THE GREAT FRENCH LEXICOGRAPHER.

Emile Littré, who Looked Like an Ape and Knew Almost Everything Knowable.

PARIS, June 3.—Emile Littré died yesterday morning of old age and exhaustion, at his modest apartment, 44 Rue d'Assas, a quiet street behind the Luxembourg Garden. Littré had been very feeble for several months past, and his death has more than once been prematurely announced. Littré used to leave Paris for his cottage at Mesnil in the beginning of May. This year his weak state had retarded his departure, and it was not until Tuesday that the doctor pronounced the invalid to be able to bear the journey. Everything had been prepared for departure, which was to have taken place to-day. But death upset all these plans. Yesterday morning Littré took his usual cup of beef tea with difficulty, and when his servant asked him how he felt, he replied: "Badly; put me to bed again quickly, for, this time, it is my last day." Of late Littré had repeated this phrase almost every morning. Yesterday, however, he pronounced it with such earnestness that the servant called Mme. Littré, who had passed a part of the night on her husband's bedside, and in a few moments she was over. The frail and feeble body in which her eighty years the most encyclopædic mind of France had sojourned was cold and lifeless.

Littré's household, as has often been remarked, presented the curious, though not uncommon, contrast of a husband who was a free thinker and a wife and daughter who were ardent believers. I am not exaggerating when I say that Mme. Littré was a bigoted Catholic, and that she brought up her daughter after her own heart. Littré never interfered with his wife's opinions, nor she with his until latterly, when his faculties were evidently weakened. Recurring to tactics which have been often successfully employed in similar cases, the clerical party have endeavored to make Littré a victim of deathbed repentance. A few weeks ago the Abbé Huvelin, vicar of Saint Augustin's Church, was introduced into the house of Mme. Littré, and during the past week the visits of the Abbé became daily. Yesterday the Abbé arrived at 9 o'clock in the morning. Littré was dying. Two Sisters of Mercy were kneeling in the room at each side of the bed. Littré could not speak, and it is very doubtful whether he was conscious, for this scene had none but prejudiced witnesses. However, the Abbé Huvelin baptized the dying man, and then administered the sacraments to him. Emile Littré thus died, as for his baptism was prepared, in the odor of sanctity. To-morrow he will be buried, with all the pomp of the Roman ceremony, in the Church of Sainte Marie du Champs.

This triumph of clericalism will not surprise those of Littré's friends who know to what influences his latter days have been submitted. For that matter, the religious newspapers have for some time past been anticipating this victory of faith over infidelity, and bulletins of the progress of the great philosopher's conversion have circulated, to the sorrow and indignation of his friends, who regretted to see the clerical party seeking to make capital out of the falling of that so powerful and luminous intellect. However, such conversions *in extremis* do not nullify sixty years' incessant labor in the cause of science and positive truth.

Maximilien Paul Emile Littré was born at Paris on Feb. 1, 1801. His father, a muscular and athletic Norman, had been a gunner in the navy during the wars of the revolution, and in a combat with the English off the Ile-de-France he distinguished himself so brilliantly that the colonial Assembly voted him a sabre of honor. His mother, Sophie Johannot of Amoncy, was characterized by Sainte-Beuve as a woman of Roman virtue and courage. During the revolution, when her father was imprisoned at Lyons as a member of the Mountain, she persuaded the peasants and workmen of Saint-Etienne to take up arms, and she herself led them to the camp of Rivas (Isère). Sophie Johannot's father was subsequently assassinated, and his daughter, in her desire for vengeance, became so violent that she was imprisoned by the civil authorities as a dangerous person. Littré's father was a man of powerful intellect, and after the revolution, when he had settled in Paris, he set about learning Greek and Sanscrit in order to teach those languages to his son. He was a man imbued with the principles and philosophy of the eighteenth century. He did not separate science and morality, and he did not try to conceal his humble origin. He had been in poverty, and even in misery. Emile Littré thus came of a good stock, and his father transmitted to him, at once by blood and by example, all his own passion for study. In the garden of the little house that he occupied in the Rue du Magons-Sorbonne it was the great delight of Littré's father to gather around him his young children, his son's companions, and among those companions were the future celebrated philologist, Eugene Burnouf, the master of Max Müller and of so many other noted linguists, Hachette and Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire, now Minister of Foreign Affairs.

Emile Littré was educated at the Lycee Louis Legrand. When he left in 1819 he was the possessor of more than a hundred volumes of prize books. He then devoted himself to studying mathematics, with a view to entering the Polytechnic school, but an accident caused him to change his mind, and he studied medicine for eight years with brilliant success. In 1827 his father died, and Littré had to give lessons in Greek and Latin in order to support his mother. Curiously enough, Littré, in spite of all his brilliant acquirements, never took his doctor's degree. In 1827 the natural course would seem to have been for him to become a doctor and begin practising at once in an art in which he was a master, and treated by the masters as an equal. Littré, however, never obtained this title, and nobody seems ever to have discovered what were his reasons for neglecting to take it. He was a member of the Academy of Medicine, and he was not a doctor! Sainte-Beuve, who was puzzled by this abstinence, makes some curious remarks upon it in his study of Littré. "We touch there," he says, "in this essentially moral character, on one of the secret difficulties which are the scruple of delicate consciences, and which cannot be discreetly sounded. When he had finished his studies he had no fortune. The establishment of a doctor requires money; he would have had to contract a debt. He did not dare to take upon himself this risk; he did not wish to begin his life. This was with him a principle of conduct which he adopted early in life. And this is why, although he is the translator of Hippocrates and an excellent practitioner and healer withal, he is not a regular doctor. If he practises in the summer in the country, as he does heartily and with great success, it is for the poor, for his neighbors, and for them only." Sainte-Beuve goes on to compare Littré to the Christian Stoics. When Stoics are modest, he says, there is no knowing how modest they are and what degree of scruple and refinement they put into this virtue of humility, sometimes even without being aware of it. In his studies on the Port-Royalists, Sainte-Beuve relates how he discovered many of the members of that celebrated society who were pure, enlightened, learned, and fervent, fed upon the sacred marrow of Basil and of Chrysostom, capable of being priests, and excellent priests, and who yet never dared to take upon themselves the ministry of the altar, and remained simple deacons or acolytes. So Sainte-Beuve imagined that the austere and modest soul of Littré preferred to be one of the humblest of his order.

Littré was indeed a man of singular modesty. He had none of that vanity and desire to "show off" from which Frenchmen are so rarely free. His life was the life of a sage. In three lines that occur in a sort of programme of Positivist study, Littré has epitomized his long career: "To love, to learn, to know, and, as we advance in life, to cultivate the memory of those whom we have lost—such is the foundation of our moral existence, and of our permanent ideals." The bellicose Archbishop Dupanloup, who so strenuously and successfully opposed Littré's candidature to the French Academy in 1863, was right when he said that the Roman Church had never had a more dangerous adversary than Littré. At that time the philosopher had on his record fifty years' apostleship of free thought. The universality of his knowledge and the probity of his intelligence gave him very great authority. In short, since Marcus Aurelius, the Church had never had such a virtuous opponent.

After having contributed largely to several medical journals, Littré shouldered a gun and fought in the streets during the revolution of 1830. In 1831 he joined the staff of Armand Carrel's journal, *Le National*. To this newspaper he remained attached until 1851. Meanwhile he wrote philosophical articles for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Journal des Savants*, the *Dictionnaire de Pelicoque*, the *Journal de l'Institut*, the *Revue Philosophique*, *Politique*, &c. It is impossible even to enumerate the multifarious productions of Littré's pen. Every branch of knowledge seems to have occupied his attention. Like the scholar of the sixteenth century, he knew everything and wrote about everything. He was a poet, too; verse writing was one of the rare recreations which the savant allowed himself. Quite lately, combining his poet's skill and his philological learning, he translated Dante's Inferno into old French verse, just as years ago he had translated a book of the Iliad into the language of the old French troubadours. In a caricature portrait by André Gill, Littré is represented as a monkey swinging on a trapeze, across which is written the motto of Pico della Mirandula, who discoursed upon everything that was knowable and on certain other subjects, *de omni re scibili et quibusdam aliis*. I remember also to have seen photographs of Littré represented as a monkey dressed in the official costume of an Academician. Littré used to laugh at this sort of his clerical enemies and to say good-humoredly of this photograph, "It is hard on the apes!"

After all, the outward appearance of Emile Littré was very apelike. Sainte-Beuve, who wished to flatter his model, could only say that his wrinkled, hollow, and sombre visage resembled him. When seen in profile, of that of Lamennais, and that it was by no means disagreeable when animated. Several times at Meaux-le-Roi, on the edge of the forest of Saint-Germain, where Littré used to pass the summer, I have seen the thin, spare, old man, with his dusky parchment face, taking the air in the village street or giving medical advice to some poor neighbor. His soft gray eyes were full of kindness as they looked almost naively over a huge pair of spectacles fixed low down and almost on the top of a very pronounced nose. The most striking feature in that dried-up and emaciated face was the under lip, which projected beyond all measure, as if sneering disdainfully, and thus forming a strange contrast with the rest of his face, which wore an expression of kindness and modesty. He walked stiffly and almost like an automaton, with his long hair—the traditional savant's hair—falling flatly over his coat collar. I would not vouch that the children were not a little afraid of this half comic, half austere figure.

Strange to say, although for many years past Littré has been physically in a very feeble state, he was in his youth a powerful athlete and a great swimmer. Even since 1870 Littré has lived upon fish and fruit, and drank nothing but milk and water. Wine, meat, and tobacco his health obliged him to eschew. And yet he never ceased working. Formerly, when he was engaged on his great dictionary of the French language, he used to work principally at night. His day was taken up with researches, academic duties, and works of medical charity when he was in the country. About 6 o'clock, after a frugal repast, he would begin to write and keep on until 8 o'clock in the morning. In his modest lodging at Paris, and in his still more modest cottage at Mesnil, there was no study, no library, no obvious literary apparatus. Littré, like Jean Paul Richter, worked in the midst of his family. He had no need of isolating himself; his attention, entirely absorbed by his idea and his composition, was not distracted by the noise of ordinary domestic conversation. During the last few years he has been aided in his studies by his little niece, who used to take down his books for him and turn over the pages. Littré adored this child and taught her the history of France by means of amusing anecdotes in which he brought into relief the part played by women. Littré knew what he was saying when some months ago he replied to Ernest Renan, who was scolding him for working too much: "I shall rest when I am dead."

The first edition Littré performed is incredible. Essays and articles he counts as nothing at all; but, to take only three of his works, the dictionary of the French language took him twenty-seven years of labor; the translation of Hippocrates, ten years; the "Dictionary of Medicine and Surgery," in collaboration with Dr. Rosin, three years. The first contract for the dictionary was signed with the publisher, Hachette, in 1841, and Littré then received on account 4,000 francs. After the revolution of 1848 the dictionary almost fell through; finally, however, Littré and his five helpers and revisers set to work again, and the dictionary proceeded until it was interrupted, by the war of 1870. Hachette began to print the dictionary in 1863, and it was finished in 1872. While Littré was at work on the dictionary Hachette paid him 2,400 francs a year, but in this sum was included that this sum was to be considered as taken from the profits of the work; in other words, if the dictionary had proved a failure Littré would not only have lost all his time and labor, but he would have been a debtor of 40,000 francs to the firm of Hachette. Happily the work proved to be an immense success. But at the cost of what labor that success was obtained! While he was engaged on his dictionary Littré worked seven hours a day, and month after month sixteen hours a day. The only holiday that he took was one month at the seaside in the summer. For the benefit of those who are curious in these matters it may be stated that the total length of the columns of the dictionary is 37,525 mètres, 24 centimètres, upward of 20 miles. Nevertheless, during this time Littré did other work besides. When Auguste Comte, copy of whose disciple Littré was, died in 1861, Mme. Comte entrusted Littré to write a life of her husband. Littré was then hard at work on his dictionary, and the only way to fulfill this debt of gratitude toward the founder of Positivism was to sacrifice three hours' sleep. During a whole year Littré worked sixteen hours a day at his dictionary and three more hours on the volume, "Auguste Comte and his Philosophy," which appeared in 1863. Such intellectual labor is phenomenal.

As I have already said, the surroundings amid which Littré worked were of the most extreme simplicity. Apart from things, pictures, handsome furniture, were indifferent to him; his life was entirely moral and intellectual. His apartment at Paris contained nothing remarkable; his house at Mesnil was a mere laborer's cottage at the end of a narrow and not overclean lane. It differed from the other cottages of the village by the fact that outside Littré had had a lift made in order to get up stairs without fatiguing himself.

Littré was a democrat and a patriot. Elected Deputy in 1871, he took his seat on the Left of the National Assembly, and afterward, as a life Senator, he voted with the Left of the Senate. In 1871, when M. Gambetta invited Littré to occupy the chair of history at the Ecole Polytechnique, which had been reorganized in the town of Bordeaux, he began his first lecture thus:

> "Of the three generations now living, old men, mature men, and boys, the first—to which I belong, and which was ignorant of disasters—has seen the overthrow of the past its debt, having leased over the wounds of France and restored her to the ranks of the most free and prosperous nations. The second, in shedding its blood at Jena, at Iena, at Leipsic, at Waterloo, fought and bravely, in the most disastrous circumstances, a desperate struggle to redeem the waste of dingness which permitted the enemy to precipitate its hosts on its soil. The third, which is the young, will have to do what we old men have done, that is to say, make France once more free and great."

Admiration is truly an embarrassing sentiment, especially when it has for its object a man whose life will stand comparison with that of any thinker that the world has seen. I have not expected to be able to concentrate even an outline of the eighty laboriously live years of Littré's life within the narrow limits of a letter, and yet we all know how much more easy it is to have written I should not perhaps come nearer to success. Beyond a doubt Littré was the most erudite, the most sagacious Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

THEODORE CHILD.

WHAT A NEBRASKA FARMER SAYS.

He is Afraid The Sun Favors the Railroads Against the Farmers.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: THE SUN of June 1 contained two editorials that interested me very much, viz.: "The Farmers and the Railroads," and "An Enormous Saving." They seem to have been inspired by an article from the pen of Mr. Edward Atkins.

There are some things about which Mr. Atkins comes to inform the people; for instance, that of the 6,000 miles of road built since 1865, the greater part has been built by foreigners, who are everywhere charged with an insane desire to tear up and destroy the railroads and their business generally. Those roads received of the public domain an area equal to nine States in the Union. In addition to this they received grants from the States and aid from the cities through which and to which they built their lines of road. Counties and even precincts poured out their money to build those roads, until here in Nebraska the State had to intervene and place a constitutional limit to the generosity of the people.

Another fact THE SUN should inform the people of is that the gentlemen managers of these roads get together annually and make their estimate of what is necessary to feed and seed and furnish a few duckings and calico dresses for the farmer, that he may be happy, his life was entirely moral and intellectual. His apartment at Paris contained nothing remarkable; his house at Mesnil was a mere laborer's cottage at the end of a narrow and not overclean lane. It differed from the other cottages of the village by the fact that outside Littré had had a lift made in order to get up stairs without fatiguing himself.

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Another fact THE SUN should inform the people of is that the gentlemen managers of these roads get together annually and make their estimate of what is necessary to feed and seed and furnish a few duckings and calico dresses for the farmer, that he may be happy, his life is one long drudgery, and take the balance for transporting the farmer's crops to the seaboard for shipment. I like this word goose as applied to the farmers; it is highly suggestive and descriptive. To illustrate: On the day these articles appeared in THE SUN, June 1, 1881, No. 2 spring wheat was worth in New York $1.22, in Chicago $1.12, in Nebraska, along the lines of the railroads, 70 to 75 cents. On the same day corn was worth in New York 62 cents, in Chicago 42 cents, in Nebraska 18 and 20 cents. The average yield of wheat in Nebraska for the last ten years has not exceeded eight bushels per acre. Of this at least three bushels must be charged to bread and seed, leaving five bushels per acre as the surplus for market. During those ten years the price has fluctuated from 55 cents per bushel to $1; the average has been about 70 cents. This gives the farmer five bushels per acre on an average at $3.50 per acre for his wheat, from which he must deduct interest on money invested in teams, labor, &c. The company receives 22 cents per bushel for transporting it to Chicago. The purchaser has less than 10 cents per bushel profit. Corn is worse still. The average yield of corn has been about twenty-five bushels per acre. This at 20 cents per bushel makes $4.50 for the farmer. The railroad charges from 18 to 20 cents per bushel for transporting it to Chicago. On all other products the cost of transportation is in the same proportion.

The truth is the farmers are aware, and have been for a long time, that they are playing a losing game; that they are simply the slaves of the corporations, "making brick without straw." If they were prosperous they would not need to receive the circulars from Mr. Atkinson or THE SUN. They would know it themselves. The farmers of the West have only kept this up-hill business afloat by borrowing Eastern capital, much of it the dividends and earnings of the roads for which the farmer is working on shares. The rates of freight in 1865 were lower in proportion to the value of produce, and yielded a much greater profit to the farmer than in 1881.

We are told that these splendid results, which we are too blind to see, "have not been brought about by any fear of the Grangers, nor by legislation." Most assuredly not. The Granger's hands are tied behind his back, and the Legislatures are bought up annually the same as the hay crop. Can Mr. Atkinson or THE SUN point to a State Legislature in the Union that is not dominated and controlled by road influence? Grinding as the roads do, as they are in their freight charges, the question is not a question of freights or tariffs. These common carriers, chartered for purposes of commerce, have entered the arena of politics with the well-defined purpose of controlling every branch and department of the Government. They own to-day the Supreme Court of the United States, and all our courts, Federal and State, the Executive, the Departments, Congress, and the United States Senate, the State Legislature, the public press, and all the machinery of the political parties, Democratic, Greenback, and Republican.

In the force of this array of facts, that are loved to the plainest understanding, we are advised to rest easy land by THE SUN, too! that "it will never be to the interest of the corporations to kill the goose that lays the golden egg." This same suggestion was made in the old days of slavery—that self-interest precluded the idea of overwork or abuse. I think, however, the majority of the American people would prefer holding their liberties by a more certain tenure than the caprice, or even interests, of the great corporations. Another query, and I have done: Can our institutions of government stand with a power within the Government greater than itself and wholly irresponsible to the laws, the Government, or the people?

CAMDEN, Neb., June 9. ALEX. H. VANCE.

FAIR VISIONS OF POETS.

Outward Bound.

From the Portland Transcript.

I dwell far inland, but I feel
The ocean breezes around me blow.
I hear the dashing of a keel
Through the billows white as driven snow.
I see the sunshine through the spray,
I revive I love this sailing to-day!

O restless waters, lightly bear
So dear a burden on your breast!
Float cheerily in the soft, spring air,
O stately vessel of the West!
Let no ship behave more empty
With heaving wave and tide to-day.

Bloom, heather, on the Scottish moors,
Wake, violets, in dear Brigadoon!
The heart that seeks your sacred shores
With all a poet's fervor swells;
Pitch hopes thine with rainbow ray
The broad, bright ocean path to-day.

And if at times a thought of me
Shall, sweet and still, the wanderer meet,
O spirit, stay! and still, the wanderer meet,
That thoughts as sweet as these are meant
My heart must follow on its way
The fair ship outward bound to-day.

FRANCES L. MACE.

The Song of the Brakeman.

From the Burlington Hawkeye.

Oh, listen to the brakeman, through all the livelong day,
As the rattle of the wheels bears the sound away;
How cheerily he hangs the door which an idiot leaves,
How cheerily into the cities the lazy train he heaves;
And when you reach the station, in at the door he leans,
"Lone Sycamore!" or what he seems to scream, but "Logansport" he means.

The burning cinder in your eye awakes you from your
And "Clear Rapids" must be nigh, you hear him shout,
"Clear!"
His merry shout flows on and on, and near the break of
You slow into "Batavia," and hear him shriek "Brax!"
And when at noon he hollers "Chicago!" you think it's
some place now,
But when you reach the station, it's only Kalamazoo.

Oh, you bet your bottom dollar, in all this broad, fair
land,
No matter what the brakeman says, you will not under-
"Arpa" he says as for Hannibal, and when he hollers
"Cayuga"
You have to guess if "Hopkins" or "Crawfords," or
"Virginia."
"Tolon, Chay, cah! Pass gainnest hay! twent' ain't
ye day!"
How do you know from what he says, it's Pittsburgh that
you're in?

Oh, the wasted English language, that he slays without a
sigh,
Oh, the stations where you want to stop, but where
you pass by!
"Dah!" he cries at "Oneida," and when they hear his
shout,
The passengers for "Buffalo" in hasty scrambling out.
Oh, the stations you want to pass by, and yet you must
stop in,
From the station at the depot he shrieks a shrieking "All
right here!"

My June Boy.

From Harper's Weekly.

Sweet as the rink wild roses wake,
And as the rink the roses make
Are the rink's cheeks, and the rink's lips,
Is the rink's laughter, and the rink's kiss,
He wakes, all dewy and dewy sweet
His eyes like wind-shaken violets open to me,
And clear the heavens blue for me, for me!

The wonder of the babe's eyes!
Forever—but wait! morning skies,
And all things blue that the heavens
Dreamed or ever they were seen!
The violet, by the rosy rim
Of its cup, where shadows swim
Seeing the soft redness there,
Yet knew what things can but wonder!
Touch in the eyes—are for those or sorry
Which never yet were seen, sweet flower, in thee.

O rosebud, rosebud of the South,
Say, can you match the baby's mouth?
And shall the lips speak sweet as art,
In the rosy, wondrous, wonderful part?
Ah! the lips! the lips! the lips!
And well may you envy him, who
He never knew a rosebud mouth
Ah! can you but hold his kisses, O? what say
And blush and turn, a hundred times a day?

A dimple is an angel's kiss
Were dimples ever poorly missed?
Dimples are sweet, and dimples
Are sweet, and dimples are sweet
Twice—you're a fool if the baby's cheek
Alone and pink, and rosy, and dimpled and through
Have apple blossoms little dimples too!

The sunshine's fair at first thread,
Graces and charms with the primest head.
Sometimes it clouds a moment,
And turns from sunny to sad;
But the cloud passes, and the sun shines
Brighter and warmer than ever it did before,
For June St John of the Vineyard!

I give the palm to his sweet chin,
Yet all his little features win
Sweetness, and sweetness, and sweetness
Baits stolen in at some careless pass,
I count the beauties, or the sum
Of them, for beauty, or simply by one
Sweetness wave over and over the face
It makes each breath a grateful little prayer.

He sweetly breathes in baby rest,
On the dear comfort of my breast.
For love, for love, I cannot speak
A fear falls on the baby's cheek
Which starts at the sound of a voice—
A fear warned by the mother's alert
Do I speak sharply or sadly?
Will not winds vex the lilies too?.....
And the rose, the rose,
While gentle-fingered and dimpled are
Sweetness and snowdrops and lilies
And keep in nightmares of the sweet, rosy weather.

What shall a baby mother bring,
Wise shall no easily offering?
Sweetness from beyond the sea,
So white does even smooth she,
Not only sweetness, but a stem
Of Mary sisters, on the hem
Of the Lord's garment for a touch
Of such sweet blossoms everywhere,
There must be days when Mother's Kiss
So white with love, He will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant isles, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.

CAMILLUS CHARLES BRYAN.

The Proud One.

From the Boston Transcript.

The queen is proud upon her throne,
Her head is proud, and her eyes are cold,
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is little little little child.
And she sits on my knee, and she flirts me!
And queens and queens and queens and queens
Are nothing to me, and I care not a pin
Whether they be proud or humble or grave,
And her and queens with the sadness face,
Shall ever the same she double me!

She's seven by the calendar—
A little seven at its tall,
But she's the prettiest lady in the
The proudest lady of all!
Her eyes are as blue as the sky
Her hair is as golden as the
Her mouth is as red as the rose
But oh! I've a mouth as red and
And that, sir, what she will and when
She can do well without me!

For at times like a dreamy tired
A wonder my heart takes her
On! then she's a lady as sure as June,
And I, a poor little worshiper
Oh! the dances round me so fairly
Oh! her dances round me so fairly!
The dances round me so fairly!
Oh! the dances round me so fairly!
Is my heart and I worship and worship
And queens and queens and queens
And queens all loves me dearly.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

The New Love and the Old.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There, speak in whispers; fold me to thy heart,
Dear love, for I have roamed a weary, weary way;
But my vague terrors with thy kiss depart!
Oh, I have been among the dead! Love,
And I have been among the living!
Love, I have been among the living!
Love, I have been among the living!
Love, I have been among the living!
Fearing my voice, I was the charm of music
Tell me thou art, sweet, yet again

Not among graves, but letters, all and dim,
Yellow with age, I found thee, I found thee, love.
Recount and prove to me as we chant the hymn
Among the angels, as the silhouette cast
By the golden egg on an average about $3.50
Were worn with holings tomorrow and soon
These drowsy eyes, the sighing of a dream
Or with death's trembling pointing "the beyond."

And, love, there came a flutter of white wings,
A star of sweet roses from out the dark
Of mine silence, as I read the lines
I sought in vain, and I found, I found
And, love, which, as I read, was the long sin
Came not before me, no, I found it in prose
Made sweet as their whiteness, then to me
The sting of death, the chill of nothingness

One was star, where golden sands made dim
The shining stars of the pure trickster Time,
And one was not. As I listener cried to him
"Where were thy lies standing? Tell me, tell me, tell me of crime!
Another, question as morning's dream
Flashing the coarse, lay heavily down
Among the daisies, dreaming love's glad dream;
And one sweet soul, how wears a starry crown.

And thus there stole delicious odors still
From out those relics of the charmed past,
Sights from the lips unspoken, I will
And, with the sweetness of the
But death, or chance, had been among my flowers,
And all their loveliest had faded, so that I
Yield my sad thoughts to the compelling powers
Of Time, or Fate, or Chance, or Death.
Nay, never doubt me, love, for love's divine
And learns past, I know my future time.

Eight O'Clock.

From Walk Jones.

Eight times the clock has struck.
The sound is not yet dead.
Across the air there comes
A school of marching tread.
In city and village and town,
The children are going to bed.

With footsteps swift or slow,
With lively cheer or dull,
Boys and girls, one by one,
All go to their rooms at eight.
Not one is left to sit
Or stay, or even to wait
Or ask for a little more
Of the good or pleasant lot
Of such as can sit up
There must be days when Mother's Kiss
So white with love, He will not miss
Spices, nor fragrant isles, nor the glow
Of costly gems, nor doves as white as snow.

CAMILLUS CHARLES BRYAN.

The Proud One.

From the Boston Transcript.

The queen is proud upon her throne,
Her head is proud, and her eyes are cold,
But the proudest lady that ever was known
Is little little little child.
And she sits on my knee, and she flirts me!
And queens and queens and queens and queens
Are nothing to me, and I care not a pin
Whether they be proud or humble or grave,
And her and queens with the sadness face,
Shall ever the same she double me!

She's seven by the calendar—
A little seven at its tall,
But she's the prettiest lady in the
The proudest lady of all!
Her eyes are as blue as the sky
Her hair is as golden as the
Her mouth is as red as the rose
But oh! I've a mouth as red and
And that, sir, what she will and when
She can do well without me!

For at times like a dreamy tired
A wonder my heart takes her
On! then she's a lady as sure as June,
And I, a poor little worshiper
Oh! the dances round me so fairly
Oh! her dances round me so fairly!
The dances round me so fairly!
Oh! the dances round me so fairly!
Is my heart and I worship and worship
And queens and queens and queens
And queens all loves me dearly.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

The New Love and the Old.

From the Chicago Tribune.

There, speak in whispers; fold me to thy heart,
Dear love, for I have roamed a weary, weary way;
But my vague terrors with thy kiss depart!
Oh, I have been among the dead! Love,
And I have been among the living!
Love, I have been among the living!
Love, I have been among the living!
Fearing my voice, I was the charm of music
Tell me thou art, sweet, yet again

Not among graves, but letters, all and dim,
Yellow with age, I found thee, I found thee, love.
Recount and prove to me as we chant the hymn
Among the angels, as the silhouette cast
By the golden egg on an average about $3.50
Were worn with holings tomorrow and soon
These drowsy eyes, the sighing of a dream
Or with death's trembling pointing "the beyond."

And, love, there came a flutter of white wings,
A star of sweet roses from out the dark
Of mine silence, as I read the lines
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And, love, which, as I read, was the long sin
Came not before me, no, I found it in prose
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Of such as can sit up

THE SIEGE OF BERLIN.

Translated for the Troy Times from the French of Alphonse Daudet.

We were strolling up the avenue of the Champs Elysées with our friend the doctor, asking of the houses torn by shells, and of the sidewalks ploughed up by grapeshot, the history of Paris besieged, when just before reaching the triumphal arch the doctor stopped, and pointing to one of those stately corner houses grouped around the square, he said to me:

"Do you see those four windows with the blinds closed on that balcony up there? In the first days of August last, that terrible month of August, full of storms and disasters, I was called there for a case of apoplexy. They were the rooms of Col. Jouve, a cuirassier of the first empire, stubborn on the subjects of glory and patriotism, who, as soon as the war broke out, moved to the Champs Elysées, into an apartment with a balcony—guess what for? To be able to witness the triumphant return of our troops. Poor old man! The news of Wissemburg reached him as he was leaving the dinner table, and when he read the name of Napoleon at the end of the bulletin of defeat, the apoplectic stroke fell upon him like a thunderbolt.

"I found the old cuirassier stretched on the carpet with blood upon his face, and motionless, as if he had received a blow from a heavy club upon his head. Standing erect he must have been very tall; lying there he seemed of immense size. With his handsome features, his beautiful teeth, and his curly, snow-white hair, his 80 years seemed scarcely 60. Kneeling at his side, and weeping bitterly, was his granddaughter. She looked like him, and the two heads there, close together, seemed like two fine Greek medals struck from the same die, the one a little worn and effaced, the other clear and bright, with all the blush of its fresh imprint upon it.

"The grief of the girl touched me deeply; daughter and grandchild of soldiers, her father was away serving on MacMahon's staff, and the tall form of the venerable man lying before her was calling up, in her mind, another picture, not less terrible. I did my best to reassure her, although I had little hope, for at 80 years a heavy apoplexy recovers from such things. For three days my patient remained in the same motionless and comatose state, and then—then came the news of Reisch-sho-Jen. You remember how strangely it came. Until evening we all thought a great victory had been achieved, 20,000 Prussians killed, the Prince Royal taken prisoner. I cannot say by what miracle, by what magnetic current, a sort of echo of the national joy reached the poor sufferer through the torpor of his paralysis. But that evening as I drew near his bedside I found him another man; his eye was almost bright, his speech almost clear; he smiled and twice stammered:

"'Victory!'

"'Yes, Colonel, a great victory,' and as I gave him the details of MacMahon's splendid success I could see his features relax and his eyes light up. As I went out I found the young girl sobbing across the door, pale as death, and sobbing:

"'But he is saved!' I exclaimed, taking her hands.

"The poor child had scarcely strength enough to reply. The true history of Reisch-sho-Jen had just been posted: MacMahon retreating, the entire army crushed. We looked at one another in despair. She was thinking of her father, and I thinking of the poor old man I had just left. He could not resist this second shock, and yet what could be done? Leave him his joy, and the illusions which had brought him back to life? But for this, the truth must not be told.

"I will not tell the truth then,' said the heroic girl simply, as she rapidly wiped away her tears, and then, with a smile upon her face, she silently registered her grandfather's room.

"It was a hard task she undertook, poor child! At first it worked pretty well. The old gentleman's head was weak, and he could be deceived. But, as his health improved, his ideas became clearer. We had to keep him posted on the movements of the army, and compose military bulletins. It was pitiful to see that lovely girl bending day and night over the map of Germany, sticking in little flags, and trying to plan out a glorious campaign. Bazaine marching on Berlin, Frossart in Bavaria, Macdalan on the Baltic. She would ask my advice, and I helped her as best I could, but neither she nor her father added as most of all in this imaginary invasion. He had conquered Germany so many times under the first empire! He knew every movement in advance. 'They will go there now; this will be done next,' and his prophecies always came true and he was very proud of them.

"Unfortunately, rapidly as we gained battles and captured cities, we never went fast enough for him. The old friend, with a knowing way, approved and criticised, and explain to us the passages that were a little obscure. But where he came out best of all was in the answers he would send to his son: 'Never forget that you are a Frenchman,' he would say, 'and be generous to those poor people; don't let the invasion weigh too heavily upon them!' and there were international recommendations and lovely little sermons on the respect of private property, gentleness toward ladies, a true military code for the use of the conquerors. And he would add some general political considerations as to the conditions of peace which should be imposed upon the vanquished—indemnity for the war, and nothing more. What would be the use of taking their provinces? Can you make any France out of Germany? And he would dictate it all with such proud voice, with such a much candor in his words, with such a deep paternal faith, that it was impossible not to be moved and touched as we sat by and listened.

"At this time the siege was progressing; not that of Berlin, alas! We had to pass through intense frosts, bombardments, epidemics, and then famine. But thanks to our efforts and our care, and the indefatigable and tender attentions which his grandchild multiplied around him, the old man, for a long time, did not trouble. To the end I was able to procure a little fresh meat and white bread for him; but only enough for him; and you cannot fancy anything more touching than these grandfather's breakfasts, so innocently selfish—the old Colonel on his bed, smiling and cared for, with his napkin tied under his chin, and near him his grandchild, the pallid consumption in her hollow cheeks, guiding his hands, giving him drink, helping him to eat all the good forbidden fruit. And then, strengthened and animated by his repast in the comfort of his warm room, with the wild winter wind outside, and the snow driving against his windows, the old cuirassier would relate his campaigns in the Lands of Sarre, and the hundred-fth time would tell us of that sinister retreat from Russia, when there was only frozen biscuit and frozen wine to eat.

"'Can you realize that, little girl? We absolutely used to eat horseflesh!'

"You can imagine if she realized it! For two months the poor child had been eating nothing else.

"But from day to day, as he became convalescent, our task at the invalid's bedside became harder and harder. The torpor of his limbs gave way to a serious, which day served us so well, commenced to pass away. Two or three times already the furious charges from the Porte Maillot had caused him to start and listen like a hound on the scent. We had to invent a fine victory of Bazaine's under the walls of Berlin, and salvos of artillery discharged from the Invalides to celebrate it.

"One day when we had drawn his bed to the window—I think it was the Thursday of Buzonval—he saw clearly enough some volunteers massed on the avenue of the Grand Army.

"'What can those troops be?' he asked, and we heard him grumbling between his teeth: 'Poor troops very poor troops!'

"Nothing further came of it; but we realized that we must take greater precautions. Unfortunately we were not cautious enough.

"One evening as I arrived the girl met me much distressed. 'They are to enter to-morrow,' she said. Was her grandfather's door open? Thinking it over since, I can recall that I noticed a strange expression on his countenance that night. He had probably overheard us. Only we were speaking of the Prussians, and the old man was thinking of the French, and of that triumphant ent