SOCIALISM IN ENGLAND.

AN AMERICAN COMMUNIST AND AN ENGLISH CABINET MINISTER.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, January 15.

Mr. Henry George returns to his native land next week, says his London organ. He has quitted Skye and was last heard of in Glasgow. The published accounts of his attempts at setting Skye on fire do not agree. All the Scotch papers say his enterprise was a failure. Mr. Henry George says it was a success. It is for the American public, if they happen to care anything about the matter, to take their choice between the two. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which continues at intervals its coquetry with Communism, has published an interview with Mr. George. From a sense of duty which is probably morbid, I have read the two columns and a half through which this renegade American spread-eagles himself. Never was I more convinced of the truth of the maxim that doing one's duty is its own best reward. Mr. George has little that is new to offer, and that little is not,—well, is not accurate. The God-given rights of men to the use of their native soil reappear in almost the first sentence; and all the rest of the rhetoric for which that serves as a lucifer match, sputters and crackles as usual. Mr. George is not less wise in his own conceit than he was a year ago. His judgment of the British people, "formed before he had set foot on British soil," has been abundantly verified by observation, he tells us. He is now convinced, by observation, that the British people are in favor of land robbery without compensation. He might as well tell us that the British people are in favor of resuming their rights, which is his pet phrase for general confiscation, to the moon.

The only thing really novel and interesting and amusing in Mr. George's deliverance is his sudden patronage of Mr. Chamberlain. He would not be the demagogue he is if he did not hasten to claim Mr. Chamberlain as a convert. He thinks Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech evidence of his political sagacity. "Translated into plain English, I take it to mean that the land belongs of natural right to the whole people, but that, as it would be impossible to equally divide land, it should be left in form to private owners while the people take the rent." I hope Mr. Chamberlain likes the doctrine put into his mouth. I hope he likes still better Mr. George's welcome to him as the coming Wat Tyler. If anything can make Mr. Chamberlain pause on the steep decline down which he is rushing, it ought to be the clear view which Mr. George offers him of the fathomless depths into which he will plunge when the brink has once been reached.

This morning brings us a commentator on Mr. Chamberlain of greater authority than the madman who has been preaching plunder in Skye. This commentator on Mr. Chamberlain is none other than Mr. Chamberlain himself. He spoke last night at Ipswich, the Parliamentary home of a Radical more Radical than he, Mr. Jesse Collings. I never can write Mr. Jesse Collings's name without seeing Mr. Matthew Arnold's too vivid picture of Mr. Jesse Collings dancing before the Ark of the Lord. But Mr. Jesse Collings, whether dancing or not, has little concern for us to-day. He has never yet succeeded in getting many people to join in his exercises, while Mr. Chamberlain, as we all know, has a whole *corps de ballet* behind and about him, and is besides in his own person a very superior performer indeed. The passage in his Birmingham speech which has given rise to all the censure which he now tries to meet, filled but a quarter of a column. It takes him two columns to explain it. The President of the Board of Trade is not fond of admitting that he has been wrong, or of apologizing for his mistakes—witness his singular demeanor with respect to the Aston riots. He says nothing at Ipswich which can be construed as a confession of his errors at Birmingham. But I think the reader of this last elaborate elucidation of the meaning he is expected to put on the previous statement, will feel that Mr. Chamberlain himself doubts whether his previous statement was not a mistake.

He reiterates, it is true, some of the sillier doctrines announced at Birmingham about the earlier stages of society and the rights recognized by savages. For the moment Rousseau and Proudhon, as I said the other day, are his oracles. He uses them as a man would use them who had just read them for the first time, and thought he had made a brilliant discovery. When he has advanced further in his acquaintance with social literature, he will discover that his discoveries are long since obsolete, and that the living and latest authorities in the social sciences have rejected this nonsense with contempt. There are signs in every sentence Mr. Chamberlain utters that he knows little of the subject on which he dogmatizes. His strength lies in a direction very different from that of the speculative theorist. It is characteristic of him—and it shows what a fund of practical good sense there is in him beneath this froth at the surface—that he undertakes to expound his meaning by a list of the legislative measures which he favors. Some are bad and some are good, but they have this in common that they are in each case definite proposals. They can be stated in plain language. Mr. Chamberlain understands them and makes his hearers understand them; which differentiates them sharply from his Birmingham vagaries.

He tries, moreover, to break the force of the word social or socialism by declaring that the Poor Law and the Education Act are examples of social legislation. If he meant no more than that, it would have been but prudent to say so at the time. But he does mean more. He defines the two greatest and most pressing needs of our time to be, "the provision of healthy, decent dwellings in our large towns at fair rents; and in the country, facilities for the laborer to obtain a small plot of land which he may be able to work." Not much of Mr. Henry George in that modest proposal, surely. He wants to change the incidence of local taxation, and there he is right. He wants to vary the income tax so that earned income and income from invested securities shall not be made to pay equally; and there again he is right. But he goes further. He would apply "the three F's" to England and Scotland, and by one method or another break up the existing land system and replace it by what he again describes as the most urgent and pressing need of all,—re-establishment of the old-time freeholds in the land and re-establishment of the peasantry and yeomen. In other words, he wants a peasant proprietary and wants to apply the Irish Land Act to England and Scotland. He will split his party from end to end long before he gets to that point. Nor is even this his most reckless proposal. He approves Mr. Jesse Collings's "Restitution Bill,"—a bill for restoring to the public all commons land illegally inclosed during the last fifty years. That measure involves a principle which would imperil every title in England. If no lapse of time is to give a prescriptive right, or if the twenty years of the Statute of Limitations are to be extended to fifty, the value of land as security is gone, and with it would soon go all stability of property in land; and of all other property.

Mr. Chamberlain brings us back, therefore, to the idea of confiscation, which was the worst idea of his Birmingham speech. The reception given to that strange socialistic outburst is of interest as well as the speech itself. It was dealt with by the independent press in a way which has perhaps surprised him. The attitude of the non-independent or partisan Liberal papers is surprising also; if not to Mr. Chamberlain to most of their readers, who do not wish to see politics reduced to the level of plunder. For party reasons or for personal reasons—it does not much matter which—such papers as *The Daily News*, *The Spectator* and *The Pall Mall Gazette* passed over Mr. Chamberlain's offences without serious criticism. *The Times* spoke out in just condemnation; so did other papers. It can hardly be needful to quote much of the censure which filled their columns. I will take one out of the whole number. Of all the weekly papers in England which concern themselves with public affairs, *The Economist* is the soberest in judgment and method and perhaps the weightiest. There is none abler, said Lord Bramwell the other day, and a paper must be able indeed to extort such a compliment from a great lawyer like Lord Bramwell, himself as arrogant as he is able.

Well, *The Economist* deals with Mr. Chamberlain in a fashion which even he must feel to be severe. You remember his sentence about the debt—the "something more than mere toleration," which society owes to the men who would make short work of private ownership—owes in return for the restriction it places upon their liberty of action. "The philosophy of Robin Hood or even Jack Sheppard," says this grave journal, "has rarely been more neatly formulated than in this felicitous sentence." That is what we have come to. The most serious journal in England can find nobody but a freebooter and a highway robber to whom to liken one of Her Majesty's Ministers. Were it not that the language was the language of a Cabinet Minister, it would be "quite unworthy of criticism." It believes, however, that Mr. Chamberlain "is not going to commit political suicide by joining the movement for the nationalization of land." He has never tried to better the condition of the working classes by securing them a larger share of the produce of their industry. His clap-trap about national rights means nothing. Why, then, does he use it? There are but two answers—either he has such a contempt for the classes he has helped to enfranchise that he "imagines the best way to their sympathies lies in covert appeals to their cupidity conveyed in the jargon of a bad philosophy"—or he hopes by such talk to catch the votes of the land nationalizers. Whichever it be, his language raises wild hopes, lowers the standard of public life, is distasteful to his colleagues, damages his reputation, and increases the alienation of his more sober-minded supporters.

Such, in substance, is the judgment of *The Economist* on Mr. Chamberlain. He might affect to care little for it were this journal an organ of the land-owners whom he means to despoil. But it is the organ—so far as it is an organ at all—of just those powerful commercial classes to which Mr. Chamberlain belongs by birth and occupation, and which he probably respects as much as he respects anything or anybody. He is condemned in the house of his own friends. Nor is the revised statement of his views which he put forth yesterday at Ipswich likely to improve his position with those who see what it is he really means, and how lightly he has adopted opinions destructive to the fabric of modern society.

G. W. S.

MME. JANE HADING.

HER HISTORY AND HER FIRST APPEARANCE IN LONDON AS "CLAIRE."

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
LONDON, January 11.

After many months of a heavy English version of "Le Maître de Forges" at the St. James's Theatre, the London public has at last had an opportunity of seeing the original piece, with two of its original interpreters. What people cared more about than the piece was the first appearance in London of the young actress who has been the talk of Paris for the last twelvemonth, Mme. Jane Hading. When I first saw her in Paris some years ago, she used to call herself Mlle. Jeanne Hading, but she has adopted the madame since she married the manager of the Gymnase Theatre in Paris, where she acts, though why Jane for Jeanne is not so clear. Probably the English would prefer her as French as possible. Echoes of her Parisian fame have long since been heard in London. She was known to have leaped into celebrity by her creation of *Claire* in M. Georges Ohnet's now hackneyed play, as the lamented and ever-freshly remembered Desclée had years before, after years of obscurity, become famous by her *Frou-Frou*.

Not for years had any new actress made such an impression on Paris or won such a position on the French stage as Mlle. Jeanne Hading. But her apprenticeship had been of the longest. If her French biographer may be believed, her first appearance on any stage was at the Gymnase in Marseilles in 1862, at the age of three, when M. Holanzier confided to her precocious intelligence the part of a doll in "Le Bossu." Her father was an actor of good rank, and Jeanne was one of those comedians born, as the French have it, in the wings. Her first glimpses of life were across the footlights. She was thought to have a voice, taught to sing, and recommenced her professional career at fourteen in Algiers, whence she journeyed not long after to Cairo. Returning to Marseilles and singing in operettas, she was discovered by the manager of the Palais Royal of Paris, engaged by him, played at that theatre with no remarkable success, and finally passed to the Renaissance in 1879, then under the management of M. Victor Koning, where Paris first became really aware of her. She sang in "La Petite Mariée" and other pieces of the kind; finally in "La Belle Lurette," the music of which Offenbach wrote expressly for her. Still she had created no enthusiasm. Mlle. Jeanne Granier was then the prima donna of the Renaissance, and the hold of that very original and piquant actress on her public was not to be shaken. In October, 1883, Mlle. Hading followed M. Victor Koning (whom she married last June) to the Gymnase, a theatre of pure comedy, and appeared in a piece, "Autour du Mariage," which owed all the success it had to her. On the 15th December of the same year she created *Claire de Beaulieu* and a *furore*. Paris has been at her feet ever since; the provinces also, and Brussels, and now London offers her a homage which promises to be not much less fervent than that of the Boulevards.

The Madame Jane Hading who walked down to the footlights of the Royalty Theatre last Thursday night is a well-made young woman, whose shoulders are in no wise burdened with the weight of the five and twenty years so many of which have been passed in the glare of the theatres. Her figure, of medium height, has grown larger since last spring, when she could only have been called slight. But it is not the figure which fixes your attention; it is the face; a face which you instantly perceive to be one of the most sympathetic and singularly attractive you have seen on any stage whatever. Beautiful may be too comprehensive a word to apply to it, but the elements of beauty are there, and the fascination of it is irresistible. The fine eyes, large, dark, deep-flashing, are set wide apart beneath a low broad forehead, the arch and outline of which, as they melt into the finely modelled temples, are pure in form and powerful with all their delicacy. The features are clearly cut, character in every one of them and in the pose of the well-balanced head, radiant with masses of dark auburn hair, said on good authority to be her own. Southern blood runs in her veins. She is Provençal and something more. In the rapidity of her movement, in the fineness of the lines of the strong face, in the eager yet contained glances, all softness one moment and flame the next, there is something that recalls the southern rather than the northern shore of the Mediterranean. Like most actresses she is too much "made up" on the stage—too much powder on the face and too much rouge on the lips. Painting seems to be like dram-drinking; it grows on the victim. An actress's eye loses its accuracy in such matters; and not the actress's only. But the trifling excess of color is a defect you notice later.

What impresses you at first is the individuality of this new candidate for English admiration. She is not the least like Desclée in appearance, she is far handsomer for one thing, but you feel that she has something of the temperament of that marvellous artist and temperament is the one quality for want of which most actresses are not actresses. Mme. Jane Hading has it. She has the emotional, impressible, passionate nature, capable of imparting emotions and impressions to others. She has a voice which, without being powerful, is full of vibration; with tones of tenderness and tones almost metallic in their sharp, clear ring. Her gesture is large, varied, too abrupt at times and occasionally wanting in measure; but strangely effective with a public used for the most part to actresses whose movements of the limbs are either those of a miss in her teens, or those of a windmill, or both. Mme. Hading's arms are well shaped and ample in contour, and she knows what to do with them. An English audience may sometimes think she does too much, but even where the gesture is redundant it is never aimless, nor meaningless, nor wanting in graceful energy. And she has above all things, conviction, a word which for want of a better must indicate that intense and complete absorption of the actress in her part which is the indispensable requisite to the convincing of her audience. She has taken M. Ohnet's stage directions too literally; she is distinctly too sad and too much absorbed in her longing for her absent *fiancé*—more so than she was some months ago. It has grown on her, and it is not an improvement.

Other differences between her earlier and her present impersonations are to be noted; and, on the whole, the earlier phase was the better. Her experience has been that of most actresses who play night after night for a long succession of months, and to different audiences in different countries, the same part. The delineation becomes slightly harder, slightly mechanical here and there. The actress is impatient of the effects which at first she found sufficient for herself and for the public. Forgetting that the public changes nightly, she fancies that what has palled upon her may pall upon them, and so overcharges her part. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, whose immense experience and unequalled control over her methods might save her, if anybody could be saved, from this fault, is at times an example of it. I certainly prefer the *Claire* of Mme. Jane Hading as it was last spring in Paris to her *Claire* of to-day in London.

But then the fact that it is in London must also be taken into account. Desclée excepted, I never knew a French actress—not Mme. Sarah Bernhardt herself—who was, or perhaps could be, quite the same actress in London as in Paris. The gulf between Paris and London is broad and deep. A Paris audience is a trained audience to begin with; critical, competent, exacting; swift to discover and pitiless to condemn a defect of power or a relaxation of effort, or even a momentary caprice. The company of spectators who fill a London theatre is a much less terrible assembly; makes less demand on an actress, is far inferior to the French in quickness of perception; has a slower and duller appreciation alike of merits and of faults. The hint, the suggestion, the almost invisible shades of expression in gesture or in countenance which suffice for the Parisian audience, are lost, or nearly lost, on that of London. An actress feels this; knows almost by intuition, and soon learns fully by experience that she must broaden her method here in order to produce the same effect which she gets by simpler means at home. The worst of it is that in broadening she sometimes coarsens her acting.

All this, however, is little to the purpose in presence of the triumph of Thursday night. From the rising of the curtain to the going down of the same, Mme. Hading had her audience at her feet. It was an exceptionally good house. All the chief critics; a large proportion of Frenchmen; a good number of Englishmen and women whose culture is quite as much continental as insular; and a group of Americans not numerous, but of the best—these together were quite enough to leaven the whole company. To most of them Mme. Hading was a stranger, and on all of them the first impression was decisive. There is nothing in the earlier scenes of "Le Maître de Forges" to make much demand on *Claire's* resources, but the end of the first act is critical. *Claire's* attitude to *Dublay* as she offers herself to him, and still more her bearing as she introduces the *Duc de Bligny*, her faithless cousin, to the man to whom she has just betrothed herself, are good tests of capacity, and were rendered with truth and decision. The far more difficult second act with her husband, I thought the most subtle in art of all; so reserved, so full of distinction was its treatment. But I suspect M. Damala, who here for the first time disclosed his wonderful power of explosive brutality, carried off the honors with the majority of those present. The third act, culminating in the repulsion of *Athenais* by *Claire*, was unequal and the final scene too violent. The melodramatic had got the upper hand of the dramatic. But again in the fourth Mme. Hading had resumed complete mastery over herself and the long interview and parting between her and her husband as he goes out to the duel was finished, pathetic, true, and admirable throughout. After each act Mme. Hading was twice recalled amid such applause and such signs of genuine feeling as are not often to be witnessed in a London theatre. Next week Mme. Hading is to play *Frou-Frou*, a part in which she is, I think, unknown in Paris. She will have to play it in presence of not a few who remember its creator; and of many to whom Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's brilliant impersonation is familiar. Thus far, no direct comparison has been possible. Nobody has ever seen a French *Claire* save in the person of Mme. Hading herself. In an English version, it is true, we have had Mrs. Kendal, who played an English *Claire* admirably, but in a style which offers, inevitably, more opportunities for contrast than for comparison with Mme. Hading's. The English stage has no more accomplished actress than Mrs. Kendal, nor could there be a readier way of estimating the unlikeness between French and English acting than by visiting the St. James's and Royalty theatres. But the student would do well to visit the St. James's first.

G. W. S.

THE AMERICA CUP IN DANGER.

ENGLISH CUTTERS COMING OVER TO CAPTURE IT.

For nearly thirty-four years the cup won by the schooner yacht America at Cowes in 1851 has been held in this country. The New-York Yacht Club have successfully defended the trophy against four attempts of English and Canadian yachts to take it. This year the club will undoubtedly be called upon to defend it again. Times change and English yachts have changed with them. The lesson of flat sails taught the English by the America has been learned by them so thoroughly that when the cutter Madge came over here in 1881 in the set of her sails she was superior to any of the yachts which sailed against her. Since Mr. Ashbury sailed for the cup in 1871 no really first-class English yacht has challenged for it. The attempts of the Canadian yachts Countess of Dufferin in 1876 and Atalanta in 1881 did not at any time place the cup in danger. The two sloop yachts one of which will try to take the cup to England this year are the Genesta and Galatea. The Genesta is owned by Sir Richard Sutton, who is a thorough yachtsman. Last season was her first afloat, and she was pronounced a success. She is ninety feet over all, fifteen feet in extreme beam, and draws thirteen feet of water.

The largest American single-stick yacht in these waters, reckoning by length, is the cutter Bedouin. The Bedouin is eighty-three feet over all, she draws 11½ feet of water, and her beam is 6 inches greater than the Genesta's. It will be seen that, compared with the Bedouin, the Genesta is a cutter of an extreme type. While the Bedouin is admitted to be a fast and seaworthy yacht, it appears probable, from comparison of the dimensions of the two vessels, that the Genesta is much faster.

There is a strong feeling among yachtsmen that the cup should be defended by a typical American centre-board sloop. There are no American sloops that approach the Genesta in size. The Gracie, Fanny, Hildegarde and Mischief are all large sloops with large reputations, but they are not nearly as big as the Genesta, and if the race is sailed, as it probably will be, in the stiff breezes of autumn, the English cutter would have the advantage. The question of refitting the Pocahontas has been discussed. She was built for heavy weather and was intended to keep the cup from the Atalanta in 1881. She never had a fair show, however, and the honor of defending the cup went to the Mischief.

Many yachtsmen think that a yacht should be built to defend the cup, and the New-York Yacht Club has been deluged with models and plans. The Galatea is now on the stocks in England, but is nearly completed. She is owned by Lieutenant Henn, of the Royal Navy, who will cross the Atlantic in her the coming summer. Her dimensions are not at hand, but she is believed to be of about the same size as the Genesta. Lieutenant Henn has so much confidence in his yacht that he will not only cross the Atlantic in her himself, but will bring his wife with him, and, after he has tried conclusions with a few New-York yachts, will extend his cruise to the West Indies. It is not only possible but probable that if one of these English yachts fails to get the cup the other will challenge for it. They will come over here "meaning business," and never since the America cup has been held here has it been threatened with such peril as it is now. It has been suggested that there are fast yachts and good yachtsmen in Boston, and that, as the keeping of the cup on this side of the water is a matter in which all American yachtsmen are interested, it might be well to get the views of the Bay State sailors on the question of its defence. The New-York Club hold the cup as trustees, however, and no one doubts but that they will gallantly defend it. The members most active and prominent have announced that there will be no quibbling over technicalities, but that the cup will be worthily held or honorably lost—probably the latter. For some years the American yachtsmen have depended on the sea as a barrier between them and the swift cutters of England. "No one wants to cross the ocean on a plank tilted on edge," said they, "and that is what it would amount to if they attempted to come over here in one of their cutters." But two cutters are coming and the sea is no longer a barrier.

A melodrama was being performed in a provincial city, and the closing act was to witness the death of the heroine from poison administered by her lover. The end approached, when the lover said, "I have forgotten the vial." "Kill me with a pistol or a dagger," whispered the actress. "I have neither." "Kill me quickly, for the audience is impatient," she exclaimed. An inspiration seized him, and as she turned he gave her a kick. She faltered and fell, exclaiming, "I die by the hand of the poisoner." It was an effective climax.—[Buffalo Express.

"POOR WHITE TRASH."

A DAY AMONG THE GEORGIA MOUNTAINS.

AUNT FANNY'S HOUSEKEEPING AND MARTHA JANE'S LOVERS.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]

ATLANTA, Ga., Feb. 4.—They were rattling along over the mountains—the blue-eyed young lady, the blond young man, the preacher and the preacher's wife. The mules were of the slowest, the hack of the roughest, and the roads of the worst that North Georgia could furnish. That decision was unanimous, except for the preacher, who declared that long ago he had travelled all through these mountains, and that this road was a boulevard compared with some he had seen. His wife looked at him a little apprehensively at this, doubting if his wits had been jolted out of him, and the other young people began to sing, to cover the painful pause.

They were bent upon a visit to "Aunt" Fanny Smith, who kept a hotel hard by Sinking Mountain—or Sinkin Mounting, as the natives called it—which was one of the curiosities of the region where this party was sojourning. After many a thump and batter and bang the mules took a wild leap around a steep and sudden turn; the hack and its occupants pitched after them, and were brought up suddenly before a small, weather-stained, high-roofed house made of undressed lumber. Half of the front of the house was a wide old piazza with a sagging floor; the other half was a room. The piazza itself was nearly filled by boxes of plants, chiefly geraniums, in vivid bloom, standing out against the soft deep grays and browns of the old walls that that made the background. Two or three old slat-bottomed rockers, softened also by time, stood in front of the doorway, at which appeared, as the mules gave their last vicious jerk and almost succeeded in dislocating every vertebra of their helpless load, two women, who proved to be Aunt Fanny and her oldest daughter.

"Wall, ef you uns don't look plum tired out. Them mules must be powerful hard travellers. Come in an' hev some buttermilk, do."

Aunt Fanny came forward to possess herself of their shawls as she spoke—a tall, brown, pleasant-faced, shrewd-looking woman of one would say, fifty, if there were not Martha Jane beside her, who was forty-five if she was a day. The latter led the two ladies into the room, which should have been the rest of the porch, but which was instead the most curious sleeping apartment these two had ever seen. There were four or five beds in it, a few feet apart from each other, with heads against the wall. Between each pair of beds, out as far as the foot of the same, ran a thin wooden partition about as high as a man's head. The rest of the room evidently was held in common; and if one could not see one's neighbor's bed, one was supposed to be in the strictest privacy. The first alcove was the maiden shrine of Martha Jane. The walls and partition were hung with clothes and adorned with old-fashioned plates, woodcuts from *The Police Gazette* and one or two antique tin-types framed in straws.

"These yere ain't my bes' cloes," said Martha Jane apologetically, as the blue-eyed young lady stood before the tiny cracked glass giving an extra fluff to her tawny bangs; "I in gen'ally keeps my Sunday cloes up attic. I've got a pow'rful fine dress up thar—as nice as yourn" with an approving glance at the blue-eyed young lady's mull and lace, which was, in fact, too fine for such an excursion—"hit ain't quite so thin as yourn, but hit's got a whole dollar's wuth of embroidery on it, an' when I jerk out them plaits, hit's a pow'rful pretty frock."

"My back's weak's water sometimes," she confided presently, settling herself on the bed by the side of the preacher's wife, "an' lately I've just plum quit expectin' of it to git any better, an' I've tuk to wearin galluses. Hit seems quare to you uns, I s'pose,"—half repenting her confession—"but I know some real nice ladies that do it. I know one lady—she's an exception, she's such a lady—her husband runs on the train—an' she wears galluses. She's been a-wearin' 'em nigh on two year. But la! you uns don't know nothin' bout galluses. I s'pose ef we uns was to go to you unses home we'd see lots o' quare things—jes' as cu'rus as you uns think our things is—leastways, I s'pose you do. But ef your hair's fixed, le's go up attic an' see my white frock, an' some shawls I made—I' jes' as lief sell 'em as not. Do you uns think bangs is be comin' to me?" she demanded suddenly turning square upon them as they followed her to the porch.

The blue-eyed young lady gasped a little, but the preacher's wife, who had seen an oddity or two in her day, looked calmly at the tough, leathery face, reddening darkly in its anxiety, the small, black close-set eyes, peeping out defiantly on either side of the high, thin ridge of nose, and said smilingly; "We haven't seen you without them you know; put them back."

"Oh, *ever so* becoming!" exclaimed the blue-eyed young lady, reaching up to put the thick black locks in place again. "You don't know how young it makes you look! And how pretty and thick and glossy your hair is," she went on, to redeem the dubiousness of her first remarks; "wouldn't you like me to show you how to do it in twists on the top of your head? I'm sure you'd like it."

"Well, happen I would," said Martha Jane, highly flattered. "We'll go into my room after dinner; but come up yon now."

They passed through the porch into a large square "living room" with a wide old fireplace, more beds, more clothes, more pictures from *Godey* and *The Police Gazette*, the additional features being a sewing machine, and, suspended from a beam overhead, an almost interminable row of sun-bonnets, of every hue under heaven. From this room a flight of steps, devoid of banisters, led "up attic," where were stored great piles of dried "yerbs," strings of onions and peppers, bed-quilts, home-spun counterpanes, several pairs of huge brogans, and two or three battered old trunks. Martha Jane approached one of these reverently and raised the lid; the "pow'rful fine frock," however, was not on top, and her solemnity relapsed into shrewdness.

"This yere's the bes' piece of homespun I ever made," she said, spreading the goods out on the ladies' laps, "an' hit's plum the prettiest piece made in this settle*ment*, too, ef I do say it; I'd sell it cheap to you uns—blue an' yaller—hit's kinder quiet-like, an' 'ud look *pow'rful* nice fer a preacher's wife, or might happen that ar tow-headed young feller down-sta'rs 'ud like to buy it fer *you*; I seed he was sweet on you afore he got you outen the hack."

"Marthy Jane! You Marthy! Yere it's a half hour to dinner an' that ar' chicken ain't even dead! You uns mustn't pay no 'tention to me," added Aunt Fanny as the three appeared at the head of the stairs, "but ef Marthy Jane don't pearten up an' thrash 'round yere lively thar ain't goin' to be no dinner, an men folks 'thout dinner is wussen wild steers."

As the "men folks" had gone out to explore the country the four women went into the kitchen together. A stove, a loom, a long table, and an enormous fireplace were here, a few sparks of fire visible on the hearth among the ashes.

"It ain't luck to have the fire on the hearth go out," said Aunt Fanny, vigorously sifting flour into the bread-tray, "that thar' fire's ben a burnin' sence Marthy Jane was a baby."

"Marthy" Jane here entered with the devoted chicken squawking in her hands. She wrung its head off calmly and tossed it out of doors, dropping the chicken on the kitchen floor, where it flopped aimlessly while Martha Jane poured a little hot water into a tin pan. Then she picked the headless chicken up, stilled its last quivers in the boiling water, picked it, cleaned it and cut it up. Hereupon Aunt Fanny took the neck, back, drumsticks and feet and laid them in a round pan with a little water. Her visitors were growing interested and positively held their breath as she took the dingy dough from the tray, rolled it thin and pulled it thinner, and plastered it with hard working of her knuckles all around the sides of the pan—each little square of dough being carefully fitted, and stuck to its neighbor; a few loose bits were thrust down amid the gory pieces of chicken and the whole was put into the oven as a pot-pie. The rest of the dough was converted into biscuit that turned out to be positively black, while the rest of the chicken was put into a pan with a little water and set in the stove to *fry!* In addition to these viands the table was set with fresh raw tomatoes, delicious green corn, honey, peach pie—an unspeakable concoction which Aunt Fanny especially recommended as having a power of sugar in it—fresh buttermilk and villanous coffee. The preacher's wife asked for some water.

"La, woman!" exclaimed Aunt Fanny, "what'n yearth are you goin' to do with water?"

"Why, I'm going to drink it, Aunt Fanny."

"Drink *water* when thar's buttermilk an' coffee settin' right afore yo? Wal, I never see a gal do that yit!"

"But she's eatin' corn bread 'stead o' them biscuit," said Martha Jane, who though waiting on the table stood munching corn vigorously. "She's like me. I takes cornbread every time—none o' your flour doin's inside o' me!"

"Marthy Jane's fond o' corn in whatsomever shape," said Aunt Fanny, "but she can't more'n half eat it on the cob—her front teeth's gone; but she's that set in her ways she says as she's goin' ter hev them snags pulled out an' new ones put in."

"An' I will too," she answered. "I'm plum sick an' tired o' havin' no front teeth. A woman over the mountain—she had hern pulled an' everybody told her hit 'ud kill her—she's a sight older'n me—but when she felt the chill a-comin' on, she tuk a good drink o' corn whiskey an' went to bed, an' she got well, an' she ain't dead yit, neither."

"Well, you uns git along now," said Aunt Fanny. "I see you's et all you want; jes' set down thar in the porch, an' Marthy Jane an' me'll clear away this yere truck."

The men soon set off for the mountain, but the women, having been assured by Aunt Fanny that "sence the rain hit was a pow'rful drabbly walk," preferred to stay where they were, and do up Martha Jane's hair. They were willing to believe without ocular proof the fact that a great part of the side of the mountain is slowly—*not* sliding, but sinking—dropping into the bowels of the earth.

"Hit's jes' a-cavin in, we uns thinks," Martha Jane said; "all the old folks say the Injuns had a big silver mine under thar, an' the money's in thar yit, ef anybody'd try to git hit out; but I don't s'posen anybody ever will; hit 'ud cost a sight o' money."

"You'll have to make your sweetheart find it for you some day," said the blue-eyed young lady wickedly.

"My sweetheart! La!" said Martha Jane, with a chuckle at her own wit. "he's busy puttin' *in* gold an' silver, not gittin' 'em out. He's a tooth-dentist, he is—leastways, my principal sweetheart is—an' he lives in *Atlanty*. He's a-comin' up here this fall,"—glancing up coquettishly with her dark, close-set sparks of eyes and wrinkling her thick dark skin in a smile that brought her lack of front teeth into painful prominence. "He's dead in love with me, he is. Last summer he put four gold plugs into my mouth an' never charged me a cent—did hit all for love; an' he's goin' to take out these yere snags and put in some front teeth for nothin', when he comes. He's made me a real han'some offer but I ain't give him no satisfaction yit. He an' me's ben sorter courtin', though, three or four year; he wrote me two letters in six weeks oncet."

"And are you going to give him satisfaction?" asked the girl, as Martha Jane paused for breath and turned her head to one side to take in the effect of the twists.

"Now, I ain't goin' to tell you that," she said with another coquettish glance. "I may never git married. I've got seven sisters married—sisters an' half-sisters together—my name's Kirby an ma was a widder with fo' chillun when she married Pa Smith. He was an old young man, Pa Smith was, an' ma thought he'd do better by us 'n ef he was younger an' pearter; an' he's done well; he's a mighty good man."

"But you started to tell us about your sisters."

"Oh, yes. Well, I've allers ben a poor little sickly, doncey thing, an' they all say I ought not to git married; my husban' might put too many hardships on me; an' la! ef he ain't the right kind you'd be ruined forever an' eternal; a man takes all you've got when he takes you, an' you hain't got no right to the quilts you pieced with your own hands, or the sun-bonnet you wove yourself. No, sir! My sisters all 'dvised me never by no means to marry—nothin' but trouble an' mindin' chillun, an' can't say when you'll work or when you'll rest—allers a man to boss you—an' ef he's a pernickety man—well!"

"But did you always think so badly of marriage? Didn't you ever encourage anybody?" queried the preacher's wife as Martha Jane evidently waited to be drawn out further.

"Well, ef I did 'twas no harm done. I never did promise anybody yit in cold earnest. I'd tell 'em I had a scatterin' mind, an' might not stick. *I* ain't goin' to court nobody, I can tell you! But I've had some pow'rful good chances—amazin' good; three on 'em was really above me. The men all says I've got sech a way about me they can't resist. One feller told me not long ago he thought I had the most pow'rful out-flatterin'es' tongue he ever *did* see in ary mortal woman's head. That's what he said—jes' the out-flatterin'es'."

"And who was that?"

"Oh, a school-teacher up 'tother side the branch. He's a han'some man—he might suit some people, but *me!* la, he can look at me, an' that's jes' about all. I tell Meatsy she can hev him."

"Who is Meatsy?"

"She's one o' Pa Smith's an' ma's gals. She's my half-sister. Ma, she give me an' my sister Susan Maria good plain names, an' then she sorter branched out on Pa Smith's chillun an' made up names out of her head. Thar's Delphy Paralee, an' Gemanthy Magnoly, an' Jacony Agnes, an' Dinksey Caledony, an' Meatsy Lavany, an' ever so many more; ma jes' got 'em outen her head. An' my head's fixed up, is it? *Well*, ef that ar' tooth-dentist was here! But never mind. I'll do it this way when him an' me goes to *Atlanty* next fall."

"Then you are goin' to marry him?"

"Marry who? Me? That tooth-dentist? I ain't seed the man I'd marry yit. He's jes' goin' to give me a trip to *Atlanty* to see the sights. All the gals goes up here. Gemanthy Magnoly went with Bill Johnson—that's her husban' now—an' he took her to Athens an' spent nigh onto fifteen dollars on her. She had a real good time, an' so did Susan Maria. *She* had three or four fellers a-courtin' her to oncet, an' one on 'em took her to Athens, an' they was every one on 'em jes' up fer takin' her after that, an' each feller tried to see which could spen' the most money an' give her the best time."

The flow of Miss Kirby's eloquence was broken just here by the arrival of the men of the party, and the mules, so that there was a gathering up of shawls, and much hand-shaking took place, in the midst of which Martha Jane struck an attitude and gazing unmistakably at the blond young man, quoted those lines indigenous to the wilds of North Georgia:

> "It's hard for we uns from you uns to part,
> For you uns has stolen we unses heart."

THE DEVASTATING GAMBLER.

The gamblers of New-York have led a precarious and on the whole wretched existence for two or three years past. These places have been raided by both the public and private police, and whenever the attitude of the law is decided toward them they read the handwriting on the wall and take a holiday. Perhaps the least self-satisfied countenances to be seen around our hotels and public resorts are the old gamblers who long had complete immunity, and to this day preserve a little hold on the police and even the police justices. Cases are not infrequent of gamblers sitting on our minor benches or being clerks of the courts. Hence a certain latent sympathy in the prosecution of these men and even on their being surprised. The best thing the gambler can do to satisfy himself is to get out of the business altogether. The occasional funds of money he raises by his dangerous and outlawed trade hardly ever stay by him, and a good deal of it goes to the police and the lawyers and other parasites who hold vice to be their natural banker and side patron. Our hotels are also often indifferent to the presence of the gambling community right among their guests, and it seems to me to be a poor thing to do with a guest who comes to town with money which he might otherwise spend in the proper office of hospitality to allow him to be taken in hand by some gambler's roper-in and escorted to some place in the neighborhood where he can be picked clean and has to draw his check, more or less uncertain, to pay his bill and get speedily out of town.

A sufficient number of gamblers will devastate any territory on the globe. Long Island City, though it is the capital of a county and with the seat of justice, has been kept back notwithstanding long-witted men like Eliphalet Nott thought it had such admirable opportunities that a half a century ago or more they made investments there for the benefit of Union College and other trusts. The gamblers found it a convenient spot to halt between the rows of tracks and the city, and in a little while the whole city government became the creature of gamblers. Defalcations began, violence was not uncommon, and the tone of that suburb began to grow lower. There is hardly an old racing track on Long Island or in the general vicinity of New-York which has not collapsed and left behind it a long pile of old board fences and some old hotel over which fate and ghosts seem to hover. There are at least two such courses on Long Island, and in every old city their vestiges are to be seen; and the Elysian Fields in Hoboken seem never to have recovered from the gamblers' visitation there half a century ago. In truth, there can be no occupation so unworthy of a right-thinking man as to live by temptation and advantage, refusing work, being in perpetual watch for men of means or youths with legacies or prospects, and thus corrupting at the fountains of society lives meant to be fully lived out with credit and composure. A man who expects to play this kind of a game and be a permanently happy man is fortifying his wretched conscience with apparent examples in regular life which he will find on investigation he has never understood.

John Ruskin's latest edict is against sewing machines. Was Ruskin the man who went fishing in a pair of machine-sewed trousers?—[Philadelphia Call.

THE UNHAPPY EMPRESS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE COMTE D'HERISSON.

[FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
PARIS, Jan. 21.

A notable book of recent publication is "The Recollections of an Orderly Officer," by Comte d'Herisson, who was interpreter of Cousin de Montauban during his campaign in China, was attached to his cabinet when as Comte de Palikao he was Minister of War in 1870, and was aide-de-camp during the siege to General Trochu. M. d'Herisson also accompanied Jules Favre to Versailles as Military Secretary when he was sent there to negotiate the surrender of Paris. Being a diplomatist, soldier, citizen of the world, and devoid of party rancor, he was on excellent terms with Bonapartists, Orleanists and Republicans of every shade from Thiers to Rochefort. He had, therefore, a wide range of observation in watching the history of our time in action in Europe, Africa, Asia and, indeed, America, through which he often travelled. The Empress got him between the 5th and 17th of September to get personal effects and documents that she valued out of the Tuileries. Among the former was the bed in which her sister, the Duchess d'Alba, died, and the other furniture of the room in which that event took place. They were kept in a locked-up chamber in the palace, which the Empress alone entered on certain anniversaries, or when she particularly desired to pray for the soul of the deceased. M. Barthelemy St. Hilaire, when Foreign Minister, sent Comte d'Herisson to Tunis to search for Carthagenian antiquities. The Comte has the gift of tongues. He can speak Chinese and Russian with as great ease as English, French, German, Italian, Persian or Arabic. During the siege he was behind the scenes at the Hotel de Ville, where he thinks Gambetta would have had a more decisive action on the destinies of France than at Tours, and so regrets that he left Paris in the balloon.

Comte d'Herisson was at Washington when Napoleon III. declared war against Germany on July 13, 1870. Three days previously he called there on M. Prevost-Paradol, whom he had visited at his flat in the Rue St. Georges. After the accession of the Ollivier Ministry on January 19, of the same year. On the occasion of the first visit M. Prevost-Paradol was in high spirits, believed he had a fine future before him, and was confident that the Emperor's star was not on the wane. He had just received notification of his diplomatic appointment. At Washington he was a different man. He was greatly aged, emaciated, gloomy, undecided, and as if crushed by the sentiments of an irreparable blunder. He was no longer the sparkling, talkative Parisian, the affable diplomatist who was glad to parade his new uniform and to hear himself addressed as "Your Excellency." "Oh! my dear friend," he said as the Comte entered, "what an irreparable misfortune." "What's the matter?" "Don't you know? Why, that terrible war!" "What war?" "The war with Germany." "Where have you heard of such a war?" Comte d'Herisson thought the French Minister demented. Had the tedium of Washington and its atrocious summer climate upset his brain? M. Prevost-Paradol read his visitor's unuttered thoughts in his face and answered: "I'm not crazy. Don't you know what has happened? Why Prim four days back offered the Spanish Crown to Prince Hohenzollern; France protests against his acceptance with the greatest energy; she won't suffer Charles V.'s Empire to be resuscitated; sharp and haughty notes are being exchanged between St. Cloud and Ems, where the King and Bismarck are staying; the upshot of them will be war in a week, or perhaps to-morrow, or this very moment." "You'll see that all will be arranged, as in the Luxemburg affair." "Nothing will be arranged, for two good reasons: Prussia wants us to go to war. She has been preparing to fight us for sixty years. It is as necessary for her army to be exercised as it is for a railway locomotive to be kept from rust by use. Nevertheless the King and Bismarck would recoil if they were not afraid of a luckier general than Marshal Neil arising and forcing the Chamber to vote a bill for the serious reorganization of our military forces. The second reason, alas! is the most peremptory. The Emperor needs a war to consolidate his dynasty. When the plebiscitary votes were counted there were 1,500,000 noes!"

"Well," cried the Comte d'Herisson, "and what if there is a war? I'm a Captain of Mobiles, and as such would like to make a triumphal tour in Germany and visit the libraries in the conquered towns."

"What a splendid thing it is to be young," answered the Minister. "You will, you foolish fellow, not only not go to Germany but will be crushed in France. I know the Prussians and how unprepared we are to meet them. We have neither generals, men, nor ammunition. They will smash us utterly." He said this to himself, forgetting the Comte was in the room, and added: "There will be a revolution in France before the end of six months, and the Empire will have collapsed. What in the world possessed me—"

Comte d'Herisson, divining that he was blaming himself for turning his coat at the wrong time, asked him was he satisfied with the reception that he had met at Washington. "Not greatly. We're not liked here. The Mexican expedition is not forgotten or forgiven. I can see that my new departure has caused painful surprise here. America is Germanized to the marrow of her bones. Why should she not be, since Germans come in swarms to the United States? In creating a new home they don't forget the old one. Many of them will abandon their business to fight against us. Those who want their votes will drift along with them. To tell you the truth, I'm discouraged, depressed, and cast down. I was a fool to abandon my pen and leave Paris."

Next day at the boarding-house where he was a gentleman at the breakfast-table asked M. d'Herisson if he knew the double news. "No. What is it?" "Your Emperor has declared war, and your Minister here has shot himself."

After the funeral services he crossed to Queenstown with the children of the late Minister and General Burnside. So exasperated was he with the Germans who crowded the vessel that he kept in his cabin. In Cork he was gladdened by loud expressions of sympathy for France. In London he found court influence prevailed, and he could see that the Government followed the Queen in wishing well to the Prussians and ill to the French. Reaching Paris he found that nobody was prepared for the situation, or equal to it. The Bonapartists were like people who in a drunken bout fall under the table. As to the Empress Regent, she was from abuse of chloral and black coffee in a state of permanent somnambulism. Her organism was saturated with that medicament which she took to prevent the shocking news which she constantly received from killing her. When she wanted to clear her head she drank coffee to neutralize the chloral. Her face was haggard, pallid, and drawn down, and her eyes stared wildly. Every hour brought tidings that shattered her nerves, rent her heart, and delivered her over to despair. She seemed not to understand a word that was said to her or to know what was going on about her. All the triumphs of the past eighteen years were outweighted by the misery which a single dispatch from the seat of war cost her, even before the humiliating catastrophe had taken place. Comte d'Herisson was animated toward her by the most chivalrous sentiments, but could not help seeing how unfit she was to make head against the difficulties of her situation. She snubbed and insulted Trochu for a fortnight before the 4th of September, and not only showed him that she had no belief in his word, but arranged for the Tuileries to be entirely under the military protection of Comte Palikao and General Mellinet. She let the Austrian and Italian ambassadors persuade her to seek in ignominious flight her personal safety when nobody menaced her. They having made engagements to the Emperor, which, owing to his defeats, could not be kept, were anxious to get rid of him by aiding to bring down the Empire. There was no surer way to do this than to frighten the wits out of the Empress and get her to take refuge in England. In such a hurry were they to get her out of the Tuileries that they would not allow her time to take a travelling hand-bag containing a change of linen and some pocket handkerchiefs, which she had prepared the night before. They had so terrified her that at Trouville she faced a tempest in a little yacht rather than risk staying another night in France.

Comte d'Herisson gives an account of the rooms in the palace inhabited by the Empress and set apart for her wardrobe. The sitting-rooms were furnished in a garish style and in the taste of a prosperous venal beauty. Nothing could have been more vulgar. As to the wardrobe, it occupied the story above the Empress's apartments. A room was consecrated to each article of dress and lined with freshly made oak presses with sliding doors and brass labels on them. Boots and shoes were so numerous as to fill a whole chamber. So were hats, bonnets and other headgear. There was a room for unmade silks and satins, another for day dresses, another for evening robes and costumes, another for shawls, another for perfumery, another for parasols and fans, another for furs and mantles, and another for linen, and there were trucks running on iron rails to bring whatever was required by the Empress to a lift communicating with her dressing-room. Fifty parasols lay in a drawer there, each of which was an *objet d'art*. There was not a Bonaparte in Paris who would advance Comte d'Herisson the money he wanted to send fifteen chests full of clothing to England, where her Imperial Majesty was staying. He paid the cost of transport, and was only reimbursed ten years later.