim by neglecting to pay his dues. He had been wealthy, but had lost all his property, and died poor. She had nothing, which in itself would not be so bad, because she could readily get dramatic engagements, but her illness was a totally disabling misfortune. She was grief-stricken and discouraged, which she need not have said, for her face showed it. Latterly she had not made acquaintances in this city, and her old friends did not know where she was. The account of her condition given in her letters seems borne out by the facts.—*New York Sun.*

An Awful Scene.

While the Redemptorist Fathers were on a mission to the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Boston, the attendance was full every service. One evening Father Francis Xavier gave a description of the death and judgment of an old impenitent sinner, which, for awful solemnity, we have never heard equaled. The church was filled in every part. Standing by the side of a large black cross inside of the sanctuary, the reverend father, in the dark habit of his order, without note or reference, spoke in substance as follows:

The impenitent sinner is now laid on a bed of sickness never more to rise. He feels the fangs of death at his heart. His friends have brought the priest of God to administer comfort to his dying soul; but too late. The poor wretch is in a maze; he tries to mumble a prayer; the words stick in his throat; he has forgotten how to pray; he turns and looks in the faces near him only to be remembered that he is about to leave them forever. The holy father's words have no meaning to him; how can it be otherwise? From boyhood through life he had been only intent on gratifying his sensual desires, which he still loves, although he has lost the power to relish them. His brain reels in agony, the damp dew of death is on his brow, the departing rattle in his throat, his eyes become dim and he can barely recognize the outlines of those by his bedside. All is dark, the soul has left the body and gradually opens its eyes on other scenes. Yet it is the same room, with other parties present. He looks to see who they are. Radiant in the majesty of immortality he beholds the Judge of all the earth, the Lord of Glory, who shed his precious blood for him, and by his side an angel in vestments of purest white. But who is this, black as night, on whose brow every evil passion has set its seal? What is he doing here? He speaks, listen, his voice is harsh and hellish, and his hands are stretched forth toward the wretched sinner. "O, righteous Judge," he croaks, "I claim this wretch as mine, body and soul; he has served me throughout life and now I claim him at the hour of death!" Though we all know that the devil is a liar (for it is he who speaks), for once he speaks the truth. But he comes not into court alone; he has brought from hell with him the sinner's wife and children. "O! husband, husband," the wife screams in agony, "but for your cruel treatment I might have been an angel of light; you received me pure into your arms, but after degrading me to your own brutal level, left me and our children to the cold charity of the world; we fell into sin and were lost, and will be your tormentors forever." Hear his children; they, too, have something to say: O! father, father, what our mother has said is true; your drunkenness and cruelty drove us to despair and sin, and we shall be your tormentors." "Righteous Judge," continues the devil, "I have other evidence to make good my claim; his guardian angel by your side can confirm what I charge against him." The benign messenger of heaven bows his head in sorrow and faintly says: "Most righteous Judge, when this poor soul was received into the church by baptism I was appointed to watch over him, and from that time to the present have never deserted him. In seasons of sickness, in dreams, and by every other means, I tried incessantly to influence him to turn from the evil of his ways, but all in vain. In the exercise of his free will he preferred evil to good, and and what the tempter charges is, alas, too true!" And taking from beneath his robe he returns to the Saviour the crown that was intended for the sinner when he was consecrated to God. The evidence is all in, the guilty wretch feels its truth; he dares not raise his eyes to meet his Judge, but in wild despair cries: "O, most merciful Lord, save me!" But it is too late. The awful sentence is pronounced, "Depart from me into everlasting fire prepared for the devils and angels!" The sinner immediately feels the infernal fires glow around him; he loves his sins still, and if restored to life and health would continue in the course; but his doom is fixed forever. But what is the devil now doing with his dead body? He is washing from it the mark of the cross which it received at baptism, and is putting his own mark, the mark of the hell on it by which he will claim it at the general resurrection. One yell of dispair closes the scenes; the victims of hell sink out of sight to endure eternal torments. Such is the fate of every impenitent sinner at the hour of death, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye!

No words can describe the awful manner of the reverend father while he calmly and deliberately drew the foregoing picture. He was pale and passionless as death, yet his every word seemed to burn itself into the very hearts of his hearers. The vast audience, spell-bound, hardly appeared to breathe, for he looked and spoke as if he were a being of the other world, who had witnessed the scene he had described.—*Boston Traveller.*

A Frontier Town.

The following letter, from General Viele to the New York *Times*, will furnish an accurate idea of the locality on the frontier where the recent difficulties have arisen. About thirty years ago, then a young officer, he was stationed there, and for two years or more acted as a sort of military governor, having few or no instructions. Until he went there, under orders from General Worth, the citizens had regarded themselves as Mexican subjects:

It may interest the readers of the *Times* to know something of the locality on our Mexican frontier which was the scene of the recent events that may lead to some international complications. Laredo—pronounced Lar-a-do—is an old Spanish mission town at least two centuries old, situated on the east bank of the Rio Grande. It is regularly laid out. Many of the houses are built of stone, and it has a quaint old Spanish Catholic Church, whose bells were sent from Spain. In the year 1848 the United States troops under my command constructed a military road connecting this town with the Lower Rio Grande, and I was ordered by General Worth to establish a military post at that point. Up to that time the only communication with the rest of the world had been by Indian trails. The troops I commanded were the first United States soldiers the people had ever seen, and until then they had regarded themselves as Mexican citizens. The town was governed by Mexican laws, which were administered by an alcade, and the inhabitants, numbering some 1200, led a primitive life, counted their beads and contented themselves with a very small allotment of worldly goods. The arrival of the government troops, and the entire change that followed in the conduct of affairs, induced a number of the people to cross the river with their families and build a new town, called Neuva Laredo, in order that they might retain their Mexican citizenship, as those who remained necessarily became American citizens. The two towns lie directly opposite to each other, and a constant intercourse is maintained between them, the families on both sides being nearly all connected and retaining the use of the Spanish language. It was a very difficult matter for these people to comprehend at first that by the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo they had become a portion of the United States, and on several occasions I was compelled to repress the forcible enlistment of recruits for the Mexican army, which was several times attempted at midnight. In the year 1848 the town was visited by a terrible cholera epidemic that decimated the inhabitants and destroyed more than half of my command. The whole region of country at this place is desolate in the extreme, and it sometimes remains unvisited by rain for a whole year. There is very little vegetation except in the low bottom land along the river. A stunted growth of mesquite covers the low hills, and a coarse grass the valleys. On the whole, it is the most worthless part of the United States, and always will be.

Damaging Reputations.

Mr. Morton made a strong point in a recent speech on the Mississippi resolutions in reply to Mr. Bayard. The latter opposed an investigation by the Senate alone, as it would have the appearance of being made for party effect. Mr. Morton pointed directly to the Democratic House, which had some twenty or thirty committees making investigations at an expense of thousands of dollars per day, and all for political effect. It is seldom that a table is turned so completely over upon the head of the man who lifts it up. There is no question that most of the House investigations are prosecuted for the express purpose of damaging the Republicans. Thus far they have proposed no measure of reform, no system of public relief, no radical policy for official purification. The civil service reform sleeps in its coffin, and there are not Democrats enough who desire its resurrection to cover its corpse with decent clothes, to say nothing of breathing the breath of life into its inanimate clay. They propose nothing to put in the place of the evils they discover, or to prevent the recurrence of similar frauds hereafter. They seem bent upon damaging reputations, in the hope that the country will turn in disgust from the Republicans and embrace them as the least of two evils.

But they are dealing with a two-edged sword. In smiting down Belknap they administered a fatal back stroke to Pendleton in spite of themselves. It is manifestly part of their design to damage every prominent Republican to the utmost. But this is a game the Republicans can play at, and already we hear insinuations against a half dozen Democratic candidates for the Presidency. The coming presidential contest bids fair to excel all others in bitter personal vituperation and abuse and scurrility. This damaging of reputations is a thing to be deprecated. It does no good. There are black sheep in both parties. If one party throws pitch the other will resort to tar and vitriol. Neither will gain anything by adopting these tactics. But mud throwing dirties the fingers and soils the character of whoever descends to the business. It demoralizes public sentiment. It lowers the standard of public morals. The character of its public men is after all the best property and the surest safeguard of a nation. We all have an interest in preserving public confidence in the leading men of both parties, and the least said against their honor the better for the nation. It sometimes seems that if a score or two of prominent politicians were smirched beyond recovery and driven into retirement the country would gain by their loss. But with all their faults, which are partly the faults of the period and the people at large, they have a knowledge of affairs and an experience of public business and an acquaintance with public men which fit them for the public service as no new men are fitted. We have a number of second rate men in public life, who are able, active, experienced and serviceable in their way; and it is useless to condemn them for not being something else, while to try to break them down for petty mistakes and upon contemptible surmises is to bring all public life into disgrace and weaken the supports of public confidence. Let us have done with this damaging of reputations, except in cases where the public safety and honor require the exposure. And it is impossible to believe that the great majority of our public men are not honest and fairly faithful. They are partisans, but if they were not partisans they would not be in public life. Parties are a public necessity, and to honestly and faithfully work for the good of the country through the party one believes in and belongs to by conviction is a thing to be proud of rather than ashamed of.—*New York Graphic.*

The New York canals will open on the fourth of May, fourteen days earlier than usual. There is nothing like having a reform and canal Governor in a State.