## SOME NEW BOOKS.

### The Library of American Literature—Second Article: Revolutionary Period.

Although there is one great name—that of Jonathan Edwards—in the record of colonial intellectual activity, it is in the epoch from 1765 to 1787 that we first behold the flowering of an admirable and enduring American literature. It is, to be sure, a literature somewhat narrowly confined to the dominant feeling and thought of the time—a time racked with revolution and the birth throes of a nation, and almost exclusively intent on the scrutiny, the formulation, and the vindication of fundamental principles of government and social aggregation. But when we reflect upon the outcome of these deliberations, expositions, and conclusions, the first lasting embodiment of the federative principle on a great scale that the world has seen, we may well doubt whether the political literature of the epoch will not longer command the deference and study of European thinkers than any product of the American mind which has since seen the light.

Any editors familiar with the political writings of the Revolutionary and Constitution making period, and competent to make selections representing the trend and quality of American thought and discussion at a most critical epoch, must, before engaging in their task, have formed definite opinions regarding the pivotal question of centralization versus State rights. No student of the times, in other words, can well escape being either a Federalist or a Jeffersonian Democrat. It was, therefore, to be apprehended that in citations from controversial works the editors of the present compilation would give a fuller and more forcible exposition to the views in which they concur. Nor are we prepared to say that some readers of the volume now before us might not have liked to see more space allotted to the incisive and prophetic criticisms on the Federal Constitution advanced in the State Conventions of Massachusetts, New York, Virginia, and North Carolina. Others may perhaps regret the omission of extracts from the Kentucky and Virginia resolutions, respectively composed by Jefferson and Madison when the present Union was only about ten years old, and which, however untenable their main positions have been made by the outcome of the civil war, are memorable historical documents, and not unworthy of their authors in respect of literary form. It is not to be inferred, however, that any conscious intention to exhibit mainly the Federalist conception of government is discernible in these selections. On the contrary, the ideas which were to be known as Jeffersonian, and were to constitute the creed of the Democratic party, are distinctly outlined in passages from the writings or speeches of Jefferson and Madison, of Luther Martin of Maryland, and of Tom Paine. It is some of these excerpts that we mean to reproduce, because, being relatively few and brief, they might not at the first glance catch the attention of the reader of this cyclopædic work.

The first of the extracts which we shall make from the score of pages devoted to Jefferson is from a letter to P. Mazzei on the political condition of the United States. We will only premise that the letter was written in 1796, when Washington was still President, although his second term of office was drawing to a close. "The aspect of our politics," Jefferson tells his correspondent, "has wonderfully changed since you left us. In place of that noble love of liberty and republican Government which carried us triumphantly through the war, an Anglican, monarchical, aristocratical party has sprung up, whose avowed object is to draw over us the substance, as they have already done the forms, of the British Government. The main body of our citizens, however, remain true to their republican principles; the whole landed interest is republican, and so is a great mass of talents. Against us are the Executive, the Judiciary, two out of three branches of the Legislature, all the officers of the Government, all who want to be officers, all timid men who prefer the calm of despotism to the boisterous sea of liberty, British merchants and Americans trading on British capital, speculators and holders in the banks and public funds, a contrivance invented for the purposes of corruption and for assimilating us in all things to the rotten as well as the sound parts of the British model. It would give you a fever were I to name to you the apostates who have gone over to these heresies, men who were Samsons in the field and Solomons in the council, but who have had their heads shorn by the harlot England."

The other passage outlines Jefferson's opinion of the parts taken in public life, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution, by his two most eminent opponents, John Adams and Hamilton. The latter was, he says, "indeed a singular character. Of acute understanding, disinterested, honest, and honorable in all private transactions, amiable in society, and duly valuing virtue in private life, yet so bewitched and perverted by the British example as to be under thorough conviction that corruption was essential to the government of a nation. Mr. Adams had originally been a republican. The glare of royalty and nobility during his mission to England had made him believe their fascination a necessary ingredient in government; and Shay's rebellion, not sufficiently understood where he then was, seemed to prove that the absence of want and oppression was not a sufficient guarantee of order. His book on the American Constitutions having made known his political bias, he was taken up by the monarchical Federalists in his absence, and on his return to the United States he was by them made to believe that the general disposition of our citizens was favorable to monarchy. He here wrote his 'Davila' as a supplement to a former work, and his election to the Presidency confirmed him in his errors. Innumerable addresses, too, artfully and industriously poured in upon him, deceived him into a confidence that he was on the pinnacle of popularity, when the gulf was yawning at his feet which was to swallow up him and his deceivers. For when Gen. Washington was withdrawn, these *energumeni* of royalism, kept in check hitherto by the dread of his honesty, his firmness, his patriotism, and the authority of his name, now mounted on the car of State and free from control, like Phaeton on that of the sun, drove headlong and wild, looking neither to right nor left, nor regarding anything but the objects they were driving at, until, displaying these fully, the eyes of the nation were opened, and a general disbandment of them from the public councils took place."

Among the extracts from the writings of James Madison we find a well-known contribution to the *Federalist* (written in 1788), in which the author, who had been active among the framers of the Constitution, discusses the question whether, under the proposed Union, the State Governments would be in danger from the Federal power. At this time Mr. Madison answered the question in the negative, but how decidedly his opinions were to change in less than twelve years would be clear to the reader had the Virginia resolutions, which were also the product of his pen, been included in this volume. But the editors have given us a noteworthy passage from a celebrated letter to Daniel Webster, written in 1833, in which it will be noticed that Madison plants himself on precisely the same ground with respect to the right of secession subsequently taken by Buchanan in his message of December, 1860. It will also be observed that Madison, who certainly in all questions touching the intentions of the framers of the Constitution was a higher authority than any man belonging to a younger generation—seeing that he took an important part in the debates of the Federal Convention of 1787—assails Webster's main position that the Union was a compact between the people of the United States in their collective capacity, and maintains, on the contrary, that it was a contract between States previously sovereign. We subjoin the most pertinent portions of this memorable letter: "Dear Sir: I return my thanks for the copy of your late very powerful speech in the Senate of the United States. It crushes 'nullification' and must hasten the abandonment of 'secession.' But this dodges the blow by confounding the claim to secede at will with the right of seceding from intolerable oppression. The former answers itself, being a violation without cause of a faith solemnly pledged. The latter is another name only for *revolution*, about which there is no theoretic controversy." This was precisely the distinction that Buchanan drew. Madison goes on to say that Webster's apparent confusion of ideas has been to some extent promoted "by mixing itself with the question whether the Constitution of the United States was formed by the people or by the States, now under a theoretical discussion by animated partisans. It is fortunate when disputed theories can be decided by undisputed facts. And here the undisputed fact is that the Constitution was made by the people, but *as embodied into the several States who were parties to it*, and therefore made *by the States* in their highest authoritative capacity. They might by the same authority and by the same process have converted the Confederacy to a mere league or treaty; or continued it with enlarged or abridged powers, or have embodied the people of their respective States into one people, nation, or sovereignty; or, as they did by a mixed form, make them one people, nation, or sovereignty for certain purposes and not for others." Later, in the same letter, Madison adds that "the only distinctive effect between the two modes of forming a constitution by the authority of the people is that, *if formed by them as embodied into separate communities, as in the case of the Constitution of the United States*, a dissolution of the constitutional compact would replace them in the condition of separate communities, that being the condition in which they entered into the compact; whereas, if formed by the people as one (collective) community, acting as such by a numerical majority, a dissolution of the compact would reduce them to a state of nature, as so many individual persons." This argument by Madison never has, and probably never can be, met by argument, although it seems to have been refuted by events. Indeed, it might be possible to prove that a majority of the people in the most populous States voted against the adoption of the Constitution when they met in their primaries to elect delegates to the State Conventions, and that, in finally accepting the instrument, these delegates frustrated the known intentions of their principals. At all events, we thank the editors for reprinting this pregnant letter of Madison's. The time has gone by when our Constitution could be spoken of as an inspired and inviolable document. It has already received fifteen amendments, and should it receive more it might be all the better fitted to carry out the fundamental principles of representative Government. The overworked veto power of the President, and the unpopular method of electing Senators, are anachronisms and obstructions that, sooner or later, the common sense of the real Democrats and real Republicans will sweep away.

It will be remembered that Luther Martin was one of the most strenuous opponents of the present Constitution in the Federal Convention, and that he afterward did his utmost to prevent the sanction of it by the State of Maryland. The following excerpt from a speech made by him before the Maryland Legislature in 1788 shows that he differed from Madison as regarded the significance of the preamble and the process of ratification. He thought that the preamble should not run "We, the people," &c., but, "We, the States," &c., and that the question of accepting or rejecting the Constitution should have been submitted, not to State Conventions, but to the State Legislatures. Madison, as we have seen, thought that this was a distinction without a difference, and that in any case the States must be held to have acted in their several capacities, through their Conventions. It is astonishing to mark how clearly Martin foresaw that a huge edifice of centralizing deductions would be reared upon a detail which some of his colleagues had dismissed as insignificant. "I was of opinion," he tells the Maryland Legislature, "that everything which relates to the formation, the dissolution, or the alteration of the Federal Government over States equally free, sovereign, and independent, is the peculiar province of the States in their sovereign or political capacity, and that people have no more right to interfere in the one case than in the other. That according to these principles we originally acted in forming our confederation [Martin, of course, means the original confederation framed in 1778]; it was the States as States, by their representatives in Congress, that formed the articles of confederation; it was the States as States, by their Legislatures, who ratified those articles, and it was there established and provided that the States as States, that is, by their Legislatures, should agree to any alterations that should hereafter be proposed by the Federal Government before they should be binding—and any alterations agreed to in any other manner cannot release the States from the obligation they are under to each other by virtue of the original articles of confederation." There is no doubt that the original articles of confederation drawn up in 1778 were made and sanctioned in the way described by Martin, and it is equally indisputable that the present Constitution was expected and understood to be merely an alteration of those original articles. But it is obvious that Martin's premises would lead him to the conclusion that our present Constitution has not been properly ratified by the real parties thereto, and that its best title to obedience is a title by prescription. Let us hear Martin further on the subject: "The people of the different States never made any objection to the manner in which the articles of confederation were formed or ratified, or to the mode by which alterations were to be made in that Government—with the rights of their respective States they wished not to interfere. Nor do I believe the people in their individual capacity would ever have expected or desired to have been appealed to on the present occasion, in violation of the rights of their respective States, if the favorers of the proposed Constitution, imagining they had a better chance of forcing it to be adopted by a hasty appeal to the people at large (who could not be so good judges of the dangerous consequences), had not insisted upon this mode. Nor do these positions in the least interfere with the principle that all power originates from the people, because, when once the people have exercised their power in establishing and forming themselves into a State Government, it never devolves back to them, nor have they the right to resume or again to exercise that power until such events take place as will amount to a dissolution of their State Government; and it is an established principle that a dissolution or alteration of a Federal Government doth not dissolve the State Governments which compose it. It was also my opinion that, upon principles of sound policy, the agreement or disagreement to the proposed system ought to have been by the State Legislatures, in which case, let the event have been what it would, there would have been but little prospect of the public peace being disturbed thereby. Whereas the attempt to force down this system, although Congress and the respective State Legislatures should disapprove, by appealing to the people, and to procure its establishment in a manner totally unconstitutional, has a tendency to set the State Governments and their subjects at variance with each other—to lessen the obligations of government—to weaken the bands of society—to introduce anarchy and confusion—and to light the torch of discord and of civil war throughout this continent. All these considerations weighed with me most forcibly against giving my assent to the mode by which it is resolved that this system is to be ratified, and were urged by me in opposition to the measure." Who can say that at some possibly not distant epoch, when the people of this country are awakened to the fact that more than one European nation is living under a system more thoroughly conforming than their own to the ideal of democratic and representative government, the argument of Luther Martin may not be restated in the following way? The original articles of confederation, formed in 1778, prescribed the method of their amendment. That prescription was violated when those articles were superseded by the present Constitution. Now we find this Constitution, in its turn, prescribing the method of its own alteration. But what is to hinder the people, in their sovereign capacity, from reverting to the process followed in 1787-89, and, by a combination of State Conventions, substituting a new organic Federal law for that which now unites us? Why would it be more wrongful to now disregard prescriptions touching the mode of amending the existing Constitution than it was a hundred years ago to disregard analogous prescriptions in the superseded articles of confederation?

Another striking paper reproduced in this volume is the report of a speech made by Oliver Ellsworth in 1788 to the Connecticut Convention called to determine whether the State would accept the Federal Constitution. He aimed to defend the power given by the Constitution to the Federal Government to levy duties upon imports, and to this end he insists that a tariff is the proper source of national revenue; and he distinctly gives his hearers to understand that, so long as the public income from this source could be made adequate to the public needs, the Federal Government would not and should not resort to other methods of taxation. Plainly Oliver Ellsworth, were he now alive, would hold that Congress, if it wished to carry out the intentions of the fathers, ought to look upon the so-called internal revenue as essentially a war tax, which ought to be abolished before any reduction of the income from customs duties should be attempted.

There are naturally many extracts from the writings of Franklin in this volume. One, however, of singular importance is omitted, and that is the pamphlet written in answer to another attributed, we know not how correctly, to Edmund Burke, and warning the British Government that if they drove the French out of Canada the American colonies would speedily rebel. It is well known that the Duc de Choiseul made the same prediction, and on that ground urged the English Ministers, in the negotiations preceding the peace of 1763, to accept the Island of Guadaloupe in lieu of Canada. The reader might have liked to see the arguments by which Franklin undertook to discredit this prophecy, and which, unluckily for England, prevailed.

There is a good deal of Revolutionary poetry commended to a scarcely deserved remembrance in this compilation. But none of these crude war lyrics is comparable on the score of real feeling or of technical merit to the following lines by St. George Tucker, who died in Nelson county, Virginia, in 1827, at the age of 75. With these stanzas, entitled "Days of My Youth," we take leave of the present instalment of the "Library of American Literature:"

Days of my youth,
Ye have glided away;
Hairs of my youth,
Ye are frosted and gray;
Eyes of my youth,
Your keen sight is no more;
Cheeks of my youth,
Ye are furrowed all o'er;
Strength of my youth,
All your vigor is gone;
Thoughts of my youth,
Your gay visions are flown.

Days of my youth,
I wish not your recall;
Hairs of my youth,
I'm content ye should fall;
Eyes of my youth,
You much evil have seen;
Cheeks of my youth,
Bathed in tears have you been;
Thoughts of my youth,
You have led me astray;
Strength of my youth,
Why lament your decay?

Days of my age,
Ye will shortly be past;
Pains of my age,
Yet awhile ye can last;
Joys of my age,
In true wisdom delight;
Eyes of my age,
Be religion your light.
Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.

M. W. H.

### Mrs. Cooke's Poems.

The immense number of poems continually presented to the public are usually written in defiance of the fact that the art of making poetry good enough to be worth reading is a rare art. One of the most apparent conclusions regarding the majority of the verses which swarm in the magazines and appear in the numerous volumes that issue perennially from the press, is that if one man had not written them another man could, so essentially commonplace are they, and so predetermined are the courses in which ordinary modern verse runs.

A book of original poetry is all the more welcome, therefore, because it is unexpected, and the *Poems of* ROSE TERRY COOKE (W. S. Gottsberger), now collected in one volume, are a source of this unwonted pleasure. Mrs. Cooke's productions are too limited in quantity and too variable in quality for her to be called a great poet, but a spontaneous, a charming, and a rare poet she undoubtedly is. She has a keen and most sensitive appreciation of beauty, quickly responsive feeling, and a grace of thought which always delights because it is not only fine but unique. Her productions differ greatly in merit. All are delicately turned and carefully finished, but among them there is occasionally one, such as "The Fishing Song," "Rêve du Midi," or "The Two Villages," which adds to these traits a glint of that unknown quantity which we call genius—a poem which is really exquisite, and so purely the offspring of its author's peculiar inspiration that we recognize that but for her it must have gone forever unwritten. We pay the highest tribute to Mrs. Cooke when we say that such a chance would have been a real loss to that great body of true poetry which deserves to live.

### Mr. James's Essays.

A volume of literary and critical essays by Mr. HENRY JAMES is just published with the title of *Partial Portraits* (Macmillan). Mr. Emerson, Mrs. Lewes, Anthony Trollope, Mr. Stevenson, Alphonse Daudet, M. de Maupassant, and Turgenieff are in turn subjected to the keen yet genial analysis and the sympathetic appreciation of this admirable writer.

There is no book of the kind in recent literature which one can read with more pleasure or instruction. Mr. James's judgment is broad and unprejudiced, his style unaffected, elegant, and felicitous, and his estimate of the authors he discusses rational and satisfactory.

Perhaps the most difficult among his present subjects is M. de Maupassant; and, while he omits from his view no quality of this remarkable story teller, and never praises anything that does not merit praise, he yet condemns frankly the faults which require condemnation, and sums up with entire justice one of the most brilliant and sometimes the most pessimist characters of recent French literature.

### BOOK NOTES.

"Ignorant Essays," by Richard Dowling (Appletons), is the title of a volume of papers on a variety of subjects, which will agreeably beguile a leisure hour.

Charles E. Houghtaling of Albany publishes "Who Will Be Our Next President?" a useful pocket manual for the Presidential campaign of 1888, crammed with statistics.

"The Residuary Legatee," by F. J. Stimson (Scribners), is a prettily told story, with a quaint and ingenious plot, republished from Scribner's Magazine.

A volume likely to prove of great service to the statistician is Mr. Charles F. Pidgin's "Practical Statistics" (the William E. Smythe Company), which may be said to mark an epoch in the development of this science.

The Scribners' publish volume I. of the third edition of the well-known "Philosophia Ultima, or Science of the Sciences," by Prof. Charles Woodruff Shields of Princeton College. It is now issued in an abridged and more popular form, and in some respects has been recast.

Novello, Ewer & Co. publish a "Review of the New York Musical Season," by H. E. Krehbiel. For completeness of detail and candor of statement it deserves high praise, although the author's sympathy with the Wagnerian music and the works of German composers in general will probably not prove satisfactory to all classes of readers.

Dismissing certain improbabilities and inconsistencies in the plot, "A Slave of Circumstances," by Ernest De Lancey Pierson (Belford, Clarke & Co.), is an animated and dramatic story, with clever delineations of character and many interesting situations, which will hold the attention of the reader from the first page to the last.

To the list of histories of American Commonwealths, edited by Horace E. Scudder and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., has just been added "Missouri, a Bone of Contention," by Lucien Carr. The author has done his work in a very thorough manner, and produced an animated and even picturesque narrative, in which the dramatic incidents in Missouri history receive due attention.

Under the title of "Abraham Lincoln, a Biography for Young People" (Putnams), Mr. Noah Brooks has produced a book which is pretty sure to find favor with juvenile readers. The author, while expressing his obligations to Lamon, Nicolay, Hay, and other biographers of Lincoln, from whom many of his facts are taken, announces that for a number of years he was on intimate terms with the subject of his memoir, particularly during the last three or four years of his life, and that many of the incidents of Lincoln's early career, related in this volume, were taken down from the latter's lips. The book is well written.

In his "Nymph of the West" (Appletons) Mr. Howard Seely has presented a lively and picturesque, if somewhat highly colored, study of life on the ranch and the range in western Texas, with which region, as well as with the habits of its people, he appears to be unusually familiar. Cynthia Dallas, the heroine, is a fresh and original conception—a frank, high-minded girl, with enough of the innocent coquetry of her sex to make her almost irresistible, and who affects no drawing room manners, but speaks the homely dialect of her father and neighbors. Some of the incidents of the story are suggestive of the humorous exaggerations observable in certain dramas of Western life which have proved popular on the American stage; but such types of character as Alcides Dallas, Cynthia's father, and Sheriff Ike Mosely are peculiar to the Southwest, and appear to be to the manner born or bred. The pictures of Texas scenery in the spring time are very attractive.

The anonymous author of "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder" (Harpers) has produced an unusually felicitous example of that class of story known in fiction as the marvellous. In ingenuity of construction, in fertility of invention, and in the success with which he causes the impossible to appear natural and probable, he may take rank with his brilliant contemporary, H. Rider Haggard. The story turns upon the discovery by some English yachtsmen in she South Atlantic, of a metal cylinder floating near their vessel, which contains a roll of papyrus. This proves to be a narrative of the adventures of Adam More, mate of a British merchantman, who is lost on a desolate, ice-bound coast, within the antarctic circle, and, after some strange experiences, reaches a semi-tropical region lying within the flattened space of the south pole, where he encounters strange animals and still stranger men and women. The latter possess habits, qualities, and morals which are as diverse from those of civilized man as the poles are separated from each other. Where we shun death they court it, and it is an act of mercy and beneficence to put to death a neighbor and release him from the ills and sufferings of life. Wars waged with vindictiveness become, therefore, impossible with them, since the combatants are animated by benevolent motives only. While we seek to acquire wealth these people struggle to become paupers, and whereas we hate darkness they enjoy it, and take refuge in caverns to avoid the light of day. In close connection with the author's fanciful creations there is noticeable a fine play of irony and humor, which lends a special charm to the story. The latter is full of movement, and even in the more exciting passages the exaggeration necessarily employed has no effect in wearying the reader's attention. The volume contains a number of spirited illustrations by Gilbert Gaul.

The Standard Book Company publish in a large and handsome volume "American Fishes" by G. Brown Goode, assistant Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, and an ichthyologist of extended reputation. It may be considered the most complete general treatise on the subject yet produced, notwithstanding the author insists that it is impossible to make a book on American fishes which shall be in any respect exhaustive. The list of well-known fishes and of those comparatively unknown will nevertheless surprise the reader. The habits, food qualities, and methods of capturing these are described with as much detail as possible in a popular treatise, as this essentially is, and many excellent illustrations accompany the letter press. One thing especially will gratify Mr. Goode's American readers, and that is the abundance and variety of edible fishes to be found in our waters. It may be doubted whether, on the whole, any fish markets in the world excel, or even equal, those of New York, Philadelphia, or Baltimore. The industries with which the fisheries of the American coast are connected are very fully described, and it may surprise many persons to learn that the yield of the menhaden fishery in pounds of guano is triple that of any other carried on by fishermen of the United States, while it produces more oil than the whale, seal, and cod fisheries combined. So extensively is the fish also used for bait that its absence from our waters would reduce all other sea fisheries to at least one-fourth their present extent. Anglers will thank Mr. Goode for the following definition of game fishes, which strikes us as the best yet made: "A choice fish, a fish not readily obtainable by wholesale methods at all seasons of the year, nor constantly to be had in the markets—a fish, furthermore, which has some degree of intelligence and cunning, and which matches its own wits against those of the angler, requiring skill, forethought, and ingenuity to compass his capture." In connection with this subject it is to be regretted that he has not given more attention to the tarpon, a relative of the herring and the shad, and the least known, as he is the largest and most ferocious, of American game fishes.

## AN OLD PLANTER ON PROTECTION.

### An Interesting Reminiscence of English and American Axes as Affected by the Tariff.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* I have looked over the arguments on the tariff debate, and, with the exception of those by Randall and a few others, there are none that appear to possess any force to a mind that listened to and read the debates of more than half a century gone, and also enjoyed the private views of the giants of that day. After becoming a cotton planter, I often caused Mr. Clay to remark that I was the most practical exponent of his principles of any of his friends; and which theory and practice enabled me to accumulate a fortune of a million of dollars up to the commencement of the war.

I will content myself with one practical illustration: Every planter who labored in the valley of the Mississippi more than half a century ago will remember that one of his most important instruments, the axe, was an English-made, imported one, called the "Thurston axe," a most excellent, well-made, "sweet-cutting" axe, costing $25 per dozen, and after the tariff rising to $28. This continued for some years, when the American axe came into market, and, I think, "Collins's" make was the first. Prices soon after fell from one price to another, till for many years prior to 1861 I bought axes for $12 per dozen, though had it not been for the tariff we should have continued to pay England for her "Thurston axe."

That was not all. Some years after the appearance of the Collins axes, when buying hardware of my merchant in New Orleans, he proposed to sell me some axes suitable for chopping around wood piles, and offered to sell me some Thurston axes. I replied that I had no use for them, as the worn out axes answered for that purpose. He replied: "You know they were a good, sound axe, and if they were used then, why not now? I was caught with this lot on hand. I cannot sell them, and they are worthless to me, for unsaleable stock is a drug. There are only thirty or forty dozen, and if you will give me $4 a dozen you can have them." I accepted his offer. One of these axes would now be as great a curiosity in my portion of the valley of the Mississippi as a brick from the Tower of Babel.

While all will be willing to admit that the march of intellect is gigantic, and the advancing genius of the age prodigious, and even that they have centred in the giant Watterson, yet I cannot be satisfied that my old friend Henry Clay was so far inferior to the windy Watterson as not to have some idea of commerce, trade, revenue, political economy and all its branches though of course Watterson will not agree with me.

As the addle headed attempt at counterfeit still continues, I am obliged to sign myself

CHARLES G. DAMERER of Mississippi.

## POEMS WORTH READING.

### Duty.

For many years close at her side I walked,
Unquestioning I owned her rightful power;
Of her behests at morn and eve we talked,
Or took sad counsel at the midnight hour.

I dreamed of other paths more fair and wide,
Of other, nobler work I might have done;
Still with firm hand she held me at her side,
Still in the hard right path she led me on.

Till sometimes, wearied by the stern commands
She laid on me, the flesh and spirit tried
By her denials and by her demands,
Against them all in bitterness I cried.

Depart from me, O Duty, let me go,
Freed from your bondage, my own chosen way;
Unfettered and untrammelled let me know
An utter freedom henceforth from this day.

For I am tired of every useful task,
And, slipping off the yoke of every care,
I fain would be as one whom none may ask
Why I do this or that, go here or there.

Let me be free to seek the path in which
So sadly long I've seen Love waiting stand;
Let me be free to gather in the rich
Wide fields of fame whose harvests wait my hand.

There came a day—heart, hand, and brain were free
From service that so long had been their share.
O, sad, strange day, in which there fell on me
The endless sorrow of an answered prayer.

Now, if in any dear eyes I could see
Such smiles as those that once did glorify
A loving, grateful face, there would not be
A woman in the world so glad as I.

If anywhere in all my world was one
Who held, as then, no ministering so sweet
And dear as mine, how gladly would I run
To lay the utmost service at her feet.

This know I now at last all doubt beyond:
Though love is sweet, though fame hath gracious meed,
Who doth rebel 'gainst duty's sacred bond,
He knoweth not his own soul's deepest need.

Reveal thyself, O, Duty, unto all
My brothers and my sisters! Let them see
How they alone are blest who heed thy call,
How they walk life's best paths who walk with thee.

CARLOTTA PERRY.

### The Majority.

*From the Boston Transcript.*

How fare they all, they of the pallid faces,
Beyond our power to beckon their return?
How is it with them in the shadow places?
How shall we learn
Their solemn secret? How can we discover,
By any earnest seeking, the true way
Unto the knowing in what realm they hover,
In what high day,
Or in what sombre shadows of the night
They are forever hidden from our sight?

We question vainly. Yet it somehow pleases,
When they have spoken the last sad good-by,
It somehow half the pain of parting eases,
That in the sky,
In the vast solitudes of stars and spaces,
There may be consciousness and life and hope,
And that when we must yield to death's embraces,
There may be scope
For the unfolding of the better powers,
So sadly stifled in this life of ours.

TRACY ROBINSON.

### "God Save Ireland!"

*From the Dublin Nation.*

I.

Hark! the voices on the air
Singing out the anthem prayer
Of the good and true united in our cause.
Tyrants fill the land with woe,
Spreading sorrow where they go,
But we scorn them and defy their cruel laws;
"God Save Ireland" from the tyrants,
"God Save Ireland," now we pray,
And the God of truth and right
Will sustain us with His might,
And will help us to confound them in the fray!

II.

Though we hear the bitter wail
For our heroes sent to jail,
And such cruel work throughout the land is seen;
We but love the cause the more
And the heroes we adore,
And will show it by the wearing of the green.
"God Save Ireland" from the tyrants,
"God Save Ireland," now we pray,
And the God of truth and right
Will sustain us in His might,
And will help us to confound them in the fray!

III.

Hark! reëchoed o'er the sea,
Come the voices of the free,
From a mighty nation joining in our cry.
And our martyrs gone before
May still see the flag they bore,
For we proudly keep it waving in the sky!
"God Save Ireland" from the tyrants,
"God Save Ireland!" now we pray,
And the God of truth and right
Will sustain us with His might
And will help us to confound them in the fray!

IV.

Hark their tramp! a mighty host,
Ireland's Cause! their only boast,
Marching onward all oppressors to defy;
England, Scotland, Wales unite,
Marching with us for our right,
And before us all the tyrant crew must fly!
"God Save Ireland" from the tyrants,
"God Save Ireland!" now we pray,
And the God of truth and right
Will sustain us with His might
And will help us to confound them in the fray!

D. WRIGHT.

### The Children.

*From the Washington Critic.*

They are such tiny feet!
They have gone so short way to meet
The years which are required to break
Their steps to evenness, and make
Them go
More sure and slow.

They are such little hands!
Be kind; things are so new, and life but stands
A step beyond the doorway. All around
New day has found
Such tempting things to shine upon; and so
The hands are tempted oft, you know.

They are such fond, clear eyes,
That widen to surprise
At every turn! They are so often held
To sun or showers; showers soon dispelled
By looking in our face.
Love asks, for such, much grace.

They are such fair, frail gifts!
Uncertain as the rifts
Of light that lie along the sky;
They may not be here by and by.
Give them not love, but more, above
And harder, patience with the love.

### My Old Friend "The Major Green."

*From the Texas Western.*

In the sunny land of Texas, where Tom Ochiltree's at home,
Where the cowman swings the lasso and the wild jack rabbits roam,
Where hearts of gallant gentlemen are full of sand and glow,
And the prairies laugh to plenty with the tickle of the hoe,
Where the vote is always solid on the Democratic side,
And the Tariff Mills are grinding grist and thought from far and wide,
Where the mocking birds are singing on the feathery mesquite trees,
And the zephyrs soft are flinging sweetest fragrance to the breeze,
Where the rustlers from the ranches chase the wild-eyed maverick steer,
And the pitching pony prances o'er the dogs' towns far and near,
Where the antelope is grazing, thirty miles from Abilene,
There it was I met the Major, my old friend "The Majah Green."

He had led the Southern armies, when their banners floated free,
From the winding Rappahannock to the tropic Mexique Sea;
Aye, he told me wondrous stories of the days "befo the wah,"
When he "owned the pertest darkies" "that was raised in Geoja, sah;"
And he spoke about his boyhood in a "rah ole Southern town,"
On the lazy Ocamulgee, with its houses old and brown,
Where they "grew big sweet potatoes," and "the little goober vines,"
And the roses blushed forever 'neath the softly wooing pines;
But at last he came to Texas, to "the Panhandell's" frontier,
Where he "founded Ansen City" in the springtime of the year;
Then he built his little homestead, garlanded with eglantine,
Where the hollyhocks threw kisses to the fragrant jasmine;
He was bluff and stout and hearty, rather courtly in his imien,
But he had a kindly "howde" for all, had Major Green.

Perhaps he was not educated as some tenderfoot conceives,
But he scanned the books of Nature while the seasons turned the leaves;
He was very fond of hunting, that's the reason he liked me,
Many a time we roamed together o'er the prairies broad and free,
Where the Double Mountain standeth and will stand for many a day,
"Till the Seventh trumpet soundeth" and the earth shall pass away.
Oft we watched the gilded banners of the golden hours depart,
When the twilight's richest beauty sheds its shadows o'er the heart,
Soon the evening fire was kindled and we rested on the ground,
While the breathing stars shed silence o'er the wilderness profound,
Then the Major told his stories, sang some deep bass roundelay,
To his "Lily of the Valley" or "Old Dixie" far away.
Yes, his heart beat high, but kindly, square, and honest, nothing mean,
'Bout that "Vetren, sah," "the Majah," my old friend the Major Green.

Hark! the lonely doves are cooing in the weeping mesquite vale,
And the south winds sad are sighing o'er the old McKenzie trail,
For they miss that sturdy figure whose honest feet have trod
Far beyond the sunset mountains where his spirit went to God.
The prairie flowers are waving o'er a lonely little mound,
While the Major roams the borders of the happy hunting ground.
He has crossed the Royal River that rolls on to crystal seas,
Where he's found his old commander, Stonewall Jackson, 'neath the trees.
They are resting from their labors; oh, I know that smile serene,
That in olden days illumined our old friend, the Major Green.

LARRY CHITTENDEN.

CHITTENDEN'S RANCH, May, 1888.

Major Bowan Green, a man universally liked and widely known, founded Anson City and the Jones county Democracy; was a Grand Master Mason, County Judge, stump speaker, antelope hunter, and a rare old Southern gentleman, sah!

## ROYALTY AT BOURNEMOUTH.

### The Austrian Empress—The Queen of Sweden—King Oscar.

BOURNEMOUTH, May 12.—A sudden freak of fortune has brought the patronage of royalty to this Hampshire seaside resort. Bournemouth has become the favorite haunt of crowned heads, a boon in itself, a vicarious one besides, as it has created a vast influx of those visitors who always flock in the rear of the high and mighty. In her erratic tour throughout Europe, nominally in quest of health, possibly to escape the painful dissensions between her son and his wife, the Empress of Austria spent a week here, exasperating almost to frenzy the antagonism between the two rival hotels, and finally selecting not the æsthetic and more fashionable Bath, but the quieter Exeter. When a few days before her arrival she intimated her intention of taking up her abode in the last named house, it was summarily cleared of all its guests, with the exception of one unoffending old maid who had occupied a top bedroom for seven months, took all her meals in the privacy of her chamber, and was warranted not to show obtrusively on the stairs. The Empress, her daughter Valerie, and a large suite filled thirty-six rooms for a week. The Empress, spare, tall, erect, has retained much of the far-famed beauty which made the Princess Elizabeth of Thurn and Taxis the most admired woman of her time. Her magnificent hair, as luxurious as ever, is almost untouched by time, and she seems to disclaim every artifice of toilet and appearance. She dressed plainly, unbecomingly, almost shabbily, rose early, walked out alone with the lady-like proprietress of the hotel at 6½ P. M., took long walks on the sands, indifferent alike to wind, sunshine, or rain, coming home sometimes drenched to the skin, visiting the pier only when all the inhabitants were safely housed for their meals, giving no trouble, and apparently satisfied with everything. She had been so cruelly mobbed at Cromer, on the east coast, that she had become morbidly sensitive about being stared at, and to avoid observation resorted imprudently to a device more likely to attract attention than to shun it. She sallied forth in the coldly inclement weather with a large fan, which she held up before her face whenever she suspected the passers-by of scanning her features.

Quiet and unpretending, both the Empress and her daughter were the most unexacting of visitors. Not so the ladies in attendance, whose pretensions were far in excess of those of the imperial ladies, and in proportionate ratio the inferior members of the suite were almost unbearable and impossible to please.

The Archduchess Valerie has something of her mother's figure and carriage, and the same matchless wealth of hair, but she is decidedly plain; nor is she possessed of the extraordinary activity which has made the Empress of Austria an indefatigable sportswoman, and one of the best unprofessional female riders that ever sat a horse—or, to be more correct, who ever had anything to do with a horse—for in her own private riding school at Vienna she used to go through equestrian exercises and perform feats on bare-back steeds which are never seen out of a circus.

For the second time within the last ten years the Queen of Sweden has taken up her residence at Bournemouth. She has occupied for many weeks the same large villa of Craig's Head, among the pines on the cliff, where she spent a whole winter with King Oscar. It is a pretty but unpretentious house, sheltered from the cold winds, having beautiful sea views, surrounded by verandas, and containing numerous, but by no means large, rooms, furnished tastefully and comfortably, yet without luxury or splendor. Craig's Head was built for private occupation by a rich man, who rarely lives in it himself, and who derives a good income by letting it for short tenancies throughout the two distinct seasons that Bournemouth enjoys during the year.

For a very brief time on the occasion of the marriage of Prince Bernadotte with Mlle. Münck, Queen Sophie broke through her quiet and retired habits to receive the Duchess of Albany and do honor to her son's bride, returning after the wedding to the abstention from all the court ceremonies she never likes and so gladly leaves behind her when she travels. She is of middle height, wears her brown hair in plain bands, and her features, which bear the stamp of long physical pain, are clearly cut; her eyes are blue, but as she is extremely short-sighted, she is hardly ever seen without glasses; the habitual expression of her face is above all one of great kindness; her voice and smile are particularly sweet. The Queen of Sweden is a woman of clear judgment and strong intellect. She reads enormously and remembers what she has read. Every morning after her breakfast she receives and peruses newspapers from every European country, understanding all the languages with the exception of Italian, which is translated to her. In the afternoon she looks over the reports of the various charitable institutions of which she is either the founder or patroness, and keeps herself *au courant* of new literature by reading the best criticism on freshly published books. Her tastes in that direction have been cultivated and perfected by association with her consort, a man of learning and refinement, who would, no doubt, have been a celebrated writer and poet had he not been King Oscar II. Queen Sophie, whose motto should have been "Prayer and Charity," has always lived in accordance with these golden precepts. She has inculcated her four sons with the principles of piety and honor, and inspired them with a sincere, almost religious, veneration for herself. The eldest married in 1858 the very pretty Princess Victoria of Baden, granddaughter of Emperor William; the second one is now to be known only as Prince Bernadotte, his father's family name; and the two younger ones are respectively 27 and 23 years old. The Queen's special aim has been to improve and elevate the condition of her people. She has the genius of benevolence and a way of doing good which, by example and tacit influence alone, has done much to promote the general welfare around her of a high and lasting order. Her health, which was never strong, and her long and serious illness, have in a measure always removed her from the more representative forms of royal pomp and court festivities, but not from public sympathy and public regard. She is known to live for her people, and her people are loyal and grateful. Quite lately she founded at Stockholm, under the name of *Drottningens Sjukem*, an institution for forming efficient sick nurses, taking as a model the establishments conducted by the Sisters of Mercy under the rule of St. Vincent de Paul. She constantly visits it, superintending all the details and giving judicious advice and encouragement.

Her life is regular and quiet. She rises at 8. From 10 to 12 she admits to her presence all petitioners and solicitors, however humble their position or homely their dress, and they never leave her without some token of substantial aid, or words of womanly consolation. At the Palace of Stockholm the court has the aspect of a family. All the officials and dignitaries on duty are admitted daily to the table of the sovereigns, and are on a footing of easy intercourse with them; but with all the moral freedom and familiarity she encourages, Queen Sophie is known to be particular about minor points of outward etiquette. She always expects the ladies to appear in full gala dress at her circle, and although the general tone of conversation is exempt from worldliness and frivolty, the elegance of costume is observed. The Queen has habitually in attendance upon her three maids of honor and three chamberlains, but she has not as yet replaced Mlle. Ebba Münck.

A perfect intimacy reigns at the court of Sweden between the members of the family, and they have preserved many simple and touching customs. Every year the four brothers club together to present to their mother a mysterious Christmas gift. Last year it was a magnificently bound manuscript volume, illustrated by the artist son Eugene, containing a detailed history of their travels. Competent judges have given a flattering opinion not only of its intrinsic but of its literary merit. No difficulty or opposition was ever placed by the Queen in the way of her son's love for her maid of honor. She quietly recognized and accepted the fact, and as quietly smoothed down any obstacles which might have interfered with the marriage.

During her stay at Bournemouth, which terminates next week, the Queen has changed very little in her daily habits. She allots the same time to reading and working, drives out among the woods and charming roads of the locality in an unpretending carriage drawn by a pair of horses, walks only in the garden that extends to the very edge of a cliff, supporting herself with a cane, and has attempted several rides on a quiet donkey along the far-stretching sands at hours when she is least likely to attract attention. She has courteously accepted, but without encouraging them, the respectful attentions proffered to her by some of the residents, among others the widowed Lady Cairns, whose dower house of Lindisfarne is here, and Lady Walsbury, who spends some months of every year at Heron Court, her husband's magnificent Hampshire seat, a few miles distant. As on her former visit, she will leave golden opinions behind her, and among the poor and needy lasting traces of her passage, for abroad, as at home, Queen Sophie never hesitates before a charitable action. Wherever she dwells a helping hand is extended to all who suffer. Her own sufferings have made her only more sympathizing to others equally afflicted, while her true piety and constant faith have enabled her to bear them as few women would have done.

King Oscar, as simple in his tastes as the Queen, has been particularly well received by the Pope in Rome. He happens to be the first monarch received by Leo XIII., because when a Catholic sovereign visits the Quirinal first he is not asked to the Vatican. This is Papal etiquette. The King of Sweden being a Protestant, has furnished a new precedent. The rules were also relaxed in the mode of the Pope's greeting, his Holiness saluting him on both cheeks, while the ordinary custom is that the visitor merely kisses his hand. M. DE S.

## FLOWERS FOR SUMMER FEASTS.

### Secrets of Decoration at Wood, Yachting, Hunting, and Tennis Repasts.

As soon as drawing rooms and conservatories are forced to yield to lawn and garden, and Dame Nature, taking the lead, puts a velvet carpet about the country house, and spreads a floral feast over meadows and waysides, then any entertainment possessing zest must be given out of doors. Picnics and May parties are now in order, and will continue to be until some time in June. Permits to hold picnics in Central Park and make merry around the May pole are sought in large numbers from the Superintendent, and all the grounds suitable for public entertainments of this character in the suburbs are engaged for dates two or three months ahead.

In projecting a picnic the first thing thought of by women is the collation, that it may be tempting in every particular. As a rule flowers are not carried along, as are the provisions, yet the board must be embellished even if the luncheon is spread on the grass. Every little point of decoration and garnishing should be attended to as far as possible in the picnic repast, and consequently a number of the party should be sent out on the delightful errand of gathering wild flowers and grasses. The hand-embroidered luncheon cloths that are used for picnicking add much to the beauty of the appointments of the feast. There are usually napkins and doyleys to match, which are hemstitched, fringed, and embroidered. An exquisite luncheon cloth recently used was decorated with a cluster of maidenhair fern in the centre, and had a flower for every month in the year bordering it. There was a Christmas rose for January, cyclamus for February, anemone for March, crocus for April, violets for May, morning glories for June, pea blossoms for July, iris for August, marsh grasses for September, dahlias for October, chrysanthemums for November, and holly for December.

Those roaming in the woods for grasses will be surprised at the revelation, particularly if the search is made in New Jersey thickets and meadows. Near streams, at brooksides, by the bogs and swamps, a basketful of charming grasses may be gathered in a short time. Lay these in some shady, damp place until required for the decorations. No set designs should be attempted for the picnic luncheon. They would be unsuitable for this repast; besides, grasses rebel at control, which entirely destroys their characteristic grace. The several varieties of hair grass, which are purple, green, gold, gray, and white, if combined with velvet grass, lyne grass, bearded grass, soft grass, wild-oat grass, and canary grass, may be arranged on an ordinary tea tray, which can be sodded sufficiently with wood moss to hold in place the fringy moss. The upright grasses should be placed in the centre of the tray, and that which droops left to fall over the edge. Sardine boxes may be handsomely framed in sedges and water grasses, and placed upon mats of velvet grass. Variegated ribbon grass, if looped so as to form a rosette, make a beautiful mat for table garniture. Green mats shaped of grass, for cheese, crackers, cake, and fruit plates, are highly ornamental and very suitable for the picnic collation.

Dinners given on board yachts are very complete and elegant in every appointment, for there is nothing in the well-stocked home larder nor in the line of table furniture in the best-fitted houses that is missing aboard summer pleasure boats. But dinners on a yacht must be decorated in perfect taste, or the floral ornamentation loses its flavor. A full-rigged ship, each sail and sheet worked out in a finished style, is a favorite centre piece with yachtsmen, but it has not the natural grace and *chic* of an embellishment carried out as follows: Have the middle leaf of the dining table made of common pine, and the centre so cut out as to accommodate a round or oval pan or tank. Use two cloths in covering the table, having each folded down through the middle. Let each meet in the middle of the table and then lay one edge over the other, pinning firmly around the centre pan and at the ends. With a warm flat-iron press down the seam of the centre after the cloths have been laid. In the pan put water, and cover this with water lilies and their foliage; decorate the edge of the pan with ferns, cyperus, and any aquatic foliage. The yachtsman's rose, "Nancy Lee," is duly appreciated for boutonnières, but is not easily obtained. It is a lovely pink in color, and has a delicious fragrance.

The water lily centre is chaste and sufficient for the table, but if more flowers are wanted, nothing is more beautiful than to have a skiff, in relief, on the saloon mirror. The miniature boat should be formed of foliage, as should the oars which are crossed above it. Fill the skiff with roses, grasses, and vines, allowing them to droop over the edge.

There is no design for the dinner of huntsmen so acceptable as the horseshoe, with its omen of good luck. Coaches, drags, and traps of all descriptions are made to grace the festive boards of driving parties, and the skill of the florist is nicely tested in representing the racing gear perfectly, but the horseshoe, resting in a field of grasses and wild flowers, is the prettiest and most popular device. English flowers are selected for this design this season; the bronze wall flower, with its peculiarly spicy odor and its sentiment of fidelity, being a favorite for simulating the metal of the shoe, and moss-covered buds being used to represent the nails. The riding crop is the newest form; this is formed of lycopodium for the stem, and violets for the strap end. Stirrups, spurs, and bits are suitable forms besides. These are formed at present of sprays of stephanotis (the flower dear to the heart of an Englishman), and are tied with grass-green ribbon. The turf is well suggested in hunt dinners by serving the Little Neck clams of the first course on a mat of clover leaves and meadow grasses.

For the collations of tennis parties, several of which have already taken place on country verandas, the floral arrangements have been artistic. The net covered with haresfoot and lace ferns, intermingled with dandelion blossoms, is gracefully draped above the board by being held at intervals with silver wires pendant from the piazza ceiling. A pyramid of floral balls, formed of field flowers, decorate the centre of the tables, and at each end rackets are stacked. Each racket is given away when the repast is finished. Wicker rackets for festooning with flowers are to be had at any of the shops where florists' supplies are sold.

### The New Hats of the Season.

*From the London Standard.*

Isabella of Bavaria, who wore a peaked bonnet a yard and three-quarters in height, would find herself, if she returned among us in that particular bonnet, quite in the fashion still, for though bonnets are flatter, lower, and closer as regards their absolute shape, yet trimming is piled on to such an extent that excessive height is produced by it. A bonnet recently seen in Paris was of fine black straw, with a wide brim, much pointed in front, lined with a red fancy straw, with gold thread interplaited with it; the crown was high, and on the extreme top of it was piled the trimming, consisting of flame-colored ribbon set in large upstanding loops and ends, glorified bulrushes and brownish green grasses rearing their heads amid the bows—a fiery furnace on the head—the height attained by crown and trimming combined being little short of two feet. Truly the tendency to run to extremes in fashion marks women in every age. Not that montrosities such as these are worn by those whose taste in dress is good; neither are they sent out by the best houses. Shapes are, however, very fanciful, turned up here and indented there, cloven in front, or behind, or at the side, and in most cases overtrimmed. Many of the fancy straws have silver or gold thread introduced, and those shapes intended more especially for summer wear are, if possible, more transparent than they were last season, the hair being seen through them in those few cases in which they are not literally loaded with flowers and foliage.

The insect mania has broken out again, and beetles meander over gauze and tulle, perch themselves on bows of ribbon, or find a home in the heart of a full-blown rose. Soldier ants, green and red beetles, and extremely realistic caterpillars are bonnet ornaments of a by no means pleasing character, and, though preferable on the score of humanity to the wearing of dead birds, are meaningless, and, therefore, irritating—realism pushed to a point. Ridicule, which has, to a certain extent, cured women of sacrificing the feathered tribe to their whims, will probably prevent them from making amateur entomologists of themselves, and so the creepy, crawly craze will soon be over.

Lace, artistically arranged, is one of the most perfect materials used in bonnet trimming—it lends itself so admirably, in clever fingers, to the purpose; and the new method of raising it above the brim in a circular shape, thickly gathered with a knot in the centre, is as graceful as it is pretty. Very fine wire is used to keep the lace in place and shape.

Hats are larger than ever; here, also, the fashions run to extremes. Either "picture hats" are worn, or else hats, or torques, so small as to be, so far as shade is concerned, absolutely useless. Thus the brim of the new sailor-shape is so abbreviated that it hardly deserves to be called a brim. What these hats have lost in brim they have gained in crown, which is considerably deeper. Most of the new hats are made of one-colored straw and lined with that of another shade or color, or else one of the fancy straws already named—black and beige, black and maize, black and pale gray, black and green, and navy blue and red are popular combinations in straws.

### Unfair to the Preacher.

*From the Albany Journal.*

The innocence of childhood was never more strikingly illustrated than at an evening party recently held in the neighborhood of this city. Several clergymen were present, and one of them, who is especially noted for his austerity and piety, was offered a glass of water. An infant daughter of the host, who overheard the tender of the drink and remembered her father's entertainment of others, astounded the whole company and "laid up" a whipping for herself by remarking in a loud voice of surprise: "Why, papa, don't you give the minister some beer?"