SOME NEW BOOKS.

Bancroft's History of Mexico.

Outside of the necessarily brief notices contained in the encyclopædias, English and American readers find it extremely difficult to procure information concerning the recent and contemporary history of the Mexican republic. It is, therefore, an important service which Mr. H. H. BANCROFT has rendered us in a capacious volume of 700 pages, which brings down his *History of Mexico* (New York, F. M. Derby) from the year 1861 to 1887. The period covered is, we need not say, the most eventful in the history of the country since its liberation from Spanish rule, embracing as it does the joint occupation of Vera Cruz by Spanish, British, and French forces, the conquest of the larger part of the Mexican territory by the French, the establishment and collapse of the empire, the rehabilitation of republican government under Juarez, and the successive Administrations of Lerdo, Diaz, Gonzalez, and (for a second term) Diaz. For a right understanding of all of the events, policies, and individualities belonging to the last quarter of a century, this book of Mr. Bancroft's is indispensable.

It is not generally known that the participation of Great Britain in the tripartite intervention of the three powers to compel payment of the Mexican debt, would have been averted had Juarez been loyally supported by his own countrymen. But at the critical moment the Legislature proved less far-sighted and patriotic than the Executive. On Nov. 21, 1861, or almost a month before the arrival of the Spanish fleet at Vera Cruz, Juarez had succeeded in arranging a convention between his Minister of Foreign Affairs and Sir Charles Wyke, whereby all questions at issue between England and Mexico, and especially those connected with the payment of the bonds, were settled. Nothing came of this important agreement, because the Mexican Congress refused to ratify it. This refusal, which brought Mexico to the verge of ruin, must be attributed to Lerdo de Tejada, whose followers controlled the Congress. The reactionists were also active in many of the Mexican States, and Zulonga, who called himself President, declared in a circular dated only four days before the seizure of Vera Cruz by a Spanish force, that he would favor the tripartite intervention, if it intended to give the country a good government.

It appears that, according to the original agreement between the three allied powers, the expeditionary land forces were to consist of 6,000 Spaniards, 3,000 French, and 700 Englishmen. The Spanish commander was Gen. Prim, who had married a Mexican heiress, the niece of Juarez's Minister of the Treasury. Prim was, we are told, acquainted with the French plan to establish a monarchy in Mexico, but was not instructed to lend his coöperation because the candidature of an Austrian Prince was distasteful to Spain. He was careful in the proclamation that he put forth on Jan. 10, 1862, to disclaim any purpose of intervention in Mexican politics. On the other hand, the French representative, acting under secret instructions, issued an ultimatum, some of whose provisions were obviously incompatible with Mexican independence. One of the pecuniary claims, also, that of the Swiss banker Jecker (in which the Duc de Morny is believed to have been interested) was declared inadmissible by both the Spanish and British plenipotentiaries. The basis of this fraudulent and much-talked-of claim was, it seems, an operation of the Miramon Government, to which, just before it collapsed, Jecker & Co. lent $750,000, receiving therefor fifteen million dollars in treasury bonds. France demanded the payment of the whole amount, although Jecker did not become a French citizen until more than two months after the exorbitant requisition had been made. The records of the Mexican department show that the whole amount due to French citizens, including the sum advanced by Jecker, fell considerably short of $8,000,000. The smallness of this obligation offers conclusive proof that France had from the outset a dishonest purpose in organizing the tripartite intervention. On the other hand, Great Britain, to whose subjects were due about $70,000,000, had reasonable grounds for attempting to secure guarantees of payment.

There is no doubt that Prim behaved well in Mexico. Not only did he repudiate the Jecker bonds, but on Feb. 19, 1862, arranged a convention with Juarez's Minister of Foreign Affairs, by which the independence of Mexico, and her right to manage her own internal affairs, were fully recognized. The French representative, as well as the British, ratified this convention, but within two months such grave differences arose between the commissioners that the Spanish and British envoys resolved to re-embark their forces. Grateful for their refusal to sanction the French scheme of conquest, the Mexican Government offered to conclude a treaty with Spain and England for the payment of their claims, and one was actually entered into with Sir Charles Wyke. It is important to keep these facts in mind if we would realize the iniquity of the Mexican expedition. The countries which really had claims—namely, Spain and England—Mexico was not only willing to pay, but able to do so, having arranged to borrow a large sum of money in the United States. France, to whom she owed next to nothing, would be satisfied with nothing less than the annihilation of the nation's independence.

It is the circumstances preceding the tripartite intervention which are often misunderstood. On the causes that led to the evacuation of Mexico by the French we need not dwell, as they have become well known since the publication of Mr. Seward's diplomatic correspondence. There has been of late, however, some controversy with regard to the agencies by which the surrender of Maximilian was brought about. To data bearing on this subject Mr. Bancroft has devoted a good deal of space. As regards the alleged desertion of Maximilian by Bazaine, Mr. Bancroft does not think the evidence collected by him justifies the accusation of treachery which has been levelled at the Marshal. There is no proof that he offered to surrender to Gen. Diaz all the towns in French possession, and even the persons of Maximilian and his leading supporters. According to Mr. Bancroft, this charge rests on nothing but the misinterpreted utterance of an agent sent to confer with him about the formation of a new government. The fact that he was never called to account after his return to France seems to warrant the assumption that in all his acts, however brutal, he only followed his master's instructions. The inadequacy of Maximilian's resources after the departure of the French is shown by the fact that when he set out from the capital for Queretaro he could only get together 1,600 men and a campaign fund of $50,000. The whole force of Mexicans and foreigners collected at that place did not exceed 9,000, whereas the number of republican soldiers besieging the town reached 25,000, to say nothing of the large bodies which Diaz and other leaders could bring up from the rear. That the final act of treachery by which Maximilian was delivered to his enemies is rightly imputed to Col. Miguel Lopez, the author of this history does not doubt. This man, one of the most favored of Maximilian's officers, is described as "tall and portly, of fine presence, with blond complexion, bluish eyes, and fair moustache. He looked anything but a Mexican, although possessing all the national attributes, including fine manners and flowing speech." During the siege of Queretaro the Emperor had been on the point of making him a General, when the leading officers interposed and exposed the misconduct for which he had been dismissed from the army during the war with the United States. The curious circumstance is recorded that the favorite setter dog of Maximilian had shown an intense aversion for Lopez.

Mr. Bancroft puts no confidence in the statement made by Lopez that he was merely an agent of the Emperor, instructed to negotiate privately with Escobedo. He sees conclusive proof of Lopez's treason in the fact that he was the only superior Imperial officer not arraigned by the victors. While others were killed or imprisoned, he was allowed to leave Queretaro and move freely about. The story subsequently told by Lopez is printed in a note, but the version of the affair given in the text is as follows: "On the night of May 14, 1867, Lopez stole away to the headquarters of Escobedo, and in a private interview disclosed the condition and plans of the besieged, and arranged to betray them to the enemy. To accomplish his object was not very difficult, for he commanded the reserve brigade which occupied the Convento della Cruz and adjoining fortifications, and held therefore the key to the town. He had already removed certain troops, replacing them with men under control of a fellow conspirator, and, on returning from Escobedo's camp, he introduced the republican soldiers under Gen. Velez, and, favored by darkness, led them from one post to another, explaining that they were relief troops. His presence as commander of the post, and a recognized favorite of the Emperor, and the mixture of uniforms among the Imperialists, prevented suspicion, many assuming that the movements were part of an evacuation plan." Even after the capture of Maximilian, he might, we are told, have escaped to Vera Cruz on the night of June 2, but a telegram announcing the approach of the lawyers who had been requested to defend him before the court martial caused an unfortunate postponement of the plan.

A review of the war of intervention from April, 1863, to June, 1867, shows that there took place within that period 1,020 battles and skirmishes, in which nearly 74,000 Republican and more than 12,000 Imperialist Mexicans were placed *hors du combat*. To these victims must be added those of the French and other nationalities for whose death Napoleon's attempt to foist a monarchical government on Mexico is responsible. Mr. Bancroft thinks the execution of Maximilian, and some of his chief followers, was but a small matter weighed against the other consequences of a most iniquitous and calamitous invasion.

The account of the French occupation of Mexico, and the attempt to establish an Imperialist régime with which American readers are most familiar, is that given by Mr. E. Masseras in "Un Essai d'Empire au Mexique." To that book, which was at the time of its publication reviewed in these columns, Mr. Bancroft refers with respect as an impartial summary of the facts. As he himself, nevertheless, often follows other authorities, we have thought it well to indicate the trend of his conclusions, which, in this country at least, are likely to be generally accepted. We pass now to the reconstruction period, the materials for whose delineation have been mainly drawn from Mexican periodicals.

It will be remembered that the legal term of Juarez's Presidency expired on Nov. 30, 1865, at a time when he had been driven by Bazaine to Chihuahua, and when, of course, a national election could not be held. The Presidency therefore being vacant, should, according to the Constitution, have been assumed by the Chief Justice. But to Gen. Ortega, the President of the Supreme Court, there were serious objections on the score of prolonged absence in the United States, and of a disposition to intrigue with the Reactionists. So Juarez virtually made himself Dictator by declaring his functions extended till they could be surrendered to a new President duly elected. In October, 1867, however, Juarez obtained a majority of votes at the first general election held since 1861, and consequently the legitimacy of his authority became for three years indisputable. Three years later, however (namely, in 1871), Juarez failed to be elected by the people; the two opposing candidates, Lerdo and Diaz, having between them a small majority of electoral votes. Thereupon the Mexican Congress, Oct. 12, 1871, arrogated the power of choosing and declaring Juarez Constitutional President for the next term. It was this assertion of authority, unquestionably counter to the Constitution of 1857, which caused a revolution on the part of the supporters of Porfirio Diaz. The movement failed, owing to the reluctance of the Porfiristas to coöperate with the followers of Lerdo, who, as Chief Justice, should have been President, provided the election of Juarez was unconstitutional. Lerdo, however, being personally more objectionable than Juarez himself to the friends of Diaz, the latter, though calling themselves Constitutionalists, were compelled to violate the organic law in the programme issued from La Noria, by proposing to disqualify the Chief Justice as well as the President.

The administration of Juarez was successful in the field against its enemies; but as the three political parties—Juaristas, Lerdistas, Porfiristas—were of about equal strength in the Congress, the intentions of the Government might at any hour be frustrated by an alliance of the two outside factions. Such was the state of things in July, 1872, when Juarez died, leaving Lerdo de Tejada to become executive as head of the Supreme Court. Then began a second period of trouble in Mexico, due to the irreconcilable opposition of the friends of Diaz to the new President. Nevertheless Lerdo served out the term for which Juarez had been chosen, and in October, 1872, was duly elected, receiving almost all the votes in the electoral college. But, during his second Presidency, Lerdo alienated many of his former partisans without contriving to propitiate the Juaristas, who had been his enemies. The result was that though he put down a formidable insurrectionary movement under Lozada in 1873, his administration steadily lost reputation in the country. The reaction culminated in general rebellion in 1876, when the Mexican Congress declared him ineligible, although the number of votes required by the Constitution for the election of a President had not been polled. It was this fraudulent returning of himself to office which has made the name of Lerdo so detested in Mexico. No sooner had the decree announcing the usurpation been published than Iglesias, as Chief Justice, asserted his right to exercise executive functions, and called upon the nation to support him. But while he was received in Guanajuato with the honors due to a President of the republic, Diaz and Gonzales were advancing toward the capital with a distinct plan of action, and, after beating the Lerdist commander Alatorre, took possession of the city of Mexico, President Lerdo and his Cabinet having fled to Acapulco, where they embarked for New York. In dismissing the Lerdo administration, Mr. Bancroft says of its head, that he had a precious opportunity and threw it away. "Instead of healing wounds he irritated them. With an ambitious rival in the field, ever on the watch to turn mistakes to account, he committed unpardonable errors; none more so than his system of exciting by intrigue local revolutions for the purpose of throwing out obnoxious Governors of States by Federal interference. His foreign policy also caused dissatisfaction; while he encouraged European enterprises, he was strongly opposed to promoting American ones."

From the departure of Lerdo, toward the close of December, 1876, to the present time, the Mexican Executive functions have been exercised by Porfirio Diaz, with the exception of the intervening term during which Gonzales was allowed to hold the Presidency. It will be, of course, remembered that the first assumption of power by Diaz was unconstitutional, for, if Lerdo was not President, Iglesias, as Chief Justice, had an undoubted title to the office. This right Iglesias would not resign, and, preferring exile to submission to Diaz, left Mexican territory for San Francisco in January, 1877.

A new Presidential election took place in February of the year just named, and there is no doubt that Diaz was then constitutionally chosen President, having received almost all the votes cast. The protests, however, issued by Lerdo and Iglesias gave Diaz some trouble, and what looked like a formidable movement against him was organized by Gen. Escobedo, the captor of Maximilian. But in June, 1878, Escobedo was defeated and taken prisoner. Yet, notwithstanding the success with which Diaz overcame armed resistance to his authority, he could not prevent the Mexican congress from approving a non-reélection law, and amending the Federal Constitution to that effect. There is no doubt that the friends of Diaz endeavored to thwart this amendment, but the President could not openly support their efforts, as the non-reélection of President was an essential feature of the so-called plan of Tuxtepec, to which he had acceded when he pronounced against Lerdo. Accordingly, in September, 1880, Gonzales, who was the candidate favored by Diaz, was declared elected President, and in the following December assumed the office. It had been Gonzales, by the way, who, next to Diaz himself, had most strenuously favored the establishment of railway communication between Mexico and the United States. Through the whole term of his Administration peace reigned in the Mexican republic and the advance of the country in prosperity and order was unprecedented. The railway undertakings which Diaz had subsidized were carried into effect during the rule of Gonzales, who, notwithstanding the poverty of the treasury, provided the money required to pay the heavy installments. Under his government no company was left unpaid, and the treasury for the first time had a perfect system of accounting. Nevertheless, he became unpopular in his last year of office, owing to his advocacy of the proposed convention for the payment of British bond owners. At the Presidential election which took place in September, 1884, Diaz was chosen because Gonzales was known to desire his election.

Diaz was inaugurated on Dec. 1, 1884. The events of his last administration are undoubtedly still fresh in the mind of the reader. We will only recall the fact that the Constitutional amendment published in May, 1878 (providing for the non-reélection of Presidents), was reversed not long before the expiration of the second term of Diaz, who was thus made immediately eligible for a third term. M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

M. Jenkins has just republished "La Neuvaine de Colette," a charming little novel, which has only recently made its appearance in Paris in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

William R. Jenkins sends us "La Langue Française, Seconde Partie," by Paul Bercy. It is a sort of resumé in twenty-five chapters of the history, literature, and art of France, written in such simple and easy French that no beginner in that language can fail to be instructed and interested by it.

"Gentle Breadwinners," by Catherine Owen (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is the story of a young woman, gently bred, who, finding herself at the death of her father almost penniless, is enabled to support herself by making pastry, sweetmeats, and the like. It is, in fact, a cookery book, and a very good one.

Ward & Downey publish the third edition of "Mad," a novel, by the Marquis Biddle-Cope, which seems to have had some popularity in England. The pictures of American people and manners which are introduced bear a strong family resemblance to those which English novelists used to invent half a century ago.

"Uncle Rutherford's Attic," by Joanna H. Mathews ("Frederic A. Stokes"), is a well-constructed story of girl life, interesting from the first page to the last, and of which the action is animated and continuous. The plot is so ingenious that the reader's curiosity will be piqued until the final development is reached.

Mrs. J. Ringer has translated from the French of the Abbé Elie Méric, Professor of Moral Theology at the Sorbonne, Paris, a little book entitled "The Blessed will Know Each Other in Heaven" (Catholic Publication Society Company). It is written in a spirit of fervid piety and unwavering faith, and will be appreciated by all orthodox Christians.

John B. Alden sends us a new and enlarged edition of "The Story of the Earth and Man," by Sir J. W. Dawson, principal of McGill University, Montreal, an excellent elementary treatise on geology; also a reprint of "The Planetary and Stellar Worlds," by the late Gen. Ormsby MacKnight Mitchel, originally published forty years ago, and highly appreciated at the time.

Under the title of "What Shall we Do with It?" (meaning the surplus) the Harpers publish in pamphlet form President Cleveland's last message, Mr. Blaine's Paris interview reported in the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Watterson's paper, "The Tariff—For Revenue Only," and that by Senator Edmunds, entitled, "The Tariff for Protection and Development." These are all important papers, which are destined to be frequently consulted during the approaching political campaign.

"Requiescant" (Catholic Publication Society Company) is the title of a volume prepared by Mary E. S. Leathley for the daily use of those who love to remember the faithful departed. Canon Murname, who writes the introduction, describes it as "a birthday book of the dead, which will remind us of the days when we must send our spiritual gifts to those who have entered into their true life. In it will be recorded, on the anniversaries, the names of those 'who are gone to sleep before us with the sign of faith, and sleep in the sleep of peace.'"

Mr. W. Beatty-Kingston, for many years foreign correspondent of an influential London journal, is the author of a readable volume entitled "Monarchs I Have Met" (Harpers). The monarchs comprise almost every crowned head of celebrity who has reigned in Europe during the last twenty years, including Pope Pius IX. and three Sultans, with the Shah of Persia and the Khedive Ismail thrown in. The author saw these personages generally on occasions of public importance, and his volume offers ample evidence that they were gentlemen as well as monarchs.

Mr. Lorenzo Burge is the author of a volume entitled "Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race" (Lee & Shepard), in which the great geological epochs are not only brought into harmony with the book of Genesis, but are described with a degree of detail and certainty of information sufficient to complete at once both the theories of geology and the Scripture narrative. Ethnology is also enriched with much new material, and the history of the Aryan race is recounted for the first time, beginning fifteen thousand years before Christ, and ending with the imaginary scattering of the Aryans, B. C. 4304. As a geological, ethnological, and theological romance, the volume possesses considerable interest.

The Rev. William P. Treacy, an Irish Roman Catholic, is the author of "Irish Scholars of the Penal Days" (Fr. Pustat & Co.), a series of sketches of the period of heavy persecution endured by Irishmen and Roman Catholics, which began under the Tudors and practically extended to the close of the last century. The author is a passionate lover of his country and his Church, but exhibits his enthusiasm occasionally at the expense of good taste. When he refers to the Reformation as "the devastating monster brought forth in Germany of the pride and lust of an apostate monk," we are inclined to take other statements appearing in his book with caution.

"On the Banks of the Ouse," by Emma Marshall (E. P. Dutton & Co.), is a story of life in Olney, England, a century ago, when William Cowper was still living there. Although he and his friend, John Newton, rector of Olney Church, have no part in the narrative, they figure occasionally among the *dramatis personæ* in scenes which are in harmony with the general tenor of their lives; and their appearance has afforded the author opportunities to describe some peculiar aspects of the period she has selected for illustration. The story thus assumes a sort of semi-historical character. It is religious in tone, ingenious in plot, and in some passages spirited and exciting. The various types of the squirearchy of the day seem drawn to the life.

The Harpers send us the fifth volume of "The Invasion of the Crimea," by A. W. Kinglake. Although a generation has passed away since the events here recorded took place, and although in comparison with subsequent wars that of the Crimea was of minor importance as regards its results, Mr. Kinglake has imparted a freshness and vivacity to his narrative which, in spite of its minuteness of detail, will always assure to it a prominent place among military histories. This installment of the work carries the story forward from the morrow of Inkerman in November, 1854, to the resignation, or, as the author calls it, the "fall" of Gen. Canrobert in the succeeding May, and describes the bickerings, jealousies, and intrigues which continually hampered the operations of the allied army. The part which the French Emperor took in these disturbances and his pernicious influence upon the progress of the war have never before been so clearly laid before the public.

Under the title of "The Original Mr. Jacobs" (Minerva Publishing Company), an anonymous author has produced a bitter and indecent attack upon the Jews. Scarcely a page is free from passages revealing so malignant a hatred of this much-persecuted race that the book may be said to have no value whatever. That it appeals to prejudices which are widespread, and, it is to be feared, increasing, there can be little doubt. Of Drumont's "La France Juive," on which it seems to be mainly founded, 126 editions have been sold within half a dozen years. It may be some consolation to the Jews, however, to learn that the author has not confined his assaults to them. He attacks with equal ferocity a great many people who appear to have incurred his displeasure. The result at which he arrives is that all Americans (the Hebrew probably not being considered one) should combine to compel the passage of laws forbidding Jews to enter the country. "Let all American voters," he says, "be imbued with one thought: not to permit a candidate known to have one drop of Jewish blood in his veins to be elected to any political office, even the lowest." This is a sample specimen of the stuff which this anonymous slanderer spreads before his readers. He has all the hatred and jealousy of the Russian and German Jew baiters, without the courage, and, fortunately, without the opportunity, to carry his designs into execution. His volume is one which is capable of doing a great deal of harm, and should be shunned by all decent and self-respecting men.

Huntington Smith has translated from a French version Count Leo Tolstoi's "Physiology of War" (Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.), which he calls the latest of the author's published works, although he does not indicate the date of its production. Tolstoi illustrates his views through the medium of a sketch entitled "Napoleon and the Russian Campaign," which is at once philosophical and critical. His philosophy of history involves the idea that man do not control events, but are controlled by them; and that in war, for instance, emperors, kings, and commanders are the mere creatures of circumstances—passive instruments in the hands of destiny. In this regard he considers the common soldier a more important agent than his general; the latter thinks that he directs the progress of events, but the former is the real actor. Thus, referring to Napoleon's forward march after the battle of Smolensk, and his reasons for giving battle at Borodino, he says that the Emperor acted contrary to the dictates of common sense, but adds: "The historians have brought forward an ingenious tissue of foresight and genius on the part of the commanders on both sides, whereas, in truth, these commanders were the most passive and involuntary instruments of all the involuntary instruments that ever served in the execution of great historical events." This passage fairly reflects the sentiment which underlies the whole book; it is the author's conception of the physiology of war. As a critical outline of this famous campaign, the narrative is nervously written and of no little picturesqueness of detail. Whether regarded as a whole or in detached portions, it brings the scene before the reader with a realistic force which probably no other living writer could employ, although we are not inclined to agree with the translator that Tolstoi is "the one colossal figure in contemporary literary history." His comments upon the historians of the epoch, whether French or Russian, are severe, and he frequently accuses them of flagrant and intentional misstatements. Of course, without a profound study of the subject, it is impossible to decide to what extent his charges are correct. On one point he expresses himself with a force and vehemence that will leave no doubt in the reader's mind. He holds Napoleon up to the scorn and execration of mankind in order to "show clearly to the world what a miserable object it was that men took for a force, when the invisible hand of Destiny pushed it forward."

BROOKLYN'S RAPID GROWTH.

Facts and Figures Prove that She is a Worthy Sister of New York.

Of course every place that begins as a village and reaches the importance of a city has got to grow considerably. In some the growth is steady; in others it is prompted by some favorable condition of affairs that happens only at times, and so the growth is more of a spasmodic character. But Brooklyn has grown steadily, and although it hasn't the snap or go-ahead of New York, it compares favorably with any other city in the Union. Some idea of its growth can be obtained from this table showing the number of permits for the execution of new buildings issued each year from 1882 to 1887 inclusive, and their estimated cost:

1882	2,375	$10,386,709
1883	2,688	12,036,891
1884	3,060	14,370,714
1885	3,982	19,411,042
1886	4,661	19,473,472
1887	4,246	19,983,414
Totals	20,322	$95,722,092

Last year that portion of Brooklyn known as New Lots was annexed, and it became the Twenty-sixth ward. This ward is very extensive. It is bounded by Newtown, Jamaica, Flatlands, Flatbush, and the Twenty-fourth, Twenty-fifth, and Eighteenth wards. Its voting population in 1885 was 3,176. For several years past the most extensive building operations have been in the Eighteenth, Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-fifth wards. The elevated railroad in Brooklyn gave an impetus to its growth, especially in the neighborhood of East New York, and when the Kings county and Union Elevated Railroads are completed, which will be in a short time, there will probably be a boom in real estate along the line of these roads. The former will run through Fulton street from the ferry to the city line at East New York. It will probably be in operation as far as Grand avenue about April 1. Brooklyn has a fine chance to grow, because it can spread out like a fan. There need be no crowding. The total amount of taxable property in 1887 was $362,166,063. The total value of the personal property that was subject to taxes was $14,474,591. These figures show an increase over 1886 of $22,329,642. The value of the real estate in the First ward is $29,687,470. This is the richest ward in Brooklyn. It is bounded by the East River, Fulton street, Boerum place, and Atlantic avenue. About the best way to estimate the growth of a place, however, is by the increase in the Post Office business. The following table will show how Brooklyn has marched ahead in this respect:

	Gross Revenue.	Pieces handled by Carriers.
Year ending June 30, 1882	$290,717.85	29,435,154
Year ending June 30, 1883	340,522 40	34,815,447
Year ending June 30, 1884	367,047 35	40,030,934
Year ending June 30, 1885	377,879 87	46,230,214
Year ending June 30, 1886	418,559 05	53,893,506
Year ending June 30, 1887	490,490 02	67,942,792
Increase in 1887 over 1882	76,930 97	14,048,286

Brooklyn is rich in clubs and in all kinds of sporting associations. She is supported in a large measure by money earned in this city. She is a nice town, and no fault must be found with her on that account.

Spurgeon Doesn't Know Her.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Feb. 6.—In an interview with a Memphis *Avalanche* representative in December, Miss Emma Abbott, among other things, said:

"Among the best friends I have ever had are enrolled Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Chapin, Dr. Talmage, Dr. Swing, and Mr. Spurgeon. These were not of the ophthalmic or any profession carries with it danger to good morals."

When the Rev. W. A. Candler saw this he sent a copy of the interview to Mr. Spurgeon, and asked him regarding his being a friend to the stage. Mr. Spurgeon's answer has been received, and he says:

"So far as I can charge memory, I have never before heard of Miss Abbott. I am decidedly of the opinion that the stage is the enemy both of good morals and religion. It has not improved this lady's truthfulness if she mentioned me as enrolled among her friends. She may be a very excellent person, but I know nothing of her. Yours truly

"C. H. SPURGEON."

Poesy Nipped in the Bud.

Mr. Waldo—So you don't care for poetry, Miss Breezy?

Miss Breezy—No; I acquired a great distaste for it in early life.

Mr. Waldo—Indeed! How so?

Miss Breezy—Parsing Milton's "Paradise Lost."

POEMS WORTH READING.

Not Quite Sure.

From Harper's Bazar.

Sweetest, raise those magic eyes,
With their blue fire all alight;
Let me hold your hand in mine,
As I clasped it, dear, last night.
By the lilacs in the garden,
Where the moonbeams shimmered white,
Ah, my sweet, your beauty seemed to pierce my whole soul through—
No—how stupid! I'm forgetting! It was Susy, and not you!

Sweetest, but I see you still,
With your lashes shining wet,
When they bore me wounded home:
Ah, I see your anguish yet.
I have loved you from that morning—
No, dear me! how I forget!
That was Essie with the lashes, and not you; or was it Ruth?
Was it you? I can't remember which it was, to tell the truth.

Love's Ways.

From Scribner's Magazine.

Two paths hath Love for entering lovers' feet,
And one is broad and fair and very sweet,
And every grace of song and flower hath;
The other is a straight and narrow path,
Where stones and brambles choke the bitter way,
And songs it hath, but never one is gay;
And some who enter are with roses bound,
And some with thorns, but none may go uncrowned;
And yet both ways are thronged with eager feet,
And voices, gay and sad, chant—Love is sweet.

HENRIETTA CHRISTIAN WRIGHT.

Amy's Hat.

From Good Housekeeping.

Of Amy's latest hat I sing,
The marvel fashion's mandate made;
The velvet soft, the jaunty wing,
And all the beauty there displayed.
A dream of lace, a satin fold,
A dash of silk of finest weft,
And, on the upturned brim, behold
The golden arrow Cupid left!
Oh, work of art! The sweetest thing
That o'er on woman's *coiffure* sat—
Enough to make a seraph sing—
A paragon, fair Amy's hat!

The quaint calash of long ago,
The pokes and heds of other days,
Were, though adorned with frill and bow,
Less calculated to amaze;
And yet, methinks, our granddames grave,
Whose mien the Pilgrim church begat,
However demure they might behave,
Down in their hearts could not but rave
O'er lovely Amy's dainty hat!

The milliner had done her best;
Remained there one thing to attach—
Does your mind at once suggest
The loveliest girl on earth to match?
Need there is none to search earth through,
Nor seek in distant lands for that;
The one thing needful, *entre nous*—
Behold it, under Amy's hat!

Ill Effect of a Wrong Habit.

From the Boston Courier.

Oh, weak alike are pen and tongue
To picture Angelina's graces!
The amorous poets who have sung
Of fairy forms and angel faces
Ne'er looked upon a face so sweet,
An eye so bright, a lip so rosy,
A form so lovely, so complete—
Of female charms so fair a posy.

The beauty of her face entwies
The summer garlands rich adorning;
The tint her cheek and chin dyes
Is like the new-blown rose at morning.
Her tresses, black as jet, caress
A neck as white as alabaster;
Who looks upon her loveliness
Looks surely to his heart's disaster.

But not the beauty of her form,
Or face which every eye ravishes,
Is Angelina's chiefest charm,
Her sweet disposition more bewitches.
Her smile is like the morning's eye
When opening spring the earth rejoices,
And like the richest melody
Of birds the music of her voice is.

But was there ever woman yet
Could stand a critical inspection?
Since Eve as made who ever met
One wholly free from imperfection?
And Angelina—unless we err—
This maiden, fairer than Aurora,
Has her defect: when she's asleep
She is a most tremendous snorer.

Bravest of the Brave.

From the Boston Transcript.

I see no more the gray and blue
'At I seed in the war I fit into;
But I see in the papers now an' then
'At they're fightin' it still with the cold steel pen.

An' I read 'em all, and I often think
'At in all this effusion of gallant ink,
How every one of 'em just love to out
The name of the bravest man 'at fout.

They's fellers a writin' about the war
'At nobody never knowed before,
And ne'er a word, you understand,
'Bout Corp'l Alexander Rand.

In every paper, West and East,
Them wri es the most as it the least;
But there was sheets and carnage when
Brave Corp'l Rand led on his men.

When Grant was in that awful mess
A fightin' in the Wilderness,
Says Meade, "Who bears the battle's heft?"
Says Grant, "It's Rand 'at holds the left."

When rebeldom was out of jint,
An' Lincoln came from City Pint,
"Well, well!" says he with honest joy,
"There's Corp'l Rand of Bellincy."

An' yet I ain't nor you ain't seen
His pictur' in a magazine;
The bravest man 'at ever drored
In any cause a soljer's sword.

The sharpest keenest, bravest man
To plan, or execute a plan;
Ef long as time his fame don't stand
My name ain't Alexander Rand.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

The Fool's Prayer.

From the Independent.

The royal feast was done; the king
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grim he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept,
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung;
The word we had not sense to say,
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh! in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The king, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

E. R. SILL.

The Genius of the Bottle.

From the Pioneer Press.

There's a queer little bottle stands here on my desk,
It is shaped like a boat and is quite picturesque.
With a figure-head just the least trifle grotesque.

It holds in its depths, though you never may know it,
And I may not readily be able to show it,
The treasures of romancer, pandit, and poet.

There are staid, sober facts for the solemn and wise,
And fables for those who like truth in disguise;
There are sweet dreams and fancies that point to the skies.

There are songs that are sweet as the voice of the lark,
There are jests that belong to the days of the ark,
There are arrows of wit that fly straight to the mark.

And tales of devotion and honor and truth,
And stories of danger and beauty and ruth,
That quicken the pulse in the bosom of youth.

There are truths that flash out like a sword in the fight,
That shine like a star in the darkness of night,
To guide straying feet from the wrong to the right.

There are sweet psalms of faith, full many I ween,
And balsam for sorrow, and praises serene,
And gentle words of cheer wherein weakness may lean.

All this in the bottle, although I can't prove it,
And the Genius stands there in his glory above it,
This strange little bottle. Ah, me! how I love it!

And whatever he gives of its marvellous store,
With pride that is humble I bring to your door,
And grateful and happy I pray evermore,

O Genius that stands on this strange bottle's brink,
O aid me forever and ever to link
My heart to the world in this bottle of ink.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

Chairley Burke's in Town.

From the Indianapolis Journal.

It's Chairley Burke's in town, boys! down til Jamesy's Place,
Wid a bran' new shave upon 'um, an' the fhwhiskers aff his face;
He's quit the section gang last night, and yez can chalk it down,
There's going to be the divil's time, sence Chairley Burke's in town.

It's treatin' iv'ry boy he is, an' poundin' on the bar
Till iv'ry man he's drinkin' wid must shmoke a fyne cigar;
An' Miesus Murphy's little Kate, that's comin' there for beer,
Can't pay wan cint the bucketful, the whilst that Chairley's here!

He's jumpin' o'er the tops of shtools, the both forninst an' back
He'll have yez pick the blessed flure, an' walk the straightest crack!
He's littin' barrels wid his teeth, an' singin' "Garry Owen,"
Till all the house be shtrikin' hands, sence Chairley Burke's in town.

The road yard hands comes dhroppin' in, an' niver sols' back
An' there's two freights upon the switch, the wan on the other track,
An' Mr. Geary, from the shops, he's mad enough to swear,
An' durst not spake a word, but grin, the whilst that Chairley's there!

Oh! it's Chairley! Chairley! Chairley Burke! ye divil, wid yer ways
O' dhrivin' all the throubles aff the dark an' gloomy days!
Ohone! that it's meself, wid all the grief I have to shhrown,
Must lave me, pick to reshk a bit, since Chairley Burke's in town!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

DUMAS AND HIS SILENT PARTNER.

A Remarkable Story of Joint Authorship.

LONDON, Jan. 26.—There is hardly a Frenchman living who has not read, and read again, the books of Alexandre Dumas père. There are not many English or American youths who have not, either in the original, if they are sufficiently good French scholars, or in such translations as they can procure, greedily devoured the apparently endless list of his books forming a complete whole. These may not be severely and historically correct, but I do not hesitate to affirm that from them have been gathered more lasting and vivid impressions of the history of France and England than were ever conveyed by the arduous study of Hume or Anquetil. If the rising generation, in its eagerness for novelties, should turn away from Dumas's books as old-fashioned, it is, in its ignorance, deserving of more pity than blame; for the loss will be the reader's. Nowhere will he find the same living presentment of illustrious names, the brilliant recital of deeds of adventure and bravery, of warfare and love; nowhere more dash and daring. "Monte Cristo" will ever stand out as the most perfect novel written. Dumas's heroes have not only lived in fiction, they have trod the stage, and during forty years testified to the marvellous imagination of their creator.

But while rendering the homage which is his due, it is well to remember his faithful, devoted, untiring partner and collaborator. There has just died in Paris, after a short illness, a modest, unassuming man of 75, who was through many long years Dumas's left hand, who bore patiently with his obscurity, and rendered services publicly unacknowledged with constant conscientiousness.

Auguste Maquet, for it was he, resembled in person one of the heroes who were partly his creation. He had the clean-cut face, the eagle eye, the brisk energy of d'Artagnan; he was also refined and educated, one of the last gentlemen of letters whom we have known. Early in his career he threw his destiny in with Alexandre Dumas. In the shadow of that brilliant reputation he wrote his share of the long epopee of the Mousquetaires, as well as of the series of novels of which each new one ever seemed the sequel of the last, beginning with "Queen Margot" and ending with the "Forty-five."

At first the world did not even suspect this silent collaboration. It was only in 1846 that a few intimate literary friends of both authors became aware of it; but still Dumas continued to sign his works alone, not so much to gratify his own vanity, but as a matter of business, the publishers recognizing the marketable value of his name as compared with Maquet's. But there came a day when he refused to accept any longer the sole benefits of the association, and the occasion he selected to proclaim his indebtedness to his friend was that of the first night of the first play taken from one of their books.

Every one knows that it is the habit in France at the end of a first performance for the curtain to rise again so as to allow the actor filling the principal part to come down to the footlights and address the audience in the stereotyped words: "Gentlemen and Ladies: The piece we had the honor of acting before you is by * * *" (naming the author). When the "Youth of the Mousquetaires" had ended in a storm of applause, and Melingue, the great comedian—who was also a sculptor of merit, and in a later play modelled a statuette on the stage every night—was standing at the wings waiting to make the customary announcement, Alexandre Dumas whispered a few words in his ear, and then returning to Maquet said hurriedly:

"Is your mother in the house?"

"Yes," answered Maquet, surprised.

"Well, look at her when