SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Countess of Albany.

The new volume added by the Messrs. Roberts to their "Famous Women" series is a sketch of the *Countess of Albany* by VERNON LEE, a lady whose eminent qualifications for her task will be patent to the reader. We have not had the good fortune to see the author's essays on the Italian renaissance, or her "Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy" (if, indeed, the latter work, to which a reference is made in the preface, does not still remain in manuscript), but these pages offer conclusive proof of her familiarity with the old-world society she has undertaken to depict, and they who are already conversant with Stendhal will be able to test and to appreciate the minuteness and fruitfulness of her researches. As to the literary treatment of her theme there can be but one opinion. Aside from the industry of her investigations in a particular field, the author has brought to the illumination of her subject a richly stored and admirably trained intelligence, a ripe judgment, a broad charity, and sympathies unchilled by remoteness of social surroundings, or the idiosyncrasies of a moral standard strangely deflected from her own. In respect of literary workmanship, in picturesqueness, grace, and affluence of diction, no companion volume of the series can for a moment be compared with this performance. It is to be hoped that this collection of biographies may be embellished with other contributions from the same pen, and we know of no other feminine writer more competent to give us a portrait of Mme. de Sevigné, of Mme. de Staël, or—if striking associations are to rank with personal achievements as title deeds to fame—of the Countess Guiccioli, or Charlotte von Stein.

It is evident, indeed, that in admitting a life of the Countess of Albany to the present cluster of biographies, the editor has diverged—though we have ample reason to be content with the divergence—from the aim which hitherto has seemed to control the choice of subjects. Of the seven more or less celebrated women who already figure in this gallery, one, "Mary Lamb," was only a star of the fifth magnitude, whose humble light is utterly eclipsed by such refulgent luminaries as George Eliot and George Sand, while another, Elizabeth Fry, had not the least pretensions to a place among women of letters, though as a philanthropist she has, perhaps, a higher and more lasting claim to fame. The relation of the Countess of Albany to her predecessors in the series is entirely anomalous. We will not, however, cavil at the shifting and loose criterion by which she is included in this series, for if to be widely talked about and to be the object of wide-felt and lively curiosity is to be famous, she assuredly may be thus described. But it is well to bear in mind that such distinction as she had was entirely extrinsic, gained by nothing that she wrote or did, but due exclusively to the incidental circumstances of her marriage with the Young Pretender, the hero of the '45, and her subsequent intimate relations with the poet Alfieri. Many graces, indeed, of heart, mind, and person she must at one time have possessed to become the life-long idol of a man of extraordinary intellectual vigor; and there is positive evidence that she had what, for a woman of her day, was an exceptionally broad and solid education; but her merits were sadly overrated by Alfieri, for her affections were not warm, deep, or tenacious, and her intellect, though quick, sensitive, and responsive to impulse from without, was quite incapable of creative exertion. It is the more important to keep in view the essential limitations of her personality, because although they are in one or two places disclosed with adequate candor by the author, yet the irresistible propensity of a literary artist to dwell upon the more engaging and romantic phases of her subject tends to leave the reader under the spell of a too favorable impression. There are passages, however, in the book in which will be remarked a full of the fervent, absorbing sympathies by means of which the writer aims to seize the life of the past, and by which alone, according to some critics, history and biography are possible. In these intervals of cool, deliberate reflection, during which the author seems to emerge, so to speak, from the body of her picture, we encounter some felicitous examples of judicial discrimination.

For instance, neither psychological nor physiological co-agencies are undervalued in the following reference to the shocking incongruities in the career and character of that Charles Edward Stuart who, by right of birth, proclaimed himself King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland: "Strangely compounded of an Englishman and a Pole, the Polish element, the brilliant and light-hearted chivalry, the cheerful and youthfully wayward heroism which he had inherited through his mother from the Sobieskis, seemed to constitute the whole of Charles Edward's nature when he was young, and for all his reverses still hopeful. As he grew older, as deferred and disappointed hopes and endured ignominy made him a middle-aged man before his time, then, also, did the other hereditary strain, the morose obstinacy, the gloomy brutality of James II. and of his father (the old Pretender, recognized as James III. by the French and other Continental Governments) begin to appear, and gradually obliterated every trace of what had been the splendor and the charm of the Prince Charley of the '45." Again, there is hardly anything more incisive and impressive in Daudet's "Les Rois en Exile" than the author's illustration of the baleful effects of kingship on the heart and mind of the young man who had flashed forth a victor at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, and whose memory was treasured all her life long with infinite piety and tenderness by Flora McDonald. "The curse of kingship in an age when royalty had lost all utility—the habit of irresponsibility, of indifference, the habit of always claiming and never giving justice, love, self-sacrifice, all the good things of this world—this curse had lurked, an evil strain, in the nature of this king without a kingdom; and had gradually blighted and made hideous what had seemed an almost heroic character. Royal-souled Charles Edward Stuart had certainly been in his youth brilliant with all those virtues of endurance, clemency, and affability which the earlier eighteenth century still fondly associated with the divine right of kings; and royal-souled—hard and weak, with all the hardness and weakness, the self-indulgence, obstinacy, and thoughtlessness for others of effete races of kings—he had become no less certainly in the second part of his life branded with God's own brand of unworthiness, which signifies that a people, or a class, or a family is doomed to extinction."

Now let us look at the author's portrait of the wife selected for this man who, before the year of his marriage, 1772, had sunk into a shabby trickster, a ruffianly woman beater, a brutish sot. His kinsman, the Duke of Fitz-James, had fixed upon the Princess Louise of Stolberg, whose father had been a Prince of the Empire, and whose mother had been a member of the illustrious Flemish family of Horn. She was a girl of nineteen, fresh from a convent in the Low Countries; "a small, plump, well-proportioned, rather childish creature, with still half-formed childish features, a trifle snub, a trifle soulless, very pretty, tender, light-hearted; a charming little creature very well made to steal folks' hearts unconsciously to themselves and to herself." But the fascinations of youthful artlessness and impulsiveness, of a matchless complexion, and the haunting contrast of dark hazel eyes with golden hair could not have long enchained a man of Alfieri's temperament and experience; and the author elsewhere delineates the qualities which had for him an irresistible attraction, and which held him loyal and his life in a relation which at first, and indeed for many years after its inception, was, however irregular, as blameless and austere as that of Dante and Beatrice, or that of Petrarch and Laura. "Herein consisted the uniqueness of the Countess of Albany, in the fact that she was everything to Alfieri which no other woman could be. * * * She could read the books of four different nations—a very rare accomplishment in her day; and she was, moreover, one of those women, rarer even in the eighteenth century than nowadays, whose nature, while unproductive in any particular, is intensely and almost exclusively intellectual, and in the intellectual domain even more intensely and almost exclusively literary—women who are born readers, to whom a new poem is as great an excitement as a new toilet, a treatise of philosophy more exquisitely delightful than a symphony." Then, in a few words, the author gives us the key of the situation in which the ill-assorted trio, Charles Stuart, his young wife, and the self-willed, ardent Alfieri, but a few years older than herself, were about to be involved. "And this woman, thus educated, with this immense fund of intellectual energy, was living, not a normal life with the normal distracting influences of an endurable husband, of children, and of society, but a life of frightful mental and moral isolation by the side, or rather in the loathsome shadow, of a degraded, sordid, violent, and jealous brute, from the reality of whose beastly excesses and bestial fury, of whose vomitings and oaths and outrages and blows, she could take refuge only in the unreal world of books."

The relation which ensued between the prospective poet and the wife of the Pretender, and which, after the legal separation of the married pair, must be admitted to have degenerated into virtual but unsanctioned matrimony, is treated in this volume at once with perfect delicacy and with a thorough recognition of the peculiar moral standard which at the time obtained throughout the Continent, and especially in Italy. What may be called the mysteries of cicisbeism, the duties, privileges, and acknowledged status of the *cavalieri serventi*, are discussed with the utmost frankness, and yet without a word that can shock a squeamish reader. But for the just and sagacious observations on this subject, and for the whole story of Alfieri's famous love affair, we must refer the reader to this delightful book, which should go far to give the writer an honorable place among the distinguished feminine authors of our day.

English Women Looked at with French Eyes.

The remarkable success attained in England as well as France by *John Bull et son Ile* has encouraged Mr. MAX O'RELL to work the lucky vein a little further, and he discusses another and peculiarly interesting aspect of the same theme in *Les Filles de John Bull* (Paris, Calmann-Levy). We should say that this book would outstrip even the vogue of its predecessor, for the subject is even more adapted to the author's characteristic treatment, which has just enough of malice in it to be relished by his countrymen, while it is on the whole so just, acute, and circumspect that the people criticised are less offended than amused. Yet since it seems permissible for even well-bred Frenchmen to call a spade a spade, he does not always refrain from allusions and suggestions which could hardly be reproduced in an English version by one who shrank from bringing a blush to the cheek of Mrs. Boffin. We shall try, at all events, to show the stumbling blocks which this volume bore and there presents in the following extracts, from which the reader may learn how John Bull's daughters are regarded by French eyes that profess to be appreciative, and are certainly incisive.

Mr. Max O'Rell contends that the French woman is more graceful and piquant than the English woman, but he admits that she is less healthy and less fresh-looking. "Her eyes are more vivacious, her mouth much prettier, and her figure much more elegant; but her skin is less white and of a much coarser grain. Walking and bathing—that is the secret of English women's health and beauty. They are not afraid of shower baths or of draughts of air. They sleep with the window open, and, on rising, drench themselves with cold water. In winter time the most timid will dip a bath sponge into water, wring it out, and rub themselves from head to foot, to stir the circulation of the blood, until their skin cries mercy. With the appetite thus whetted they come down to the breakfast room fresh and vigorous, and make a substantial meal of eggs and cold beef, and then go out into the open air to walk or play lawn tennis."

Subsequently the physical attractions of John Bull's daughters are subjected to a more detailed analysis. The author reiterates that "an English woman's skin is usually fine grained, deliciously white, and velvety; it reminds you of alabaster, satin; her neck is like a swan's. The hips and shoulders are frequently too narrow, and, unluckily, the bosom is too often an imponderable quantity in the enumeration of an English woman's beauties." This is one of the things apparently that are ordered better in France, for the author goes on to say that "what strikes you at the first glance in Paris, when you arrive there from England, is the plumpness of the women. Gracious! but the republic feeds them well! What a development! What amplitude! What depth of chest! What protuberances! Ladies, 'tis frightful. Moderation, I beseech you, or you will soon have to throw your corsets to the winds." Every observer has been struck by the marked difference between French women and English women in respect of gait and bearing. Mr. Max O'Rell, of course, adverts to it. "The English woman walks with her arms dropped, and bears her weight upon her heels; the French woman walks with her arms bent, and bears her weight upon her toes; 'tis more graceful, but less convenient. In my last journey to Paris I noticed with pleasure that the high, pointed heel, thrust under the middle of the sole, was beginning to give place to the English heel; 'tis a decided sign of progress." There is another thing in which the writer thinks his countrywomen might copy to advantage their English neighbors. "English women dress their hair with much simplicity, even for balls. I admire that. Their hair, a little tumbled on the crown of the head and knotted in thick coils behind the neck, pleases me far more than those complicated monuments fastened up with pins, the products of the wild imagination of Master Isodore or some other modish capillary artist. To me those edifices, that have required hours to build, express nothing except the warning that hours more will be needed to take them down, and that approach is prohibited under penalty of putting their symmetry in jeopardy." As to the notion still encountered in Boulevard newspapers, that English women have no eye for color, and like to flaunt in glaring hues, the well-informed author of this volume is properly discriminative, and points out that, while the women of the lower classes do indeed display the loudest colors, apple green, sky blue, and scarlet, contrariwise the women of society dress very simply in the street. "At Hyde Park, in the carriages, you see only sombre toilets of a labored, almost Puritan, severity." Here the writer interjects, to the credit of Englishmen, that very few men, except those far advanced in years, accompany the ladies driving. The gentlemen are all on horseback. In Hyde Park you never see young dawdlers letting themselves be dragged in carriages for hours at a stretch around the Park. The author would not go so far as to say that in England all men work, though that would not be far from the truth, but, to be exact, you may say that every man has some occupation. Then we are recalled to the main theme, and reminded that "all the luxury of an English woman's toilet is reserved for the evening, for balls, for dinners, or for the theatre. In London a playhouse auditorium offers a far more brilliant spectacle than an analogous place in Paris. 'Tis an extremely pretty sight, all those boxes and orchestra stalls filled with elegant toilets; to my eyes, indeed—if I except the Opera and two or three other theatres, the Lyceum, the Haymarket, and the St. James's—it is the most interesting feature of a London playhouse to a Frenchman, even though he be familiar with the language. Evening dress is not optional, but rigidly compulsory; unless you have seats in the third or fourth gallery, the female ushers, before letting the ladies who are with you pass into the auditorium, make them withdraw to a dressing room to remove their bonnets. For that matter most women leave their homes in evening toilet, merely shrouded in an opera cloak when they go to the theatre, to which, of course, they drive."

Mr. Max O'Rell, like Hawthorne, is confounded at the quantity of nourishment that English women require, or which, at all events, they manage to consume. He lays before his French readers a minute account of the copious and numerous repasts with which the daughters of John Bull fill up the hours that otherwise might drag a little in a country house. According to Lady John Manners, from whom his data are borrowed, "In country houses the ladies are served in bed with tea accompanied by thin slices of bread and butter. The young men generally prefer at the same hour brandy and seltzer water. Fortified by these refreshments, such guests as do not hunt or shoot come down to breakfast about ten; the table is spread with four hot dishes besides cold meats of every kind, with fruit and cakes. Tea, coffee, chocolate, wines, nothing is lacking to this feast, that will be prolonged for an hour and a half to two hours. The luncheon, that important event of the day, begins at 2 o'clock; it consists of meats and fowls, dishes hot and cold, plain puddings for ladies who have delicate stomachs, cream cakes for those who do not mind a slight indigestion, fruit, cheeses, and ices. At 3 coffee is served. If the sportsmen are afield, hampers of good things are despatched to them. At 5 the ladies sit down again to drink tea and do honor to the muffins and other comfits suited to the hour. Then, after a little chat, 'tis time to go up stairs to dress for dinner. The dinner is served at eight or half after, and lasts till ten or a half hour later. Dinner over, the ladies retire to the drawing room to take coffee and smoke—this must be whispered—just a cigarette or two. They play at cards, a few sovereigns change hands, and then the ladies go to bed. Thereupon the men are provided with whiskey, brandy, claret, mineral waters, lemons, and cigars to enable them to support existence till one or two in the morning." Such is the normal bill of fare of the English aristocracy, and "Now" is the author's comment, "we understand why the teeth of English women protrude from the gums before they are forty; we comprehend why these teeth, which are no fools either, protest against such superhuman toil, and work themselves out, so as to compel the gums to aid them in the gigantic labor of mastication; we can account, lastly, for the fact that with most of the frequenters of Rotten Row the eyes seem popping out of the head, for your eyes, too, would soon start out of their sockets if your digestive apparatus were doomed to a perpetual process of deglutition. On the part of the body and its members 'tis a universal save-himself-who-can."

These reflections lead the writer to descant at length upon the small attractions possessed by middle-aged women in England. "The fact is," he says, "that in the fashionable drive of Hyde Park you see but few pretty women. If you except the fair and rosy children, who are delicious, you will hardly see in the carriages any but peevish, stolid faces that cast at you a listless and almost stony glance. They are the faces of boa constrictors absorbed in the function of digestion." For the feminine beauty in which the English stock is so rich you must, we are told, go elsewhere. "Would you regale your eyes with pretty faces, rosy, tempting, and fresh as daisies, would you watch them file past you by hundreds, go saunter down Regent street, Oxford street, New Bond street, Piccadilly, between 9 and 10 in the morning. There you will see the prettiest thing that John Bull can offer you in the way of national products. The finest specimens of English women are the shop girls in the large silk goods dressmaking and millinery establishments. The great English tradesman, who are intelligent fellows, will only give employment in their shops to young, pretty, well-made, and well-mannered women, and the sight of these independent, reputable, and even distinguished-looking girls hying at morn by thousands to their occupations is one of the most pleasing and edifying spectacles of the immense metropolis."

From the shop girl the transition is easy to the British barmaid. "The fashionable shops are not the only places where the handsomest feminine article of English manufacture is on view. The barrooms and restaurants are full of them, and the finest samples, too. Messrs. Spiers and Pond, the famous restaurant keepers, have legions at their call. These superb daughters of Albion emerge, it is true, from an inferior social stratum, but they have good manners, and, for the most part, are supremely handsome. Their virtue is not so savage that they cannot bear the eye of man, or permit a swell now and then to indulge in the ghost of a flirtation, as she hands him his glass of beer or grog; but women who will submit to work, standing on their feet from ten in the morning until midnight for thirty shillings a week, are incontrovertibly respectable. A modest income, in the case of a woman young and handsome, is a certificate of virtue."

Another chapter to which we would invite particular attention depicts the English woman at home, and dilates upon the widely different conceptions of marriage professed and acted on by John Bull and by his Gallic neighbor. But the whole book is worth reading, for while it may have a little padding in certain intercalated and supplementary chapters, even such superfluous matter is commended and embellished by the author's genial, animated, taking style.

GEN. SHERMAN ON THE REBELLION.

He Says it was a Conspiracy and that the Chief Conspirator Deserved Death.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 30.—Frank Blair Post G. A. R. had a house warming last night, at which Gen. Sherman was present. In the course of a brief speech the General said that the late war was not, as was generally understood, a war of secession from the United States, but a conspiracy. "I have been behind the curtain," said he, "and have seen letters that few others have seen, and have heard conversations that cannot be repeated, and I tell you that Jeff Davis never was a secessionist. He was a conspirator. He did not care for secession from the United States. His object was to get a fulcrum from which to operate against the Northern States, and if he had succeeded he would to-day be the master spirit of the continent and you would be slaves. I have seen a letter from Jefferson Davis to a man whose name I cannot mention, because he is a United States Senator. I know Davis's writing and saw his signature, and in that letter he said he would turn Lee's army against any State that might attempt to secede from the Southern Confederacy."

Gen. Sherman's statements were so extraordinary that a reporter sought him to-day to ascertain his views. He said:

"The men who instigated the war were conspirators, and should have been shot on the spot. Jeff Davis was in the employ of the Government, and when he sought to destroy it he was a conspirator. I saw a letter, dated 'Senate Chamber, United States,' and signed by two Senators, Slidell and Benjamin, ordering the Governor of Louisiana to seize Government arsenals. Was this not conspiracy of the most fearful nature? Jeff Davis sought to establish a Government of Southern gentlemen, who would rule the masses. His desire was for a limited franchise, limited to landowners. The poor white, in his estimation, should be crossed with the negro. Had he succeeded in his conspiracy he would have carried this out in the South and then imposed it on the Northern States. He wanted to totally destroy this Government and from its ruins build up a Southern plutocracy. This I know: That when once the Southern States had formed a confederation he determined that they should not secede. His idea was not secession; it was destruction. The Southern States rebelled one by one and then confederated. Davis beat his energies to prevent their secession, and was willing to destroy one of them before it could be accomplished. I have seen a letter which he wrote to the Governor of one of the States threatening that he would turn Lee's army upon it if it should attempt to secede from the Confederacy. From this it is evident he did not believe in secession, but that he wanted the destruction of the United States Government and a dominant Southern Confederacy. It is well for you, it is well for me, that he did not succeed, as it meant our disfranchisement. His attempt was a base conspiracy, for which he deserved death."

W.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD.

A Regret.

From the Current.

After and near the hills were set
With immortelles and daisies,
High carnival the esters kept
To win our glowing praises.

A queen supreme, the golden rod
Reigned with unwonted splendor,
And Black eyed susan's daunting robes
Were bright as Fall could lend her.

White bindweed in the meadows grew,
And sumach leaves were turning;
We found the purple gentian flowers,
Though summer suns were burning.

Stray crimson leaflets floated down,
A hint of autumn color,
Though clover were its summer flush,
Or just a trifle duller.

The fringing ferns hung o'er the pool
From rocky heights, and under
Last year's dead leaves the seeing eye
Found many a mossy wonder.

Along the brook whose ripples fled
Thro' mickering shine and shadow,
We passed, till all in light at last
We climbed the upland meadow.

O wondrous skies! The heavens indeed,
O God, declare thy glory!
And every wandering wind that blows
Repeats the endless story.

O fair green hills! O far-off hills,
Aglow with sunset shining!
My eyes with unshed tears are filled,
My heart with vain repining.

No wandering wind, nor bird, nor bee
May bring me back my summer;
The frost that touched the fields last night
Was winter's earliest comer.

DOROTHY HOLBOYD.

An Autumn Rhyme.

From the Academy.

When the breath of March was keen,
And the woods were brown and bare,
Covered from the cruel air
In a tangled bed of green,
Violets grew unplucked, unseen:
Sweet and meet to wreathe your hair,
If it only could have been.

But Love's heart and hope were strong,
And he smiled, and whispered low:
"When the summer roses blow,
And the summer swallows throng,
Though a little while be long,
She will come at last to know,
She will take our flowers and song."

Now encroaching sunset shows
That the year hath turned his face
Unto failure and disgrace,
Binding mute and beating snows,
And along the garden rows
Leaf and petal fall apace,
And with each a poor hope goes.

B. NICHOLS.

The First Snow.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Gay bloom the flowers in springtime set,
And streaky apples linger yet;
'Twas autumn but a week ago,
Why, then, these flakes of wintry snow?
Summer's last rose they disarrayed,
The white sky dreamed in peace to fade.
One swallow was hurried to seek a land
The white flocks frightened him away.

Winter's cold shock who first endure
Think him unkind and premature;
Complain the summer was too brief,
And mourn as over each dead leaf,
But as he grips with firmer hold
We grow more careless of the cold,
Joy in the silence of his snow,
And nestle by his fireside glow.

Dismayed, we note the first gray hair,
Soon others come—we cease to care;
Then gray, outnumbering the brown,
And so with winter settles down.
And when from youth we've passed to age
We've learned our lesson page by page,
To take as that comes Love's weal or woe
And never fret about the snow.

Waiting to Die Early.

From the Courier-Journal.

I know most women have a very strong
Of wishes; everything beneath the sun
They sigh and clamor for, but I, among
So world of wishes, I have only one.

Just for a little year of what I dream,
Thus granted, life or death I would resign
The three-score years and living, and would deem
Myself most happy could such choice be mine.

Better, I say, one hour upon the height
Than ages in the valley's restful fold;
Better no sweet of perfect human delight,
Than all the paler pleasures life can hold.

Then grant me, gods, this one joy all divine
And take me ere its loveliness has waned;
Give me, I pray, one drang at of life's pure wine,
And break the golden vessel 'ere it be drained.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

St. Michael's Chapel.

From the Critic.

When the vexed hubbub of our world of gain
Roars round about me as I walk the street,
The mystical noise of trees in the hollow
Of Fell's incessant hammer, the fierce strain
Of struggle, rushed to hunt and drain to brain—
Affliance and the dream my soul willeth not;
The gaudy shops, the skipping gloom that creeps
To kiss an alabaster tomb, where sleeps
A lady twixt two knights, stone effigies,
And every day in these glory stands
Their sculptured slumber of five centuries.

EMMA LAZARUS.

Dorothy.

From Wide Awake.

Oh! it was a sight fearsome, fit to curdle the blood of the
brave,
That little craft caught in the teeth of the hungry, mad-
foaming breakers
That rent her to fragments at last, and broke it, now on the
jagged rocks flinging,
Then catching it back, as tigers sport with their prey,
then devour it;
And the sailors up in the rigging, clinging, and praying,
and shuddering,
As one would shudder who looked down into his own
grave opened.
All the fisher folk were away, six leagues away, to the
northward,
Where the night before they had sailed, fast locked by
the south gale in harbor;
Only on the shingle there were three old men, peering
and moaning
"Ah, if we were young as we once were, who knows but
that we might save them?"

And the women were wringing their hands, with quavering, shrill cries, pitiful.
Among them, poised on her bare feet, like a bird pluming
her wings,
Over the foam, her brown hair out on the wind streaming
and tossing,
Her cheek flushing and paling, but her eyes clear,
stood Lass Dorothy.
Straight, strong-limbed and sun browned was she, modest,
yet, withal, and winsome;
"If the vessel break up in an hour? If I thought so
long she would hing there,
I'd ask for the lifeboat," cried she. "Nay, nay, lass,"
answered old Donald,
"Could you gang the four miles, you could na cross the
burn swollen to bursting."
"I'll ask," cried Lass Dorothy, nothing more; and swiftly
she darted
Off to the moor, as from the strained bow the arrow
goes leaping
For a mile the fierce gale she battled; then down to the
sands forced to wrangle
Where, in huge swells, they were rolling, and through the
hollow rocks booming of their thunder.
Sped on, through the foam plashing knee-deep, ever
fighting for footing,
Till she came to the burn white with wrath, as if with
the mad sea longing
In vengeance against the foe who, for its prey, with it
would wrestle.
What though her heart sank? in she plunged—for, O, the
men that were drowning!
Waist-deep, then overhead sinking, seized by a swirling
eddy,
Struggling up to her feet, on pressing again, till once
more on the moorland,
She breasted the gale, flinging to it the wet garments
that hindered.
So reached she at last the house where lived the cox-
swain of the lifeboat,
And sank at the threshold, swooning, but gasping with
wan lips: "The schooner—
On the letch—norrad!" Well knew the coxswain the
need that had sent her
"Look after the lass, gude wife!" he shouted, and ran
for the lifeboat.
The blessed lifeboat! how it shot out into the surges,
bounding
Away and away—around the Point—close up to the
wreck, unmanned!
And lo! the six men dropped into it, saved, as solemnly
joyful
As if into heaven they had come, out of death, with its
chrism on their foreheads.

Only a simple lass still is Dorothy, never dreaming
That she has done aught heroic. Yet, sometimes, o'
nights, when the storm wind
Is out, she smiles as she lays her head on its rude straw
pillow,
To think of the six men, somewhere safe, living and
loving,
Because she dared through the gale and the foam to run
for the lifeboat.

EMILY A. BRADDOCK.

How The Sun Shines.

THE SUN still shines for all
Upon this earthly ball.
If in the sky alone,
Yet as it always shone,
It still would shine for all.

Shining with purest ray,
It brightens every day;
Straightforward and sincere,
In thought and wording clear,
It truly shines for all.

No cloud its lustre blinds
To independent minds;
And men of healthy sight
Joyfully hail its light
Glad that it shines for all.

It shines through all the States
For all the candidates;
Justly to blame or praise,
Condemning evil ways,
It shines alike for all.

Though parties rise or fall,
It still shines on for all;
No favor, fear, or force
Controls its daily course,
As still it shines for all.

For conscience and the right
It sheds its steady light,
And for the truth alone
Shines as it always shone,
And freely shines for all.

M. DE S.

THE NEW INDIAN VICEROY.

Lord Dufferin—His Career and Characteristics—Most Brilliant of English Public Men.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The nomination of Lord Dufferin to the post of Viceroy of India deprives the old school of British diplomacy of one of its few remaining members. Entering as he does now on the career of the politician and the statesman, he encounters at the same time all the risks of instability which have made the tenure in office of his predecessors so insecure, even when the ruthless hand of the assassin has not prematurely closed it.

Lord Palmerston headed the brilliant phalanx of those now nearly extinct diplomats, who were courted, dreaded, looked up to by their colleagues. He was their model and their chief, and in him and his few remaining survivors, Lord Granville, Lord Lyons, Lord Dufferin, the early traditions were revived.

When Lord Beaconsfield became the arbitrator of the Tory party, he inaugurated a new era. The Conservative Premier recruited his agents from new and different sources. Influenced, no doubt, by the memories of a comparatively humble origin, he bridged the way to office for city men, men of business, money, or finance, and those whose politics served his own policy found themselves suddenly and spontaneously improvised into diplomats. The Envoy selected to fill a delicate and extraordinary mission abroad was no longer one who had grown old in his career, for whom the recesses of diplomacy held no secrets, but a Goschen, a Lord Northbrook, a Baring, any principal or partner in a great banking firm or powerful commercial enterprise, who added to the might of money the magic of the letters M. P. affixed to his name.

When a post becomes vacant in some of the great capitals, the candidates favored by the British Government are not, as of yore, those lords who were inducted from their earlier youth, not only into the intricacies of European public law, but who were graduated in the school of international relations till they had become past masters in the art of coupling exquisite courtesy with supreme insolence, and knew how to bear themselves so loftily that everywhere they compelled reverence for the name of Great Britain, and dared to bring into their attitude with foreign powers a grandeur of conception and breadth of initiative which during two centuries helped to make the English nation great and conquering.

Now the grandeur has departed, the prestige is dead; nay, perhaps the influence is dying. English diplomatists, no doubt, as able and are no doubt, honorable and fairly intelligent men, able financiers, conscientious servants of their country. They unresistingly, dumbly follow the lead of the Foreign Office, obey its impulse, execute to the letter their instructions to the best of their ability, but they cower and shrink horrified from the temerity and spontaneity of decision and action with which their predecessors more than once startled Europe. They prefer material and private advantages to the splendor and pomp of their career. Diplomacy is a profession, not a vocation. Economy stands in the way of representation, and when one of the most important European posts fell into the market, by the death of the man who had achieved far higher reputation as Odo Russell than as a diplomatist, the names mentioned as his probable successors were none more celebrated than those of Sir F. Mecier, Mr. Grant Duff, and Sir Edward Malet, the successful candidate; all excellent functionaries, no doubt, upon whom would never hope to equal or approach in merit and fitness the new Viceroy of India.

Lord Dufferin has individuality, an originality which his enemies have called eccentricity, talent of a high order, and he has won his spurs in his various missions of Canada, St. Petersburg, and Egypt. The press has been loud in commenting on an appointment which proves the high esteem in which his country holds him; yet to the majority his name seems more familiar than his person, and the peculiar characteristic, so generous side of Lord Dufferin has never been more than vaguely hinted at.

He is now about 53, of more than medium height, erect, almost stiff in figure, slim, and rigidly buttoned up in a frock coat. The cut of his clothes, the tilt of his boots, upon which he glorifies, the shape of his tall hat, are eminently English, and proclaim his nationality equally on the great Moskskaia and the Nowski Perspective at Petersburg, or on the sunny shores of the Bosporus. He used to delight the Russians, smothered in their heavy wraps, by wearing neither furs nor long overcoats, and seemed to take a pleasure in apparently defying the severity of their climate. The cut of his face is Mephistophelean, and, now that the Egyptian sun has browned his features, it lends a singularity of fantastic appearance. The pointed beard which accentuates the resemblance should be black instead of brown, but the shape of the eyebrows and general expression strongly, though not pleasantly, recall the well-known type. He never removes his eyeglass from his eye, except at the theatre, where he replaces it by a single-barrelled glass; and here let it be whispered that the noble lord so far justifies his reputation for eccentricity that he has not unfrequently been seen in the Grand Duke Alexis' box, appearing to enjoy the defiance to national prejudice, and revelling in the immunity from royal control. Less happy, the Prince of Wales, during a visit to the Russian capital, was forbidden, by his mother, through a telegraphic despatch, from breaking the Sabbath by attending a ball at the Winter Palace.

Lord Dufferin's receptions are always exceedingly select. It was considered a passport and a voucher to have been seen among his guests, and, accordingly, his receptions were eagerly sought. He stands at the door of the first saloon receiving each newcomer with a certain stately formality, which, however, does not exclude hospitable courtesy.

Lady Dufferin is the second and room, doing the honors, and, beyond, open other apartments for dancing and supper. The Ambassadress likes society, and in her different missions has always entertained a great deal. She is very fond of acting and her private theatricals were quite the talk of Constantinople. It is said that her husband first became aware of her fire and emotional warmth in assisting at a small play in which she had the principal part. She gives delightful fancy balls, and often introduces novelties into dandified official receptions. At St. Petersburg on one occasion, the bottles of champagne were emptied into large blocks of hollowed ice and ladled out into the glasses with crystal scoops. Sometimes improvised charades replaced the usual formal quadrilles, and even the Ambassador did not disdain to take a share, and conscientiously fulfilled his allotted duties. Impervious to ridicule, either from excess of pride or absence of vanity, he was one night called upon to convey "in pantomime the expression of the syllable" in a charade, without words. Lord Dufferin appeared on the stage followed by five or six footmen carrying chairs and planks, which they disposed so as to simulate a raised gangway; the Ambassador then gravely mounted the chairs, walking backward and forward, but noticing that the public failed to grasp the meaning of the performance, he as solemnly divested himself of his coat and waistcoat, deliberately jumped over the boards with outstretched shirt-sleeved arms, and falling prone on the carpet, initiated the audience into his meaning. He was greatly but sincerely gratified when the right syllable was loudly proclaimed, and forthwith proceeded to lean the way to the ball room. At that time he danced and invariably waltzed only with his wife.

He rather prided himself on the exclusiveness of his receptions mentioned above, and boasted that no doubtful or second-rate person of either sex was ever admitted, till one evening the wife of one of his Secretaries missed a well-known ornament she had been wearing. The fact that no researches or inquiries brought about the restoration of the jewel to its owner was rather a blow to the master of the house, and for a time silenced his now unpalatable pretensions about the immaculate character of his receptions.

In the fine summer days Lord Dufferin, with paint box and easel, started early for the country, regardless of distances. Having found a favorable spot he would proceed to paint, with glowing colors and with a fine eye for form and scene which, on his return home at night, he presented to some of his aristocratic Secretaries and attachés, or to a favored colleague.

Notwithstanding his apparent unconventionality and seeming freedom from occupation, and the indulgence of his private tastes and pursuits, he was ever the best and earliest informed of all the Diplomatic Corps. More than once he was able to communicate important events to his Government before any of his colleagues, even when they seemed in a better position than he for acquiring information. On the third of June, 1880, the morning of the death of the Empress of Russia, the catastrophe was still unknown to all at 9 o'clock. About that hour the Grand Duke Vladimir, her son, had been seen walking from the Winter Palace smoking a cigar, and her demise, although looked for, was not expected to take place immediately, for on the previous evening she had played with another son, the Grand Duke Alexis, her favorite game of cards called "dourak," a name which signifies "imbecile." Yet, only a few minutes after 9 Lord Dufferin was at the telegraph office handing in to the operator three identical messages written in the same stiff, straight handwriting. The first was addressed to the Queen, the second to the Prince of Wales, the third to the Minister of Foreign Affairs. All three bore these words: "The Empress died this night without suffering." The other Embassies only wired the news three hours later.

Should the purple of the Indian vice-royalty weigh too heavy on Lord Dufferin's shoulders, or should the fickleness of governments and nations remove the vice-regal sceptre from his hands, and whether things falling him, the noble Lord might embrace journalism as a profession and prove himself an invaluable reporter. It is certain, however, that he will win in his new post the same golden opinions which he has left behind in Europe, both in his public and private capacity, wherever he has had a mission to fulfil.

M. DE S.

RUSSIA'S GREAT FAIR.

A Most Picturesque Scene at the Gathering of Nations in Nijni-Novgorod.

NIJNI-NOVGOROD, Sept. 6.—To-day the flags of blue, white, and red have been taken down here, and Russia's greatest fair is officially at an end, though the trade that results from it will continue for a week or ten days more. The fair this year was the most successful of all that have been held in this beautiful city. The total value of the goods brought here reached the enormous sum of 400,000,000 roubles, which was twice as large as last year. The Makary fair, as it is called after its patron, St. Makary of Yellow Waters, is the greatest factor in the trade and industry not only of Russia, but also of Persia, Turkestan, Bukhara, Khiva, and Siberia, and is of much importance to China and some countries of western Europe.

The fair is held on a projecting point of land formed by the Volga and the Oka, and it makes a town by itself which, though existing only during three months in the year, far surpasses Nijni-Novgorod in its commercial operations and in the number of its inhabitants. The regular population of Nijni-Novgorod is 6,000, while the fair is visited by a million people.

The Volga, the greatest river of Europe, had its annual fair as long ago as the fourteenth century, long before the river was in Russian hands. First it was held in Bulgari; then the Tartars transferred it to Kazan, where, on one occasion, all the Russian merchants were massacred and their goods and money seized. Then different points on the Volga were tried, without success, until the monks of St. Makary's convent harbored the fair in the shade of their sacred pinnacle. For nearly two centuries the monks reaped the harvest of the great fair, collecting duty on goods for their own benefit, till nature and Peter the Great revolted against the non-monkish business of the monks. The great Czar gave the market in the charge of civil officers, and the duties went into the Treasury. As the Volga had begun to wash away the site of the fair, it was decided to transfer it to a better locality. In 1816 the present place at the junction of the Oka and the Volga was chosen. The fair buildings consist of sixty rows of huge brick structures erected on a square of 850 acres, which on three sides is surrounded by a canal of a horseshoe shape. There are 2,520 spacious shops, two cathedrals, St. Makary's and St. Alexander Nevsky's, an Arminian church, a Mohammedan mosque, a governor's house, a branch of the State bank, a commercial house, a post office, an Exchange, a theatre, and an aqueduct. The original buildings alone cost about $10,000,000. In the course of years the fair spread beyond the canal, occupying the banks of both the Volga and the Oka, and reaching the depot of Nizhni-Novgorod and Nijni-Novgorod Railway. Beyond the canal there are over 5,000 shops of brick and wood, permanent and temporary.

The fair is officially opened on Aug. 6, St. Makary's Day, but for a month before that the market place is all excitement. One train after another brings in hundreds of people and piles of goods, and 600 steamers on the Volga are taxed to their utmost capacity in carrying passengers of all nations and towing an endless stream of loaded barges. Persians, Persians, Tartars, Armenians, Bukharans, Khivans, and Kirghizes swarm there, forming a most picturesque crowd. Thousands of long-shoremen unload the goods, and distribute them among the shops, booths, warehouses, and uncovered platforms. Everybody is busy and excited. Thus a large army is busy on the eve of a great battle. No songs and no laughter heard, and the occasional jokes remain unheeded.

The Makary fair is of a great national importance to Russia. At the end of the year the handling of every tradesman is carefully balanced and recorded; it is here that the price of every thing bought and sold in Russia is determined for a year. Russians say the fair is "a barometer of the economical status of the country," "a safety valve of the country," "the lightning rod of internal trade," and "the principal commercial spring of Russia." Inde