tion since the battle of Minden, where he fell. The peasants of the commune brought to the old lady and the children what was needful for their subsistence; for, until the return of M. Frestel, they had lived on money which the people of the village had lent, with touching kindness, to the aunt. Every day it was announced that Mme. de Chavaniac and the eldest of her nieces were to be carried to the house of detention at Brioude, and that the two younger children were to be put into the poorhouse. Mme. de Lafayette's detention in the Petite Force was frightful. There were some persons of respectability among the prisoners, but she had no resource of any kind. The horrors that were committed every day; the situation of her relatives in the Luxembourg, with whom she did not dare to communicate; the risks that she herself ran on account of her name; the situation of her children—all that can be imagined of suffering in such a condition, created a trial that none but a deeply religious and a remarkably gifted woman could have gone through without a loss of reason.

At the end of two weeks she was transferred to Plessis, an ancient college that had been converted into a prison. Two days after her arrival there she learned that the Marechal de Mouchy and his wife had perished on the scaffold. She had to announce it to their daughter, and she had to fulfil the same mission to a very interesting young lady, whose husband was another of the victims of the Reign of Terror. At this time the Revolutionary Tribunal put to death sixty persons a day. Every morning twenty of the prisoners confined in one of the buildings of Plessis were led out to die. Twice Madame de Lafayette believed that they had come for her to take her place in the number of the condemned. She was lodged in a little attic (mansard) on the fifth floor, where she had the advantage of being alone. As she felt her strength failing, she tried to renew it by repeating the words of the creed, "I believe in God the Father Almighty." In this terrible situation, momentarily expecting an awful death, she wrote a will, the religious portions of which, as given by her daughter, Madame de Lasteyrie, we translate as literally as the peculiar and delicate idioms of her language can be transformed into ours:

"God! Thou art my succor and my strength in the extreme evils that have fallen upon me. Hear me, my God; all the events of my life are in Thy hands; come to my relief, that I be ever with me, and then I shall fear nothing in the shades of death itself.

"I have always lived, and I hope by the grace of God to die in the bosom of the Catholic Church. Attached to our Holy Religion that I derive my principles of this holy religion that I have found my support, in its practice my consolation. I have confidence that it will sustain me to the moment of my death. I believe in God, Praise God; in all that Thou hast revealed to Thy Church. I hope for all that Thou hast promised. I hope that my whole trust in the merits of Jesus Christ, and in the purchase of His blood. I desire to conform my life to His, and I offer my sufferings to His sufferings, my death to His death. I hope, my God, to love Thee above all things, and to come to Thy grace to the extremity of my heart's affection. I repent, without reservation, the means which Thy providence shall have chosen to conduct me to this happy end.

"I pardon, with all my heart, my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors, whoever they are, and even the executioners of him whom I love. I pray God to heap benefits upon them and to forgive them as I forgive them. Lord, in praying to Thee for our persecutors as sincerely as Thy gospel inspires me, Thou will not reject my prayers for my friends, for those for whom Thou wilt deal with us according to the greatness of Thy mercy. Have pity on me, O my God!

"I declare that I have never ceased to be faithful to my country; that I have never taken part in any intrigue that could injure it; that my most sincere wishes are for its happiness; that the principles of my attachment to it are inextinguishable, and that no persecution, from whatever quarter it may come, can change them. A model very dear to my heart gives me the example of these sentiments.

"I give to my children my tenderest blessings, and I pray God, by the sacrifice of this life which I had wished to consecrate to their happiness, to make it so work as to render it worthy of them.

"It is in the name of Jesus Christ that I ask for all the grace for which I hope. Filled with confidence in Thy great mercy I place these dear children—I place my soul—in Thy hands. I know, my God, that Thou art the faithful depositary of my deposit, and that Thou hast power, in the great day of eternity, to restore it to me, and to reunite to all there where we may bless Thee forever. It is in Thee, in Thee alone, that I have put my hope. Have pity on me, O my God!"

And now we must turn aside from this cruel spectacle to an episode that shall detain the reader with its painful details no longer than is needful to describe the sufferings of those who survived. That such things should be written in the history of a civilized people—"of a nation of cavaliers and men of honor"—is passing strange. Fiction, if it had essayed to depict such atrocities, would be pronounced monstrous and unnatural. Yet we must remember that human nature is an inexplicable enigma, when the passions of multitudes, loosened from all the restraints of law, of religion, of reason, of humanity, have transformed men into fiends, whose frenzied pursuit of liberty expends its energies in the violation of all the dictates of justice and all the feelings of mercy. In perusing the history of the French Revolution, we find in the conduct of parties, of factions, and of individuals, acts that were so unnecessary, so destitute of all relation to any rational object, so devoid of any utility even of the lowest kind, that they can only be explained, if explanation it be, upon the supposition that for some inscrutable purpose God permitted a whole nation to become insane.

When Mme. de Lafayette's mother and sister left Chavaniac to return to Paris, in the autumn of 1791, they went first to their own house, the Hotel de Noailles. Gen. Lafayette came to Paris, as we have seen, in order to attempt the suppression of the Jacobins. He then saw his mother-in-law for the last time. After his return to the army, the situation of their house, so near to the Tuileries, the Assembly, and the Jacobin Club, made it an uncomfortable residence for Mme. d'Aven and her daughters. They removed to a small house in the Faubourg St. Germain. In a few days Mme. d'Aven and her husband, who was an officer in attendance on the King at the Tuileries, were conducted to the Hotel de Ville to render an account of the reasons for this change of residence. Their answers were satisfactory, and they returned to the Hotel de Noailles. They could not leave Paris, however, before the 2d of September, which was one of the most dangerous days of those fearful times. But as soon as the gates of Paris were opened, Rosalie (Mme. de Grammont), the Duchess's third daughter, went with her husband to their own department. The Duchess and her eldest daughter, Mme. de Noailles, went to Mme. d'Agueseau's at Poissy. They chose this place on account of its nearness to St. Germain, where Mme. d'Aven's father-in-law, the old Marechal de Noailles, then resided. Her husband, the Duc d'Aven, divided his time and his cares between her and his father. While they were in this situation, they learned of the arrest of Mme. de Lafayette at Puy. But they heard soon afterward that she had been permitted to return to Chavaniac; and they were thus temporarily relieved on her account. Until the end of the year they were in a state of comparative tranquillity in their retreat; the imprisonment of Lafayette in Germany, and the detention of his wife in her own house at Chavaniac were their principal troubles. They sent M. Beauchet to Chavaniac, in reference to Mme. de Lafayette's letter to the King of Prussia, as suggested by Mr. Morris. Mme. de Lafayette says that when her mother learned what she had in fact written to the King, she expressed her entire approbation of it. After the death of King Louis, and the frightful events which preceded and followed it, these ladies removed to St. Germain, with the children of Mme. de Noailles, in order to be with the grandfather. During the winter and spring of 1793, Mme. d'Aven and Mme. de Noailles made frequent visits to Paris, partly in order to learn what they could concerning Lafayette, but chiefly to obtain religious consolation and support.

"Let us adore," writes Mme. de Lafayette in one of her letters, "let us adore the designs of Providence and the ways by which He consummates the work of sanctification of His elect. Let us be even murmur that the attraction, which brought them incessantly to the capital, contributed to take away from them the idea of separating themselves from that dangerous sojourn, where those precious resources were still to be found. The memory of their fervor in those retreats still animates the piety of those who were united in their prayers. We were with them in spirit, and it was there that the mercies we have received were asked for and obtained." "My sister De Noailles," she adds, "had been summoned to England by her husband, but finding herself the only one of my mother's daughters with her, and unable, I am sure, to separate herself from me, fearing, too, to leave behind some person who might be compromised, she sacrificed herself to my mother, to her children, and to me, and made some excuse about the preservation of her fortune in order to obtain permission to remain in France. It is said that my mother had some wish to leave the country, but I knew nothing very positive of this period. She was always ready to serve me in every way, and in the situation in which it was of great consequence that the affairs of my husband, or rather those of our creditors, should be transacted in the department where I resided, in spite of all the repugnance that she felt, she went herself to the Minister Garat, and spoke to him with the elevation which was natural to her and which made her eloquent."

In the month of April, 1793, the Duc d'Aven, on account of the irregularity of some certificates of residence, was obliged to escape into Switzerland. His wife then hoped to join Mme. de Lafayette at Chavaniac. They had even obtained passports; but the illness of the old Marshal detained them at Saint Germain. The summer passed very sadly. At the end of August the Marshal died. Occupied then with this grief, with the care of his widow, and still prejudiced in favor of Paris, they ventured it and established themselves there, against Mme. de Lafayette's earnest prayers. The fatal decree of Sept. 17 followed. They were arrested and confined to their hotel. They continued for a time to correspond with Mme. de Lafayette, and to receive such of their friends as were permitted to visit them. The three children of Mme. de Noailles were with them. M. Grellet, the tutor of these children, and M. Carrichon, a priest, were especially devoted to them, at great risk to themselves. M. Carrichon brought to them the consolations of religion, which prepared them for the sacrifice that awaited them. In a month afterward, Mme. de Lafayette was a prisoner at Brioude, and the difficulties of correspondence increased. The two ladies at the Hotel de Noailles were examined about their actions and their thoughts. Their answers were satisfactory, and no immediate consequence followed this inquisition. Soon, however, an inventory was taken of all their possessions. Mme. d'Aven, fearing that she would be obliged to take an oath that she had concealed nothing, attached her remaining diamonds to the chain of her watch, which she wore at her side. They were not taken. She sold them on the same day to a jeweller, who paid a part of the money, which was used to discharge some debts. The next day the jeweller was executed. They remained thus destitute of everything but some old trinkets of Mme. de Noailles, which she sold, and the little money of M. Grellet, who shared with them his slender purse.

In a short time, the revolutionary tribunals began the murder of women. Pretexts were at first sought for, but none could be found in the case of these ladies. Prepared, however, for everything, they asked M. Carrichon if he would have the courage to accompany them to the scaffold. He gave his promise. At length, toward the month of May, they were expelled from their hotel and went to a hired lodging. After being taken three days in succession to the doors of different prisons, they were at last consigned to the Luxembourg, along with Mme. de Noailles, the widow of the Marshal, and mother-in-law of Mme. d'Aven. The children were left in the care of M. Grellet, who found means, in spite of all obstacles, to communicate with the ladies and to apprise them of the fate that awaited them. From him they learned of the arrival of Mme. de Lafayette in the prisons of Paris. At length the fatal day of their transfer to the Conciergerie, which was of itself a sentence of death, came.

We dwell upon these horrible details only for the purpose of enabling the reader to see the character and bearing of that beautiful creature whom Mme. de Lafayette describes as her angelic sister. It might be necessary to make some allowance for a sister's partiality, if the traits exhibited in this awful scene were not attested by eye-witnesses, whose circumstantial accounts are exceedingly minute, and at the same time are given with a truthful naivete. One of these narratives is that of the priest, M. Carrichon. The other was given by a lady by the name of Lavet, who was a prisoner in the Conciergerie at the same time. She was a stranger to the ladies Noailles, but she witnessed their whole demeanor from the time they entered the Conciergerie until they were led to the scaffold.

Louise de Noailles, Vicomptesse de Noailles, was at this time of the age of thirty-six.* To great beauty of person she added a charming sweetness of disposition and a natural graciousness, which never appear for an instant to have failed her in the dreadful circumstances of her last days any more than in the happiest period of her life. Religion had done its perfect work in her character, as it had with all the women of her family. Submission to the will of God was common to them all; but there was such a serenity, such a calmness and self-control about this lady, that the bitterest suffering does not seem to have wrung from her one word of complaint. Devotion to others was so natural to her that from first to last she occupied herself in tender cares for her mother and grandmother without a thought of herself. She was, as it was fitting, the last of the three to suffer, having sustained the others to the end. The following is the substance of Mme. Lavet's narrative:

They arrived at the Conciergerie excessively fatigued by their transfer from the Luxembourg, which was effected in very rude vehicles. They were greatly in want of nourishment, which it was impossible to procure, as it was nine o'clock at night and the rules of the prison permitted nothing to enter after that hour. Nothing could be obtained but a glass of water with some current shrub in it. They were put into a dungeon in which there were three women, one of whom knew Mme. de Lafayette by reputation. She tried to get beds for them, but the turnkeys having discovered that they had only forty-five francs, which they needed for food, absolutely refused. Mme. de Noailles had only fifty sous. Mme. Lavet, penetrated by their misfortune, gave her bed to Mme. de Noailles the elder and prepared for Mme. d'Aven and her daughter a kind of pallet. The younger lady declined to lie down, saying that she had too short a time to live to make it worth while. "Ah, mamma," she said, "of what use is it to take repose on the eve of eternity?" She asked for a prayer book and a light to read by. She prayed to God continually, and she interrupted that occupation only in taking care of her grandmother, who slept at intervals. The old lady, every time she awoke, read and reread her indictment (acte d'accusation), saying to herself: "No, I cannot perish for a conspiracy of the existence of which I am ignorant. I will defend my cause before the Judges in such a way that they cannot condemn me." She thought about her dress, and feared that it would be too much rumpled; she arranged her bonnet; and could not believe it possible that she was to die on that day.

Mme. d'Aven had fears, but was not convinced of the pressing danger that threatened her. She slumbered for some moments. The wish to send her watch to her grandchildren—the sole thing that she had left—caused her some agitation. She pressed her fellow-prisoners to take charge of it. They did not dare to do so. The Vicomtesse de Noailles also requested them to send to her children an empty portfolio, a miniature, and some hair. The same answer was made to her; they said that such a commission would compromise every person in the room. Mme. de Noailles then engaged Mme. Lavet to say to M. Grellet that she died with great peace and in perfect resignation, but that she regretted him, as well as her children, with all the tenderness of her heart. The name of her dear sister, Mme. de Lafayette, was mentioned; she imposed silence, for fear of compromising her. She did not think of seeking repose. Her eyes remained open for the contemplation of the heaven to which she was going. Her countenance depicted the serenity of her soul. The idea of immortality sustained her courage. Never was there seen such a calm in such a situation. She forgot herself, to render service to her mother and her grandmother. At 6 o'clock they took some breakfast, to sustain their strength. The ladies Boufflers brought them some chocolate. They remained an instant with them, and then bade an eternal adieu. Nine o'clock struck. The officers came to seek their victims, in the midst of the tears of persons who had known them for only twelve hours. The mothers made some arrangements, in case of their acquittal. The daughter, who never doubted the fate that awaited her, thanked Mme. Lavet with those charming forms which she had received from nature, expressed all her gratitude for her kindness, and then added, "Your face is happy, you will not perish."

We have not the heart to go through with the last scene as it is related by M. Carrichon. He was faithful to his promise, and through a violent thunderstorm, amid the curiosity and the jeers of the multitude, he followed the fatal car to the guillotine. Once, at great risk, he got near enough to make a sign which they understood. "Mamma," said the Vicomtesse, "M. Carrichon is going to give us absolution." "Immediately," he says, "they bowed their heads with an air of repentance, of contrition, of tenderness, of hope, and of piety. I raise my hand, and with uncovered head, I pronounce the form of absolution, then the words which follow it, very distinctly and with a supernatural attention." The car moves on. At the scaffold he once more approached the Vicomtesse. She sees him. He draws down his hat over his brow, and listens to her words: "Our sacrifice is accomplished! What dear ones do we leave! But God, in his mercy, calls us—we have the sweet and firm hope of that. We shall not forget them. Receive our tender adieus for them: our thanks for you. Jesus Christ, who died for us, is our strength. May we die in him. Adieu. May we all see each other again in Heaven!"

There were many other victims. We cannot repeat the brutal details, the preparations by the rude hands of the executioners, the mocking insults of the hardened multitude. Of these three blameless women, who perished by the caprice of a maddened travesty of public justice that sometimes struck the high and sometimes the humble, and rarely struck with any rational cause, the grandmother died first, then the mother, then the daughter. The last, as she was ascending the scaffold, hearing a young man who was also to die utter some blasphemy, turned to him with her unfailing grace, and said, "For mercy's sake, sir, say Pardon!"

Mme. de Lafayette, in the prison of Plessis, remained ignorant of the deaths of her relatives, although it was the custom to announce the victims of each day. But, for some reason, this was not done in regard to these persons. In the midst of the tumult caused by the revolution of the 10th Thermidor it was feared for a short time that there would be a general massacre of the prisoners. Then they heard of the death of Robespierre, and knew that the murders of the revolutionary tribunal had ceased. Mme. de Lafayette's first thought was to send to the Luxembourg, and, as she feared to compromise those who were so dear to her, and who she believed were still there, the note was written by Mme. de Duras. The answer of the jailer told the whole. She tried, in her letters to her children, to make them feel that they would be a comfort to her, but at first she could not believe it possible that she could ever receive consolation. "Thank God," she wrote to them, afterward, "for having preserved my life, my reason, and my strength. Do not regret being far away from me. God has preserved me from revolting against him, but I have not for a long time worn even the semblance of human consolation."

In that capital where Christianity had been abolished by law and religion had been decreed to be an idle superstition, these deaths attested that it is the fool who says in his heart that there is no God.

A FRANCO-ITALIAN FINANCIER.

The renowned adventurer of the double standard of money, M. Henri Cernuschi, who has just arrived in this country, is a man of great wealth and a very remarkable history. He is an Italian by birth, and began his career in 1848. It was he who, then spite a youth, finding himself among the crowd at the doors of the Government Palace at Milan, obtained the signature of the decrees which armed the municipal guards, abolished the police, and delivered the whole power of government into the hands of the municipal authorities, with the podesta, Count Casati, at their head. Becoming a member of the War Committee, he was, with Cattaneo, among those who showed the most indefatigable energy during the war for Italian independence. After the siege of Rome he was made a prisoner and brought before a court martial, which not only acquitted him, but the Judges of which became afterward his best friends. Liberated from prison, he went to France to study political economy. He had then but very scanty means, and became a clerk to an actuary, and subsequently entered the service of a butcher, with a view to study the practical side of the food question. Subsequently he applied himself to financial operations, and gained a considerable fortune.

Toward the end of Napoleon's reign he had become quite an influential member of the Democratic party, though, not being a French citizen, he was unable to be elected to the Legislature. He gave the party, however, all the material support needed. When the anti-Bonapartist movement began in 1870, he subscribed 100,000 francs toward the expenses of the committee. The Imperial Government, on learning the fact, expelled him from France, on the plea that by his opposition to the Government he was abusing the hospitality he had received in France. "What does it matter to me?" answered Cernuschi when the decree of expulsion was handed to him; "it is Frenchmen only who cannot live out of France. I can live anywhere, and my luggage is always ready." And scarcely had the gendarmes made him pass the frontier into Switzerland when he sent Gambetta by telegraph another 100,000 francs for the same anti-Bonapartist Committee.

He acted in the same way in the case of *Le Siècle* newspaper, in which he had been interested for some years. Seeing that the paper began to lean toward the Government, he bought up all the shares he could lay his hand on, paying for them more than they were ever worth, and thus made himself complete master of it. Francisque Sarcey reports a conversation he had once with Cernuschi, on the subject of his way of spending money. "I was anxious to make a fortune," said the generous Italian, "but I cared for it only because it is a lever for the ideas of which I have made myself the defender. Is there any thing strange in that? Just as a rich man pays 100,000 francs for a picture of Greuze, I pay the same sum for the pleasure of supporting an opinion which I share. He gives way to his carriee and I to mine—that is all."

His popularity with the leading members of the Democratic party, both in and out of the French Assembly, was so strong that on his expulsion from France a protest was published censuring the Government in the most unreserved terms, and bearing the signature of all the celebrities of those days: Arago, Cremieux, Jules Favre, Gambetta, Esquiros, Garnier Pagès, Jules Simon, and a host of others.

M. Cernuschi is a man about fifty years of age, tall and well built, and of an exceedingly handsome face, framed in a full black beard, turning gray. He speaks fluently several languages, including the English, and his strong Italian accent gives to his speech a touch of very little not originality. He came to this country for the purpose of working in favor of the double metallic standard, and is to appear in a few days before the Silver Commission at Washington.

A Petition in Behalf of 30,000 Blind Persons.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—The trustees, superintendents, and teachers of the various State and public institutions for the instruction of the blind, representing the interests of over 30,000 blind persons in the United States, have united in a petition to congress to take into consideration the needs of the blind. In accordance with the views of the petitioners, Representative Waldron's bill, introduced yesterday, proposes an appropriation of $200,000 to be invested in bonds and set apart for a permanent fund. The interest on the bonds is to be paid over to the trustees of the American Printing House in Louisville, to be expended in printing books for distribution among the blind in the various institutions for the blind in this country.

* M. Carrichon says that she did not appear to be more than four-and-twenty, as the mother about forty. The Duchess was in fact fifty-seven, and her daughter thirty-six. Her mother-in-law was about seventy.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The London Stock Exchange.

We are not in the habit of belauding publishers' wares, but here is a book—*Ye Outside Fools*, (Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.) which we would gladly put in the hand of every reader. But why this eagerness, which on the part of a reviewer may seem officious, not to say indecorous? Because in these dark times, if ever, men need something to make them laugh, and we can vouch that there is a grin or a chuckle or a guffaw in every page of this thin volume. Consider what a find this is—a funny book, yet not a fraud; a wise book, yet a merry one. Let the reader take our advice and buy it, and if he be not given to literary investments, wait patiently till we signal another like it. If he will continue to act upon that principle, he need not begin to enlarge his book-shelves extensively.

Premising that the New York Board is framed upon the London Stock Exchange, and conforms closely enough to the usages and phraseology of its model to render this work thoroughly intelligible, we will endeavor to give some notion of its remarkable disclosures. It would seem that one Erasmus Pinto, broker, has been delegated by a committee of the Stock Exchange to put a bold face upon the matter, and unfold to that class of the community known as "the outside fools" the secret principles and methods of "the street." Recalling his experiences, Mr. Pinto begins with citing, as peculiarly suggestive, the examination to which he was subjected by the firm of Seesaw & Turnabout upon his application for the post of confidential clerk. Among the inquiries addressed to him on this occasion we may name the following: "Are the interests of broker and customer identical?" "Only in theory." "Why so?" "Because it customers generally made money the board must lose it, and consequently brokers would be ruined?" "How, then, is this prevented?" "By friendly, public-spirited action on the part of brokers, just as in the cattle and coal market the middlemen combine to prevent the consumer from buying directly of the producer. For instance, one broker in connoudy lets another know what his customer wants to do, and the price is promptly regulated accordingly."

Mr. Pinto's answers on this head being satisfactory, he looked up and now he would act in case his customer wished to buy a top or bottom (stock) for a fall. The applicant explains that he simply try to read him, and that by little conversational experiments any broker who has the least claim to be considered a judge of human nature, will be able to tell what nine out of ten of his clients can be got to do, and so report a quarter, or, if the man is an old hand, an eighth per cent above the ruling price. "Thus, suppose a client wanted to buy Westerns, and would not take them at a half per cent above the quoted figure. I should make him agree to 115¼, 115, the real market being 115¼, so that he would get his stock at 115. If I should happen to read him wrong I should make a dummy entry in my book, show it to him when I came out and say: 'There; that's what I've done, you can take it or leave it.' Just as I went in, Dolorous George bid for twenty thousand Westerns and the market changed." The chances are that "the outside fool" would take it.

This promising young man is now requested by the senior member of the firm to "give his views on limits." These, says Mr. Pinto, are the most fruitful and amusing sources of gain to an active broker. Every limit cleverly worked is equivalent to a put and call option, and the customer, who is a mere peg on which the broker may hang his dealings round about the limit, can be shot at till the broker is tired of shooting. Mr. Seesaw is considerably impressed by the trained intelligence of the applicant, and after a few analogous queries turns him over to the junior partner, who is a man of the world, and attends to the outside business. Mr. Turnabout propounds but one inquiry, "suppose, young man, you were travelling alone in a first-class carriage on one of our metropolitan underground railways, and a young lady, with pretty, trusting face and winsome ways and figure freely shown by the new-fangled style of dress, were to step into the same carriage and, seating herself exactly opposite to you, say, 'Pray, am I right for St. John's Wood?' what would you do?" It must be owned that this question was a staggerer, but Erasmus Pinto seems to have been equal to it. "I should answer my fair querist with the suggestive dress in these few words: 'Really am not sure, but I'll get out and ask the guard.' Solving the action to the word I should have the rudeness to forget that I had seen the lady, should spring into the nearest carriage in which the other sex was not, and ride in safety to my journey's end. 'You see, sir,' as an intelligent, though ungrammatical porter once remarked to me, 'you see, sir, they 'as quite a weakness for perfession I men a-travellin' alone in a first-class carriage.'"

We need not say that upon this showing Mr. Pinto is straightway accepted and formally installed in the functions of confidential clerk. Mr. Seesaw, however, while he recognizes the singular aptitudes of his new auxiliary, thinks it well to make a few suggestions founded on his long experience with "the street." For the benefit of brokers' customers, present and prospective, we subjoin the substance of these remarks. Pouring out for himself a glass of old brown sherry, the seasoned man of business thus began: "Well, Mr. Pinto, you have certainly given very creditable answers to my questions; but you must clearly understand, young man, that the mainstay of our system is secrecy, and a few little maxims and anecdotes such as you have recounted would teach an 'outside fool' in five minutes more than he has any business to learn in five years." The old mentor then gives forth some useful hints respecting the method of dealing with customers, conceding that with regard to manner it is difficult to lay down any rule, for you will have "outside fools" to treat with, of all dispositions and classes. Yet he is convinced that in a general way it is good to be genial, rather jocular, "but never coarse, as too many of our common brokers are;" to wear an air of candor and of courtesy, above all, to novices. When asked to give a definite opinion about a stock, if possible he would put the question off, or answer thus: "My dear sir, I hear so many opinions, and am so busy that I have not time to sift them. Your own judgment will often prove better than mine. If you will believe me, we know no more inside than you do outside." This, he explains, flatters the "outside fool."

Mr. Seesaw is further of opinion that it is wise to have a fund of club anecdotes, to know the latest scandal in high life, to keep a box of really good cigars, for shillings spent in this way oft bring pounds. He recommends his henchman to take each customer aside and whisper confidentially while others are looking on, for most men like this, it makes them seem important; and he warns Pinto not to make the grave mistake of neglecting smaller clients entirely for those who deal in fifty thousand at a time. Many brokers have spoiled a fat customer by this fault, through letting him see his consequence. Finally, the young man is earnestly enjoined to grow a heavy moustache. The mouth is such an awkwardly expressive feature. Mr. Seesaw has known a "beautifully childlike expression of honesty and benevolence" on a really clever broker's face quite marred by one small, sinister curve hovering about the corner of the mouth. "Hair was given to conceal, not to betray." After unloading himself of so much wisdom we are prepared to hear that Mr. Seesaw sank into a convenient arm chair within easy distance of his private telegraph and refreshed himself with wiring at least half a dozen country customers out of good stocks on a rising market, and into South American rubbish on a falling one.

The above may be regarded as a hasty introduction of the dramatis personæ whose exploits and vicissitudes are chronicled in this volume for the profit of the reader. The headings of a few chapters may be mentioned as pleasantly significant, for instance: "On the Working of Options," "The Honorable Walter Loftus's 'Tip,'" "How the Rev. Josiah Fetchem made an Investment in the Celebrated Emma Mine," &c. We would dwell, however, for a moment on a remarkable memorandum found among the papers of Mr. Nathaniel Seesaw after that worthy's departure from this life. It would appear that in his later and weaker moments this clear-headed operator was worried by some qualms of dyspepsia or of conscience. "Can it be right," he vaguely inquires, "for me to keep on helping hundreds on their downward road to beggary, now that I know so well they must lose all in time? Ever since I've taken fifteen grains of potash twice a day, and knocked off beer and wine an 'outside fool' seems more respectable than I, and my ill-gotten gains seem to weigh down my soul." It is manifest that poor Seesaw was failing when he penned these creamy lines.

From the glimpse of a Stock Exchange here afforded the reader may feel inclined to scan it more closely through the pages of this volume. At all events, he is probably convinced that the book is not one to bore him, and that the writer is one of those who know how to say a shrewd thing merrily. We suspect that adepts in speculation on 'Change may learn something from Mr. Pinto's revelations, and that those whose experience in that direction is yet limited will scarcely be prompted to extend it.

Courtship Made Easy for Those Who Would Woo the Muse.

If he who can produce two poetasters where one before flourished is a benefactor to his race, the Rev. SAMUEL W. BARNUM is entitled to a bronze statue. There is no doubt that many careers which otherwise would have been prolific of a certain or uncertain quality of verse have been hampered and even cut short by the mechanical difficulties which occur at least once and probably twice in every well regulated stanza. With a large proportion of those who lisp in numbers it is the rhyme which begets the idea. The whole significance of the line to come is shaped by the exigency of its termination. "The moon shines o'er the castle moat," perhaps, and as the easy and natural result of the search for a companion word to moat, suddenly "white clouds across its surface float." If it had been castle walls or turret tops in the first instance, the luminary of night would never have been beclouded by the poet, but would have been permitted to shine on in uninterrupted radiance.

When we recognize the importance of the purely mechanical operation of rhyming as an auxiliary to the poetic imagination in the suggestion of new fancies, new figures, and new trains of thought we see how desirable it is in the interests of literature that the operation should be facilitated in every possible way. The old method was an exceedingly clumsy one. The poet either went roaming at random through every nook and corner of his memory with a search warrant for the required word to return weary and baffled with a *non inventus*, or, if a poet of systematic procedure, mustered all the possible ultimates in alphabetical order and scanned each in turn. Who will estimate the perplexities of mind, vexations of spirit, and wastes of time and energy which have accompanied the quest for a rhyme for the simple monosyllable babe? This is a plausible enough monosyllable to end a line with; yet after a fruitless hunt through cabe, dabe, fabe, flabe, gabe, grabe and habe, all the way down to wabe, yabe and zabe, its softly explosive labials will have for the poet's ear a new and peculiarly exasperating sound. But if the poet is so fortunate as to possess *Barnum's Vocabulary of English Rhymes, Arranged on a New Plan*, published by D. Appleton & Co., he will discover at a glance that babe has no affinity in the language save astrolabe, and unless he can devise a way to engraft an astrolabe upon his verses, he will, without further ado, draw his pen through the babe and substitute child, infant, bootsy-wootsy or some other practicable synonyme of juvenile import.

The rhyming dictionary is not an invention of Mr. Barnum's. Like much other labor-saving machinery it is a product of the latter half of the last century. The lexicographer Walker was the first to recognize and meet the demand for such a work. For just one hundred and one years his rhyming dictionary has held the field alone. Meanwhile, if we may believe the Rev. Mr. Barnum, the progress of civilization has made more apparent every year the deficiencies of Walker's work, the imperfections of its arrangement, and the meagre and antiquated character of its vocabulary. So inadequate is "Walker's Rhyming Dictionary," says Mr. Barnum, that "the unfortunate and weary versifier, who is at loss for a word to rhyme with what he has, may find his own word (as 'potato' or 'fulgency') without another in the book to match it." It is obvious that a dictionary which affords no rhyme to potato or fulgency is far behind the requirements of these enlightened times. The popular clamor for something fresher, fuller, and better than Walker has led Mr. Barnum to compile an admirably arranged vocabulary in which he gives not less than six rhymes to potato, and triumphantly marries fulgency to its predestined mate, indulgency.

In his preface Mr. Barnum expresses a hope that the "Vocabulary of English Rhymes:"

> Will aid poets and versifiers to do their work better and more easily; and thus it will assist in the cultivation of good taste and good feeling, the improvement of society, the fostering of human welfare, and the glory of Him who is lord of all.

Whatever opinion may be formed of the value of Mr. Barnum's work as a millennium hastener, nobody will deny that that work has been done with fidelity, good judgment and painstaking research. The editor has collected about sixty thousand words, and has so arranged them that the rhyme for any word which has a rhyme may be readily found. The difficulties resulting from the intricate orthography of the English language have been overcome by means of a phonetic system which gathers cognate sounds into one group, irrespective of diversities of spelling. The orthoepy is in most instances sound, and rhymes which are imperfect but allowable are properly indicated as such by marks of interrogation. The vocabulary is divided into five parts, the first containing single or male rhymes, the second double or female, the third triple, the fourth quadruple, and the fifth quintuple. On the whole the classification seems to leave little or no room for improvement in simplicity, compactness, or practical utility.

The word month is the traditional poser to rhymers, professional and amateur. In Mr. Barnum's Vocabulary it stands in unwedded solitude, confirming the prevalent belief that there is no word in the language which can legitimately be married to it. The efforts of certain unprincipled rhymers to force a match by raising some algebraic quantity to the m plus 1th power, or by giving the lisping sound to the sibilant in words like once and dance, are deemed by Mr. Barnum to be beneath the notice of a dignified vocabulary. Nor has the ingenious clergyman been able to discover the rhyme to chimney, if such rhyme exist. On the other hand he gives us a dozen rhymes to bosh, which has sometimes been wrongly classed among the impossibles, and offers not less than nineteen pages, containing nearly sixteen hundred words, for the choice of the poet who wishes a rhyme to nation or station. But it is among the polysyllables, where the accent falls on or before the penultimate, that Mr. Barnum's genius as an orthoepical detective is most apparent. The man who discovers a rhyme to punctilionsness in superficiousness, to follow in cobra de capello, to traditionarily in petitionarily, and to intelligibleness in uninteligibleness, has not lived wholly in vain.

The Vocabulary is bound in convenient form for pocket use, and will undoubtedly figure in many a meditative stroll up the woody slope of Helicon and as far as the grove and fountain of the Muses.

How Refractory Passengers are Punished on the Third Avenue Railroad.

Scene—Third Avenue cars, 5:30 P. M., Dec. 12: Four gentlemen are forward and vainly trying to read their evening papers by the light of the lamp. Car packed.

Conductor No. 40 (in quartett)—Come, move up. Don't you see there's only room for this one side? Move up, will you?

Passenger (indignant) Can't move; crowded now.

Conductor—Yes can. Fashions of yer movin' little finger, yer lazy, yer selfish critter! Ain't there room enough for walkin' in, I reckon?

Conductor (coaxing, persuasive)—Now, yer've got to move. Go on now or I'll put yer through out.

Rear Passenger—Do it and I'll report you.

Conductor (to rear)—Yes, will yer? We'll see now. Put the light out.

Four passengers (severe reading and weekly comptroller, one another). Car trots from Grand to Sixty-fifth street with no light forward.

THE NEW MOSES.

One of the Tales of a Grandfather.

Wind up the thermo-electrode, Ananias, for it is getting cold in the room. Bring me my slippers and my pipe with the long stem, go call your sister and little Herodias Maria, and then I'll tell you all about the exodus of 1877 and the great things which the eminent Grant did more than fifty years ago.

You have already heard the story of the Centennial year and the disputed election of President Tilden; how certain daring men tried to cheat the people out of their choice. I remember the excitement as well as if it were yesterday, for I threw my first vote that year and took much more interest in politics than I do now that my tottering steps draw near the cremation furnace. I have told you about the conspiracy to deprive Sammy Tilden of the Presidency and give it to—to——bless me, children, the name has escaped me, but it's no consequence.

At all events there was a conspiracy, and people thought that Gen. Grant was one of the conspirators until he sent Congress a very affecting farewell message, in which he declared that it was no such thing, and that his heart beat warmly for the African race. The events which followed the inauguration of President Tilden showed that Gen. Grant told the truth. The apparently foolish, obstinate, and even dishonest acts of his administration had all sprung from a patriotic and far-sighted purpose, of which I will presently tell you.

Run, get your school atlas, Sapphira. Now open to the West Indies. This large and populous island here where my thumb rests, and which is set down on the map as Grantdom, used to be called San Domingo when I studied geography. It is a fertile island with a soil admirably adapted to the production of sugar, coffee, dyewoods, mahogany, tropical fruits, tobacco, &c. Early in his administration Grant had conceived the idea that it would be a great and good thing if he could only transplant the colored population of the United States to this island, where, free from intimidation and bulldozing, they might grow sugar cane, make molasses, distil rum, and be prosperous and happy.

For eight years, Ananias and Sapphira and dear little Herodias Maria, this had been the secret but ruling motive which governed all his acts. When people accused him and his confidants of stealing the public funds, they never suspected that it was to provide means for a gigantic enterprise of philanthropy that these patriots stole. When partisans accused him of usurpations of power, of violations of the Constitution, and of indecorous appointments, they did not know that he was slowly but surely paving the way for his great work. When enemies charged that he spent his days and his months and his years in disgraceful drunkenness they never dreamed that that very intoxication was the result of a conscientious endeavor on his part to master the subject of rum, with a view to future experiments in its production at San Domingo. Thus did this good man incur temporary reprobation for the sake of a downtrodden race. Thus did a noble singleness of aim justify irregular means. My dear children, there is nothing in history grander than this! Fetch the tobacco, Ananias.

Well, no sooner was Sammy Tilden (Heaven rest his ashes and make his grandson as good a man as he) safe in the White House, than Gen. Grant gathered together the trusted friends who knew his plans, and who had suffered from misinterpretation as he had suffered. There were Robeson and Belknap and Babcock and Creswell and Shepherd and Brother Orville and a few other high-minded philanthropists whose hearts also beat warmly for the African race. Upon taking an account of stock these statesmen found that they had in the treasury nearly two hundred million dollars, diverted in various ways from the public funds for the purpose of emancipating the oppressed Ethiop.

You can readily understand that, with a capital like this, Grant had no difficulty in acquiring a clear title to the island, and in buying out the colored gentlemen who administered whatever government there was at that time in San Domingo and Hayti. The only obstacle in the way of success was the perverse reluctance of Southern negroes to be colonized. These obstinate and uneulightened people were foolish enough to maintain that under the administration of President Tilden they were prosperous and happy; that they were suffered to work in peace and vote as they would; and that they could gain nothing by emigrating to San Domingo and engaging in the production of rum. So it is often that a stupid blindness to their own interests hampers the disinterested—but I see that little Herodias Maria is nearly asleep, and I fear I am getting prosy.

President Grant—for though no longer President of the United States, he was now President of the venerable Colonization Society—tried in vain, by the extensive circulation of tracts, to persuade this colored people that he was the Moses appointed by the Lord to lead them out of bondage. Under other circumstances Grant would have solved the problem by sending troops; but now troops were not his to send. The descent from bayonets to tracts was humiliating, and it galled him.

So the new Moses smoked a great many cigars, and finally sent for Barnum. Who was Barnum? He was the inventor of advertising and the woolly horse, a very sagacious