NEW BOOKS.

Cyclopædia of American Biography.

SECOND ARTICLE.

The contributions to the fourth volume of Appleton's *Cyclopædia of American Biography* which may be singled out for special notice on account both of their subjects and their authors are "Longfellow," by Charles Eliot Norton; "Lowell," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Montcalm," by Francis Parkman; "Madison," by John Fiske, and "Motley," by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Let us look at the two last named first, because they seem, upon the whole, the best—the one on the score of adequateness, and the other of attractiveness of treatment.

Mr. Fiske's sketch of Madison is marked by the same trait which was so patent in his biography of Jackson—the habit of scrupulous truth telling and studious avoidance of the tendency, once prevalent in delineations of early American worthies, to make things a little bigger and brighter than they really were. Thus, in the beginning of his article he quotes a statement made by Madison himself that the latter's ancestors "were not among the most wealthy of the country, but in independent and comfortable circumstances." The fact is that neither Washington, Madison, Monroe, nor Jefferson (though the latter's position was somewhat different) would be described by well-informed and candid persons as belonging by birth to the aristocracy of tidewater Virginia. Nor is the fact unimportant, for it doubtless helps to explain the democratic, not to say levelling tendencies of three of the four Presidents just named. Where Madison had the advantage of most of his Virginian contemporaries was in being educated at Princeton, which offered superior facilities to William and Mary College. Still it was less to any collegiate opportunities than to remarkable industry that he owed what every discriminating student of the *Federalist* will be glad to hear termed by Mr. Fiske "the extraordinary range and solidity of his acquirements." Few, probably, except the inordinate eulogists of Hamilton, will dispute the further assertion that "for minute and thorough knowledge of ancient and modern history and of constitutional law he was unequalled among the Americans of the revolutionary period." The first among the capital services rendered by Madison was the insertion in the bill of rights (adopted by the Virginia State Convention in 1776) of the clause declaring that "all men are equally entitled to the free exercise of religion according to the dictates of conscience." Mr. Fiske lays stress upon this incident as "illustrating not only Madison's liberality of spirit, but also his precision and forethought in so drawing up an instrument as to make it mean all that it was intended to mean." It is also pointed out that eight years later, in the Virginia Legislature, Madison was "almost the only one to see the serious danger lurking" in a proposal "to lay a tax upon all the people of that State for the support of teachers of the Christian religion." His opposition postponed and ultimately defeated the measure, and substituted an enactment that "no man shall be compelled to frequent or support any religious worship, place, or ministry whatsoever, nor shall be enforced, restrained, molested, or burdened in his body or goods, nor shall otherwise suffer on account of his religious opinions or belief, but that all men shall be free to profess and by argument maintain their opinions in matters of religion, and that the same shall in no wise diminish, enlarge, or affect their civil capacities." It was, accordingly, through Madison that "in thus abolishing religious tests Virginia came to the front among all the American States, as Massachusetts had come to the front in the abolition of negro slavery." The second service attributed by Mr. Fiske to Madison is the compromise proposed by him and adopted by the Congress of the Confederation in 1783. In the discussion of the apportionment of the quotas of revenue to be required of the several States, the question arose whether slaves ought to be counted as an element of the population. At that time the Northern States were inclined to regard them as population, whereas the Southern States preferred to consider them as chattels. Madison suggested "the arrangement by which the slaves were rated as population, but in such wise that five of them were counted as three persons." The same question came up four years later in the Federal Convention during the debate concerning the apportionment of representation in the lower House of Congress. Now, however, the positions were reversed, for the South desired to treat the slaves as population, while the North wished to deal with them as chattels. Again Madison brought forward his compromise, the so-called "three-fifths rule," but for whose adoption the Constitution could not have been carried. As regards, indeed, the whole political structure reared by the Federal Convention, Mr. Fiske shows that Madison "furnished its basis," as he had also contributed more to the assembling of that body than "any other man in the country with the possible exception of Hamilton." He was the chief author of the scheme known as the "Virginia Plan," although this was presented by Edmund Randolph. To Madison, therefore, is due "those fundamental features in the Constitution which transformed our Government from a loose confederacy of States into a Federal nation." Neither can Mr. Fiske see any inconsistency between this fact and Madison's subsequent opposition to Hamilton or even his authorship of the Virginia Resolutions of 1798. "There was no reason in the world," he thinks, "why a Federalist of 1787-90 must thereafter, in order to preserve his consistency, become a loose constructionist. It was entirely consistent for a statesman to advocate the adoption of the Constitution, while convinced that the powers specifically granted were ample, and that great care should be taken not to add indefinitely to such powers through rash and loose methods of interpretation. Not only is such an attitude perfectly reasonable in itself, but it is in particular the one that a principal author of the Constitution would have been very likely to take." In the conclusion of this brief biography Mr. Fiske recognizes that the constructive and illustrious part of Madison's life was over before he became President, and that his Administration rather diminished than enhanced his contemporary reputation and his elevation in the eyes of posterity.

In the sketch of Motley by Dr. Holmes, we come on many phrases and sentences of characteristic neatness and pith. Thus, speaking of Motley's abortive experiments in story writing, he says: "The limited success of his first novel satisfied him that he must discontinue inveterate story telling and deal with subjects that had backbones of their own." Again, apropos of the imaginative fervor, which, quite as much as the capacity for research and judgment distinguished the historian of the Dutch republic, we read: "With the power of pictorial representation went a certain vivacity which occasionally betrayed him into a mode of expression that reminded the friends of his early days of his youthful dash and play of expression, a something more juvenile than we should have expected in a scholar who could tire out the laborious drudges around him by his indefatigable labor." The indisputable lack of uniform elevation, not to say of dignity and repose in Motley's historical style, could hardly be more directly, yet kindly hinted at. We can scarcely, on the other hand, subscribe to Dr. Holmes's assertion that Motley's recall from the post of Minister to England "was never explained to the satisfaction of his friends and the public." Motley's friends may never have considered the recall justified, but we doubt if this be the case with impartial persons who have taken the trouble to acquaint themselves with both sides of the story. If the version of the affair given by Gen. Badeau be correct—and we have never seen its accuracy controverted—Motley made the mistake (not unnatural perhaps in view of the literary and social eminence which he had attained abroad) of imagining a Minister to possess the right of initiating policies and pressing his personal views, instead of being, as he surely is, only the mouthpiece of his Government. We repeat that if Badeau's account of the facts be trustworthy, Motley was treated rather with deference and long-suffering than with harshness by the Administration which he had been deputed to represent.

In the short sketch of Montcalm, Mr. Parkman reproduces the main outlines of the portrait with which he has already made us familiar. The fit antagonist of Wolfe had served thirty-one years in the French army, when, in 1756, opportunity first came to him in the shape of an important separate command. That he, if any one, was competent to save Canada to France seems proved by his capture of Oswego and Fort William Henry, and by his triumphant defence of Ticonderoga against a great preponderance of force under Abercrombie. Even in the final campaign for the defence of Quebec he thwarted all of Wolfe's plans, until the latter, at the last moment, when the British Admiral was eager to reembark the troops, managed to scale the heights of Abraham. Even in the decisive battle which ensued the inference seems justified by Mr. Parkman's account that, although the opposing forces were nearly equal, Montcalm had a much smaller number of disciplined soldiers. This explains why the French fell back in irremediable disorder under the British fire. Mr. Parkman recalls the interesting fact that when in 1790, annuities payable to noblemen were suppressed in France, the pension of Montcalm's son was continued in grateful recognition of the father's services.

Mr. Norton's biographical notice of Longfellow helps us to understand the powerful attraction which the Old World exercised upon the poet throughout his life. The impulse to seek material for meditation and imaginative treatment elsewhere than in his native land—and in spite of "Evangeline" and "Miles Standish" and "Hiawatha," no careful reader can fail to see that the impulse was abiding—was due, as Mr. Norton shows us, partly to instinctive sympathy, partly to reaction from the somewhat bleak and narrow surroundings of his youth, and partly to the accidents which twice brought him for extended periods at a still impressionable age in close contact with European culture and refinement. Thus, as to native temperament and tendencies, we are told that "the sweetness of Longfellow's disposition showed itself in his earliest years. He was a gentle, docile, cheerful, intelligent, attractive child." We read of him later in his college life at Bowdoin: "The amiability, the affectionateness, the candor, and the cheerful spirit of the youth are forecasts of the distinguishing qualities of the man." On the other hand, of Portland, Longfellow's birthplace, Mr. Norton says: "Like the rest of New England, it was provincial; it had little part in the larger historic concerns of the world; it possessed no deep wells of experience or of culture, and no memorials of a distant past by which the imagination might be quickened and nurtured; it was a comparatively new place in a comparatively new country." As for the accidents which gave Longfellow the opportunities for which he longed and for which he was so fitted, they were the following: First, his appointment as professor of modern languages at Bowdoin, with the privilege of passing three preparatory years of study in Europe. Secondly, his subsequent nomination to the professorship of modern languages at Harvard, which again was coupled with the suggestion or condition that he should pass a year or eighteen months in Germany. By these European experiences the native bent of his mind was confirmed, and of his later residence in Cambridge it may as truthfully be said that "limited as were the intellectual resources of the place, as compared with those that it has since acquired, it was the chief centre in New England of literary activity and cultivated intelligence." After tracing the successive stages of Longfellow's literary career—we wish that the biographer had also made a more strenuous endeavor to indicate the distinctive quality of Longfellow's verse—Mr. Norton points out that after the inexpressibly distressing calamity by which in 1861 his later life was shadowed, Longfellow's days of joyful inspiration and success drew to a close. His version of Dante, however, which belongs to the later period, is pronounced by Mr. Norton, whose competence will not be disputed, the best translation in English of the Divine Comedy. It is noteworthy that Norton and Lowell and all those who knew him well are quite as apt, in summing up their impressions of Longfellow, to have in mind the man as the poet. Thus the author of this sketch avers: "No poet was ever more beloved than he; none was ever more worthy of love." And Mr. Lowell said, when his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey: "Never was a private character more answerable to public performance than that of Longfellow. Never have I known a more beautiful character."

Of James Russell Lowell, the grandson of Judge Lowell, Mr. Warner justly says that "in genius and character he is the hereditary representative of the heart and brains that founded New England." The class poem which he delivered in 1838 was, as the biographer records, a notable production; but Mr. Warner is apparently unaware that the poems written by Lowell in his discharge of the functions of Secretary to the Hasty Pudding Club are still after the lapse of half a century, remembered. It was, as Mr. Warner seems to recognize, the "Biglow Papers"—of which the first series was published in 1846-48, and the second during the civil war—that eventually led to the conferment of high diplomatic appointments upon Mr. Lowell, for in these satires there was conclusive proof of a capacity for veritable statesmanship as well as of the "wit, scholarship, and penetrating knowledge of human nature" to which the author of this sketch alludes. With regard to "The Vision of Sir Launfal," rightly described as "one of the most exquisite productions of his genius," the interesting fact is recalled that Mr. Lowell "is said to have composed it in a sort of frenzy in about forty-eight hours, during which the poet scarcely ate or slept." We do not feel sure that Mr. Warner appreciates the unique quality of the prose essays collected in "Among My Books" and "My Study Windows." Outside of certain writings of Emerson there is nothing in American criticism equal to these papers, and what English critic has rivalled them, unless it be Matthew Arnold? Of Mr. Lowell's public life as Minister at the Court of St. James Mr. Warner does but register indisputable facts when he terms it "an unbroken series of successes in the world of society and the world of letters," and when he adds that "no man in our generation has done more than Lowell to raise American institutions and American character in the estimation of our English kin." M. W. H.

BOOK NOTES.

We have received from the Century Company bound copies of the *Century* magazine for the last six months, and of *St. Nicholas* for the last year.

Robert Bonner's Sons republish in book form "Her Double Life," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, which originally appeared in the *New York Ledger*.

Frederic A. Stokes & Brother have issued another installment of their "Lives of the Presidents," consisting of brief biographies of Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, by William O. Stoddard.

Estes & Lauriat issue, in abominable style, Miss Parloa's "New Cook Book." It is badly printed, consists of vague receipts, and is made useless by the entire absence of anything in the way of an index.

We cannot commend Mr. Craven Langstroth Bett's "Songs from Béranger" (Frederic A. Stokes & Brother). The translation is in many instances clumsy and inverted, and both the sprightly humor and the rythm of the original are too often hard to discover.

"Log Book Notes" (White & Allen) is the title of a handsome volume of selections in verse and prose, edited by Elizabeth A. Little, and illustrated by many fanciful designs appropriate to ocean navigation. Some of the gray-tinted yachting pictures are very clever.

"The Viking," by Bisyan A. Barron (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is a drama in blank verse, abounding in striking scenes, and which contains many eloquent passages. In a preface, Mr. Lawrence Barrett commends it highly as an acting play, and expresses the belief that it will eventually appear on the stage.

Scribner & Welford send us Mrs. Charles Heaton's "Concise History of Painting," one of the best manuals of its kind ever produced, which has been revised and enlarged by Cosmo Markhouse. Some reference might have been made to the progress of painting in America, but the editor seems to have ignored the subject completely.

A charming little book for the holidays is "The Besom Maker and Other Country Folk Songs," collected and illustrated by Heywood Sumner (Longmans, Green & Co.). These songs are nine in number, and are accompanied by the original melodies, to which they are still sung by old-fashioned farmers in the nooks and byways of England. The illustrations are delightfully quaint.

"The Boyhood of Christ," by Gen. Lew Wallace (Harpers), is based partly on Scripture narrative, partly on Church legends, and very considerably on conjecture. The sincerity and enthusiasm of the author are as noticeable as in his "Ben Hur," and his book will interest young or old. Candor compels us to say that some of the illustrations scarcely rise to the dignity of the subject.

As an introduction to information regarding the metallurgical treatment of gold-bearing ores we know of no more clearly written or practical treatise than "The Metallurgy of Gold," by M. Eissler (D. Van Nostrand). The author was at one time assistant assayer of the mint at San Francisco, and shows himself to be very familiar with the processes of gold mining practised in the ore-producing States of the Union.

One of the most charming juvenile gift books of the season is "Otto of the Silver Hand," written and illustrated by Howard Pyle (Scribners). Interesting and well told as the story is, the illustrations which accompany it form the most attractive feature of the book. Mr. Pyle has fairly caught the manner of Dürer, and in a lesser degree that of Holbein, while not entirely surrendering his own individuality. We have seen nothing more spirited from his pencil.

Every aspirant for literary honors, and writers of experience for that matter, ought to possess a copy of Eleanor Kirk's "Information for Authors." It is a volume of suggestions concerning the preparation for the press of newspaper or magazine articles, poems, books, and the like, with much interesting information about pecuniary remuneration, methods of literary work, and the making of books. The author has done her work thoroughly and well.

"Behind Closed Doors," by Anna Katharine Green (Putnams), is a detective story of some merit, but, on the whole, involved and tedious. There are so many threads, large or small, to follow in the plot that the reader's patience becomes exhausted long before the end of the story, which, by the way, is glaringly improbable. The author's literary reputation, now well established, will gain nothing by the appearance of this book. In her next novel it is to be hoped she will study brevity and simplicity.

Anna Bowman Dodd, the author of that pleasant book of travels, "Cathedral Days," has produced a novel illustrating life in Kentucky, entitled "Glorinda" (Roberts Brothers). It is a love story, occasionally somewhat sensuous in tone, but of a decided originality in treatment, and in the creation and development of character. The heroine is a true daughter of Kentucky, and her father, Col. Feathermay, a clever type of the hospitable, courteous, but unthrifty planter of ante-bellum times.

"How Men Propose," by Agnes Stevens (A. C. McClurg & Co.), is in most respects a unique work. It consists of a series of extracts from modern writers of fiction, illustrating the manner in which the lover, under various circumstances, offers himself to the object of his affections. Thus, we have the vicarious proposal, the humble proposal, the pompous proposal, the successful and the unsuccessful proposal—all kinds of proposals, in fact, which are likely to be made by either men or women. The author shows a considerable knowledge of the novels and novelists of Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, while full justice is done to American writers. The reader cannot fail to find the book amusing, and may derive from it useful suggestions to guide his own course at a critical moment of his life.

Five hundred years ago the 28th of last April the Canterbury pilgrims left the Tabard Inn on their famous journey to the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, and Mr. Frederic Noël Paton has considered the anniversary a fitting occasion to edit a selection from the poems of Geoffrey Chaucer, which contains an ample installment from the "Canterbury Tales" (Thomas Whittaker). He has furnished an excellent preliminary essay on the life and works of the poet, who seems to have received many of the good things of this life denied to his contemporaries and successors, and to have been on the whole a free liver and rather improvident. The selections from his writings are made with excellent discrimination, and the purchaser of this pretty little volume will possess the bulk of all that was precious in Chaucer's poems.

George Crabbe, an almost forgotten poet, is the subject of a monograph by T. E. Kebbel (Thomas Whittaker), who relates the chief incidents of his life and offers a critical estimate of his genius. Probably not one person in a hundred knows more concerning Crabbe than that he was a poet of the first quarter of the century, while still fewer have ever read a line of his poetry. It may be doubted if a collection of his entire works has been published within forty years. Yet this neglected man was called by Byron in 1820 "the first of living poets," and Jeffrey, Scott, Jane Austen, Wordsworth, Rogers, and Cardinal Newman have accorded him almost equal praise. It was a happy thought to reintroduce, as it were, the author of "Tales of the Hall" and "The Borough" to the reading public, and Mr. Kebbel has performed his task with excellent judgment.

To Mr. George P. Upton, who has written so intelligently and agreeably upon the standard operas, oratorios, and cantatas, the public are indebted for another work of equal interest, whether for the pleasure or instruction it will afford, which he has entitled "Standard Symphonies" (A. C. McClurg & Co.). At the present day, when Americans are rapidly becoming familiar with the higher forms of symphonic music, a work of this kind is an educator in the strictest sense of the term, and we cordially recommend it to all whose tastes take that direction. It has been prepared for their especial benefit, in the hope that it may prove a useful guide in the concert room. Mr. Upton has furnished an excellent preliminary essay on the part which the symphony is intended to play in the expression of musical ideas, tracing its history from the time of Lulli to that of Haydn, who established it in its present form, to which all subsequent composers have more or less adhered. Mozart and Haydn are the earliest symphony writers he introduces to his readers, and he brings the list down to Dvořák and Sir Arthur Sullivan. The works of such masters as Beethoven, Spohr, Berlioz, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Brahms, and Rubinstein are skilfully analyzed, and full justice is done to our American composer, John K. Paine, whose orchestral works are well known in England and Germany. As it was not possible, the author says, to present the themes of every work without making the volume largely disproportionate to its predecessors, he has selected only the symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn for musical illustration and detailed technical description; and, we may add, lovers of orchestral music, who imagine themselves familiar with the scores of the "Eroica," the C minor, and the Seventh or "Golden" symphony of Beethoven, or the "Jupiter" symphony of Mozart, may find in this volume abundant hints to heighten their enjoyment of the music. Of Haydn, also, Mr. Upton says a generous word or two, which, it is to be hoped, may help restore to popular favor the works of an inspired and melodious, but greatly neglected composer.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Jim.

From the Chicago Daily News.

There warn't no idler feller 'an Jim;
Jest so idle 'at he got tired
A-hein' idle.
Laxed around, had no vim
Ner nuthin'; wy, of he got mired
Yon'd jes sidle
Up an' yank him out,
Then feel like kickin' the little sprout.

I knew we all felt sorry for him,
An' kept perdictin' 'at he'd die
With sheer laziness;
Nobody couldn't do nothin' with Jim;
Wouldn't work ner wouldn't try;
Hit erased us
Nabers to see that feller
A-growin' up so soft an' mellor.

But up he growed, short an' thin,
An' finally tuck to read in' books
An' givin' shaws;
There wasn't no better acter 'n Jim—
Jes bend hisself in double crooks;
Use his toes
For stilts an' mabbe roll
Hisself like lightnin' round a pole.

Swing his toes across a jim',
Let loose his han's an' hang down,
Skin a cat,
Balance a chair on his chin,
With heels up an' han's down;
Jest like that
He'd run all over town;
Wy, he's better n any clown.

Hours an' hours I talked to him;
'Twarn't no use, done no good;
I lost hope;
Then, says I to our nabers, Jim
Is lost. I've done all I could;
I fear a rope,
Says I to my wife,
Will end that poor feller's life.

Kept on a-readin' books did Jim,
An' finally took to paintin' signs
On the fences.
Done his work as neat an' trim
As anybody. Made the dimes
An' all expenses;
Quit a-being lazy
An' tuck to paintin' like he's crazy.

But that didn't last long with him.
He soon jined a medicine band
A-travelin' through.
Then, says I, hit's good-by Jim.
We'll trust you to a wiser hand.
'Twas something new.
He scored a big success,
Spoke several poems, too, I guess.

Pieces of rhyme which 'at fool Jim
Had writ himself. Then hired out
For to write
Locs 'an' such things as thim
At he sou'd pick up thare about
Day or night;
Kept on readin' an' writin',
Composin' poems an' recitin'

'Em 'at took the people's whim.
Then tuck to travelin' up an' down
The whole State
Believin'. La Chapelle, La Villette,
An' everybody a-callin' for him,
An' every cussed little town
Wouldallus rate
Jim above 'em all:
Him 'at's so idle when he's small.

I never thought hit was in him
To write a book—yit he did
More an' one.
He wrote, did 'at idle Jim,
An' with his writin' he jes rid
O'er every one.
By junks! I allus grin
A-thinkin' what's done an in him.

I've learned a lesson a-watchin' Jim;
Don't condemn yer maber's son,
Like one, too quick;
No tellin' what's 'rapt up in him;
Jes wait until his race is run,
For that stick,
As you an' me 'ul say,
May turn out quite well some day.

EUGENE FIELD.

Sportsman's Luck.

From the Somerville Journal.

The ardent sportsman now we see,
As well equipped as man could be
With dog and gun.
Through rustling leaves he treads his way,
And, as he comes, the squirrels gray
All turn and run.

So swiftly they escape at sight
Of him that, though till night
He never gets a *Fugie* shot,
And finds at last, that he has got
To go without.

Behold him, then, when shadows fall
Within the well stocked market stall,
And see him fill
His gamebag to the very brim,
Determined none shall laugh at him
For lack of skill.

Homeward he goes with soul elate.
The cook serves up at half past eight
A partridge broiled.
But this is his unlucky day.
"Why, John," his wife cries in dismay,
"This bird is spoiled!"

At the Chicken Show.

From the Nebraska State Journal.

How dear to my heart is the old speckled rooster
Which fond recollection brings back to my view,
With spurs long and pointed and curving, he used tar
Around this neighborhood to make the air blue;
And when some strange rooster would come to do battle,
How quick would the old chap get upon his guard!
He'd make the eyeballs of the strange rooster rattle,
And scatter his feathers all over the yard!
The old speckled rooster, the mongrel-bred rooster,
The fifty-cent rooster, that scrapped in the yard!

To an Electric Light.

From the St. James's Gazette.

Twinkle, twinkle, little Arc,
Sickly, blue, uncertain spark;
Up above my head you swing,
Ugly, strange, expensive thing.

When across the foggy air
Streams the lightning's purple glare;
Does the traveler in the dark
Bless your radiance, little Arc?

When you fade with modest blush,
Scarce more bright than fairing rush,
Would he know which way to go
If you always twinkled so?

Cold, unloving, blinding star,
I've no notion what you are:
How your weariness "system" works,
Who controls its jumps and jerks.

Yours a lustre like the day!
Ghastly, green, inconstant ray!
No: where'er they worship you
All the world is black or blue.

Though your light perchance surpass
Homely oil or vulgar gas,
Still (I close with this remark),
I detest you, little Arc!

After the Rainy Days.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Throughout the stormy weather, unseen, unheard by all,
Has been growing, sure and silently, the glory of the fall;
It has covered field and highway, it has fringed the scalloped shore,
And flings its wondrous beauty about the fast-closed door.

The hilltops gleam like silver with the newly fallen snow;
The cold stings like December, while the woods are all aglow.
And round about the lakelet's edge the gold and red and green
Paint the waters of the Winnesquam with an opalescent sheen.

Oh! sweetness after bitter; oh! sunshine after shade;
Oh! bleak north wind and angry wave, no havoc have you made,
In this grand autumnal pageant that is now passing by;
We have watched and waited for it, we greet it joyously

Her Life.

From the American Magazine.

She lived and labored midst the lowliest things,
Walked at my side and talked, and oft did fill
The gracious hours that friendly twilight brings
With toil, naught questioning if good or ill
Were here; soft lullabies she crooned at eve,
Like poppies' breath falling down tenderly
On infant eyelids that gay sports would leave
To nestle close and sleep upon her knee.
Her life was colorless and commonplace,
Devoid of poetry—I thought it so
For I was blind, and could not see the grace
That grew through summer dusks and dawns—now I know
Since she is gone from me and all her cares,
I entertained an angel unawares.

An Arab Proverb.

[Water, verdure, and a beautiful face are three things which delight the heart.]

From the Times-Democrat.

O Arab bard (for he who wrote
These words some song pipe must have played);
Your saying am I moved to quote
Within this garden's drowsy shade.

For here I see young walnuts glint,
And sheeny poplars flash the sun,
And, bright with many a rainbow tint,
A score of fountains gush and run.

And here, with laughter on the lip,
Where gold-decked shadows glance and play,
Fair dream-eyed beauties sheerbet sip,
Or draw the bubbling Narghileh.

White shine the snows of Lebanon
Above this fair demain of green—
Ah! well I know, O sagful sun,
You must have been a Damascene!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

DAMASCUS, Syria.

A Growl.

From the Boston Evening Transcript.

Oh dog! my neighbor's dog, that bark at at night!
Before the morn hath heard thy hungry howl,
That makest of sleep and contentment a cowl!
To smother head and ears and side sight—
I know not which I hold most in despite
Thy master or thyself. He sleeps by day
As in a grave old, the midnight's prey,
Who from his cur all night is far away.
Ron cur! that lets him loose to grind a bone,
And out of countenance say the man den moon,
That when her livery Morning goes to don
Uprises to the pitch of cracked bassoon.
When man would sleep of innocence put on,
And fain would dream of words without dog,
The voice of turtle cased and eke the frog.

A.

Where Are the Good Old Days?

From Texas Siftings.

Where is ancient Robin Hood,
That our childish fancy moulded?
Who knows where Black Forest stood,
That his wild band's deeds enfolded?
Gone their bravery of green;
Bows and arrows, too, I ween;
Gone the quaint old local code
Of these heroes of the road.

Robbers now are vaniform:
Wrecking trains's such a pleasure,
They forget their uniform
While they gather in the treasure.
Gone, too, halcyon days of yore;
Robbers masked, and masked stores;
Nineteenth century men can't make
With hands up, on modern style.

THE FETE OF THE DEAD.

How the Parisians Conduct their Funerals and the Subsequent Jollifications.

PARIS, Nov. 8.—Every year at this epoch the cemeteries of Paris present an unaccustomed spectacle. It is the Fête of the Dead. The shops are closed. Around the gates of the cemeteries the Republican Horse Guards in full uniform and in the alleys policemen in their black cloaks maintain order and oblige the crowds to circulate, while the streets that lead to the different burying grounds are black with endless throngs, the population of Paris going to visit the dead, some carrying flowers, others crowns and garlands. This visit to the dead as now practised has been in vogue about sixty years. Formerly, when the dead were buried in or around the churches, the *culte* of the dead was celebrated in the churches. When the parish graveyards were suppressed and the great cemeteries of Père la Chaise, Montmartre, and Mont Parnasse took their place, then began the annual visits to the graves, the craze for costly monuments, and the pompous funeral processions that passed along the boulevards dazzling the respectful spectators by the splendor of the trappings and accessories.

The custom of making speeches over the tomb is also of comparatively recent origin, dating only from the time when the French first began to enjoy public life, that is to say from the end of the eighteenth century. But it was especially in the beginning of the present century that these speeches became a special feature of French funerals, and in the case of illustrious persons the farewell speeches printed in the newspaper the following morning, became important events and marked an epoch. At the burial of Gen. Foy in 1825 Casimir Perier delivered at Père la Chaise for the first time a farewell speech, which was at the same time a political speech. Since then the funerals of public men have frequently been made the pretext of political manifestations. The fashion of loading the bier and hearse with wreaths and bouquets of flowers dates only about ten years back, and the habit of placing wreaths on the tombstones was unknown until toward the middle of this century. Now the trade in artificial wreaths, whether of flowers, faience, or glass beads, is immense. On Nov. 1, and 2 it is calculated that the Parisians spend $200,000 on wreaths, immortelles, and flowers for their dead. Statistics show that the visits to the cemeteries vary very slightly in number from year to year. On Oct. 31 about 200,000 people visit the cemeteries, and on Nov. 1 about 300,000. The great cemeteries of Paris are Père la Chaise, Montmartre, Mont Parnasse, Saint Ouen, and Ivry. There are also cemeteries at Belleville, La Chapelle, La Villette, Passy, Auteuil, Charonne, Grenelle, Vaugirard.

The visitors to the different cemeteries vary in aspect. The aristocrats go to Père la Chaise in spanking carriages. The financiers whose favorite cemetery is Montmartre are carriage people also. Mont Parnasse is more *bourgeois*; the other cemeteries are popular and democratic. It is a strange fact that the Fête of the Dead is also a great popular holiday. The vicinity of the cemeteries assumes the aspect of a fair. There are booths of all kinds, jugglers, and mountebanks. At the theatres there are morning performances as well as the regular evening representations. The wine shops are full of drinkers, for the visit to the dead is not considered to necessitate prolonged austerity of countenance or bearing. It is also a legitimate pretext for jollification, eating, and drinking.

In the same way among the Parisian lower classes a funeral generally ends in jollification. The custom is after flinging a handful of earth on the coffin of the lost comrade to repair in a band to the nearest wine shop to eat bread and cheese—"Pain et fromage," as they say. Hence wine shops abound near the cemeteries and their signs are generally appropriate, as for instance: "A la consolation," "A l'immortelle," "Aux héritiere reconnaissante," "Ou est mieux lequ'en face." In these wine shops the mourning parents drown their grief more successfully and often succeed in having a downright good time, the following the example of the hearse drivers and undertaker's men, who assemble in the same wine shop to drink the *pourboire* which the mourning relatives have given with more or less generosity as they pass out through the cemetery gates. Terrible creatures, these undertakers' men, and all drunkards, although they have a custom of never drinking to anybody's health, for health is their enemy and injurious to their trade. In their wildest moments of enthusiasm the hearse drivers, with their cocked hats, and the *croquemorts*, with their dead-black coats and shiny hats, will drink, perhaps, a toast to "la patrie," which means death, or to some special auxiliary of death; for instance, "A la typhoide!" "Au choléra!" or even, facetiously, "Aux médecins!" They are a cynical, skeptical lot, hardened by the sight of hypocritical tears into general indifference; case-hardened against real heart-rending grief by copious libations of white wine.

In all countries death and the ceremonies of burial are sad and repulsive. In France, perhaps, decency is observed as well as in any country, thanks to the excellent organization of the Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres, which forms, so to speak, the administration of all the rites that have preceded and follow it. Half the monopoly of funeral ceremonies. This company, whose monopoly is regulated by law, is a vast enterprise, possessed of exceptional resources, an immense number of horses and carriages, a numerous and well disciplined personnel. Every year it takes charge of about 50,000 funerals, about half of which are those of the poor. Thanks to this enterprise even the poorest citizens are buried with some show of decency and in conformity with strict rules.

The administration of the Pompes Funèbres is situated at Paris in the Rue d'Aubervilliers, 104. It is a big, heavy, white stone building, built round a vast glass-roofed courtyard. To the right, and to the left of the entrance are the offices of the director, the bureaux, the bookkeeping department, and the cashiers' *quickets*. In the courtyard and in a second courtyard are the store rooms, the stables, the coach houses, and harness rooms. Everything is black, sombre, and silent; everything is rigorously numbered and ticketed, classified, and arranged for immediate use. The *porteurs*, or bearers, commonly called *croquemorts*, have a big room furnished with oak benches, where they assemble every morning, 400 in number, to await orders—gloomy, serious, clad in various styles, some with blouses, but most of them in jackets. Over this room are other rooms with cupboards running down the middle in double rows. Each cupboard is numbered and fitted with a lock, the key of which the correspondingly numbered *croquemort* keeps. In these cupboards are kept the uniforms of the bearers, who dress before going out on service, and undress when their service is over, only wearing their regulation costume while on duty. The masters of ceremonies have each a private room to dress in. Their uniform consists of a cocked hat, coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, buckled shoes, a court sword, and a wand. This personage is paid by the day, so much for each funeral. His duty is to arrange the procession in proper order, to fix the order of precedence among the mourners, to start the funeral with the traditional words, "Quand cela plaira à la famille," and to carry on a velvet cushion the decorations of the deceased, with a crêpe veil spread over them. The master of the ceremonies must be a very dignified and austere-looking man, with stalwart calves, an unctuous voice, and a supple spine.

The storeroom devoted to the hangings for decorating the churches and the "chapelle ardente," in which the bodies are exposed after the house door, resembles somewhat a ready-made clothes store. There are shelves full of rolls of stuff, poles on which finer hangings are stretched, immense counters for folding up the huge curtains and draperies, each of which is numbered and lettered according to its class and subdivision. In the weather the hangings come back to the storeroom covered with dust, in which case they are taken to the *brossoir* and brushed before being rolled up. In wet weather the draperies have to be hung up to dry in the *sechoir*, where a heat of 90 degrees Centigrade is kept up. The clothes of the coachmen and croquemorts are dried in a cold *sechoir*. In connection with the storeroom department are two immense workrooms. In one men are employed in making the huge curtains and draperies for the church and door hangings; in the other are women who make the silver embroidery and other rich accessories for decorating the hearses.

Beneath the vast building of the Pompes Funèbres are cellars dimly lighted with gas jets and full of rows and rows of coffins of all sizes and qualities. This cellar contains a stock of 15,000 coffins ready for use, varying in length from 6 feet 2½ inches down to 2½ inches, which are the regulation maximum and minimum sizes to clead French humanity. For persons taller than 6 feet 2½ inches a coffin has to be built on purpose and to order. On one side of the cellar are the lead coffins, and in one corner a stock of square boxes in which coffins are packed for travelling by rail or steamer without attracting attention. Near the door of the cellar are some huge coffins with a circumference of 6 or 9 feet, destined for the accommodation of very obese corpses. Likewise near the door are thirty hand-carts of peculiar form on two wheels, painted green and lined with black; these carts are used only when some terrible epidemic is decimating the population. The prices of the coffins, of the inner lining, and of the covering pall, are all regulated by an immutable tariff. This cellar is an awful place; it makes your legs shaky to walk between its lugubrious walls of coffins; the atmosphere is heavy with sadness. In 1870, during the siege, the little hand-carts painted green and lined with black had to serve universality as hearses, for all the horses had been killed for food!

Regaining once more the light of day, we visit the "salle du luminaire," where the candelabra, lustres, and chandeliers are carefully stored in numbered boxes and kept clean and bright by thirty workmen, who are constantly employed cleaning and polishing. In the immense store rooms of the Pompes Funèbres each church in Paris has its funeral decorations always ready for use, its hangings for the door, its candelabra, its catafalque, its altar coverings, its prayer chairs, together with the hangings and accessories necessary for the construction of the "chapelle ardente" at the house of the deceased. In a special room are grouped the special *materiel* required for the exceptional funeral ceremonies in the churches of Notre Dame or the Invalides. Everything is ready, clean, spotless; at a moment's notice everything can be placed in the vans, transported to any point of Paris, and put in place in a few hours.

Formerly the hearse, with nodding plumes and other vain ornaments, was reserved for the conveyance of corpses of high degree—kings, princes, or great lords. Ordinary people were carried to the grave on the shoulders of their fellows. It was the Revolution which ordered that all citizens should be carried to the grave in a coach, but as even revolutions do not abolish distinctions between rich and poor, even after death, seven categories of hearses were invented. Nowadays the French have nine classes of hearses and nine categories of funerals. For the edification of those who are curious in such matters I append the tariff:

First-class Funeral—No. 1, decoration of house, 551 francs; No. 2, 511 francs.

First-class Funeral—No. 1, cortège, 1,636 francs; No. 2, 1,216 francs.

First-class Funeral—No. 1, door of church hangings and catafalque, 1,086 francs; No. 2, 836 francs.

First-class Funeral—No. 1, hangings inside the church, minimum price, 3,025 francs; No. 2, 1,555 francs.

First-class Funeral—No. 1, religious service, 856 francs; No. 2, 796 francs.

In the above figures are not included armorial bearings, escutcheons, coffin, pall, collections, mourning dresses, and a score of other minor items.

Second Class—Funeral No. 1, decoration of house, 419f.; No. 2, 355f.

Second Class—Funeral No. 1, cortège, 846f.; No. 2, 700f.

Second Class—Funeral No. 1, door of church, &c., 508f.; No. 2, 398f.

Second Class—Funeral No. 1, religious service, 639f.; No. 2, 559f.

Third Class—Funeral No. 1, decoration of house, 221f.; No. 2, 194f.

Third Class—Funeral No. 1, cortège, 414f.; No. 2, 347f.

Third Class—Funeral No. 1, church door, &c., 310f.; No. 2, 316f.

Third Class—Funeral No. 1, religious service, 345f.; No. 2, 291f.

Sixth Class—Funeral No. 1, decoration of house, 61f.; No. 2, 55f.

Sixth Class—Funeral No. 1, cortège, 42f.; No. 2, 27f.

Sixth Class—Funeral No. 1, church door, &c., 12f.

Sixth Class—Funeral No. 1, service, 61f. 50; No. 2, 51f. 50.

Seventh Class—Funeral No. 1, decoration of house, 42f.; No. 2, 26f.

Seventh Class—Funeral No. 1, cortège, 37f.; No. 2, 22f.

Seventh Class—Funeral No. 1, religious service, 30f.; No. 2, 20f.

In the funerals of the eighth and ninth classes there is no display of hangings,