SOME NEW BOOKS.

An English Artist's Recollections.

There has been no lack of interesting reminiscences among the publications of the last few years, and yet we do not hesitate to say that no compilation of the kind has given us so much entertainment as the *Autobiography* of W. P. Frith, R. A. (Harpers). Almost anybody who knows anything of the history of English art during the last half century is familiar with the name of the painter of "The Derby Day," "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales," and other vivid delineations of modern life which, through the medium of engravings, have been scattered broadcast through the English-speaking world. The readers of this volume, therefore, will not be at all surprised to find that Mr. Frith has known, more or less intimately, almost every conspicuous person in the English literary and artistic circles of the last and present generation; but he will be surprised and delighted to recognize that a painter who continually professes ignorance of the laws and processes of literary composition is nearly as clever with the pen as with the brush, since the fundamental purpose of such recollections is to please, and since, in a volume of more than 500 pages, he has not written a dull page. This is surely more than can be said of the reminiscences of Sir Henry Taylor, of Lord Lytton, of Anthony Trollope, or Charles Reade.

Mr. Frith is too discreet, for instance, to tire the reader with a genealogical chapter, or with a prolix account of his juvenile experiences. He wastes only about a score of pages on that part of his life preceding his introduction in 1835, at the age of 16, to a private school of art in London. His teacher was a friend of Wilkie, Eastlake, Constable, and Etty, and among the pupils who were comrades of Frith or followed him may be particularly mentioned Millais. Among the lectures which he attended at this time he remembered one by Haydon which transmitted some advice direct from Vandyke. A very old lady, he said, who had sat for her portrait to Vandyke in her youth, sat to Hudson, Reynolds's master, in her old age. She complained of the darkness of her complexion as rendered by Hudson, and told that artist that Vandyke's complexions were very different, "as much too pale in her opinion as Hudson's were too dark." She went on to tell Hudson that, "in passing through Vandyke's gallery at Blackfriars, in which were many pale pictures, she had asked him why he painted with such fresh, pale colors? 'Because,' Vandyke answered, 'I have to allow for the darkening effect of time.'" The author submits that "of the truth of this story there can be no doubt, for Hudson told it to Reynolds; Reynolds to Northcote, his pupil; Northcote to Haydon, and Haydon to us."

It was in the year 1840, when the painter was 21, that he had the satisfaction of seeing for the first time one of his pictures hung at the Royal Academy, although naturally, at the tip-top of a room. This picture, whose subject was "Malvolio cross-gartered before the Countess Olivia," was bought by a picture dealer for £20, and the author adds dryly that the purchaser became a bankrupt immediately afterward. The next year Frith sent to the Academy a picture suggested by a scene in "Kenilworth;" this also was hung, but, as the painter records, entirely escaped the notice of both purchasers and critics. For a year or two at this period Frith's admiration for Maclise stopped little short of worship, and studious imitation of his exemplar led him to reproduce the faults and miss many of the merits. The Maclise delusion was soon over so far as the indiscriminate zeal of the copyist was concerned, but, looking back, he sets down a deliberate opinion as to Maclise which is well worth quoting. "I have always believed and still believe that Maclise would have been one of the greatest artists that ever lived if his birth had been put back two or three centuries, and he had been coerced as the great masters were, and subjected to a seven years' apprenticeship to one of the old Venetians." As it was, "the bright young fellow was left to his own unaided and will-o'-the-wisp efforts. His great natural powers betrayed him; he painted huge compositions of figures without using models. His sense of color, never very strong, was destroyed by his constant indulgence in the baleful practice of painting without nature before him. His eyes, as he told me himself, saw the minutest details at distances impossible to ordinary vision. He was evidently proud of his eyes, and he indulged them to the utter destruction of 'breadth' in his pictures. As to color, he gave it up altogether; and when any reference was made to the old masters Maclise expressed his contempt in much the same words as those of another R. A., who had said that he would like to burn them all, from Moscow to Madrid."

The first picture which Frith could fairly call a success had for its subject a scene from the much-tormented "Vicar of Wakefield." This was hung upon the line, and, although the young painter had fixed upon it what he deemed the absurd price of a hundred guineas, it was bought on private view day. In the midst of his elation he was dragged down to earth by a criticism on his picture in a leading newspaper which began thus: "Mr. Frith is a rising artist, and he has already risen to the height of affectation," &c. Although it is nearly half a century ago, the author has not yet forgotten the pain that this slur gave him, and here takes occasion to "advise all artists, young and old, never to read art criticism. Nothing is to be learned from it. Let me ask any painter whether, when he wants advice upon any difficulty in the conduct of his work, he would seek it from an art critic? No. I reply for him; he would apply to an artist friend. But though, as I believe, no advantage accrues in any case to an artist from public criticism, much undeserved pain is often inflicted, and even injury caused, by the virulent attacks that sometimes disgrace the press. For very many years, indeed ever since I became convinced of the profound ignorance of the writers, I have never read a word of art criticism." This, we dare say, is sound counsel, but it is our humble opinion that chains could not hold back the majority of artists from looking at a newspaper in which, as they had been told, their names were mentioned.

It seems that from the first Frith's inclination was toward the illustration of modern life, but the ugliness of modern dress frightened him, and his first approximation to contemporary times was his "Dolly Varden," who is supposed, of course, to live in the last quarter of the last century. He once got an order for a replica of this picture, and a companion picture of Kate Nickleby from Charles Dickens, whose letter, as the artist recalls, "My mother and I cried over." The first interview with the novelist is thus recounted: "The pictures were finished and a letter was written to say so. See me then in hourly and trembling expectation of a visit from a man whom I thought superhuman. A knock at the door, 'Come in,' enter a pale young man with long hair, a white hat, a formidable stick in his left hand, and his right extended to me with frank cordiality and a friendly clasp that never relaxed till the day of his untimely death. The pictures were on the easel; he sat down before them, and I stood waiting for the verdict in an agony of mind that was soon relieved by his cheery 'all I can say is, they are exactly what I meant and I am very much obliged to you for painting them for me.'" Dickens gave, we learn, just forty pounds for the two pictures which, after the novelist's death, were sold at Christie's for thirteen hundred guineas.

We hear a good deal more about Dickens at a later period, when Frith was painting the portrait of the novelist which is now in the South Kensington Museum. Once, while Dickens was sitting to him, the conversation turned on the preconceived and often strangely mistaken idea that people entertain of celebrities in literature or art, to whose personal appearance they are strangers. "They occasionally," remarked Dickens, "allow their disappointment to take the form of positive objection. For instance, Scheffer, who is a big man, I believe, in your line, said the moment he saw me, 'You are not at all like what I expected to see you; you are like a Dutch skipper.' As for the picture he did of me, I can only say that it is neither like me nor a Dutch skipper." Dickens added that on such occasions "they look at you as if it was your fault, and one for which you deserve to be kicked, because you fail to realize their ideal of what you ought to be." When Frith afterward went on with the portrait in the study of Tavistock House he became familiar with Dickens's habits of work. We are told that "the first chapter of 'The Tale of Two Cities,' or rather a small portion of it, lay on the desk. After what appeared to me a vast deal of trouble on the part of the writer, muttering to himself, walking about the room, pulling his beard, and making dreadful faces, he still seemed to fail to satisfy himself with his work. I think he seldom, if ever, wrote after 2 o'clock. With Dickens's permission I used to read the early sheets of the new novel as they lay upon his desk. On one of the few occasions on which I got to work before him I saw upon the table a paper parcel with a letter on the top of it. From the shape I guessed that it contained books, as the event proved. Presently Dickens came in, read the letter, and handed it to me, saying: 'Here you are again! this is the kind of thing I am subject to; people send me their books, and what is more they require me to read them; and, what is almost as bad, demand my opinion of them. Read that.' I obeyed, and read what appeared to me a very well-written appeal to the great master in the art of which the writer was a very humble disciple, &c., begging for his perusal of the accompanying work, and his judgment upon it. The work was 'Adam Bede,' and the writer's name was George Eliot. Dickens took up one of the volumes, looked into it and said: 'Seems clever—a good style; suppose I must read it.' And read it he did that very day, for the next morning he said: 'That's a very good book, indeed, by George Eliot. But, unless I am mistaken, G. Eliot is a woman.'"

Of Dickens's contemporary, Thackeray, Mr. Frith's first impressions were so disagreeable that he never permitted them to widen and deepen into familiar knowledge. After premising that he is a highly nervous, retiring, and modest person, Frith recounts how he was taken to dine at a Bohemian club in Soho, known as the Deanery. "My friend and I entered the Deanery smoking room, and found a very convivial party, all intimately acquainted, seemingly, and all listening to a song from a gentleman called Mahoney, who, under the name of Father Prout, had made himself somewhat celebrated. By his side sat a big man to whom I was introduced, and I had the honor of a handshake by the great Thackeray. I was very young at the time, although I had just been elected an Associate of the Academy, and I sat in awe-struck silence listening to the brilliant talk of those men. Some one called on Thackeray for a song, and he instantly struck up one of his own writing, as I was told. I forget the words, but I remember two individuals—'Gorging Jack and Guzzling Jemmy'—who seemed to be the presiding geniuses of it. No sooner had the applause accorded to it subsided than Thackeray turned to me and said, 'Now, then, Frith, you damned saturnine young academician, sing us a song.' I was dumb before this address, and far too confounded to say anything in reply. Encouraged, perhaps, by my proving myself such an easy butt, the attack was renewed a little later in the evening; 'I tell you what it is, Frith, you had better go home; your aunt is sitting up for you with a big muffin.' Again I was paralyzed, and shortly after I went home." The effect produced on Mr. Frith by this apostrophe will be better understood if we remind the reader that, not being a university man, our artist was not used to the rough ways acquired by undergraduates, and sometimes retained by them in later life. Besides, it is just possible that to the quick eye of Thackeray the budding academician seemed in danger of acquiring an abnormal amount of side, or of suffering, it may be, from cerebral tumefaction. Mr. Frith, of course, does not deny that "Thackeray was much beloved by those who knew him intimately," and he goes on to confess that "I have often been abused by some of his friends (notably by dear Leech) for my absurd anger at what was meant for a joke; but I submit that such attacks on an inoffensive stranger were very poor jokes, and even after the long lapse of time I feel humiliated and pained on recalling them."

We hear a great deal about Turner and something about Landseer in this autobiography. Apropos of a generous comment on the "Old English Merry-making," a picture which Mr. Frith exhibited soon after being elected an A. R. A., he takes occasion to correct a current misconception of Turner's character. "I have heard him," says the author, "described as surly, miserly, and ill-natured; as a man who never said an encouraging word to young men, and who was always a severe critic. I know," he continues, "that Turner's treatment of young men, and his kindness in expressing his opinion of all contemporary work, were in exact opposition to the general notion of his disposition." Mr. Frith goes on to tell us that, being at a dinner party when the "Merry-making" was being exhibited, he was "startled out of his usual silence" by some one asking "if I knew what Turner had said of my picture. 'No, sir,' said I, feeling myself turn red and pale alternately. 'He says it is beautifully drawn, well composed, and well colored.'" Mr. Frith also testifies to a still more striking display of charity by Turner, who, on one occasion, "joined a group who were discussing a certain picture's shortcomings, and after hearing much unpleasant remark, from which he dissented, he was forced to confess that a very bad passage in the picture, to which malcontents drew his attention, '*was a poor bit*.'" Mr. Frith cannot personally vouch for a remark said to have been made by Turner to Ruskin, though he evidently deems it characteristic. "My dear sir," was Turner's reported remonstrance, "if you only knew how difficult it is to paint even a decent picture you would not say the severe things you do of those who *fail*." Our author does not scruple to record his conviction that "Turner was without doubt the greatest landscape painter that ever lived; but so mysterious were some of his last productions, so utterly unlike nature to my eyes, that I should almost be inclined to agree with those who say that they would look as well the wrong way up as the right way. Strange as it may sound, it is absolutely true that I have heard Turner ridicule some of his own later works quite as skilfully as the newspapers did. For example, at a dinner when I was present, a salad was offered to Turner, who called the attention of his neighbor at the table to it in the following words: 'Nice cool green, that lettuce, isn't it? and the beet root pretty red—not quite strong enough, and the mixture, delicate tint of yellow that. Add some mustard and then you have one of my pictures.'" In view of the contempt for art criticism expressed by Mr. Frith, it is amusing to hear him remind us that "until Mr. Ruskin opened the eyes of the public to Turner's merits, his pictures rarely sold, and when they did sell, only fetched small prices." For example, Turner was paid only £200 for "The Grand Canal at Venice," which was afterward purchased by Lord Dudley for about 8,000 guineas. The author recounts how Turner, not long before his death, was offered a lump sum of £25,000 for the unsold pictures which he kept about him in his house in Queen Anne street. Turner refused, declaring: "I believe I am going to die, and I intend to be buried in these two," pointing to the "Carthage" and "Sun rising through Mist," which now hang near the Claudes in the National Gallery. Chantrey's comment on an avowal of the same morbid intention was: "Indeed. Well, if that bright idea is carried out, we will dig you up again and unroll you as they do the mummies." Turner died in 1851, and about a year afterward Mr. Frith was elected to fill the vacancy in the Royal Academy.

Of all the artists with whom Mr. Frith was intimate about the period of his admission to the Academy, he pronounces Edwin Landseer "the only popular painter who kept himself free from the vice of copying. He was the greatest animal painter that ever lived; and his figures occasionally were scarcely inferior to his brutes. From his earliest youth he had been admitted to the highest society, and no wonder, for in addition to his genius, which was exercised again and again for the 'great,' either in ornamenting their scrap books or in the more important form of pictures—for which he was very inadequately paid—he was the most delightful story teller and the most charming companion in the world. He also sang delightfully. In speaking, he had caught a little of the drawl affected in high life, and he practised it until it became a second nature. He was, of course, entirely free from envy of others, and conscious of his own shortcomings in his art, as a remark I once heard him make will prove. 'If people only knew as much about painting as I do,' he said, 'they would never buy my pictures.'" Of Landseer's extraordinary rapidity of execution Mr. Frith gives two examples. It seems that the life-size picture of two spaniels (erroneously supposed to be of the Charles II. breed) in the National Gallery was painted in two days. Still more remarkable is the following incident: Landseer, we are told, was staying at the country seat of a "Mr. Wells, who, with all his love for artists, objected to their painting on Sunday. Landseer may have had an equal objection to going to church. Any way, he took advantage of his host's absence on that laudable errand to paint a picture of a dog—the size of life—with a rabbit in its mouth. This picture was begun as Mr. Wells started for his mile-and-a-quarter walk to church and finished just as he returned, the whole time occupied being a little over two hours."

From Landseer our author heard some reminiscences of the Duke of Wellington. At a dinner party some one had imputed avarice to the Duke. "No," said Landseer, "whoever says that knows nothing of him. I know him well, and I say he is the very reverse of avaricious." Landseer had his own experience in mind: he had just painted for the Duke a picture of the lion tamer, Van Amberg, and upon his saying, in reply to the Duke's inquiry, that the price would be six hundred guineas, the Duke wrote out a check for twelve. According to Landseer, one of the Duke's weaknesses was a rooted "conviction that he could name every picture in the Apsley House collection without reference to the catalogue. So long as the pictures followed in regular sequence, and were named one after another in order, the effort of memory was successful, but if the narrator were called by the forgetfulness of the visitor to any special picture, he was at fault; and, without beginning again with the first picture in the room, he could not give the information asked for. 'I beg your pardon, sir; who did you say that was?' said Landseer to the Duke on the occasion of a visit to Apsley House, at the same time pointing to a half-length portrait of a sour-looking woman in the costume of the time of Elizabeth. The Duke looked up at the picture, muttered something, and left the room. While the Duke was absent Landseer studied other pictures, and had pretty well forgotten all about the sour-looking lady when a voice close to his ear popped out, 'Bloody Mary.'"

It was by the picture called "Ramsgate Sands," exhibited in 1854, that Mr. Frith became a popular painter. The Queen directed Sir Charles Eastlake to present the new artist to her. She bought the picture and gave a commission for a similar subject, and the next year came the "Opera Box," on which Mr. Frith was complimented by Prince Albert. In the esteem of his contemporaries the artist made a still further stride toward eminence by "The Derby Day," exhibited in 1858, when, for the first time since 1822, when Wilkie exhibited "The Chelsea Pensioners Reading of the Battle of Waterloo," it was found necessary to protect by a railing a popular picture from the too eager spectators. This picture, it is worth recording, was engraved by Blanchard in Paris, and procured for the painter an election to the Austrian Academy. Yet notwithstanding its great vogue it only brought the creator £3,000, one-half for the picture, and the other half for the engraving copyright. For his next specially successful work, "The Railway Station," Mr. Frith received £4,500.

It was the singular felicity of his treatment of modern life subjects that caused Mr. Frith to be selected to paint the marriage of the Prince of Wales. In this work, which is on a colossal scale (ten feet in length) it was the artist's aim to make every one of the figures a portrait. Of course the sittings which this purpose rendered necessary involved an immense expenditure of time. Mr. Frith records that "the Queen, being herself an artist of experience and ability, more than once assisted me by suggestions. Of the princesses, I think the Crown Princess showed the greatest knowledge of the principles of art." The painter has previously mentioned that "the Prince Consort [who at this time was dead] surprised me exceedingly by his intimate knowledge of what I may call *the conduct* of a picture. He told me why I had done certain things, and how, if a certain change had been made my object would have been assisted. How the masses of light and shade might be more evenly balanced, and how some parts of the picture might receive still more completion. I put many of the Prince's suggestions to the proof after the close of the exhibition, and improved my picture in every instance." Mr. Frith is here alluding to the picture of "The Derby Day."

We should have been glad to follow Mr. Frith through the succeeding stages of his fortunate career, two of which were marked by the production of the "Salon d'Or" and the "Road to Ruin," both of which pictures earned the rare distinction of a rail at their exhibition. Of "The Race for Wealth," "For Better for Worse," and other striking transcripts of contemporary life, we hear less than we could wish, because, as he approaches the present time, Mr. Frith feels and acknowledges a diffidence in speaking of his own work. He is all the more free to indulge in reminiscences of others, and, charming as the whole book is, it contains nothing more delightful than the chapters entitled "The Great Actors of My Youth" and "People I Have Known." We have seldom read a book which left upon the mind a more agreeable impression of the author, considered in the several aspects of artist and gentleman, of amiable comrade and faithful friend.

M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

Rand, McNally & Co. publish a convenient pocket sectional map of southern California.

The Wileys send us the second volume, complete, of Ruskin's "Præterita." Its large type and clearly printed pages present a very inviting appearance.

The "Poems" of Constance Faunt Le Roy Runcie (Putnams) are, with scarcely an exception, of a religious type, and are marked by a fervid piety. Her verses are simply constructed and flow smoothly.

The Catholic Publication Society have issued a reprint of an old translation of a "Treatise on Prayer," written in Latin by John Fisher, an English prelate, who was executed by Henry VIII. for refusing to acknowledge the King's spiritual supremacy or to take the oath of allegiance to him.

In "The Questions of the Day" (Belford, Clarke & Co.) Sister Frances M. Clare (the Nun of Kenmare) discusses some of the questions recently brought to public notice by Henry George and Father McGlynn. She is opposed to the land theory of the former on the ground that it is not in accord with the Christian religion, and believes that Father McGlynn might have preached his anti-poverty ideas from the pulpit of St. Stephen's better than from the secular platform. "He might have established his Anti-Poverty Society there," she adds, "and in the very shadow of God's altars, and for very shame the men who hated him so much and loved charity so little dared not to have touched him." In her remarks upon this subject she criticises somewhat severely several of the clergy of her own Church. In the matter of his excommunication she deals tenderly but impartially with Dr. McGlynn. Even while sympathising with his personal qualities, she censures his disobedience of the commands of his ecclesiastical superiors.

In his "Inquiry with Socialism" (Longmans, Greene & Co.) Mr. Thomas Kirkup arrives at the conclusion that socialism is a social and economic ideal, in entire harmony with the requirements of ethical, industrial, and political progress, and supported by the most powerful tendencies of the historic movement of our time. We are moving, he says, and ought to move, in the direction of socialism, of a socialism purified from all that is arbitrary, artificial, and extravagant in its historical development. But when he adds that the coöperative movement has already proved, and is still proving, its fitness and vitality, and that it has a great future before it, his optimism gets rather the better of his judgment. The coöperative movement has never shown its adaptability to all conditions of society in all countries. In the United States it has gained comparatively little headway, and the experiments attempted in New York and Brooklyn fifteen or sixteen years ago proved almost a complete failure. Mr. Kirkup shows better judgment in acknowledging that, although theoretically the movement is the best industrial basis of society, we have no right to conclude that it is also the best working form of working life, or the fittest generally under the conditions which now prevail or tend to prevail. His work is written in an enthusiastic spirit, and every page illustrates his belief in "a good time coming."

Bishop Ullathorne is the author of a "Life of William Willson," first Roman Catholic Bishop of Hobart, Tasmania, and a man remarkable for piety and practical philanthropy. In 1841-42 he was a priest in Nottingham, England, and his appointment to the Australian see brought out a warm but ineffectual protest from Protestants as well as Roman Catholics, all of whom had recognized his sterling qualities, and appreciated the work he was doing among the poor and vicious classes. His episcopate extended over nearly a quarter of a century, and was fruitful of good work. He was the principal agent in breaking up the penal colony of Norfolk Island, with its shameful cruelties and demoralizing influences, and received from the British Secretary for the Colonies a grateful acknowledgment of the value of his services. He was instrumental in many other acts of reform, and, to quote the words of his biographer, "His eye was upon every abuse; his voice was raised against every custom that vitiated instead of reforming." It is mortifying to state that Bishop Willson's application to the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary for the Colonies, for a retiring pension, in consideration of his civil services to the Government, which had saved large sums of money through him, though heartily backed by a letter from the Governor-General of Australia, was refused on a flimsy pretext. "Red tape," it has been observed, "is as rigorous as those iron fetters taken by the Bishop from so many human limbs."

The anonymous author of "Life's Problems Here and Hereafter" (Cupples & Hurd) calls his work an autobiography, because it describes the processes by which his moral and intellectual ideas were gradually evolved. He was a clergyman at 18, and for years was tormented by doubts as to the existence and personality of a Supreme Being, the immortality of the soul, the presence of evil in the world, and other perplexing questions. At 24, when on the verge of agnosticism, light broke in upon him, he says, from unexpected sources. On purely rational and historical grounds his doubts were vanquished, and he experienced a peace of mind which has never since been disturbed. In describing the system of theology which he constructed he nowhere appeals to authority—the Bible or the Church—to sustain or enforce his conclusions. His sole reliance is on pure reason and historical fact, and if he quotes Scripture texts it is merely to show the harmony of the evidence. He has thus "endeavored to meet the skeptic on the one hand, and the christian on the other." It is needless, perhaps, to add that the old creeds find little favor with him, and that he is inclined to question the truthfulness of the Bible. "I am a christian," he concludes, "at least technically one—but it is because my reason made me one. If my faith is not rational, it is nothing. But I am in bondage to no system." The reverend gentleman's Christianity has evidently very little of Christ in it. The name of Christ appears nowhere in his book, and he invariably writes himself Christian with a small c.

"One Traveller Returns," by David Christie Murray and Henry Herman (Longmans, Greene & Co.), is an animated and picturesque tale of the semi-historical type. The scene is laid in west Britain, apparently about the time of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, and the chief personages introduced are Druids, persecuted Christians, and Roman soldiers. The general character of the period is well illustrated, and the authors exhibit a great deal of curious information respecting the religious rites and philosophic systems of the Druids, and the habits of the Celtic tribes over whom they exercised authority. In what purport to be statements of facts they are sometimes confused and misleading. Druidism was nearly annihilated in Britain in the reign of Nero, and that a large and warlike colony of Druidical worshippers should, a century later, be established within a day's march of so important a Roman station as Deva (the Chester of to-day) is very improbable. Their conversion to Christianity by a saintly man named David might lead the reader to suppose that St. David, the patron saint of Wales, had been introduced; whereas the latter flourished in the sixth century. The pictures of manners and scenery, so frequently introduced, are of considerable graphic power. The supernatural element in the story, though rather startling, certainly aids in its dramatic development. Vreda, a British Queen, dies by poison before she has been entirely converted to Christianity, and in the spirit world grieves incessantly because she cannot return to earth and evangelize her people. Her supplications are granted, she becomes materialized, and appears among her Celtic subjects as a beautiful woman, bearing another name and only vaguely and fitfully suggesting her corporeal appearance before death. With the coöperation of David, she almost extirpates Druidism in her kingdom, only to perish finally, for her faith's sake, in a Roman arena. This part of the plot is well managed, and the supernatural is welded with the natural in a manner not to shock our ideas of propriety or probability.

Oscar Wilde on Tight Lacing.

From Woman's World.

Miss Leffler-Arnim's statement, in a lecture delivered recently at St. Saviour's Hospital, that "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a crossbar while their maids fastened the fifteen-inch corset," has excited a great deal of incredulity, but there is nothing really improbable in it. From the sixteenth century to our own day there is hardly any form of torture that has not been inflicted on girls, and endured by women, in obedience to the dictates of an unreasonable and monstrous fashion. "In order to obtain a real Spanish figure," says Montaigne, "what a Gehenna of suffering will not women endure, drawn in and compressed by greet coches entering the flesh; nay, sometimes they even die thereof!" "A few days after my arrival at school," Mrs. Somerville tells us in her memoirs, "although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front, while above my frock bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder blades met. Then a steel rod with a semicircle, which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons;" and in the life of Mrs. Edgeworth we read that, being sent to a certain fashionable establishment "she underwent all the usual tortures of backboards, iron collars, and dumbs, and also (because she was a very tiny person) the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth," a signal failure in her case.

Indeed, instances of absolute mutilation and misery are so common in the past that it is unnecessary to multiply them; but it is really sad to think that in our own day a civilized woman can hang on to a crossbar while her maid laces her waist into a fifteen-inch circle. To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval; nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slightness to the whole figure. Its effect, as a rule, is to simply exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips; and those whose figures possess that stateliness, which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of fashion on the subject of tight lacing.

POEMS WORTH READING.

That Gentle Man from Boston Town.

An Idyl of Oregon.

From the Pacific Rural Press.

Two webfoot brothers loved a fair
Young lady, rich and good to see;
And oh, her black abundant hair!
And oh, her wondrous witchery!
Her father kept a cattle farm;
These brothers kept her safe from harm:

From harm of cattle on the hill;
From thick-necked bulls, loud bellowing
The livelong morning, loud and shrill,
And lashing sides like anything;
From roaring bulls that tossed the sand
And pawed the lilies from the land.

There came a third young man. He came
From far and famous Boston town.
He was not handsome, was not game,
But he could "cook a goose" as brown
As any man that set foot on
The sunlit shores of Oregon.

This Boston man he taught the school,
Taught gentleness and love alway;
Said love and kindness, as a rule,
Would ultimately make it pay.
He was so gentle, kind, that he
Could make a noun and verb agree.

So when one day the brothers grew
All jealous and did strip to fight,
He gently stood between the two
And meekly told them 'twas not right.
"I have a higher, better plan,"
Outspake this gentle Boston man.

"My plan is this: Forget this fray
About that lily hand of hers;
Go take your guns and hunt all day
High up yon lofty hill of firs,
And while you hunt, my loving doves,
Why, I will learn which one she loves."

The brothers sat the windy hill,
Their hair shone yellow, like spun gold,
Their rifles crossed their laps, but still
They sat and sighed and shook with cold.
Their hearts lay bleeding far below;
Above them gleamed white peaks of snow.

Their hounds lay couching, slim and neat;
A spotted circle in the grass.
Their valley lay beneath their feet;
They heard the wide-winged eagles pass;
The eagle cleft the clouds above.
Yet what could they but sigh and love?

"If I could die," the elder sighed,
"My dear young brother here might wed."
"Oh, would to heaven I had died!"
The younger sighed with bended head.
Then each looked each full in the face
And each sprang up and stood in place.

"If I could die," the elder spake,
"Die by your hand, the world would say
'Twas accident; and for her sake,
Dear brother, be it so, I pray."
"Not thus!" the younger nobly said;
Then tossed his gun and turned his head.

And fifty paces back he paced,
And as he paced he drew the ball;
Then sudden stopped and wheeled and faced
His brother to the death and fall.
Two shots ran wild upon the air,
But, lo, the two stood harmless there.

The eagle poised high in the air;
Far, far below the bellowing
Of bullocks ceased, and everywhere
Vast silence sat all questioning.
The spotted hounds ran circling round,
Their red, wet noses to the ground.

And now each brother came to know
That each had drawn the deadly ball;
And for that fair girl far below
Had sought in vain to silent fall.
And then the two did gladly shake,
And thus the elder bravely spake:

"Now let us run right hastily
And tell the kind schoolmaster all.
Yea, yea, and if she choose not me,
But all on you her favors fall,
This valiant scene, till all life ends,
Dear brother, binds us best of friends."

The hounds sped down, a spotted line,
The bulls in tall, abundant grass
Shook back their horns from bloom and vine
And trumpeted to see them pass:
They were so fair, they loved so true,
These brothers scarce knew what to do.

They sought the kind schoolmaster out
As swift as sweeps the light of morn;
They could but love, they could not doubt
This man so gentle, in a horn.
They cried: "Now, whose the lily hand,
That lady's of this webfoot land?"

They bowed before that big-nosed man,
That long-nosed man from Boston town;
They talked as only lovers can,
They talked, but he could only frown;
And still they talked, and still they plead;
It was as pleading with the dead.

At last this Boston man did speak:
"Her father has a thousand ceows,
An hundred bulls, all fat and sleek;
He also had this ample heouse."
The brothers' eyes stuck out thereat
So far you might have hung your hat.

"I liked the looks of this big heouse—
My lovely boys, won't you come in?
Her father has a thousand ceows,
He also has a heap of tin.
The guirl? Oh yes, the guirl, you see,
The guirl, just neow she married me."

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Carlyle.

From the Youth's Companion.

We were young then, and we listened
To his words with awe and wonder;
They rang out like battle bugles.
They were solemn as the thunder;
And they set our pulses flying,
And they filled us with their passion,
For the times were full of omens,
And Carlyle was all the fashion.

On some far Olympus dwelling,
He could look with eagle glances,
Backward, forward, seeing plainly
All our idle, foolish fancies.
If he said that we were cowards,
He had sure the right to do so,
He was always wise and righteous,
We were mostly wrong: he knew so.

Never once of Craigenputtoch
Had we heard the dismal story;
He was leader, sage, and prophet,
And his locks with age were hoary.
We had never heard of Jennie,
With her vain attempts to please him,
And no friendly tongue had told us,
That a crowing cock could tease him.

Of his weary nights we knew not;
He, before whom all illusion
Fled as fog before the sunlight,
Could there come to him confusion?
How we tried to understand him
When he spoke of men and nations!
Oh, the letters that we wrote then
Full of long Carlyle quotations!

We, alas! are young no longer,
But, somehow, we still are loyal
To the morning with its glamour;
All its colors still are royal.
And we grieve to see our heroes
Taken down from lofty places,
With a dimness on their glory,
And the dust upon their faces.

Oft the lightnings play too sharply
On their graves. If they could waken,
Quick from many a reminiscence
Might the cruel sting be taken,
And the future, seeing clearly,
Where to-day we judge so blindly,
May in temples vast recrown them,
With a touch that's reverent, kindly.

Sleep, Carlyle, in safe seclusion
Earth and ashes, born of woman,
With your breath as brief as ours is,
We forgive your being human.
Far beyond these weary noises,
Mortal moods and changeful weather,
You at last may rest profoundly,
You and Jane in dust together.

ELLEN M. H. GATES.

Sergeant Jasper at Fort Moultrie.

From the Boston Pilot.

When Charleston built for the Briton's sport
The spongy, hardy palmetto fort,
And the ships, with their topsails taut and thin,
Stormed over the bar at break of day,
Gun and swivel and culverin
Shouting their murderous roundelay!

When the hissing shot was immured for good,
Time after time, in the soft, sly wood,
A venturous shell, from the Moreland's deck,
Struck the patriot staff, and snapped it quite,
Neat in the middle, without one fleck,
And whirled the flag from the rampart's height.

But William Jasper saw from his post,
And, his young blood seething, still as a ghost,
Straight through the perilous fire leaped down;
Leaped down, and back, by a leopard spring,
The smoke in his eyes, erect and brown;
All in the beat of a swallow's wing;

And held close, close, as he climbed alone,
The banner sacred and overthrown;
And quick, with that steady hand of his,
Notching its loops on his ramrod bare,
With a "So, my beauty!" and one frank kiss,
Flung it again to the glad free air!

Then the friendly tides turned clean about,
And slipped from under the frigates stout,
And Sir Peter Parker's crippled fleet
With its disembarking, bewildered crew,
Groped and fumbled, and got its feet,
And reeled off into the seas anew.

'Tis the old tale; how ours sat down
At dusk in their fair, beleaguered town,
We seal their valor, repeat their vows;
We keep their memories East and West;
We sing their praise through the happy house;
But of Sergeant Jasper, who knows the rest?

Who asks it? Peace to his ashes cold
The Carolinian grasses fold!
To the fond boy-heart, in its little hour
Symbol and vision of loyalty,
Homage! The root whereof he was flower
Bears hundreds, happily, such as he.

Let emperors sleep in their gorgeous fame;
For us, forever, some quiet name,
In which no armorer's skill is versed,
To mock at history's calendar,
And once through its ordered page to burst
Like a headlong, glorious August star!

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

My Second Cousin May.

From the Judge.

I met her in the summer by the loud-resounding sea,
And I thought it quite peculiar she should waste her time on me.
When I begged an explanation she devoutly bowed her head:
"I will tell you, you're a fellow after my own heart," she said.

I assumed the post of suitor, as I thought it not a sin
To have her think me more than kind, a little less of kin,
For the fellowship of cousins, if they be of different sex,
Has forever been a trouble, and I fear 'twill ever vex.

I read to her from Byron in a tent pitched on the sand;
With the freedom of relationship I often pressed her hand;
Or, in a creaky, rattling gig we joggled through the lanes,
While my sweetest of divinities shook out the leather reins.

Till at last I looked upon her as a very tender friend;
(Thus many fellowship with cousins, if they're fascinating, end!)
I recalled to my remembrance from some closet in my head,
"You're a fellow after my own heart," the pretty witch had said.

So I marshalled all my feelings in a sentimental way,
And I quoted the expression to my second cousin May,
But a neater, cooler answer mortal man will never get:
"You still are after it, dear Jack; you haven't caught up yet."

DE WITT STERRY.

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

At Times the Lion is a Wonderful Coward, but Not Always.

I believe that every man who has been in the lion country will agree with me that he would rather meet a full-grown lion under almost any circumstances than an English bulldog. The lion is the king of beasts only now and then. Now and then he is the king of cowards. A bulldog is all determination. A lion schemes and calculates and takes no chances.

While assisting in the official survey of the northern portion of Cape Colony it was an almost every-day occurrence to sight a lion, and the adventures of our party were numerous, if not perilous. We got so that we feared the beasts only at night, or when we came upon them at their meals. Almost the first lion I saw in Africa proved himself an arrant coward. I was left to set a boundary stone between districts while the surveying party moved on. The hunters were out after fresh meat, the camp was two miles away, and I was working with my back to a patch of tall grass with a bush in the centre of it. The entire party of us had stood there for a quarter of an hour without seeing or suspecting any danger, but a lion was all the while concealed in the patch. He kept quiet until the men were a mile away, and then crept forward for a spring at me. I heard a movement in my rear as I worked away, and whirling about I found myself face to face with a full-grown lion. He was crouched for a spring, and would have been upon me in another ten seconds. I was terribly scared and had no time to collect my wits, but I did just the right thing after all. I jumped right at the brute with a loud yell, and he went bounding away like a ball. I followed him into the patch in my excitement, and he ran out on the open plain, dropping his tail like a cur, and evidently badly rattled. I had a light spade in my hands, and as he dodged about to get back to cover I hit him a swinging blow over the rump. He yelled out like a dog hit with a stone, fell over, made a dash between my legs, and again got into the grass. I followed close upon his heels, yelling at the top of my voice, and what did the coward do but bolt for the open with his tail dragging in the grass. As he left cover, I flung the spade and struck him in the side and staggered him. He growled and showed his yellow fangs, but there was no fight in him. When I jumped at him he ran away over the plain toward broken ground, and after chasing him for a quarter of a mile, I gave up and sat down. The men of the party came running up, amazed and astonished, and even though they had seen all that happened, they could scarcely credit their sight and senses. I knocked the courage all out of the beast by wheeling on him just at the right second. By upsetting his plan I made a coward of him. Had a bulldog meant to attack me, my turning on him would not have made the slightest difference.

A few weeks later, while pushing my way down a dry ravine to reach an eminence on which I was to display a flag to the surveyor, I turned a bend at a trot and ran square upon a lion, who was gnawing at the bones of some old victim. He lay on his stomach, head to me, and I did not see him until I was almost upon him. He sprang up with a growl, made a short spring, and seized me by the left shoulder, and next moment I was down and he was standing over me. It had come so suddenly that I was dumfounded. I did not make a move, nor call out. The beast could have done for me in fifteen seconds had he so willed, but after he had downed me and growled a little, he backed off, and as soon as I moved to get up he ran away like a scared cat. I had a good look at him as he stood over me, and I noticed a long, deep cut, or scratch, on his right foreshoulder. It had been made either by the claws of another lion or by the horn of a buffalo, and was just beginning to heal. The beast had all the advantage of me, and his running away could be laid to nothing but cowardice, but he was to redeem himself. When we had gone into camp that evening there were fifty people of us, with four or five wagons, a score of horses, and from thirty to forty bullocks. We made quite a village, and a noisy one. Just while the supper fires were being replenished, and when everybody was moving about, this same lion came out of a thick piece of woods, roared loudly, and then walked straight at us. His roar aroused us, but no one supposed he would come nearer. The old fellow came forward at a dignified gait until he had traversed half the distance, and then, making half a dozen long bounds, he entered camp. No one was ready for him, and there was a great scattering. Some of us sprang for trees, and others dived into the tents; and such a row among horses and oxen you never heard. The old lion stood in a clear spot in the centre of camp, and roared and growled and switched his tail about and bade us defiance, and before any one of us could make ready for a shot at him he sprang upon a cow, rolled her over, and then fastened his teeth into her neck and drew her out of camp, passing so close to one of the fires as to drag the hind legs of the cow over the coals. As soon as he was clear of the camp a dozen of us sprang out with our guns and fired at him by sound, and by great good luck two of the bullets hit him in the head and finished him. We had seen him drag the cow off as easily as a man could draw the body of a dog, and to make a comparison of strength we ordered four natives to take hold of the carcass. They could barely move it. It took seven of them to drag it back to the fires, and they had a hard tug at that.

The next adventure showed both the bravery and fierceness of the animal in one. I had been out alone with my rifle, and was on my way back to camp, and at about 5 o'clock in the evening skirted a sink or water hole on the edge of a dense wood. Suddenly a lion uttered a terrific roar, and I looked up to find a big fellow facing me. He had been creeping down the edge of the wood, perhaps routed out of his lair by some of our men, and while he was approaching the pool from one direction I was approaching from the other. He was not over 300 feet away, and I knew at first glance that he was mad. His mane was up, his tail switching, and he meant fight. He could have been under cover at a jump, and thus avoided me altogether, and this would have been characteristic of a lion disturbed at that hour of the day. I brought my rifle down, aimed to hit him between the eyes, and pulled the trigger. The ball grazed his skull, knocking him down and making him crazy for a moment. I suspected from his antics that he was only touched, and knew that as soon as he had gathered himself he would come for me. He was whirling round and round and rolling over, and there was no show for a fair shot. I therefore made a bolt for the nearest tree, and was just off the ground when the lion screamed out, and I dropped my gun to get above his reach.

It was a close call for me. The blood blinded him as he made his spring, and the paw which struck at me passed clear of my body. He went to the ground in a heap, rolled over two or three times, and before he was up I was out of reach. I got a seat about twenty-five feet from the ground, and the way that old fellow raged and raved for the next quarter of an hour was a circus to see. He had been in ill temper before I raked his skull. He was now so mad that he would have faced a regiment of men. From the limb where I sat to the next, ten feet higher, the tree was smooth, and I did not dare attempt to climb it. I was just safe and no more. The enraged beast made all sorts of attempts to reach me, even trying to climb, but I was safe. Several times he ran back on the plain a few rods and then came for me Hail Columbia, springing up to within three or four feet of my perch, but never coming high enough. His repeated failures angered him still further, and if a lion ever lost his head and got mad from nose to tail that fellow did. When he found he couldn't get me he made circles about the tree, rolled over and over, and his growls and roars were enough to set me in a chill.

I had my revolver, but it contained only three charges, and I had no more ammunition. I should have to reach his brain or heart to kill him, and he would not give me an opportunity for a steady shot. I soon saw that I was doomed to pass the night in the tree, and I then decided to save my bullets for some other danger which might be expected. The sun had hardly gone down when darkness came on. The lion gave up trying to reach me and sat up at the foot of the tree, and as the darkness grew deeper I could see his eyes blaze like coals. It was no use expecting any help from the camp, for no one would know which way to look for me, and after a while I got a hitch around the tree with my scarf and took such precautions as would prevent me from falling off the limb should I go to sleep. That was a horrible night. At an early hour every species of wild beast and night bird was astir, and pandemonium reigned through the forest. Twice before midnight other lions approached the tree, to be driven off by the sentry, and a troop of elephants on their way to the pool passed within a hundred feet. About midnight the lion took on at a great rate, scratching up the leaves and switching his tail in defiance, and I heard fierce growling and snarling from some beast which turned out to be a panther, for I heard his claws raking the bark as he climbed a tree a few yards away. I knew what he was after, and I got my revolver ready and followed him by sound. He ascended to a height of about thirty-eight feet, came toward me on a limb, and I could see his eyes shining like diamonds.

The panther would have to spring about twenty feet to reach me. The lion knew what he was after, and he dashed to and fro under the tree and kept up such a roaring that all other beasts quit for the time in disgust. I was facing the panther as I sat on my perch. It seemed to me that I was doomed to be eaten by one or the other, and the only possible show I had was a shot at the panther. I could see nothing but his eyes, but I held my revolver as steadily as possible and pulled the trigger. I think the beast was just ready to spring. I cannot say that I hit him, but the flash and report would have confused him. I had hardly fired when he came for me, but fell short, and down he went to be seized by the enraged lion. That fight would have been worth going a long way to see. It lasted fully fifteen minutes, and the fierce snarls and terrible roars kept me in a tremble. By and by both beasts seemed to have had enough, and the conflict ceased. I heard the lion walking about and whining and moaning, but after a few minutes these sounds ceased, and I was not further disturbed during the night. When daylight came I saw the panther dead at the foot of the tree, and just at the edge of the pool was the dead body of the lion. He had gone there to drink, and had tumbled over just as he turned from the water.

I examined both bodies carefully before I left. Such work with teeth and claws few men ever saw. The lion had seized each foreleg of the panther and crushed the bones of the ankle in his teeth. He had torn his neck in a horrible manner, and had bitten the flesh of one of his cheeks until a pull would have exposed the jawbone on that side. The panther had bitten the lion about the throat and breast, but had depended more on his claws. With these he had literally disembowelled the king.

Fifty miles to the south of where this adventure happened one of our men was one morning pushing his way through the high grass along the left bank of a dry creek when a lioness, lion, and two half-grown cubs sprang up before him. There was no time to retreat, and he was too dumfounded to cry out. The lions stood and stared for a few seconds, evidently more frightened than the man, and then went off with a rush. That day, as we sat in the shade of a great tree eating our lunch, we were suddenly saluted with a roar of defiance. Our tree stood in the open, nearly a quarter of a mile from the forest, and there were twenty-two of us around the fire. It was high noon, with a bright sun, and yet a lion came out of the woods and directly toward us, roaring as he came and evidently full of fight. The native called out that it was one of those he had seen in the grass, and for a time none of us moved. However, it soon became evident that the old fellow meant mischief, and we seized guns and spears. He held straight for the crowd, roaring and growling, and the instant the first shot was fired he increased his gait to a rush. He was among us in a few seconds, and for a couple of minutes there was wild excitement. Two or three men were knocked down, two bitten, one struck by a bullet intended for the lion, and the beast was finally killed by the thrust of a spear.

ANOTHER WHACK IN THE CONTROVERSY.

An Old Abolitionist versus Eli Thayer.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* The reply of Mr. Eli Thayer in THE SUN of Dec. 25 to my defence of the disunion Abolitionists is evasive and delirious.

I quoted the recorded words of John Quincy Adams in 1819, just prior to the Missouri compromise, to show that he was a conditional disunionist. He said he would defend a fugitive slave against the claim of a Missouri master "should the dissolution of the Union be the consequence." And he prophetically added:

"A dissolution of the Union must result in the extirpation of slavery from the whole continent, and calamitous and desolating as this in its progress must be, so glorious would be its final issue that, as God shall judge me, I dare not say it is not to be desired."

To this significant passage, which, in the judgment of Mr. Thayer, would place the name of John Quincy Adams in the category of "cranks and monomaniacs," "fiends and traitors," all the answer the gentleman can make is to quote the venerable ex-President twenty years later, when he complained of the indiscreet movements of the Anti-Slavery agitators, fearing that they would ruin him by their persistent petitions for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. Mr. Adams seems never to have reached a higher stage in the Anti-Slavery cause than to stand up bravely and alone in the Federal Legislature in defence of the right of petition.

Consistency is a jewel that is rarely seen in the bosom pin of a politician. The diary of Mr. Adams in 1840 shows that the gulf between him and the Abolitionists was no wider than the extremes of the two great political parties—the Federalists and the Democrats, the Whigs and the "Locofocos." An Abolitionist was no more hateful to him than a "Marat Democrat."

It is true that Salmon P. Chase "illustrated his loyalty to the Constitution and the Union by noble acts and speeches during his whole life." And I may add that Frederick Douglass has done the same since the beginning of the late war. It is nevertheless a fact that about the year 1855 Mr. Chase said in my hearing that disunion would be a practicable remedy, provided political anti-slavery should fail to remove the evil. And it is also a fact that Frederick Douglass, in numerous speeches in 1847, once in my hearing, said: "I welcome the bolt, whether it come from heaven or hell, that shall rend this Union in twain."

Circumstances alter cases. When Southern secession became a fixed fact, Mr. Garrison stood up in Cooper Institute and frankly conceded that death and hell had departed from the Constitution. And when slavery was abolished, his mission as an abolitionist being ended, the New York *Independent*, which had denounced him by name as one of the "infidels of the most degraded class," employed him as a regular correspondent of that religious paper.

Mr. Thayer stigmatizes these old Abolitionists as "a fraternity of mountebanks," who "have been posing ever since the war as the men who achieved this great triumph of freedom," which, he avers, was accomplished by the Emigrant Aid Company, "the only agency which could accomplish it." Oh, ghost of Garrison! Isn't Thayer a poser?

And here, as a further illustration of Mr. Thayer's observation that "the present generation know very little of the estimation in which they (the Abolitionists) were held by the patriotic men of all parties thirty years ago," let me say that about that time the *Daily Tribune*, to my knowledge, printed a leading editorial on the history of the Anti-Slavery movement, written by Wendell Phillips at the request of Horace Greeley, and that Mr. Greeley afterward employed, as assistants on his paper, two successive editors of the organ of the disunion Abolitionists, the *Anti-Slavery Standard*.

I invited Mr. Thayer to name a single leading Abolitionist who deplored the establishment of freedom in Kansas. He answers by telling an anecdote about a Dutchman's wife being resigned to die because, as her husband said, "Vat else could she be alrotty?" Oh, Eli! Eli! Is that the way you treat the corpse of old Anti-Slavery? The chagrin which you attribute to the old Abolitionists on account of the triumph of freedom in Kansas is only a phantom of your diseased brain.

My satirical suggestion that the gentleman's contemplated history of the Anti-Slavery agitation ought to be revised by Eli Perkins and annotated by Mark Twain, has exasperated the calumniator of the old Abolitionists. He compares me to a cowboy and a fishwoman, without their courage or honesty, and says nothing else could be expected from "a disciple of Garrison, without the courage to write over his own name."

Now stand aghast, Brother Thayer, when I tell you that I authorized the editor of THE SUN, in his discretion, to append my full name to my letter, instead of "An Old Abolitionist."

The crusade you commanded in Kansas, dear sir, was a noble one, but now you are only "kicking against the pricks." The effect of your open letter to Senator Dawes will be contrary to your expectations, judging from what he thinks about it, for I can assure you that he still holds the old Abolitionists in just as great esteem as before, and that you will never be able to convince him that yours was "the only agency which could accomplish" the abolition of slavery.

Fighting windmills and biting files won't do anybody any good. Wendell Phillips used to say that education consists in getting rid of prejudice, and a greater man than he has aptly described prejudice as "the spider of the mind." Certain it is that that ugly creature has woven too many cobwebs in the brain of Eli Thayer to fit him to write a history of the Anti-Slavery conflict.

AN OLD ABOLITIONIST.

Intelligent Coroners' Juries.

From the Philadelphia Press.

"Death from delirium tremens resulting from accidental causes" was the remarkable verdict returned by a Coroner's jury in this city the other day. This is not the only humorous specimen which Mr. Ashbridge can point to on the dockets of his office. A young man in the last stages of pulmonary disease killed himself with prussic acid. Dr. Formad remarked at the inquest:

"He only accelerated his death, which must surely have come from consumption in a very few weeks."

The intelligent six good men and true in the jury box astounded the Coroner by arriving at this verdict: "Death from consumption, accelerated by prussic acid."

Longevity Notes.

The oldest resident of Blue Anchor, N. J., is Si[illegible] Morton, who is 91 years of age.

Hattie North, who recently died at Troy, Kan., was believed to have lived 117 years.

William Aiken, a colored man of Columbia, S. C., was married on his 103d birthday to Susan Watson, a young widow, aged 33 years.

Ezra D. Whitaker of North Adams, Mass., is 91 years old and very strong and robust. Job Anthony of South Adams is 90 years of age.

Two venerable citizens of Chillicothe, Mo., died recently, Isaiah Austin, who was 95 years of age, and Zanty McKinney, who was 90.

At the donation day ceremonies at the Philadelphia Home for Aged and Infirm Colored Persons, John Gibson opened the celebration with prayer, although he is 117 years of age.

The Hon. David Neighbour of Califon, N. J., has just celebrated his 91st birthday. He is one of the few surviving members of the Convention which framed the Constitution of New Jersey in 1844.

When Maria Gilbert died at Stanford, Ky., recently, she had lived eighty-seven years without ever having left her home. She never saw a train, although her home was but five miles from the railroad.

Mrs. Mary Hayes Gilbert of Gloucester, Mass., is in her 102d year, and still in the best of health, with memory unimpaired. When but 14 years she was at a dinner to President Adams, who drank a glass of wine with her.

The grandparents of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Johnston, are four of the longest-lived people in Georgia, connected by similar ties. They reside at Griffin, and are respectively 96, 94, 94, and 79 years of age, and are remarkably hale and hearty.