SOME NEW BOOKS.

Bolingbroke and Voltaire.

I.

The Messrs. Harper have reprinted, under the title of *Bolingbroke and Voltaire in England*, some essays by Mr. JOHN CHURTON COLLINS, which in substance are superior and in form fully equal to many of Macaulay's. As regards mere style, indeed, the writer evidently has been a close student, and is a skilful reproducer of the merits, though not of the foibles, of the famous Whig historian. In neatness and pungency of epithet, in the swing and cadence of the sentences, in the effective collocation of long but lucid with short and nervous periods, in the progressive evolution of thought within a paragraph, the disciple is but little, if at all, behind the master. As regards, however, durability and positive value, Mr. Collins's work outweighs more than one of his predecessor's striking but unconvincing papers. He is truly judicial, while Macaulay almost always was controversial; moreover these compositions represent the thoroughly digested fruit of the inquiries of a lifetime, whereas Macaulay's were too often the outcome of a process which, when carried out upon a minor scale and for the trivial purposes of a college examination, would be described as cramming. Macaulay would take up a subject with which he was not before familiar, because he thought it suitable for treatment in the *Edinburgh Review*, and would forthwith prepare himself to treat it, with, no doubt, astonishing results. Mr. Collins, on the other hand, has written this account of Bolingbroke, and of the curious episode of Voltaire's residence in England, first, because the subjects have never been adequately discussed, and secondly, because he could not help discussing them, having virtually spent his life in the first half of the eighteenth century, and, being consequently charged to overflowing with exact and novel information about men, of whom he had become, in retrospection, a contemporary.

This exhaustive, life-like, and thoroughly impartial description of the most brilliant, versatile, and unscrupulous politician of the century would have been peculiarly relevant and suggestive could it have been published in the lifetime of Lord Beaconsfield. Bolingbroke was Disraeli's prototype was only frequently asserted by the latter's enemies, but there was much more solid foundation for the charge in the fascination which he plainly exerted over the modern statesman. To Bolingbroke there are a multitude of allusions scattered through the political and miscellaneous writings of Lord Beaconsfield, all pervaded with instinctive homage, and, so to speak, a filial regard. It was seemingly St. John's example that inspired Disraeli's effort to establish a two-fold title to honorable remembrance, and to chase from first to last the hope of literary as well as political distinction. Who can doubt that it was the reminiscence of what Bolingbroke the writer effected when Queen Anne's Tory Premier found himself in exile or in irrevocable exclusion from office, that was in the mind of the brilliant Tory leader of our day, when his rejection by the people was twice followed by the effort in a wholly different channel, which brought forth "Lothair" and "Endymion?" But if a faithful and, upon the whole, a painful portrait of Bolingbroke cannot now produce a popular sensation, which it might once have done, when every scathing revelation would have pointed a shaft at his nineteenth century counterpart, yet it will always be of use, if not indispensable, to those who wish to estimate the part played by Lord Beaconsfield in the regeneration of the Conservative party and in the Government of the British empire in our time. There have never been but five Tory statesmen of great eminence, and of these the greatest, Pitt, was only a Tory under protest, and with important reservations. With Sir William Wyndham or with Canning, neither Bolingbroke nor Beaconsfield had much in common. With each other they had very much in common. In the precariousness of their positions; in the obstructions which confronted them; in their argumentative, rhetorical, strategical, and tactical resources; in their mastery of every move and turn in the deep game of politics, and in the principles, or want of them, with which they played the game, they were surprisingly alike. There was also something strangely analogous in their achievements. Each found the Tory party to all appearances discredited beyond rescue in Great Britain. Each lived to see it become, largely through his own exertions, popular and honored. Each found it a remnant and left it a majority. But there was this difference between them, upon which Lord Beaconsfield might well reflect with satisfaction, that Bolingbroke was mainly chargeable with the distrust and disrepute under which the Tories labored in the reign of the first George, and from which he afterward assisted so materially to relieve them, while on the other hand, it was Sir Robert Peel, not Mr. Disraeli, who shattered the Tory party in the fourth decade of this century, and compelled the younger politician to create, from a discouraged rump, a new conservative organization. Again it was the fate of St. John to build for other men to occupy: he was not destined to revisit that promised land of place and patronage to which he had led up his comrades from their long sojourn in the wilderness, whereas the crown that Disraeli forged bore his own private mark, and proves too heavy and too wide for the brows of his successor.

II.

To many readers it may seem that there is nothing congruous in coupling papers upon Bolingbroke and Voltaire in a single volume. But one of the significant facts brought out by Mr. Collins is the extent of Bolingbroke's influence upon Voltaire. Mr. Collins reminds us that Voltaire himself never made any secret of his obligations to Bolingbroke. "When the two friends first met at La Source [Bolingbroke's country seat near Orleans] the exiled statesman discussed, Voltaire listened. Bolingbroke was just at that age when the individuality of man is most pronounced; Voltaire was just at that age when the mind is most tenacious and susceptible to new impressions. The one was aspiring to open out fresh worlds of thought, to initiate a fresh era in the history of inquiry; the other had up to that time aspired to nothing higher than to polish verses and point epigrams. Bolingbroke, therefore, naturally enough, assumed the authority of a teacher; Voltaire accepted, naturally enough, the position of a disciple. * * * When they met in England they met on a similar footing, the one eager to impart, the other eager to inquire. In conversation Bolingbroke delighted in long monologues, the diction of which is said to have been as perfect as that of his printed dissertations. To these conversations Voltaire sat for two years a delighted listener. To the end of his life he regarded Bolingbroke as his master, and continued to speak of him with reverence."

Mr. Collins, of course, would not be understood to say that what Voltaire learned in the drawing-room at Dawley (Bolingbroke's English country seat) was the sum of what he gathered during his residence in England. No doubt he studied the literature and history, the institutions and the character of Englishmen as none of his countrymen have ever done before or since. But Mr. Collins would draw a new and profound distinction between what Voltaire gained from his general investigations and what he derived immediately from his intercourse with Bolingbroke. "What he saw and read sent him from our shores a master in the niceties of our tongue, a scholar familiar with almost everything which English genius had produced in poetry, in criticism, in satire, in metaphysical speculation; the champion of civil and intellectual liberty, the disciple and exponent of Locke and Newton." From Bolingbroke, on the other hand, he learned just that specific application of those studies which is commonly regarded as the Voltairean trade mark. "He emerged from the school of Locke and Newton a logician and a philosopher. He emerged from the school of Bolingbroke the prince of iconoclasts and the apostle of skepticism. It was Bolingbroke who taught him to pervert the 'Essay on the Human Understanding' into a vindication of materialism, and the 'Novum Organon' into a satire on metaphysics. Nor was this all. The writings and conversation of his friend furnished him not only with the hint and framework of those doctrines which the world has for many generations recognised as most characteristic of Voltaire, but with an inexhaustible store of illustrative matter, with references, with illustrations, with arguments. This will be at once evident if we compare what Voltaire has written on metaphysics, on early Christianity, on theological dogma, on the nature of the Deity, on inspiration, on religious sectarianism, on the authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures, on the authenticity of the Gospels, on the credibility of profane historians, on the origin of civil society, on the origin of evil on the study and true use of history, with what Bolingbroke has written on the same subjects." This may seem a startling impeachment of all that is original in the man who passes in the popular opinion for the most original and revolutionary of the eighteenth century; but Mr. Collins goes on to follow his charge with specifications, and arrays the evidence for each count of the indictment, so that any inquirer may determine for himself, by an easy collation of the passages mentioned, to what extent Voltaire is a mere echo of Bolingbroke. Yet this, after all, is only one of the many surprising paradoxes which a master of his subject and its epoch, like Mr. Collins, is able firmly to establish, though it involves the demolition of a multitude of current and time-sanctioned misconceptions.

The Unknown Saviors of Our Liberties.

It is an unwritten but important chapter of the history of our war for independence which is supplied in *The Rear Guard of the Revolution*, by EDMUND KIRKE (Appletons). The title is suggestive of the theme. The writer's aim is to portray the frontier settlers and backwoodsmen of the trans-Alleghany region, who did for the nascent republic in 1780 what their descendants failed to do for the Southern Confederacy in 1864. The plan ultimately formed by Sir Henry Clinton for the conquest of the colonies, and whose execution was attempted first by himself and afterward by Lord Cornwallis, was essentially identical with that carried out eighty-five years later by Gen. Sherman. The purpose of the British as of the Union commander was to attack his opponents in the rear, and to double up their forces within a narrow sphere of operations where they could be easily dealt with, and from which they could not escape. With that end in view the former, like the latter, intended, after taking Savannah and Charleston with all other places of strength in the Carolinas, to press forward into Virginia, and to finally nip between two fires the last considerable army which the rebels could have any hope of raising. The first part of the programme was punctually fulfilled by Clinton and Cornwallis, and they would have carried out the whole, if any human forecast may be trusted, but for the battle of King's Mountain. But for that decisive check to the British commander, he would have reached Virginia in the autumn of 1780, when there was no French fleet to intercept his reinforcements and supplies, and when no concerted movements on the part of the Continental army and its French allies would have been practicable.

Now there is, of course, nothing new in the adequate recognition of the effect of the stand made at King's Mountain on the issue of the war for independence. The capital, the pivotal relation of that battle to subsequent events, has always been acknowledged. For example, as the writer of this book recalls, King's Mountain was described by Jefferson as "that glorious victory which was the joyful annunciation of that turn in the tide of success which terminated the revolutionary war with the seal of independence." It was also perfectly well known that the fighting in this critical engagement had been mainly done by mountaineers from what is now eastern Tennessee, by the so-called over-mountain men who had settled beyond the present borders of North Carolina among the valleys and foot hills of the western slope of the Alleghanies, which, in this section of their course, are known as the Smoky Mountains. But what was not known, and therefore is truly new in the book before us, was the personal and local history of these Carolina pioneers, a history of which we must know something too understand how much they did, and why they did it. For this, at all events, seems certain, that had their most conspicuous and influential leaders, Sevier and Shelby, happened to be loyalists instead of patriots—and many loyalists there were among the Carolina mountaineers on the opposite or eastern slope of the Alleghanies—then no such battle as King's Mountain would have been fought, and Cornwallis would have reached the Potomac without serious resistance in the autumn and winter of 1780-81, and, by effecting a junction with Sir Harry Clinton, would have stamped the breath out of the revolution. It is well worth while therefore to recount, so that we may know them and remember them, the story of men to whom the country is indebted for services so timely and so indispensable as those of Sevier and Shelby.

It is easy to see that the collection of this narrative's materials, most of which had to be gleaned from the lips of the survivors of the post-revolutionary generation, themselves nonagenarians, called for an amount of industry and patience that only an abundant stock of enthusiasm could have sustained. Books of this kind, which involve the pursuit of oral traditions at a date when they are, in large part, irrecoverable, and almost wholly unverifiable, would never be produced at all unless the writer were buoyed up by a somewhat exaggerated notion of his theme's importance. If he could have brought himself to view the faint and fast escaping outlines of the actors at King's Mountain in their due proportion and correct perspective with respect to the true protagonists in the Revolutionary struggle, could he have distinctly seen that while an event may be in its consequences pivotal, it does not follow that the persons concerned in it were men of supreme intellectual and moral grandeur; the author would never have gone through the drudgery imposed by the effort to retrace the lives and lineaments of men like Shelby and Sevier. We ought not, therefore, to allow ourselves to be disaffected and repelled by what may seem the too intense rapture and excessive emphasis with which the author follows the achievements of the upright, hardy, and patriotic over-mountain men who held back the Cherokees from a contemplated massacre of the Southern colonists, and who were ready to give up all they had, which was but little, for the common independence. This absence of sobriety and measure in laudation is but the defect of the author's controlling quality, the wrong side of his chief virtue, which is a lively appreciation of men to whom the country owed a debt of gratitude which was long left unpaid. Let us therefore thankfully accept the truly welcome facts which the writer has been at no ordinary pains to gain for us, and let us pass over with a smile of quiet amusement and friendly reservation the big talk in which he permits himself to rank his frontier worthies with the few colossal figures that tower above their fellows in the foreground of history and at the focus of renown. The over-mountain men of the Carolina border had all the virtues but no greater virtues, than those which have pushed forward our frontiers beyond the Rockies. Some hundreds of them left their homes to risk their lives in battle for our liberties, but so did upward of two hundred thousand of their fellow colonists during the eight years of war. They won the battle which they marched to fight, but it was not the only battle won during our national uprising, or by any means the hardest one to win. It was in its way, no doubt, decisive; so was Saratoga, so was Yorktown. The difference between these actions lies not only in the scale of magnitude, but in the fact that the soldiers, who fought under Arnold and Gates at Saratoga, or under Washington at Yorktown, knew very well what was at stake, and were perfectly conscious that the fate of the country hinged upon their prowess. The sturdy backwoodsmen, on the other hand, who worsted at King's Mountain a force made up mainly of frontiersmen like themselves, builded better than they knew. They did not look an inch beyond the homely, though honorable end of preventing the Tory leader, Ferguson, from pressing in his northward march, up to and over the Alleghanies. They could not foresee, nor could any one at that juncture have foreseen, that the delay imposed by this defeat upon Cornwallis would just suffice to turn the trembling balance against the mother country. They could not possibly have foreseen as the writer of this rhapsody seems to imagine that they did, that the victory of Yorktown would follow the triumph at King's Mountain, for the arrival and the stay of the French fleet in the Chesapeake, which alone made the investment of Cornwallis possible, were themselves, to a great extent, the outcome of sheer accident.

M. W. H.

Book Notes.

"The Jewish Altar," by the late John Leighton, D. D. (Funk & Wagnalls), is an inquiry into the spirit and intent of the expiatory offerings of the Mosaic ritual, with special reference to their typical character. The writer aims to prove that the ritual of the altar was far more nearly related to the Christian dispensation than commentators have pointed out. The Jewish people of the apostolic age, although the great majority of them refused to accept Christ as the Messiah, became, by means of their ceremonial worship, an indispensable agency in the building of the Christian Church; they were used as scaffolding in putting up the walls and then cast aside. In Dr. Leighton's opinion, therefore, Judaism was not a failure in its relation to Christianity. "As well," he says, "write failure of the work of the creation at the close of the fourth day, because the earth was devoid of all life, whether of man or beast."

Mr. Henry T. Wells's "American Salmon Fisherman" (Harper's) is a fitting companion to his "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle." In everything that pertains to rods, reels, gaffs, flies, casting flies, and catching fish, he speaks with an authority which will scarcely be questioned. Years of devotion to angling, combined with a native intelligence and enthusiasm, have fairly entitled him to this position. Above all, he is a salmon fisherman par excellence, insisting that salmon fishing is to trout fishing as is a father to his son. "Though the angler on a salmon stream," he says, "equipped with a salmon rod, be up to his knees in trout, not one of less than five pounds, unless salmon have rewarded his efforts, he must reply to the usual greeting, 'What luck?' 'None.' Trout are regarded as vermin in a salmon river—as a source of annoyance, and not of sport." He professes to address himself especially to the novice, but his book will be welcomed by salmon fishermen of every degree. An interesting feature in it is a list of fishing rivers in the United States and Canada, with remarks as to the amount of sport to be enjoyed upon each of them.

"Cynic Fortune," by D. Christie Murray (Harper's Handy Series), begins rather unpromisingly, with a highway robbery and a murder before the close of the second chapter. But here the homicide business ends, and the remainder of the story is comparatively free from unpleasant incidents. There are several well conceived characters, of whom the most original is the murderer, Gabriel Kenyon. He has killed his cousin, Robert Kenyon, under circumstances which render it almost impossible that the crime can be traced to him, and inherits Robert's large estate. From the condition, almost, of a penniless outcast he is developed into a respectable, shrewd, and philanthropic country gentleman, who at first feels remorse for his crime, but by a peculiar process of self-reasoning and many fancied acts of atonement gradually becomes convinced of his regeneration and pardon. Having been readily able to forgive himself and having forgiven himself, he believes, as a matter of course, that he has been forgiven. This is a new conception in fiction, and the manner in which the idea is elaborated is ingenious. Not less so is the train of circumstances by which the guilt of Gabriel is fastened upon him; and, although he dies with his secret undivulged, the reader is quite aware that retributive justice has overtaken him in the end. The story is, on the whole, a strong one, and will occupy a respectable place among those in which the punishment of crime is the controlling motive.

P. D. Haywood is the author of "The Cruise of the Alabama, by One of Her Crew" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), a brief epitome of which was published a few months ago in the *Century Magazine*. It is a stirring tale, told in an off-hand, sailor-like style, and has an air of entire truthfulness, although many of the incidents described recall the old buccaneering days of the Spanish main. According to the author's account, the Alabama was manned by one of the most villainous crews ever shipped on a man-of-war, recruits from H. M. ships Excellent or the British naval reserve, said to have signed articles, seem to have been conspicuous by their absence. Had it not been for the firmness and courage of Semmes and his officers the Alabama's wonderful success in driving American commerce from the seas might have been thwarted by the unruliness of her crew. Mr. Haywood's description of the fight with the Kearsarge is very graphic. He acknowledges the handsome manner in which the Alabama was sunk, but insists that she fought at great disadvantage. Her machinery and bottom had long needed overhauling, her ammunition was defective, her powder rakey, and the crew had not had gun drill a dozen times in two years. He does not corroborate the story of Semmes's escaping with a pack of gold watches, although elsewhere he wonders what was done with the fifty odd chronometers captured by him, and which made such a ticking in his cabin that, it is said, the officers could not sleep for the noise. It does not quite clearly appear who their Mr. Haywood is a native of the United States or of England; but he speaks with uniform fairness of Union naval officers and seamen, and occasionally in a tone of semi-regret at the rather disreputable work he had been engaged in. "When I came home," he says, "my father spoke of the Alabama as 'a sneaking pirate,' and hoped I wouldn't take to housebreaking next." As a voice from the forecastle this volume possesses a peculiar interest. It is besides, very readable.

Won by Waiting," by Edna Lyall (Appletons), is a pathetic and touching story, pervaded by a deep undertone of religious sentiment. The heroine, an orphaned French girl, finds, in time of need, a home in an English family consisting of her uncle, a dean, and his daughters, and much of the narrative deals with life in an English cathedral town. She is generous to a fault, impulsive, and warm-hearted; they are cold-blooded and unsympathetic, and the author's aim is to show how a high-minded and high-spirited girl, by a steadfast effort at self control and an adherence to the rules of Christian ethics, can in time overcome prejudice and become indispensable to the happiness of those who had formerly only tolerated her companionship, if they did not actually dislike her. The sequel will prove satisfactory to the class of readers to which the author addresses herself, if it be somewhat delayed in the telling of the story. Esperance de Mathilon is a most attractive young person, and her cousins, the dean's daughters, are life-like portraits of persons of their class. The story is rather long, although never wearisome, and we much prefer the first part, which gives an animated account of the horrors of the siege of Paris during the winter and spring of 1870-71. The book will in no sense disappoint those who have read the author's "Donovan."

MISS CLEVELAND'S THOUGHTS ON HER NEW CAREER.

A Letter to Her Chicago Publishers Giving Her Views and Hopes of the West.

From the Philadelphia Press.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter has been carefully considered by me. While I may not be possessed of that energy and enterprise which is a characteristic of the West, yet, should I go to reside there, there is no telling what a personal contact with your people may result in. I have always thought very highly of the Western people from the brilliant types I met in Washington. The business of conquering new regions that these people did develops the elements of character. In the West man is rejuvenated by contact with a soil that seems to throb with electricity. I should say ennui is a rare disease among your people. When society takes to its sofas and easy chairs the blood poisoning incidents begin, and the result is ennui, despondency, melancholy, pessimism.

Chicago seems to me to have a high destiny as the Western metropolis of art, as it is now the metropolis of commerce. When Venice, the queen of the Adriatic, grew opulent in commerce, her career of glory in art began, and although at present the "salt weed clings to the marble of the palaces," they are marble still. Why should not Chicago, the Venice of your Western Adriatic, array herself in "Tyrian purple," and become renowned as the home of muses more vigorous than those of Greece?

I have often wondered why Chicago and the West did not support a dozen at least of high-class monthlies, as every little town in the East has its magazine. I have heard so much of Chicago, its architecture, its boulevards, its parks, &c., that I am most anxious to meet its enterprising people.

If I assume the editorial management of your magazine I must have absolute control of its literary department, and I must resign all other work. Yet I do not agree with your idea that I could, while editing the same, still pursue my present plans and studies. Some changes will require to be made in the contents of the magazine, calculated to make it fulfil its high aims, and to realize the ideal of this great Western periodical, with its universal scope which I much admire, and all that shall grow out of it, the very best and all must be given. I could reserve nothing of energy in other directions. To build any expectations on that ground would be vain.

Having written so much I await your reply, and if mutually desirable will be willing to arrange an interview. I am, dear sirs, very cordially yours, ROSE ELIZABETH CLEVELAND.

POEMS WORTH READING.

A Poem by Dr. Isaac Watts.

From the Leeds Examiner.

[By the favor of his Grace, the Duke of Bedford, we are enabled to publish the appended verses written by Dr. Isaac Watts in 1697. At that time Dr. Watts was tutor to Ralph, eldest son of Sir John Hartopp of Stoke-Newington, and it was for the spiritual edification of this lad that the lines were composed. Doubt as to the genuineness of the poem having been expressed by Prof. Macvittie of the college, the original manuscript bearing Dr. Watt's signature has been forwarded to the trustees of the British Museum for an opinion.]

TO MY WELL-BELOVED PUPIL.

What is an early morn in June
Which all God's creatures keep
With useful toil and joyous tune,
While only children sleep?

Arise, vain sluggard, from your dreams,
And learn from bird and bee
The lesson that these morning beams
Were meant as well for thee.

Devote your hand to pious task,
Your heart to fervent praise,
So shall you have whate'er you ask
Through all your fleeting days.

And living to a goodly age
You shall in glory dwell,
And smiling scoff at Satan's rage,
And mock the powers of hell.

JUNE 5, 1697. ISAAC WATTS.

A Vision.

From the Academy.

I dreamed a dream. After long hours of pain
And parting I had died, and lived again;
And, floating, somewhere far beyond the skies,
Had found the guarded gates of Paradise,
Where, to the Angel of the flaming sword,
I showed my pass signed "servant of the Lord."

"Enter!" the Angel cried, "and have no fear,
Friends of your friend are always welcome here."
I bowed; the doors flew wide; I heard the singing,
And saw the blest through golden ether winging
As thick as, when an earthly sunbeam floats
Across a room, within it dance the motes.

There was the Banker who, from fraud got store,
Had left a dole fund to endow the poor;
The grim Inquisitor whose pious zeal
Showed heretics the flames he'd have them feel;
The gallows-housed Felon's scarce-won wraith,
—For what are Hope and Charity to Faith?
Yet, of all those who taught mankind to rise
Above this sordid world of woes and lies,
Of those by whom Man's progress was begun
In Love and Wisdom, I beheld—not one.

My spirit sank. "Ah, sir!" in grief I cried,
"Have you no suite of another sort inside?
I dare not seek to live with such as these;
Where are Aurelius, Zeno, Socrates?
Epictetus, Sidney, Howard, Bruno, Wesley?"
The angel answered, pointing downward, "There!"
I turned, and fluttered that way in affright
And reached, at length, a scene of softer light,
Where those I sought, and many more, with sober mien,
Were gathered talking, active, but serene.
Voltaire advanced; and, pointing to the door,
Said—"Welcome, friend, to Hell!—Hell no more.
These souls you see, the friends of all their kind,
To make the worst of evil had no mind.

And, truth to tell, had doubted from the first
If there could be a region so accursed.
Yet finding that, in fact, some things went ill,
Put forth their practised energy and skill,
Improved the climate, drained the lake of fire,
Talked to the fallen angels, trained the choir,
Put down bad language, stopped theology,
And made the agreeable limbo that you see."

The Drought and the Rain.

From the Southern Bivouac.

THE DROUGHT.

Oh, good Lawd, de earf is mighty dry,
An' de dust is er-followin' o' de plough,
An' de thirsty jayrards hop erbout an' cry—
'Peers like de's a skin in er mouth,
Oh, de corn is twistin' up an' de cotton looks bad,
An' de truck patch is parched till it's brown,
An' de sight o' ever' thing makes us feel so sad
Dat we's tuckered well de country an' de town.
We had laid off fur to lib mighty high
As we hulled out de watermelon rine,
But de times dis am jes' plain ain't wusted an' dry—
Tough-nuckin' er piece er hemp twine.
Oh, good Lawd, is yer gwine ter let us die
Un'er dis hot an' blastin' sky?
An' oh, say, good Lawd, kaint yer yeah yer leahs our pain
By sendin' us down er shower o' rain?
An' we'll praise Mars Jesus,
An' we'll praise Mars Paul,
We'll praise Mars Aaron,
An' we'll praise Mars Saul.

THE RAIN.

Oh, de rain hab fell wid er hallelujah soun',
An' de glad co'n-sh'ts ris erbout de ground,
An' my foot sinks inter de 'joycin' groun',
Ez I walks ter de onion bed.
De watermelon vine, since de comin' o' de shower,
Is er humpin o' itse'f right erlong—
'Peers like it grows erbout er foot ebery hour—
Jis' listun at de jyed-ird's song.
De tridin' ole raskil, he is mighty happy now,
Since de water is er runnin' in de branch;
He's sittin' o' de trail-row co'n 'way from Tildy's cow—
Thinks hisse'f de boss o' dis ole ranch.
Oh, good Lawd, yer didn't let us die
Un'er er hot an' blastin' sky;
An' oh, yas, good Lawd, yer hab leahed our pain
By sendin' us down er shower o' rain.
An' we praise Mars Jesus,
An' we praise Mars Paul,
We praise Mars Aaron,
An' we praise Mars Saul.

The Farmer's Wife.

From Good Housekeeping.

From out the rosy land of dreams
She comes at early morning;
The new upon the newlow of dreams,
Fair as a bride's adorning.

Aroma from the waving pines,
And fields of blooming clover;
The noisy brook that sings and shines,
With willows bending over;

The eastern sky glows all aflame,
As though, to one beholding,
The gold and sapphire clouds that came
Were heaven's gates unfolding.

But all this glory stands apart,
Nor charms her with its beauty,
For care sits heavy on her heart,
Where fa's the line of duty.

The cows await the milking time
With soft and patient low ing;
The sturdy farmer, in his prime,
Must hasten to his mowing.

His wife must speed the morn's repast,
And work with nimble fingers,
For farmers sup from first to last,
Make way while sunshine lingers.

And when the meal is o'er, the pails
Of foaming milk are waiting,
With fragrance caught from sunny vales,
To nature joys relating.

The cream rises thick, like cloth of gold,
Where shining pans are brimming,
Their riches gathered fold on fold,
All ready for the skimming.

Then, later, as in olden days,
With much of stir and flutter,
By weary hands the dasher plays,
And wins the golden butter.

And so the day goes on, and on,
No time for rest or pleasure;
"A woman's work is never done,"
Is true in fullest measure.

And as the sun sinks in the west,
And day grows into even,
Weary and worn she goes to rest,
And almost longs for heaven.

LAVILLA B. ALLEN.

To Robert Burton.

From Punch.

A quaint old store of learning lies
In Burton's pleasant pages;
With long quotations that comprise
The wisdom of the ages.
'Twere rare to read him 'mid the crowd,
And modern hurly-burly;
The only author Johnson vowed
Could make him get up early.

He lived a solitary life.
He said "*Melt* or muse,"
And pondered on the folly of worldly strife
To very pleasant uses.
He wrote the book wherein we find
"All joys to this are folly;"
And naught to the reflective mind,
"So sweet as melancholy."

How strangely he dissects his theme
In manner anatomic;
He's earnest at one time, you deem,
Now deep-jestly comic.
And most prodigiously he quotes,
With learning quite gigantic,
Or telling classic anecdotes,
Is pleasantly pedantic.

There's sterling sense in every page,
And shrewd st cogitation,
Your keen attention he'll engage,
And honest admiration.
If any man should vow to live
With but one book, be certain
To him could friendly fortune give
No better book than Burton.

He lies at rest in Christchurch aisle,
With all his erudition;
The hieroglyphics make one smile
That show his superstition;
His epitaph survives to-day,
Tho' time has worn it faint:
Hic mortem Melancholia,"
So he himself has said it.

ANDREW LANG.

The Battle of the Choir.

From the Christian Advocate.

Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward,
All the choir marched
Into an awful ditch,
Choir and precentor hitch;
Into a mess of pitch,
They led the Old Hundred.
Trebles to right of them,
Basses in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, that precentor's look
When the soprano took
Their own time and hook,
From the Old Hundred.

Dire the precentor's glare,
Flashed his pitchfork in air,
Sounding fresh keys to bear
out the Old Hundred.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Grabbed his hat off the rack,
Then from the screaming pack
Himself he sundered.
Oh! the wild howls they wrought!
Quite to the end they fought!
Some time they sang, but not—
Not the Old Hundred.

Cyclone.

From Tid-Bits.

How broad, and thick, and deep, and high
The Western-born tornadoes
That ornament the under sky
With most peculiar cadoes!

How vast the storms that ride the earth,
Electric and cyclonic,
That own a supernatural birth,
Celestial or plutonic!

How wild and weird those tempests are!
Their wonders, who can doubt them?
But wilder and more wondrous far
The tales men tell about them!

EDWARD WILLETS.

ARISTOCRACY IN ENGLAND.

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XXXVIII.

Country Life.

The English aristocracy is essentially territorial. It is the estates and the life in the country that give the lords their preëminence and predominance. Their ownership of the soil which the farmers hire and the laborers till, is a fact ever present to millions of their countrymen, and their palaces and equipages, their luxurious stables and elaborate kennels, their parks and gardens and conservatories and preserves, their bailiffs and foresters and stewards, their huntsmen and game keepers and ostlers, their studs of horses and packs of hounds, are a constant witness to the grandeur and importance of the nobility. Not only the land, but all above it and all beneath—the deer in the forest, the fish in the stream, the mines of the earth, the birds of the air—are the property of the lords.

All the splendor of the aristocracy is displayed on their estates. The stateliest carriages and grandest liveries are in use in the country; the finest horses are never taken up to town. People who live in lodgings or in shabby little houses in May Fair for a month or two in the season, have establishments fit for princes all the rest of the year; libraries stocked with the rarest volumes; galleries of pictures by Rubens and Vandyke and Murillo and Reynolds and Gainesborough; collections of historic armor and delicate china, ancient silver and famous wine. Their corridors and terraces are crowded for months with gay and distinguished companies; parties of from twenty to forty follow each other from September to March, and the pomp and paraphernalia of these occasions are greater than most Americans ever see. The luxury and extravagance of our democratic millionaires may occasionally rival any foreign prodigality, but the state and pageantry of the ordinary life of the English aristocracy, the unconscious but constant ostentation, the daily parade of ceremony and caste, can have no counterpart in America.

The panorama of all this magnificence is incessantly passing before the population. It becomes a part of their daily observation and experience. The great house towers above the landscape for miles; the great park is in the midst of the farms. The great people are constantly riding or driving by with their retinues of grooms and outriders and postilions. The peasant often has a right of way in the grounds, and morning and evening as he trudges to or from his toil across the meadow or the lawn, or by the stream where he may never fish, or the covert where it is a crime for him to shoot or snare, he can see the flag that flies over the castle walls and tells that the master is at home.

It is especially the amusements of the aristocracy that impress the imaginations of their inferiors. The lives of the great seem one long pursuit of pleasure, and this pleasure is taken so much in the open air, is performed on so distinctive a scale, is so graphic a display, that the spectacle can hardly be avoided. Every Englishman, besides, has the instinct of sport, and is glad even to look at the pastimes that he may not share. A meet of the hounds is sure to collect crowds of every degree to gaze at the showy carriages, the spirited horses, the riders in dazzling breeches and scarlet coats, the high-bred horsewomen with glowing cheeks and superb forms, the gaily huntsmen, the diverting whips, the hounds in leash, the hosts of lackeys and their perks. The fact that farmers and the middle class are permitted to follow the hounds is only like the occasional dancing of the nobility with their servants, another mark of the indefinible distinctions of caste. The farmer who rides in the company of a lord, is more conscious than ever of the gulf that separates them, and drawn 75,000 of his neighbors to speak him, he is confused and overwhelmed by the condescension. When the whole field rides over his crop and tramples down his corn, he has no doubt who is the master of the land, or that he belongs to the class which must see the labor of a season destroyed for the pastime of an hour by those who are his superiors.

I was once in Scotland at a gathering of the clans, which dukes and earls, who were also Highland chiefs, attended, as in feudal times, at the head of their followers. The Duke of Athole crossed the Grampians at the head of his men, the young and beautiful Duchess riding by his side, but the loyal clansmen had no thought of equality because their master shared the fatigues of the march. After the sports there was a dinner, at which 400 Highlanders sat down under one roof, the magnates at the top of the table. The toasts were drunk with Highland honors, every man standing on his chair with one foot on the table, the lords and the gillies all in their kilts, and the very condescension of the chiefs made the followers more loyal. There were proofs, too, that they returned his generosity in full coin, for the Duke of Athole's men, the Earl of Fife's men, the Earl of Airlie's men.

The whole system of life in the country tends to make the lower, and even the middle class, look up to and revere the lords. The roads through most England are lined in fact and metaphor in the heart of the mountains, and kept up in the most distant quarters of the kingdom, because the aristocrats live far apart and must travel with ease when they visit each other. The poor are thus better off through the luxury of their masters. So, too, the gentry, delivered daily, or oftener, at every house in England, because the gentry and nobility must have their letters promptly; and again the peasant and the middle-class man benefit by the necessity. These things have been mentioned as one as advantages of aristocratic rule. The people are taught that they would suffer were too present system changed; and doubtless in some instances those who are dependent would be less comfortable.

The landowner in England is the magistrate; the squire of the parish administers the law on his own estate, and that he incarnates in his own person all the authority and dignity possible. I was once a member of a large party staying at a famous house; the host, a nobleman of nearly the highest rank, took half a score of guests in a single carriage to drive. As we were returning, the coachman and footman were obliged to stop, for a ploughman's cart obstructed the road. The driver was called to, but failed to make way. Finally a groom got down and discovered that the man was asleep. It was late in the afternoon, and Hodge was exhausted with hard work and toil. He was perfectly sober, though dull and sluggish, but horror-struck to find he had kept a nobleman waiting. The magnate was a religious peer, and had prayed very devoutly that morning at the hall, but his lofty rage at the offence of the hind was unappeasable. He arrested him on the spot of his own patriarchal authority, tried and convicted him from his carriage, fined the fellow several shillings, enough to feed his family half a week, and then we drove grandly and gayly on.

The very virtues of the aristocracy assist to foster the sentiment of caste. In the country many of the landowners look carefully after the interests of their farmers and laborers, partly, of course, to maintain the value of their property, but partly also from a principle of duty or religion, or other exalted motive. Many of the nobility are very charitable; the women of rank often visit the cottages, and sometimes nurse the sick and teach the children. But all this is from superiors to inferiors. The poor cottager never sees the lord or family comes under the humble roof; they wipe a chair with jacket or apron, but never dream of being seated themselves in so high a presence. These mighty beings are the arbiters of their destiny, can turn them out of the most miserable cabin, can send them to jail for shooting a rabbit in the game preserves, can prevent their admission to the almshouse in their old age. No wonder the Englishman can find no better name for God than the "Lord."

The Church, too, is a part of the system. It teaches the rich, it is true, to regard the poor, but instructs the poor in the duty of deference toward the high. It preaches the virtues of humility and obedience and the hope of a better life, the best and only hope of those whose present life is so miserable. The Bishop is only another lord, to the church, the parson but one of the gentry who happens to preach of a Sunday, though his wife perhaps is more apt than most to be present at the distribution of her charities. Church and law, property and authority, are all welded into one great scheme that hangs over the land and keeps the people in their place. The peasant is not rebellious, hardly dissatisfied. He has no conception of any other plan of the universe than one in which he shall hew wood and draw water, while my lord shoots and my lady drives; no more idea of disturbing the state of things that exists than you or I have of disturbing the revolutions of the seasons or the relations of the sun and stars.

This feeling is undoubtedly inherited, born in him, the result of generations of enthralment; these serfs have been serfs for centuries; their families are as old as those of their masters; often they have been on the property longer. But instruction deepens the sentiment and experience confirms it. The children of the farmers are proud to be taken as servants at the hall; the gamekeepers and bailiffs and head gardeners are the grandees of the inferior world. All this class of dependants, by far the most comfortable of the laboring people in England, live only to serve their betters, to contribute to their comfort and grandeur. Their very numbers are a part of the pomp of the aristocracy; they come to look upon themselves as the appurtenances of rank, while the lumber sort, those who live in the gardens and stables and kennels of the lords, or the house servants who pass their existence cleaning their silver preparing their viands, whitening their hunting breeches, and dressing their hair, have no conception of a station in life thus in order, or equal to man. They do their work, not as self-respecting people do in other countries, for hire, as a matter of business, exchanging labor for pay; but for the honor of it, for love sometimes, and always because it is proper, because it is their duty and their place to wait on the lords. This is in the country that this sentiment originates.

I had a wide experience of English country life. I stayed at more than a hundred houses, from Windsor Castle and the palaces of dukes and earls down to the residences of the smaller gentry; and I several times visited the stewards of the nobility, quite as good gentlemen, often—in the American sense of the word—as those whom they served. I was a guest in Scotland and Ireland as well as England, I stayed at stately mansions while great parties were entertained, and often at the same houses when only the families were at home. I was admitted to the little boxes where the owners of enormous properties like to withdraw from the pomp and parade of their grander estates; I was sometimes the guest of those whose properties were embarassed, and who had hard work to keep up the family state. I visited both great parvenus and simple country squires, and I lived for years myself in a little dower house that stood in an ancient park overlooked by the manor house of a county family.

I thus saw the English country life more intimately than many strangers, but with a keenness of vision which those familiar with it from childhood could not share, and I remain convinced that it is the possession of the land, the occupation of it for residence, the use of it for pleasure, the association with the people of every class, the impression which that association makes on the people—of the vast difference and distance between themselves and the lords and gentlemen, that today maintains the aristocracy. The institution is rooted in the soil.

ADAM BADEAU.

CONGRESSMEN'S HO