SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Revolutions of 1848.

SECOND ARTICLE.

At the end of the March risings it seemed to the onlooker that the triumph of constitutional liberty had been assured throughout central Europe, and that the year 1848 would be known to history as the beginning of a new era. Yet it needed but a few months to dispel the illusions of the friends of progress in all parts of Germany, Italy and Austro-Hungary, except in the land of the Magyars, where the resistance to reaction was most desperate. Yet, short as it was, the process of disenchantment went through three stages, which, in Mr. Maurice's narrative, are appropriately termed the struggle of the races, the disintegration of revolution, and the death struggle of freedom. Through these declining stages we will follow him, although able to mark only those characteristic and salient points which, through his special studies, are projected with peculiar distinctness and precision.

While the subject peoples of central Europe still felt the gyves of the Metternich system, they imagined that they had outgrown their traditional antipathies, and that they were willing to share with their fellow sufferers the local independence acquired by their joint efforts. But that Europe was not ripe for liberty in 1848 is plain from the painful suddenness with which the old rivalries and enmities broke out after the iron hand of tyranny was lifted. Scarcely were Vienna and Prague free than they quarrelled savagely with one another; the Frankfort Parliament had not framed a constitution for united Germany before it hardened its heart against the Czech, the Lombard, and the Venetian; the Magyars were not secure in the possession of the franchises extorted from the Hapsburg Kaiser before they denied equal rights to the Slovak, the Wallach, the Transylvanian Saxon, the Serb and the Croat. All of these lately subject races soon began to care more for triumph over their old enemies than for the safeguarding of their own liberties, and to see in the representatives of the absolutist principle rather allies and protectors than the implacable antagonists of all. The revolution of 1848, in other words, committed suicide; it was not Russia that killed it; Czar Nicholas did but deal a deathblow to a thing already moribund and retaining a lingering vitality only in a single vein.

The events cannot be indicated in a chronological order, because they were often contemporaneous, but Mr. Maurice has contrived to give us a coherent and effective account of the fatal race divisions by beginning with the state of things in southwest Hungary, where the Serbs and Croats had long been treated with galling rigor and contempt by the Magyar Diet to which the Hapsburg Emperors had subjected them. It was the revival of a Serb literature at Neusatz and Carlowitz in Slavonia and the agitation for an Illyrian language that centred at Agram, which should have convinced Kossuth and his fellow patriots of the impossibility of refusing to the southern Slavs the local autonomy which Magyars demanded for themselves. The phenomena just mentioned were at once, of course, symptoms and fosterers of a reawakened consciousness of national individuality certain to assert itself in political exactions on the first auspicious opportunity. The Magyars had themselves to blame for the disastrous fact that Croat and Serb, who at the outset would have gladly been their comrades, were gradually transformed into zealous and efficient champions of reaction. The mistake of which Magyars had offered an example in the countries historically associated with Hungary, their kinsmen, the Szeklers, who were the dominant race in Transylvania, made in dealing with the descendants of the mediæval Saxon colonizers and with the indigenous Wallachs or Roumanians. From the moment that these last-named elements of the Transylvanian principality were treated with far more cruelty by the Szeklers and Magyars than they had ever suffered at the hands of the Austrians, it is clear that to them the revolution of 1848 must have seemed a curse rather than a blessing.

The bitterness of the antipathy which soon revealed itself between the Viennese Liberals and the Czechs of Prague can be illustrated by two striking incidents. If generosity and sympathy were to be expected anywhere, it would naturally be looked for from the students of Vienna and of Prague, who, as we have seen, had taken a leading part in the liberation of their respective cities. This, however, is what occurred on two notable occasions. We quote Mr. Maurice's account of the painful facts: "On June 5, 1848, more than a hundred students of Prague started on a deputation to their comrades in Vienna. On their way they thought it necessary to attack and insult the German flag wherever it was displayed. They arrived in Vienna to find the Viennese students suspicious even toward those who had been their champions at home, and still smarting from the recollection of a struggle between their Legion and the National Guards who had attempted to suppress them. It was while they were in this state of irritation that the Czech students appeared in the hall of the university, and, unfortunately, at the same time there arrived from Prague the representatives of two German Bohemian clubs. Some of the Viennese leaders urged a reconciliation between the two races; but the news of the insults to the German flag so infuriated the Viennese students that they drove the Czechs from the hall and ordered them to leave Vienna within twenty-four hours." The second incident was even more deplorable, and bore even more decisive witness to the hopelessness of any concerted struggle for liberty upon the part of Austrian subjects. It is well known that on June 18 Windeschgratz entered Prague in triumph and stifled the revolution so far as the Czechs were concerned. "While Prague was still burning, and Windeschgratz was still enforcing martial law, a band of Vienna students arrived in Prague to congratulate Windeschgratz on his victory over the liberties of Bohemia. The long simmering hatred between the Germans and Bohemians seems to have found its climax in that congratulation." The fall of Prague involved not only the repression of the Czechs, but the loss of a common centre of deliberation and of action for the various Slavonic races under Hapsburg rule. Thenceforward the idea of a Slavonic federation for local self-government gave way to a desperate contention against their traditional antagonists, and the Southern Slavs gradually drifted into an acceptance of the leadership of such courtiers and soldiers as Jellacich, the Ban of Croatia, who hated the Magyars as the opponents, not of Slavonic freedom but of imperial despotism.

In northern Italy the battle for freedom lasted more than a year, though Lombardy was virtually reconquered for the Hapsburgs when, on Aug. 7, Radetzky entered Milan and drove back the Piedmontese into their own territory. It is true that after the transient triumph of the Republicans in Rome and Tuscany, which followed the flight of Pope Pius IX. and of the Archduke Leopold, the King of Sardinia made a second effort to deliver Lombardy, which proved, however, more abortive than the first. Defeated at Novarra, and deeming the best terms which he could obtain from Radetzky too dishonorable to accept, Charles Albert abdicated the crown of Sardinia in favor of his son Victor Emanuel. With his disappearance from the stage vanished the last chance of success in the eyes even of Mazzini and of Manin, who, although the most unflinching of Republicans, had compelled their followers to accept the championship of the Savoyard monarchy. During the remaining months of the revolution, the peoples of Rome, Venice, Sicily, and Hungary had to depend, in their struggles for liberty, on the force of popular feeling and on the guidance of those leaders whom they had themselves placed at the head of affairs. They could look for no help from one another, and German feeling had become almost as bitterly aroused at Frankfort as at Vienna against the Italian and the Magyar revolutionists. It is a curious fact, when we keep in view the objects of the recent *Italia irridenta* agitation, that it was the movement against the southern Tyrol and the attack upon Trieste by the Sardinian and Venetian fleets which definitely arrayed the mass of German patriots against the Italian uprising for unity and freedom. Henceforth the Italian revolution was described and regarded, both at Frankfort and Vienna, as a mere cloak for the territorial aggrandizement of Piedmont. The Frankfort Parliament, indeed, "resolved unanimously that any attack on the German haven of Trieste was a declaration of war against Germany," and the same assembly, by its subsequent selection of the Archduke John as Administrator of the German Empire, "almost unavoidably identified itself with the domineering policy of the Austrian Germans."

It is hardly possible to deeply regret the failure to obtain guarantees for German freedom on the part of that Frankfort Parliament, which, as Mr. Maurice shows us, could "triumph savagely over the fall of the liberties of Bohemia, refuse even provincial independence to the southern Tyrol, and demand that northern Italy should be retained in the Austrian empire." At all events this Parliament, which had convened amid so much faith and aspiration, lived only long enough to disappoint the people who elected it, and died regretted by but few. The choice of the Archduke John as executive head was a fundamental blunder, for it rendered impossible any sincere coöperation on the part of Prussia, and when the discredited remnant of the Assembly decided to tender to the Prussian King the imperial crown, they possessed nothing worth taking, even if their proffer had not been coupled with constitutional conditions, not only at that time, but still deemed inadmissible by the house of Hohenzollern. Nor is it easy to see how the Frankfort Parliament could expect to be respected after passing a resolution condemning the resistance of the Prussian Parliament, which, in reprisal for its firm opposition to the forces of reaction, had been peremptorily dissolved on Dec. 5. It was, to be sure, allowed to meet again in February, 1849; but the King no longer feared it, and when, on March 28, the proposal came from Frankfort, Frederick William IV. refused to accept the crown of Germany unless it were offered to him by the German Princes. As we know, the condition was fulfilled when his successor was crowned Kaiser, at Versailles. It is only the donors who can attach conditions to a gift, and the present Constitution of the German empire shows plainly enough from what source came the delegation of authority. There is no doubt that Mr. Maurice has recent events, as well as the events of forty years ago, in mind when he points out that the rejection of the offer made from Frankfort "put an end to the hope that the German question might be settled in a peaceable and constitutional manner."

Let us now look at the death struggle of freedom which took place in Hungary, Sicily, Rome, and Venice. After the defeat of the Hungarian army at Schwechat by Jellacich, Kossuth, it will be remembered, decided to supplant the Magyar General, Moga, by Arthur Gorgei, whose abilities, character, and motives have supplied ever since materials for a heated controversy. Mr. Maurice maintains that the severest judgments which he passes upon Gorgei are founded upon the General's own memoirs, though he admits that his "estimate of him is, in many respects, lower than that of men whose opportunities of observing the facts and whose general candor of judgment entitle their opinion to great respect." He acknowledges also that "Kossuth hampered Gorgei in matters in which he was bound to trust him so long as he retained him in his command." Neither does he omit to recall that Gorgei's summary execution of Count Eugene Zichy, who had been suspected of treason, was believed to have committed him so strongly to an anti-Austrian policy that there could be no fear of his exhibiting a lack of loyalty and zeal. On the other hand, Mr. Maurice thinks that the step taken by Gorgei in January, 1849, justified all Kossuth's subsequent suspicions. It is true that Kossuth had made himself ridiculous by declaring that he would be buried under the ruins of Buda, and shortly afterward, before a battle had been fought, deserting the capital. Then it was that Gorgei issued his well-known declaration that his army was only fighting for the maintenance of the Constitution of Hungary, as sanctioned by Emperor Ferdinand, and that it would henceforth only obey orders received from a Minister of War appointed by the King of Hungary, thus disavowing by implication the authority of Kossuth's Committee of Defence. It was mainly on account of this proclamation that Gorgei, having, a few weeks later, been again defeated by Windeschgratz, but having subsequently obtained a victory, was deprived of his command, and superseded by the Polish General Dembinski. No one now doubts that it would have been fortunate for the Magyars had they given the supreme military command not to Dembinski, but to Bem, who, since Dec. 15, had completely turned the tables in Transylvania, gaining signal victories over both the Austrians and Russians. But, instead of calling Bem to the north of Hungary, which was at the time the vital point of defence, Kossuth sent Bem in a southwesterly direction to clear the Banat of the enemies of Magyar supremacy.

When the Hungarian Constitution, sanctioned by the Emperor Ferdinand, was repudiated by his successor, Francis Joseph, a common ground of action seemed to have been supplied to Gorgei and Kossuth, and, accordingly, on March 31, 1849, the former was restored to the post of commander-in-chief. They still differed, however, in this particular, that, whereas Kossuth, on April 14, issued a declaration of independence, Gorgei and his party in the army insisted on ignoring the abdication of Ferdinand and the abolition of the former liberal Constitution, and continued to fight in the name of a sovereign who refused to reign and on behalf of a Constitution which had ceased to exist.

The difference to which we have alluded proved far reaching; the results are thus summed up in the last chapter of this narrative. "The declaration of independence of April 14 was followed by the resignation of several Hungarian officers; and Gorgei, though unwillingly retaining his command, became more and more antagonistic in his attitude toward Kossuth. This mutual distrust was one of the main causes of a step not very creditable to either party, and which is reckoned by military critics one of the most unfortunate of the war." Mr. Maurice refers to the imperative demand of Kossuth—a demand with which Gorgei complied—that the latter, after rescuing the fortress of Komorh on April 26, should deliver Buda-Pesth instead of marching into Austria. It appears that Gorgei believed this proposal to be a mistake, and acquiesced in it only from the fear that if he moved toward Vienna Kossuth would have proclaimed a republic in Hungary and rendered any compromise with the Austrian Government impossible. As it was, the greater part of May was taken up by the siege of Buda, while Gorgei was intriguing with Kossuth's opponents in the Diet. He succeeded in gaining over even Casanyi, who, in the early part of August (by which time the Russians had overrun Transylvania), joined Gorgei in pressing for Kossuth's resignation. Kossuth, a few days later, receiving an ill-grounded rumor that Bem, his stanchest supporter, was dangerously wounded, abdicated, and Gorgei was declared Dictator of Hungary. Bem wrote a letter of remonstrance to Kossuth, but, marching about the same time into the Banat, met the Russians on August 13 and was defeated. On that very day Gorgei surrendered at Vilagos with all his forces to the Russian General.

On this act, which was at the time, and has been since, so harshly interpreted, Mr. Maurice makes the following comment: "The surrender is now believed to have been necessary on military grounds. But as to the terms offered and accepted," he adds, "Gorgei has never been able to explain how it was that while the amnesty was so scrupulously observed toward himself both by the Austrians and Russians, the Generals, whose only fault was that they had served under him, were ruthlessly put to death by Haynau."

A short paragraph will suffice to outline the closing scenes of the revolution in Italy. As early as April 12, 1849, the municipality of Florence decreed the recall of the Grand Duke. Five days afterward the Sicilian Parliament (though it had maintained an independent existence for eleven months after the triumph of the Neapolitan reaction), having been unable to prevent the bombardment of Palermo, decided to meet no longer. On the strangulation of the Roman republic by the sham republic of France we need not dwell. It was a fitting prelude to the infamous coup d'état which ushered in the Second Empire. In Venice, owing mainly to its insular position, the fires of revolution were extinguished last. But, on Aug. 30, 1849, ten days after the news of the surrender of Gorgei reached the city, the final surrender of Venice to the Austrians brought to a close the long struggle for liberty which had begun with the rising at Palermo in 1848.

The moral of his whole narrative is brought out by Mr. Maurice in two or three concluding sentences. The revolutionary movement of 1848 revealed the strength and the weakness of the principle of nationalities. It taught the various peoples of Europe to aspire, but it also taught their rulers how by dividing and opposing them to rivet their chains. M. W. H.

Book Notes.

Susan Coolidge has compiled an excellent "Short History of the City of Philadelphia" (Roberts Bros.), from its foundation to the present time.

Scribner & Welford send us Georg Ebers's well-known historical novel, "An Egyptian Princess," which forms a volume of Bohn's Novelists' Library.

The Appletons reprint from the *Forum* the "How I was Educated Papers," which relate the experiences of eleven prominent scholars and authors.

Thomas Whittaker publishes "Stray Jewels," "Gems Strewing the Path to Heaven," "Gems of Gold," and "Lights from Golden Skies," dainty little volumes of selected verse, and "Treasures by the Wayside," a Scripture text book.

"Storied Holidays," by Elbridge S. Brooks (D. Lothrop Co., Boston), is the title of a series of pleasantly told stories, each of which illustrates some well-known holiday, as Christmas, New Year's Day, or May Day. The illustrations, by Howard Pyle, are very appropriate.

The Harpers publish in their Handy Series John Auster's metrical translation of Part II. of Goethe's "Faust," the last work of his long life, and which, with Part I., had occupied him for fifty seven years. Prof. Henry Morley has supplied an introduction.

G. A. Henty, a voluminous writer of books for boys, is the author of "In the Reign of Terror" (Scribner & Welford), a vivid and exciting tale of the French revolution. The hero, an English boy, goes through many perilous adventures, but lands on his feet at last. Among the historical incidents introduced is the wholesale drowning of royalists at Nantes by order of Carrier.

Under the title of "The New Honduras" (Brentano) Thomas R. Lombard gives a description of the republic of Honduras and its resources, particularly its mineral wealth and agricultural products, derived mainly from recent personal observation. As American capital has of late years been drawn somewhat largely in this direction, the publication is a timely one.

We have received from the Commissioners the second annual report of the New York Forest Commission, prepared by the Secretary, Abner Leavenworth Train. It contains much valuable information regarding the lands owned by the State of New York, and incidentally gives a summary of the methods adopted in Europe to preserve and increase the areas of forest growth.

The poems of Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter have been collected in a beautifully printed volume entitled "Songs and Ballads" (F. W. Christern). Mrs. Ritter's compositions are of a higher order than the ordinary publications of poetry. She has imagination, feeling, power of expression, a delicate sense of the force of words, and an ear for melody. Her little book is very welcome.

The Rev. R. T. Holaind of the Society of Jesus is the author of "Ownership and Natural Right" (Hill & Harvey), an examination of the land theories of Henry George, which has received the hearty approval of Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Corrigan. He shows that the views promulgated by Mr. George are in opposition to those entertained by the Church from its foundation.

No one whose boyhood was made happy by the perusal of the "Rollo" stories should fail to read Mr. J. T. Wheelwright's delightful travesty, "Rollo's Journey to Cambridge" (Cupples & Hurd, Boston). The audacious humor of the text is enhanced by Attwood's quaint illustrations. The present edition (the seventh) contains some additional matter not inferior in quality to the original work.

The Scribners publish an English translation of Julius Stinde's "Frau Wilhelmine," the concluding part of "The Buchois Family." In the fidelity of its pictures of German middle-class life it is fully equal to the companion volume. As in that also the humor is always kindly, if occasionally somewhat racy. The author is no satirist of his country men or women, but describes them with all their qualities, good or bad. The sketchy character of these volumes will enable the reader to enjoy the concluding part, even if he has never seen the first.

"Tony, the Maid," by Blanche Willis Howard (Harpers), is an amusing trifle, depicting life and manners in a Swiss summer resort. An amiable but rather weak-minded spinster conceives an attachment for a handsome young boatman, from whose allurements she is rescued by the adroitness of her maid Antonina, called for short "Tony." Incidentally Miss Howard gives some racy sketches of the third-class English people who infest Continental watering places, and for whom she apparently entertains a hearty dislike. While her humor is as bright as ever, she might have been more charitable in criticising the motives of persons holding religious opinions differing from her own.

A quaint and amusing collection of folk-stories is that entitled "Fairy Legends of the French Provinces," translated by Mrs. M. Carey (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.). The sources from which they are derived are the French folk-lore journal, *Mélusine*, and Paul Sébillot's "Contes des Provinces de la France," and the selection has been made with excellent judgment. These stories are of the true folk character, and have descended orally from generation to generation among the French peasantry. Many of them appear now in print for the first time. Thus "John-bit-of-a-man" was related by the widow, Madame Richet, aged 77; "The King's Three Sons" by Marguerite Philippe, "The Skilful Thief" by Vincent Coat, a workman in a tobacco factory in Morlaix, and so on. They are by turns grotesque, witty, or highly imaginative, and many have been borrowed from such popular tales as "Aladdin" or "Tom Thumb." The translator has done her work well.

Mr. Edward C. Bigmore has translated and somewhat enlarged Henri Bouchot's admirable compendium, "The Printed Book" (Scribner & Welford), wherein the reader will find an account of book making from the time of Gutenberg to the present day. It contains 118 illustrations of fac-similes of early typography, printers' marks, copies of book illustrations, and specimens of bindings of all ages. They are invaluable aids to a clear understanding of the text. This handsome volume ought to be in the possession of every budding bibliographer, and of most old ones, for that matter. The author, being a Frenchman, has naturally bestowed rather more attention upon French printers, binders, and illustrators than upon those of other nations; but this defect, if it be considered a serious one, is remedied by the translator in his additions to the original work. In its English form "The Printed Book" is as compact and useful a manual of its kind as exists.

In his "Standard Cantatas" (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago), Mr. George P. Upton has added another volume to his excellent series of primers on the opera, the oratorio, and other forms of musical composition. The term "Cantata," he shows, as now employed, is very elastic, and covers a wide range of compositions. It is defined by the author as "a lyric narrative, sacred, didactic, or dramatic in character, set to music for the concert stage only, being without *dramatis personæ* in the theatrical acceptation of those words." Among the compositions cited by Mr. Upton as coming within his definition of the term are works of such diverse character as Bach's "Ein' Feste Burg," Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," Bennett's "May Queen," Handel's "Alexander's Feast," and Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust." Forty-two names of composers of cantatas, including those of eight Americans, are given, with brief critical notices and descriptions of their most characteristic work. Considering the possibilities of the cantata, its adaptability to every form of narrative, and the musical inducements it holds out, particularly in these times, when a new opera or oratorio must be of extraordinary merit to please the public, Mr. Upton thinks it remarkable that more of them are not written.

William Elliot Griffis is the author of an elaborate memoir of the late Commodore Matthew Calbraith Perry, published by Cuppies & Hurd of Boston. So many years have passed since the death of this distinguished officer that the present generation may not perhaps adequately appreciate the nature or value of his public services. Among these were the important part he took in founding our steam navy, in demonstrating the efficiency of the ram as a weapon of offence in naval warfare, in founding the naval apprenticeship system, in extirpating the slave trade on the west coast of Africa, in suppressing the grog ration and flogging in the American navy, and, most important of all, in negotiating the commercial treaty with Japan in 1854 which opened that country to intercourse with the world. In recounting these services Mr. Griffis exhibits unusual industry and research. He has, however, so deeply interested himself in his subject as to have been led to disparage the fame of Matthew Perry's elder brother, Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of the battle of Lake Erie, whom he considers the inferior of the two in most regards. This over zeal must be considered a defect in what is in other respects a painstaking and meritorious biography. The account of the treaty negotiations in Japan is an excellent summary of the part Perry took in them, and throughout the volume facts are stated with invariable correctness, whatever may be the author's incidental opinion.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Question.

From the Boston Budget.

Still on the lips of all we question
The finger of God's silence lies;
Shall the last hands in ours be folded?
Will the shut eyelids ever rise?

O friends! no proof beyond this yearning
This outreach of our souls, we need;
God will not mock the hope He giveth;
No love He prompts shall vainly plead.

Then let us stretch our hands in darkness,
And call our loved ones o'er and o'er;
Some time their arms shall close about us,
And the old voices speak once more.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The Land of Rest.

From Good Housekeeping.

Beyond the valley lying low,
Through which our feet some day shall go,
Beyond the high hill's purple haze,
That stretches far beyond our gaze,
There is a place most sweet and blest,
Which here we call the Land of Rest.

A land with hills and valleys fair,
And many of our loved are there;
So silently, and one by one
They went the lonesome journey on;
All, with white hands upon their breast,
Went out into the Land of Rest.

I long that happy bourne to see,
I long to know how it will be
When first these eyes of mine beheld
The land of which the prophets told;
Of my inheritance possessed
When shall I reach the Land of Rest?

O blessed Land! O time so slow!
Not with reluctance I shall go,
But on my lips a happy song
That it, the day looked for so long,
Has come to take me to that blest,
That peaceful land, the Land of Rest.

HELEN A. MANTILLE.

Lowlands Low.

From the Home Journal.

Lowlands low, lowlands low:
'Tis more than thirty years ago
I heard the song, and yet, to-day,
The time comes back, that slipped away,
And brings again the old refrain,
To sing within my heart and brain:
Lowlands low, lowlands low!

And why is memory wide awake,
And now so eager to partake
Of slumbering joy? 'Tis nature stirs
My heart with beauteous messengers;
It shows the marsh, a map spread out,
The briny creek twined round about,
A shining braid 'mid grasses brown,
That creep and creep to catch the town
From lowlands, lowlands low!

It is their yellow and their gray,
It is their tides that truant play,
It is their patches of red bloom,
Clinging where earth will give them room,
It is their stillness this hot noon
Singing together one slow tune
Of lowlands, lowlands low!

I think each true-born melody
In color finds its harmony.
This scarlet moss is toned in D,
The sky, the military key:
While verdant grasses wave in G,
And where the olive tints prevail,
The minor third tells its sad tale
Of lowlands, lowlands low!

O sweet and solitary banks,
Amid thy sedge I murmur thanks;
This sandy shore, this marshy view
Recall, in every varying hue,
One song, whose swinging monotone
Had half from recollection gone,
Till, like a bird, from sleep it springs,
And, feeling sweet familiar strings
Around, once more it gladly sings.
How with the tide old measures flow,
As out, and out, the waters go
From lowlands, lowlands low!

MARY BARNOL.

To-Morrow.

From the Inter-Ocean.

Bind up a wreath and give it me
Before this dull day closes.
And in the garlands let there be
The thorns as well as roses;
Weave violets in and greenest bays,
Weave willow for my sorrow,
Sad flowers for the yesterday,
White lilies for to-morrow.

White lilies, for they tell of peace
Beyond the gates of even,
Where whispers of the soul's release
Seem mystic hints of heaven,
And yesterday—but that has gone,
And so I needs must borrow
A hope of that swift coming dawn,
The promise of to-morrow.

Forevermore to-morrow lends
Bright visions of completeness;
True lovers, and the steadfast friends
With faces fair and tender,
But backward all seems dim and gray,
And vaguely touched with sorrow;
I care not for your yesterday
If I may have to-morrow.

The past is past—ah! dead indeed,
I weep not for its going.
Its phantoms weird no more I heed
Than west winds wildly blowing;
Press onward, aye, and upward, heart,
While I my way borrow,
For hope and I shall never part
While I can have to-morrow.

ERNEST MCGAFFEY.

In Church.

From Tid-Bits.

The last faint echoes of the bell
Have ceased, and silence interveneth.
While I my worldly thoughts dispel,
The parson from his pulpit leaneth,
His arms outspread—the heads go down
With rhythmic thump the congregation's pew,
And then my thoughts fly back to town,
And you!

My eyes close fast: I try in vain
To hear the preacher's droning words;
Instead, I hear the summer rain,
The singing of the summer birds.
The rustle from the solemn seats
Suggests the breeze from skies of blue:
Again I walk the village streets
With you!

"Amen!" I hear in tones subdued,
The creaking bows and long-drawn sighs.
A pause, and then an interlude
Of music. My attention dies
Away, I go again in thought
Across the meadows we walked with dew
Where morning exercise I sought
With you!

"My text, beloved, you will find
In John—" Alas! the final straw
That burdens my afflicted mind!
My comfort's one eternal flaw!
For while you found your text in Jack,
You stole my heart—your summer due—
A wonderful piece of bric-a-brac
To you!

WILLIAM SCOVILLE CASE.

The Dancer.

From the Chicago Tribune.

Bella's
Dark face is sweet,
And her two flitting feet
Are more attractive far than Cinderella's.
What imagery too rich in commendation
Of the seductive, rhythmic undulation
Of the lithe figure that those feet sustain,
With fall as soft as fall of summer rain?

How she floats above the footlights, something beautiful in gauze,
With a lightness contradicting all of gravitation's laws,
And a smile the while she hovers, surely something of the grace
To those two feet appertaining has crept upward to her face:

In perspective over bald heads see her flutter to the fore,
A Titania laughing over beaming Bottoms by the score,
Tangling up their old affections in an all-encircling net,
Weaving mistakes new about them with each instant's pirouette.

But front rows not alone the fairy captures
Those who have hair exhibit equal raptures;
She's charmed the bald and all the rest.
What simile shall suit her best,
What neat comparison enhance,
Praise due the Spirit of the Dance,
Who, from the stage's side,
Floats like a lily on a coming tide?
Each touch of foot is but a light caress;
She steps on velvet like the leopardess;
She has such art we may not know her arts,
And drifts on tilted toes into our hearts!

STANLEY WATERLOO.

Glorious Autumn.

From the Boston Courier.

Crimson autumn, golden autumn, autumn of our Northern clime.
Spring they say's a splendid season, but you beat it every time.

Season of delightful evenings, charming mornings, glorious noons,
Purple dawnings, rosy sunsets, tender starlight, mellow moons.

Crimson autumn, golden autumn, autumn of our Northern clime.
Life is sweet and worth the living when we see you in your prime.

In the autumn days we suffer neither from the heat nor cold,
And there are no dies upon us while the sceptre she doth hold.

Let the poets sing of spring time, let them, we don't care a rap;
Hoary winter, glorious autumn, never lingers in your lap.

Colds, nor chills, nor dread pneumonia ever do your reign molest,
Summer folds her arms around you and expires upon your breast.

Dies upon your bosom, autumn, leaving you the wreath she won,
All the riches that she gathered 'neath a fiercely burning sun.

But you freely share them with us till old winter in his rage,
Hoary winter comes to rob you of your precious heritage.

In the autumn twixt the winter's cold and summer's parching heat,
We are ne'er assailed with questions as we pass along the street.

Questions foolish, idiotic, answered not except by few,
Such as, "Cold as blazes, ain't it?" or, "It's hot enough for you?"

In the autumn when the glory lies upon the woods and hills,
We've no more ice cream to pay for, no more iceman's monthly bills.

In the autumn comes rejoicing, for the picnic season's by,
And we run no risk of sitting on lemon, squash, or custard pie.

Crimson autumn, purple autumn, golden autumn, season blest,
All thy days are full of pleasure, all thy nights are full of rest.

And the fowl which (so the story hath been handed down to us)
Saved the city built by Remus and his brother, Romulus,

At an altitude's suspended, such as gives to mankind cheer,
In the autumn, gorgeous autumn, gladdest season of the year!

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

What the Author's Ideas were in Fashioning this Strange Tale.

What Robert Louis Stevenson thinks of his story, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and of the parts the dual hero is made to play in "the drama of the drugs," as displeased critics have called the stage version of that story, must be essentially interesting to people who have read the book and seen the play. The opinions of a famous author about his own books are always eagerly sought. Such opinions of a genius have a high value stamped on them by his success. When so rare a genius and successful an author as Stevenson writes part of his own being into a book and, perhaps unconsciously, raises a monument to his own fame and a tantalizing problem of the power of sin over the soul of man, his after ideas about the book and the problem acquire special interest and value.

In reply to a request for his views on that and others of his works, and on Mr. Mansfield's dramatic interpretation of the tale of Hyde and Jekyll, Mr. Stevenson has expressed some of them in writing. The condition of his health has prevented his being present at any performance of Mr. T. Russell Sullivan's play, which Mr. Richard Mansfield is now interpreting with such marked ability. But the current literature on the book and the drama has been amply accessible to him in the newspapers during his sojourn at Saranac Lake. He has learned of the critical estimate in some quarters that "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is an "unnatural and entirely unsympathetic story," and that the author "undertook to explore the psychological possibilities of science." And he has this to say of it:

"Such criticisms cannot fail to be suggestive of the braying of asses."

But the writers meant, probably, this quite different and true enough statement: "The book is ugly, and the allegory not just enough to the modesty of facts."

It has been published that the conception embodied in the tale was born of a dream which came to Mr. Stevenson under peculiar circumstances. So many inquiries were made of him about that dream and about the extent of its influence on the story that he has prepared on that special subject a magazine article which will be published by the Messrs. Scribner within a month or two, and will give the history of the inspiration of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." There nothing, by the way, are on the very best terms with the British author they have treated so honorably, and will soon be in possession of all the American rights to his books. They have recently purchased from Dodd, Mead & Co. the plates of "Studies of Men and Books," and are in a fair way to become the only legitimate medium of communication between Mr. Stevenson and his growing American audience. It is in "Men and Books" that the author of "The New Arabian Nights" has delineated the character of his wonderful prototype Villon—prototype at least in the originality and untrammeled freedom of his genius—and given an insight into the sources of that marvellously graphic tale, "A Lodging for the Night." There admirers and students of the father of modern poetry and the great original Bohemian find him as he was.

To return to the "Strange Tale." It is evidently a reality and not a dream to the author. He is free to say that Hyde and Jekyll stand out before him as men and have long since taken in his mind other forms than the shadowy suggestions of the vision. And Stevenson's ideas of these men appear very different from Mansfield's, as the latter are seen on the stage. The actor makes Jekyll a melancholy, oppressed-looking man, but young in face and figure in spite of his cares. Hyde he portrays aged and bent by excesses, dwarfed and deformed in reality, and not alone in the impression he makes on the senses, which differs also from the impressions these men, or this man, makes on the readers of the story. Stevenson's idea of the incident that Jekyll is what is called a middle-aged man, of pleasant, respectable mien and port, whereas Hyde is the younger, wickeder side of him, run wild, but still younger.

And it differs distinctly from Stevenson's own ideas of them. To him Hyde is the younger; youthful, but devoid of the pleasing freshness, and lusty comeliness of human youth. Were Hyde a mere voluptuary the might retain the handsome features of a juvenile Jekyll, and become repulsive only in an evil expression or by his actions. But Hyde is, to Stevenson's mind, no mere voluptuary. He is the impersonation of cruelty and cowardice and selfishness. There is no more harm in a mere voluptuary than there is in what prurient fools call immorality. The harm was in Jekyll because he was a hypocrite, not because he was fond of women; he says so himself.

The involuntary criticism that arose in the minds of Mansfield's audiences was, as many who saw the play must agree, that no such hideous, dirty, unkempt, misshapen, bleary-eyed, haggard, and horrible man as Hyde could ever be by any possibility pleasing enough to women to have had opportunities of becoming a voluptuary.

To an author whose mind was full of higher, deeper ideas than any such as that, it is not surprising that this conception of Hyde should seem revolting.

The beast Hyde to his creator is the embodiment, the essence of cruelty, malice, selfishness, and cowardice. These are the dibbolle in man—not the poor wish to have a woman that they make so much fuss about. Hyde is, indeed, a fiendish bad man. But, in Stevenson's virile conception, bad and good, even to our human eyes, have no more connection with what is called dissipation than they have with flying kites. The sexual field and the business field are, thinks the author, the two best fitted for the display of cruelty and cowardice and selfishness. That is what people see and confound.

There is no sick-room sentimentality in thoughts like those. Some of the hundreds who have been writing about him in the newspapers, say Stevenson is a hypochondriac, and others attribute consumption to him. It seems necessary that there should be some such powerful reason why this fiction has not come forward to be feted, instead of enjoying publicity and preserving privacy with a success unusual in the United States. But there can be no taint of effeminacy or weakness left on the reader's mind against the image of this slender, strong-eyed and serious man, who seems to be seeing souls unclothed, or hearing, even at Saranac, the storm raging over Graden Floe. There is no point of contact with him that does not leave the impression of robust vigor of spirit and thought and habit, and that the infinite variety of American climate may restore equal hardihood to the body, every one hopes. What but a daring and hardy mind, and body too, for that matter, could have carried out so rough an enterprise as a voyage to America in the steerage, continued over the plains in an emigrant car!

There are dozens of points of interest in Stevenson's other books about which a reader would naturally desire to ask the author's ideas and get a glimpse at the sources of his inspiration and information.

The song of the Blind Sailor in "Treasure Island" and the Suicide Club's odd history are two of these. The first suggests the whole subject of sailors' shanties, and is a good example of the way they run:

Sixteen men in the dead man's chest,
Heigh ho, and a bottle of rum!

The Suicide Club was a creation of Stevenson's imagination. The idea was reached by a process of reasoning in conversation with a friend. Yet, oddly enough, the existence of such a club in Austro-Hungary has actually been reported in the newspapers since the publication of the story.

QUEER WRINKLES.

A General Overhauling.

Dumley (at the supper table)—Yes, I have spent most of the day at the dentist's.

Mrs. Hendricks (the landlady)—Are you having your teeth filled, Mr. Dumley?

Dumley (struggling with a steak)—Yes, ma'am; filled and sharpened.

Mere Luxuries.

Young Mr. Waldo—Do you look upon a knowledge of Homer and Virgil as essential to one's advancement, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—Not necessarily so, Mr. Waldo. Papa doesn't know one from the other, and yet I suppose he handles more lard than any two men in Chicago.

A Stupid Boy.

Saloon Keeper (Sunday morning)—Who's that at the side door, Mike?

New Boy (in a frightened whisper)—It's a cop.

Saloon Keeper—Well, why don't you let him in? Don't you know better than to keep a gentleman standing out there all day?

A Dread Disease.

"If high living causes gout," he said, "it is very strange that I have never had it."

"Are you a high liver?" he was asked.

"Very; I live on the seventh floor of a Harlem flat."

Quarrelled with the Price.

Miss Waldo (of Boston)—Have you visited any of the galleries since you have been in town, Mr. Wabash?

Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—Only one, Miss Waldo, and I didn't stay very long. I think ten cents for three shots is too high.

Haggling Over the Price.

Counsel (to witness)—So you can't swear whether you paid fifteen or sixteen dollars for the coat, Uncle Rastus?

Uncle Rastus (who has been badgered a good deal)—N-no, sah, I kaint sw'ar to it. I think de price wah sixteen dollahs, an' I offered fifteen for it, or it moight be dat de price wah fifteen an' I offered sixteen for it. I knows dere wah some haggtin'.

IN THE HOSPITALS OF PARIS.

A Radical Change in the System of Nurses—The Religious Orders Banished and Lay Nurses Employed—A Costly Innovation—Income and Expenditures of Charity.

LONDON, Oct. 13.—The banishment of the religious orders serving as nurses in the hospitals of Paris is progressing fast. Beaujon after Lariboisière, Lariboisière after St. Antoine, and these are not the last. The Sisters of Mercy, those women of whom it has been said that they unite in sublime contradiction the heart of the Virgin to the intelligence of the Mother, have been abruptly, brutally, ejected from the home of their patient, unselfish labors, and sent away on foot at 5 in the morning in obedience to a decree which the most despotic and sectarian tyranny would have hesitated to enforce.

The service of the French hospitals was formerly entirely intrusted to Sisters of some religious order, and a chaplain was attached to each. Their duties were regulated by an official document of Jan. 31, 1840. In 1882 the chaplains were suppressed, and now the Sisters must depart also.

The nuns at Lariboisière and Beaujon belonged to the order of the Augustines, and they claim that their first Mother Superior was the sister of St. Augustine. They conserved themselves to the nursing of the sick in the year in which the Hotel Dieu was founded. During the revolution all the property of the community was confiscated, and from that day to this, under all the numerous successive Governments of France, they have never received any pay; and yet, indifferent to poverty and want in their own persons, they have incessantly and with unwavering abnegation ministered to the wants and poverty