AT HER GRAVE.

From The Athenæum.

I have stayed too long from your grave it seems:
Now I come back again.
Love, have you stirred down there in your dreams
Through the sunny days or the rain?
Ah no, the same peace; you are happy so;
And your flowers, how do they grow?

Your rose has a bud; is it meant for me?
Ah, little red gift put up
So silently, like a child's present you see
Lying beside your cup!
And geranium leaves—I will take, if I may,
Two or three to carry away.

I went not far. In yon world of ours
Grow ugly weeds. With my heart
Thinking of you and your garden of flowers
I went to do my part,
Plucking up where they poison the human wheat
The weeds of cant and deceit.

'Tis a hideous thing I have seen, and the toil
Begets few thanks, much hate;
And the new crop only will find the soil
Less foul, for the old 'tis too late.
I come back to the only spot I know
Where a weed will never grow.

—[ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY.

GEORGIA SKETCHES:

DIANA VISITS HER FAMILY.

For The Sunday Tribune by a Resident Georgian.

"Miss Jasmin, I wants Mars' Gordon to write me a tifikid," Diana observed one morning, as she folded the tablecloth.

"A what?"

"A lawyer's writin'—a tifikid—a paper to say dat I kin git my chile."

"A certificate?"

"Yes'm. Kase dem folks ain't gwine to gi' Cynthy to me less'n dey know's deys got to. An' I'm a gwine to ha' her."

"Who has her, and how did they get her?"

"You knows, Miss Jasmin—dem folks you d'rected de letter in care on—don' you know when I got you to write an' tell Cynthy I wanted her to come an' live wid me? I got you to write dat letter sorter lovin', 'thout no threatenin', to see ef dey'd let her come peaceable. Dey ain' so much as answered it, an' how I'm a gwine to fotch her. Her pa's sister's raised her—her de one as married Jim Jimson."

"How long has she been with her aunt?"

"I donno, 'm. I was down sick abed in Macon, after I'd done followed Maje dar, an' my chillun was a cryin' fer bread, Miss Jasmin, an' Maje runnin' after another 'oman. An' I took Cynthy and Peter, an' saunt 'em to my mother an' ast her please ma'am to keep 'em an' to feed 'em fer me outwell I got about agin an' could earn their livin'; an' ma, she tuk an' taken 'em an' carried 'em to Maje's sister, an' bound 'em out to her—my own mammy did dat, Miss Jasmin!—an' soon's I heerd on't, I saunt 'em word dey couldn' keep dem chillun no longer'n I could git at 'em; an' when I had money agin I went atter 'em, but ruther'n ha' a fus, I let' 'em; an' I went twice't, Miss Jasmin, an' still dey wouldn' gi' 'em up. An' I ast Mars' Gordon, an' he say less'n Maje an' I had boun' 'em out, dey ain't boun' to stay by law; an' so I's a gwine to git 'em."

"Aren't the children well off where they are?"

"Dey ain't got none o' deir own, an I reckon dey treats 'em well enough; but it's time I was gittin' some money for dem chilluns. Cynthy's fifteen by now, I reckon, an' Peter he's mos' grown. I don' keer so much 'bout Peter, 'cause boys never does gi' you deir wages like gals do; but I could git Cynthy's wages. She's big enough to he'p me now, an' I'se a gittin' ole, Miss Jasmin."

I could not but laugh at Diana's air of weakness and dependence.

"I'm gwine to offer to gi' 'em Linton fur Cynthy. I'd rather he's brought up outen town, any way, an' he kin learn to farm, like his bre'r Pete."

"I'm afraid they won't want to bring up any more children for you, Diana, if you let them have the children only while they are little and can't work, and take them away as soon as they are useful."

"Well, Miss Jasmin, I'd bind Linton out—ef dey'd pay me. He's gittin too much fer me. I sen' him out to chop wood—whoop! you's Linton flyin' a kite down de corner lot, or riggin' up a win'-mill on de wood-shed. I tells him to draw a bucket o' water; he'll leave de bucket by de well, bless gracious, an' go to haulin' down his paper flag 'cause de gun fire over at de Barracks yonder! Town ain' no place fer dat chile. He see too much, honey; he see all dat goes—eyes sticktn' outen his head outwell you could scrape 'em off wid a chip! No, ma'am; I wants Cynthy down here."

When Gordon came home I mentioned Diana's request.

"I am not going to give her any paper, Jessica," he said. "She can go there and get the child. A paper will do her no good, and I hate to give a negro any sort of document. They can't read what is said in it, and they go off and make up the most astonishing lies about it."

"But negroes are so afraid of a writing, and she merely wants some weapon of intimidation. The children are hers; and if you will just write down on a piece of paper 'It is the law that, unless the parent or legal guardian of a child has bound it out to service, the child is under the parents' control, and cannot lawfully be withheld from it,' and sign your name, it can do nobody any harm, and will have all the terrors of a sheriff and a troop of police for those people."

"No doubt, with Diana's added flourishes. Negroes and 'poor whites' are just alike. They think a 'lawyer's writin'' an engine of deadly power. A very decent old negro came up to see father the other day, and asked him if he could be turned out of his house by the landlord when he only lacked a dollar of paying the rent. He is a good old man, and had had a sick spell, and been pretty hard up. Father told him to go along and go to work, and pay the dollar as soon as he could, and he wouldn't be turned out. His landlord was one of our clients, a specimen of the 'poor white trash'; and he proved more spiteful against old Matt than father expected. He came in a day or two later, and insisted on a 'lawyer's writin'' that should turn old Matt out. I wrote him a formal notice of ejectment on a sheet of office paper, which of course has our names at the head; showed him the place to sign it, and gave it to him to serve if he chose. Later in the day here came poor old Matt, rushing in, all bewildered with trouble. 'Why, gempmin, dey tells me dis yer is a paper signed by Judge Alexanders and *his* son, Mars' Gordon Alexanders, sayin' ef I don' git out o' my house by night Judge Alexanders and *his* son, Mars' Gordon, dey'll make me! Dey say bof your names is on de paper!'"

A few days elapsed, and Diana was setting the dinner table when she casually remarked, "Miss Jasmin, Nancy kin make right fa'r biscuit, her ma say, but don' you trus' her wid no light bread or cake whilst I'se gone."

"Nancy?"

"I done 'gaged her to cook fer you whilst I'se gone up de country. Her ma say she kin cook fust-rate wid a little showin'."

"But, Diana—when are you going?" I asked meekly. I had learned from my neighbors the custom of the country, and knew it vain to protest against a proceeding I should have considered, while at the North, a high-handed outrage. Did not Charlotte, Mrs. D'Aubigny's cook, take it into her head to visit an infirm grandmother, or some such relative, and whisk off, without "by your leave," leaving her afflicted mistress with company in the house, and a cook selected by Charlotte's self, who was perfectly frightful? Did not Charlotte stay one solid week, and did not Mrs. D'Aubigny welcome her back almost with tears of joy, so unutterable had been the horrors of her absence? If Diana chose to prove to me how ill I could live without her, who was I, a "mere worm o' the dust," as it were, to protest against her will and pleasure? Good servants are rare—fatally rare; you dare not refuse a valuable one anything, from a week's holiday to an "afternoon out," from a "street-car ticket, please 'm," to the dress that you wear!

Diana went the next morning. She also returned; not, oh! not by two days as soon as she promised, but she returned; she returned, and to her credit be it recorded, she brought back to me what was to her a considerable sum, the change of a large bill which I entrusted to her to get out of it her wages; it being the only money I had about me when she knocked at my door in the gray morning and reminded me that she wanted $5 to travel with. I staked that bill on her fidelity, and was not disappointed.

What I suffered at the hands of Nancy is not to the purpose; scarcely more so the truly neighborly loving kindness of Mrs. D'Aubigny, who sent me her own cook to dress my Sunday dinner; but at last Diana returned; before breakfast I heard her usual grumbling tones—never so welcome as now—in the back porch. Gordon had left the room, and I called her. She came in, still wearing her best head-gear—a white hat—and her gay, thin shawl.

"Did you get your children, Diana?" I asked.

"Yes, *ma'am!*" emphatically. "But Mars' Gordon ought to a gin me dat paper, dough. I had to fight fer 'em."

"*Did* you fight, Diana?" curiously, remembering how once she "laid Maje out wid a cane."

"I did for a fac'! I fit three on 'em."

"Why, how was that, Diana?"

"Well, Miss Jasmin, de fust I saw when I got off at de P'int wuz Pete hisse'f, down dar to meet de train wid a wagon an' a mule, 'spectin' his Uncle Jim on de train. He tole me dey wa'n't gwine to lemme ha' Cynthy, whatever dey did. He ast me to ride in de wagon, but I wouldn' do it; I know'd dey didn' want me in none o' deir wagon."

"Had they received your letter about Cynthia?"

"'Course dey had; dats why dey spected I'd be comin' 'long atter her. Well, I walked on to Sist' Calline's, an' Kernanny she got tired, an' I had to tote her piece o' de ways. Sist' Calline live 'bout two miles from Jimson's, an' 'bout three from de P'int, whar I done left de train. I staid all night at Sist' Calline's."

"You didn't see Cynthia at all the first day?"

"No, 'm. Nex' day I went fer her. My bre'r, Tom, he went longer me, makin' 'tense like as he was on my side. An' when I got dar he done turned agin' me! But I fit 'em all."

"You did?"

"I jus' up an' tole 'em I had a lawyer's 'pinions, an' de lawyer stood ready to stu' a tifikid dat I could ha' my chillun, an' dat Mars' Gordon say I could jus' call my chillun, an' ef dey didn' follow me I could ha' de law on 'em, an' I tole 'em Mars' Gordon 'ud show 'em law ef dey wanted it; and den my own brudder—'sectiul thiag!—he say, 'Oh, Sis', I'd let 'em 'lone; we bin all roun' to all de white folks in de neighbo'hood, an' all de white folks dey say you couldn't take 'em outwell dey was twenty-one!' And I say, '*You is, is you? You bin to all de white folks, is you? Come right out here, den,*' I say, '*an' I'll drink your blood!*'"

"Why Diana?"

"Yes, ma'am, I was a bilin' den! Cynthy, she was a cryin' all de time, she was so feared dey'd git de bes' ob me. But I say, 'Cynthy, la! chile, don' you shed one tear; d'on' you shed one tear,' I say, 'cause I'se a gwine to ha' you, ef I ha' to take you away en pieces!'"

"Consoling for Cynthia!—But you made them give her up, did you?"

"Yes'm. Dey wanted to make up after I done cleaned up de crowd, an' ast me to come in, an' talk an' set a spell; but, *no sir!* I wouldn' no more set my foot in deir house! Den dey promust to lemme ha' Cynthy de nex' day, an' when I went atter her, she wa'n't dar. Dey'd done hid her out in de swamp; an' I tole Jim Jimson ef he didn' go an' bring me dat chile I wouldn't leave two logs togedder in dat dar house o' his'n. An' I got her! Yes'm, I did; he *had* to fetch her. Her aunt Fanny give her all her clo'es, too, nice clo'es. Dat chile is fixed out. I 'spected Jimson t-gimme her railroad ticket, too; but you bleeve me, he wouldn' gimme a cent, Miss Jasmin? Dat nigger never so much as gin me a nickel!"

"What did you do about Peter?"

"I tak him an' hired him out, up dar. A man taken him an' promust to gimme fifty dollars fer him at Chris'mus. He's to board him, too. Nigger never make nuthin' when he spen' all his time twix' de smoke-house an' de store-room; eat hisse'f clean out o' wages 'fore Chris'mas."

I saw Diana's daughter later in the day. She was a neat, active, quick little girl, apparently not fourteen. She was rather shy and frightened when asked to hand anything. Such a thing as a coal-scuttle, a tender, a vase or a salt-cellar was evidently unknown to her, and I might as well have called for it in Hebrew so far as her comprehensions went.

"Nuvver bin in white folkses houses in her life," Diana explained, half-scornful, half-apologetic. Nothing exceeds a negro's contempt for another who has been "raised by a nigger."

A day or two later Diana told me a tale of such cruelties as horrified me; the victims having been this shy, quick girl and her brother.

"Miss Jasmin, I jes' bin a draggin' it out o' dat gal how her uncle Jim Jimson bin a treatin' of her. La, Miss Jasmin, ef I had but knowed it 'fore I fel' dar!—Dey ain't nuvver had no chilluns ob deir own, an' dey dunno how to treat 'em. Mammy tole me dey'd bin a runnin' away from deir uncle Jim an' hidin' out in de swamp, an' I wanted to know de reason why. Dis yer Cynthy, she's done showed me de scars he's fel' on her. Beat her? Beaten' ain't no name for it. One time she run away, kase he was so mean to her, an' she heerd 'em comin' to hunt fer her, an' she say she crawled under de bresh-heap an' he didn' fin' her; an' den she crope out an' run to her grau'ma's, an' Mammy, she went an' tole Jim Jimson to come atter her. An' her aunt Fanny—she's de one taught her sew and guv de chile all she got—she tried to make her husband let Cynthy 'lone; so he would'n whip her in de house; he tuk her off in de swamp, an' tied her up to a willow, so's she jes' dangled, her foots sca'cely scrapin' de groun', an' he beat dat chile twell—Miss Jasmin! she couldn' lif her han', nor sca'cely crawl to de house. An' he tuk Peter an' h'isted him up to de joists o' de house, an' beat him twell he wo' out a bundle ob sticks. La! Miss Jasmin, I can't die twell I'm even wid dat man."

"But why did your mother send the child back to such a man?"

"Well, Miss Jasmin, Ma she's old an' she don' feel like she uster. Old folks gits queer. Ma's a mighty ole lady. De State takes keer o' her; dat is, it gibs her bacon an' meal an' syrup to eat. La, Miss Jasmin, an' she was so pleased wid de coffee you give me fer her! I allers takes Mammy sompin when I kin. She's so ole, seem like she can't live much longer."

"How old is she, Diana?"

"Mo' a hun'erd, I spec', Miss Jasmin. La, Miss Jasmin, ef slavery was here, jes' see how well off Mammy 'd be now. Ole Masser nuvver let a nigger suffer fer nothin', less'n we didn' mind him. He was mighty hard ef he was crossed—but dar! He'll nuvver hear no more 'bout it in de nex' worl'; he done got religion sence de peace, an' giten' ready to go to glory, I heerd!"

"Well, Diana, you won't want to visit your family again in a hurry."

"No, Miss Jasmin, bless gracious! Kase ef ever I see Jim Jimson agin I'm gwine to t'ar him into as many pieces as I got fingers an' toes! You hear *me*, Miss Jasmin!"

FARRAGUT'S MINORCAN DESCENT.

Port Mahon Letter to The Philadelphia Telegraph.

The town of Ciudadela, on the west shore, is the home of the Farragut family, of which our own naval hero is a descendant. The father of our Admiral left Minorca when he was thirteen years old, and settled in Tennessee. The Farraguts are distinguished in the annals of Spain. The name here is spelled the same as it is the United States, but it is pronounced slightly different. When Admiral Farragut was here in 1868 he visited Ciudadela, and had an ovation from its inhabitants. He passed the day making the acquaintance of his family and searching the parish records.

He had always known that his ancestors came from Minorca, but his father had lost all connection with his relations here for many years. I was told a curious story, in connection with his visit to Ciudadela, by our former Consul. The Admiral had always known that his coat-of-arms was a horseshoe on a shield, but he had never used it, and had, indeed, almost forgotten it, when he discovered the same coat-of-arms in use by the Farraguts here and saw it on the tombs of their and his ancestors.

THREE PROFITS INSTEAD OF ONE.

From The Hatters' Gazette.

It may not be generally known that the late Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, founder of the English branch of that famous house, and father of the Baron Lionel de Rothschild, who died some time ago, laid the foundation of his fortune in Manchester. He came from Frankfort to that city in 1798, and began business there. After a stay of five years he moved to London in 1803. A letter by the late Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., to his daughter, is interesting as containing a reference to Baron Rothschild's connection with Manchester:

"We dined yesterday at Ham House to meet the Rothschilds, and very amusing it was. He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city. I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there who had the market to himself; he was quite the great man, and did us a favor if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on Tuesday. I said to my father, I will go to England. I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester I laid out all my money, things were so cheap, and I made good profits. I soon found out that there were three profits—the raw material, the dyeing, and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, "I will supply you with the material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods." So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my £20,000 into £60,000.'"

FACTS ABOUT "A FOOL'S ERRAND."

Washington Letter to The Indianapolis Journal.

The author of "A Fool's Errand" is Albion W. Tourgee. He was born and raised in Michigan, and is known by Congressman Willits of that State. There he studied law and was married, afterward moving to Ashtabula County, Ohio, which is within the district now represented by the Hon. James A. Garfield, to whom Mr. Tourgee is known. After the close of the war he moved to Raleigh, North Carolina, to enter the practice of the law. Here he was well known to Colonel Keogh, the present secretary of the Republican National Committee. Mr. R. C. Badger, United States District Attorney for North Carolina, who is now in Washington, said the other night: "I know Tourgee well, and have read his book. It's all true, and I know all the persons and most of the incidents mentioned in it. But the fact is Tourgee didn't do very well down there. He was most too radical in his views." After a struggle of fourteen years, during all of which time he and his family were ostracized, and during a portion of which his life was in constant peril, he came North last year to stay. When the Hayes policy was developed and the Republican President abandoned the fight and the men who had stood the racket for fourteen years, he recognized the folly of further continuing the fight, and retired. I understand that he is now in Colorado.

"His book tells the story of the persecutions he and his associates bore, and explains their feelings. It has been read, I am glad to say, by members of the Cabinet, and I hope, also, by the President. Senators, members and officials are reading it, and it is the topic of conversation wherever I go. I heard General Harrison praise it the other day, and General Garfield says its influence will be a great assistance in the fight before the Republican party. I have no doubt but it will. No better campaign document could be disseminated by the Republican party. It would pay to circulate two or three hundred thousand copies through the North. But it will circulate itself. Already the first edition has been exhausted, and a second edition of 40,000 copies has been ordered.

"It is a good example of the timidity of Washington merchants that for months a copy of this book could not be bought here. The booksellers recognize the sympathy in this community for the 'lost cause,' and are careful not to offend it. Even the organ grinder on the corner appreciates this. He dons his Union blue which appeals to the North, dons the gray and hangs out his card—'Help a Southern soldier.' And he is not mistaken in his estimate of the population, for he does a thriving business—I am ashamed to say better than his other suit brings him in the North.

AN ODD PHILANTHROPIST.

From The Athenæum.

We can only find space for a few of Philip Carpenter's peculiarities of opinion and behavior. He was always denouncing something of which he disapproved. One day he preached a sermon in which he declared that hanging and war were "murdering by proxy." He would not allow the use of wine in any form, and suppressed it in the Sacrament. He inveighed against luxury, and thought it inconsistent to accept a silver inkstand presented as a testimonial. Smoking he particularly disliked, and circulated a tract called "Don't Poison My Air." He was as zealous an Abolitionist as he was a peace-at-any-price man, and, thinking every legal oath sinful, he refused to take one. He became a vegetarian and half-starved himself. He insisted on bathing, Winter and Summer alike, in an open canal, and many droll stories were told at his expense.

A dinner was on one occasion given to the Lancashire militia, and Philip Carpenter protested in the local newspaper: "Such expenditure cannot be reconciled with Christian sobriety as so well explained by Bishop J. Taylor in his 'Holy Living.' Let the Warrington people who dined the officers at the Lion last Tuesday remember that to honor those who teach the trade of man-killing they have guzzled and drunk in one evening the cost of a Ragged School for a whole year."

He was accustomed to set temperance words to bacchanalian tunes, and on one occasion was asked to lead a glee party his copy of "Mynheer van Dunck." He refused, on the ground that he could not consistently allow the singing of the original words, and that his version,

We sober men are met again
To sing in cheerful measure,

would hardly be acceptable to a Christmas party. A few weeks later he met the gentleman who had asked for the song, and told him: "After you had left me I could not rest to think that I had in my house something that I could not lead to a friend, I went to my music and turned it over till I found the glee. I then went to the fire and burned it."

Some thieves one day broke into his house and stole silver spoons and other articles. He issued a handbill in which, after giving particulars of his loss, he was good enough to say: "I hereby give notice that I offer no reward for the discovery of the said Parties, if for no other reason, because I have incurred sufficient loss already. If, however, the Parties should be discovered, I do not intend to prosecute them: 1. Because my evidence would not be received in a Court of Justice unless I swear, which I am forbidden by our Lord to do (Matt. v., 34); 2. Because I believe that transporting the said Parties or sending them to jail would make them worse than they are, and I am forbidden to recompense evil for evil (Rom. xii., 17;) and 3. Because that would be a very strange way of showing the forgiveness which I am bound to exercise (Matt. vi., 15)." He concludes by asking "the said Parties" to give him "an opportunity of conversing with them," but the invitation was not accepted."

PICTURESQUE BURGLARY IN THE EAST.

Constantinople Correspondence Philadelphia Telegraph.

The quiet Greek village of Kadekem, on the Asiatic shore of the Sea of Marmora, some four miles from here, was the scene the other night of wild excitement and alarm. At dusk, while the family of Mr. B., a respectable English resident, were about sitting down to a comfortable supper, a knock, timidly repeated after an instant, was heard at the door. The wind was howling around the angles of the house, and as Mr. B. opened the door, a gust of sleet and rain took him in the face and almost prevented him from perceiving his nocturnal visitor. It was a wretched woman, bent nearly double with age, and clothed scantily with filthy rags, who, in quivering accents, begged food and shelter for the night. After some hesitation the spirit of the Good Samaritan prevailed over the natural suspicions aroused by such a visit. Hot food and drink were given to the wanderer, who, complaining soon after of great fatigue, was led into an empty room on the third floor, where a sort of shake-down was provided her. The family stayed together some time after in the parlor, chatting over the fire about the incident, then separated for the night.

A mysterious anxiety, however, hung over Mrs. B., kept her awake, and culminated in a determination to visit the guest-room and see how the guest was faring. Arrived at the door which, as a precaution, had been locked, noiselessly in her bare feet, a narrow ray of light streaming from the keyhole aroused suspicion, and an unwonted noise of steps. Peeping in, the first object that met her gaze was a bundle of rags, sole relic of the pitiful hag that they had rescued from the elements, while in her place stood a tall, brawny Circassian in full dress, his leather belt stuck full of pistols, while he tried on his thumb the edge of a "cama," or long curved dagger. His face was turned toward Mrs. B., and she saw in his set mouth and rascally face such murderous purpose that she with difficulty restrained a scream of fright. However, she crept down the stairs, trembling with excitement, aroused her slumbering lord, and told what she had seen.

A short consultation followed, in which the strange decision was arrived at that the husband should run at once to the nearest corps-de-garde for policemen, while the wife, armed with her husband's revolver, would stay behind and bear the attack. A few minutes after B. had slipped on his clothes, and closed the street door, that sound found its echo up-stairs in the crash of the guest-room door, which yielded to the battering-ram blows of the Circassian's shoulder. Heavy but rapid steps came down the stairs. Mrs. B. stood, with a dressing-gown thrown over her, admirably cool, her right hand grasping a revolver. The steps came nearer, and the ruffian, after trying the door of the parlor in which the lady was standing, burst it open, and rushed in. His headlong course was stopped by four shots in rapid succession, two of which took effect in his arm and neck, and rolled him on the ground almost at Mrs. B.'s feet. The house servant then appeared, aroused by the firing, and Mrs. B., for whom the air was just then full of Circassian murderers, greeted him with a flesh wound in the leg. Luckily for the rest of the household who began pouring in, the inevitable revulsion of feeling came, and the courageous woman fainted. Just about then the husband with six zaptiehs or policemen arrived, as usual too late to be of much use.

After disarming the fallen and insensible burglar, the guardians of the peace, previous to transferring him to the station, "went through" his pockets. Various suspicious and nefarious objects were found, among which was a small and innocent looking tin whistle. Unsuspectingly one of the policemen put it to his lips and blew a shrill blast. This took place on the lawn outside the house, whither the bleeding rogue had been carried. The sound had hardly died away when from a clump of trees appeared four more Circassians in arms, dress and muscle the prototypes of the prisoner, and rushed into the arms of the policemen. These held them fast, bound them, yea, and carried them into bondage with their still less fortunate companion. Summary justice was dealt out to them.

MUSICAL TASTE IN ANIMALS.

From Chambers's Journal.

A remarkable instance of a toad's enjoyment of music came under my notice some years since. I was on a visit with my husband and one of my daughters to my father, who lived in the south of England. He had a very pretty garden and lawn; and it was his delight in the evening to sit at his drawing-room window while I played on the piano and sang to him. One evening he said to me; "My dear, here is a toad under the window. It has been here a long time without moving. I believe it is listening to your singing."

When I ceased playing, the toad slowly crept away; but every evening when I sang, the creature came, took its place under the window, and there remained. One evening, at my father's request, I suddenly stopped the music, and in a few minutes it went away. We watched it until it reached the path; when commencing another song, it stopped, listened, and then slowly returned to its place under the window. When I left and went home, there was no more music. The toad was never again seen.

Some years previous to my marriage, my father lived in an old hall in the neighborhood of one of our large towns. The grounds were extensive. It was his delight to have a sort of model farm, which gave me many opportunities of studying the different characters of the various animals upon it. Then I saw the influence of music upon many of them. There was a beautiful horse, the pride and delight of us all; and like many others, he had an unconquerable dislike to be caught. My father had so trained him to obedience that he gave very little trouble; a whistle and a wave of the hand, and Robert would come quietly to be saddled. But if left to our old gardener Willy, he would lead him a chase, generally ending in defeat. One very hot Summer day I was sitting at work in the garden, when Willy appeared streaming with perspiration.

"What is the matter, Willy?"

"Matter enough, Miss. There's that Robert, the uncanny beast; he won't be caught, all I can do or say. I've give him corn, and one of the best peats off the tree; but he's too deep for me—he snatched the peat, kicked up his heels, and off he is, laughing at me at the bottom of the meadow."

I was very sorry for the old man, but I did not clearly see how to catch the delinquent. I could well believe he was laughing at our old friend, for he was a curious animal.

"Well, Willy, what can I do? He won't let me catch him, you know."

"Ay, but Miss, if you will only just go in and begin a tune on the peanner; cook says he will come up to the fence and hearken to you, for he is always a-doing that, and maybe I can slip behind and catch him."

I went in at once, not expecting my stratagem to succeed. But in a few minutes the saucy creature was standing quietly listening while I played "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled." The halter was soon round his neck; and he went away to be harnessed quite happy and contented.

There was a great peculiarity about his taste for music. He never would stay to listen to a plaintive song. I soon observed this. If I played "Scots wha ha'e," he would listen well pleased. If I changed the measure and expression, playing the same air plaintively, as for instance in the "Land o' the Leal," he would toss his head and walk away, as if to say: "That is not my sort of music." Changing to something martial, he would return, and listen to me.

In this respect he entirely differed from a beautiful cow we had. She had an awful temper. Old Willy used to say: "She is the most contrariest beast under the sun." If she were in one of her ill-humors, it was with the greatest difficulty she could be milked. She never would go with the other cows at milking-time. Nancy he milked with *them!*—that was a thing not to be thought of. She liked the cook; and when not too busy, cook would manage Miss Nancy. But if she were not very careful, up would go Nancy's foot, and over would go the milk-can and its precious contents. When the cook milked her, it was always close to the fence, near the drawing-room. If I were playing, she would stand perfectly still, yielding her milk without any trouble, and would remain until I ceased. As long as I played plaintive music—"The Land o' the Leal," "Home, Sweet Home," "Robin Adair," any sweet, tender air—she seemed entranced. I have tried her, and changed to martial music, whereupon she invariably walked away.

I could give many instances of a love for music in animals. I will give another. I was sitting in the drawing-room one evening, singing to mamma. It was a double room, with folding-doors. She was in one where there was a lamp. In my room, which was unlighted, the window was open, and close to the window was a stand for music. When I ceased playing I heard a peculiar sound, and was conscious there was something in the room. I called for a light. There, sitting on the stand, was a large white owl. He looked far less surprised than we did. In a minute or two he stepped quietly out of the window, and flew away. After this we did not leave the lower sash of the window open; but the owl still came, and sat upon the stone outside, listening.

DR. CHALMERS AND THE JEW.

From The Leisure Hour.

Dr. Chalmers was not only a mighty orator and sagacious scientific thinker, he was a large-hearted and open-handed man. But there was one singular instance in which he lost his temper. He was sitting busily engaged in his study one afternoon when a man was introduced. He was a Jew, professing to be an anxious inquirer. Apologizing for his interruption by saying that he was in very great distress of mind, the doctor's sympathy was instantly excited.

"Sit down, sir. Be good enough to be seated."

The visitor declared he had been an unbeliever in the Divine origin of Christianity, but beneath the touch of the doctor's eloquence all doubts had vanished; still there was a difficulty which pressed upon him with peculiar force—it was the account the Bible gave of Melchizedek, one of the types of the Christian Messiah, being without father, without mother, etc. Very kindly, patiently and anxiously Chalmers disposed of all these difficulties. The man expressed himself as greatly relieved in his mind, thankfully acknowledging that in the matter of Melchizedek he saw his way very clearly.

"And now," continued he, "doctor, I am in great want of a little money, and perhaps you could help me in that way too."

At once the object of the visit, and the cunning stratagem for obtaining an introduction, was seen, and the wrath of the doctor was aroused. To have been interrupted in his work, to have expended all his eloquence and learning and patience on this! A tremendous tornado of indignation rolled over the head of the unfortunate mortal as he retreated from the study to the street door.

"It's too bad!" said the orator. "Not a penny, sir; not a penny, sir! It is too bad; not merely to waste my time, but to haul in your mendicity upon the shoulders of Melchizedek!"

A REMINISCENCE OF MADAME BONAPARTE.

Mrs. Hooper's Paris Letter to The Philadelphia Telegraph

I have read recently the "Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte." What a strange story! That American beauty, with her romantic history, is as unromantic a personage as one can well imagine. I recently met an American lady who has resided for long years in Paris, and who knew Madame Bonaparte very well, having made her acquaintance at the time she came to Paris to try to obtain some portion of old King Jerome's estate for her son. She describes her as retaining much of her extraordinary beauty, even at the advanced age she had then reached. Her neck and arms were still very lovely, her complexion fresh, and her eyes brilliant and expressive. Her remaining charms were set off by no elegancies of the toilet. She appeared usually in one or two dresses, one of which was a black stuff for ordinary occasions, and the other a black silk, which she wore to dinners and evening entertainments. These dresses were both made very short to display a pair of feet and ankles of whose symmetry she was justly vain.

She took the deepest interest in all the movements of Prince Napoleon, who was then inhabiting the Palais Royal, and engaged rooms overlooking the Place du Palais Royal, so that she could see him whenever he left the palace to drive out. Whenever she was in her rooms she passed all her time at the window watching for the brother of her son. My informant one day called to see her, and found her seated at the window. "Yes, I am looking for him," she remarked; "that is the chief occupation of my days." Perhaps in the strongly-marked Napoleonic countenance of her husband's son, she recognized the image of that other Jerome, the husband of her youth and the father of her only child.

She never ceased to cherish the hope of seeing her family allied anew to royalty, or at least to nobility, by marriage, till the union of her grandson to an American lady blighted her latter aspirations and aroused afresh her bitter indignation, though she afterward became perfectly reconciled to the match. But she had one fixed idea respecting her son and her grandsons, namely, that they ought to have espoused ladies of royal blood.

NOVEL ENDING OF A FAMILY FEUD.

Florida Letter to The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Many years ago, when H. S. Foote ("Hangman Foote," as he is better known) was a young man in the mountains of North Carolina, he resolved to emigrate Westward, and chose Alabama as his future home. He had a fine collegiate education, a knowledge of the law, and varied literary accomplishments, but very little money, and when he arrived at Huntsville he was pretty nearly penniless. On stepping at the hotel on the morning of his arrival there he naturally asked what the news of the day and the neighborhood was. The town was in an intense state of excitement just then over a sort of vendetta that had been fought between two families in the neighborhood, the Winstons and the Magones. Three or four had been killed on each side, and, though the actual hostilities had ceased for the time, it was liable to be taken up again any day. The feud between the Winstons and the Magones had existed for years, and every once in a while they would meet and fight it out, though neither side was ever known to give up.

Foote was a young man, as I have said, and an utter stranger in the section. He was absolutely ignorant of the merits of the feud on either side, and yet he decided that it was his opportunity to take a hand and establish himself, as it were. So he bought the local newspaper on credit, and espoused the Magone side of the quarrel. He carried war into Africa, and his attacks on the Winstons were such as had never been known in that section. All the invective that could be invented by such a master of invective as Foote afterward proved himself to be, were showered on the opposing family. Indeed, he surprised and almost alarmed the Magones by his attacks on their ancient foemen.

After a few months of this red-hot journalism there was another outbreak, and half a dozen Winstons and as many Magones were killed. Then it was decided to call a truce, as it was evident that the fight, if kept up much longer, must be one of extermination to both sides. So they called a meeting of four or five representing both sides to fix upon some plan to stop the flow of blood. There were two Winstons, two Magones, and Foote at this meeting. After a lengthy discussion it was decided that they would buy Foote's newspaper from him, and after that they should all leave the State and go in different directions. One family was to go North; that was the Magone family, who removed to Tennessee. Another was to go South; that was the family of Winstons, who lived in the Western part of this State many years, and some of whom still remain there. The remaining one, Mr. Foote, was to go West, and he settled in Mississippi. No one belonging to either party was to ever return to Alabama to live, and the agreement then entered into has been lived up to fully ever since.

Hangman Foote soon achieved fame and position, and ere many years was in the United States Senate. Two or three of the Winstons also went into politics, and became prominent in their State councils, while one of them, I believe, went to Congress afterward. The Magones of Tennessee, have enjoyed a commanding position at the Bar of that State for many years. The family feud which had existed so long was ended by the voluntary banishment of all parties.

THE PROUDEST LADY.

The Queen is proud on her throne,
And proud are her maids so fine;
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is this little lady of mine.
And oh! she flouts me, she flouts me!
And spurns, and scorns, and scouts me!
Though I drop on my knees, and sue for grace,
And beg and beseech with the saddest face,
Still ever the same she doubts me.

She is seven by the calendar—
A lily's almost as tall;
But oh! this little lady's by far
The proudest lady of all!
It's her sport and pleasure to flout me!
To spurn and scorn and scout me!
But oh! I've a notion it's naught but play,
And that, say what she will and feign what she may,
She can't well do without me!

For at times, like a pleasant tune,
A sweeter mood o'ertakes her;
Oh! then she's sunny as skies of June
And all her pride forsakes her.
Oh! she dances round me so fairly!
Oh! her laugh rings out so rarely!
Oh! she coaxes, and nestles, and peers and pries,
In my puzzled face with her two great eyes,
And owns she loves me dearly.

—[THOMAS WESTWOOD.

PROF. PROCTOR ON WOMAN IN SCIENCE.

From The Cincinnati Commercial.

I was much struck by a remark of Francis Dalton, the author of a work on "Hereditary Development," who speaks of the peculiar power women have of recalling impressions. Men forget details; women recall the perfect picture of any scene. It seems to be an inherent power of the feminine mind. It has sometimes been limited to trivial matters, and men have made fun of them for remembering so accurately the costumes of other women. It seems to me that in scientific research this would be a wonderful power. I find my own lack of this power of retaining in memory a perfect picture of the details of a scene to be a great disadvantage to me. I go to see an eclipse. My daughter will retain in her mind a picture of fidelity in detail. I cannot do this. I merely know the effect as a whole. This power is what may be termed the artistic sight. It is of incalculable value to science.

Woman may contribute to discoveries indirectly. You remember a line in Tennyson's "Princess"—something as to "When did woman e'er invent?"—I do not recall it precisely. Woman's education has not hitherto fitted her for exercising marked force. The education of women has been after systems devised by men, which were not the best. We want women's plans for women, women's ideas regarding the best educational methods.

I remember once, in talking with Frances Power Cobbe, that I made her angry by my doubts as to woman's power to invent or to discover. I think we cannot predict what women may do when they have the breadth of education that they should have, and which they have the capacity to take.

Mrs. Somerville had wonderful mathematical power—such power in demonstration that learned men could not always follow her; but she never developed any new trains of thought. Caroline Herschel was a woman of great power. Still she did not discover new objects. The minds of women include different qualities from the mind of man. We shall have a greater development when women devise educational methods and recognize the powers of woman's mind. Woman's physical power has much to do with her work.

In astronomy woman's facility for remembering colors and distinguishing shades of tints is of great value. The wife of Dr. Dawes used to criticise his pictures, and assist him greatly in the colors of his plates.

I had the pleasure of visiting Professor Maria Mitchell and witnessing her thorough system of instruction at Vassar. I was surprised to find how fine and thorough was the work. You may know this by the books they were using—two volumes of Chevenieux.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT PEOPLE.

From The London Globe.

Queen Elizabeth at the end of a most prosperous reign, begun amid dangers and many difficulties that were overcome by bold measures and prudent councils, died exclaiming, "Ah, my possessions for a moment of time." George IV. met death with almost a jest upon his lips. Turning to Sir Waltren Waller, on whose arm he leaned, he said, "Whatty, what is this? It is death, my boy, and they have deceived us." The Danish Sovereign, Frederick V., greatly beloved by his subjects, cried "There is not a drop of blood on my hands," as he passed away. Henry VIII., who had altered the whole course of monastic life in England, exclaims "Monks! Monks! Monks!" Edward VI., the wan boy-king, with his fast-fading eyes, commended his soul to God. "Lord take my spirit"; and Cromwell, as he listened to the discourse of those about him, said, "Then I am safe