SOME NEW BOOKS.

Adams's History of the United States.

With the three volumes now published by the Messrs. Scribner (constituting the seventh, eighth, and ninth installments of the book), Mr. HENRY ADAMS completes his *History of the United States* during the sixteen years covered by the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison. That the capacious theme has received treatment worthy of it is now universally acknowledged. In the judgment of all students competent to express an opinion, Mr. Adams has made the most valuable contribution to American history since that for which we are indebted to George Bancroft. That a man with many years of impulse and energy before him should stop here is scarcely credible. Who but he will henceforth be regarded as qualified to write the history of this country from the beginning of Monroe's Administration to the beginning of Lincoln's? Or, if that epoch seems too recent for philosophical interpretation, there is another which awaits and challenges portrayal—the period between 1783 and Jefferson's inauguration. On the one hand, at this distance we can understand that period, as they could not who were actors in it; and, on the other hand, those pregnant years have never been properly explored, for Bancroft only touched one product of them in his account of the formation of the Constitution. Until that formative period has had adequate delineation, it will be impossible to write a history of the rebellion, for all the germs of the civil war were in existence before the close of the last century.

The three volumes now before us begin with the year 1813 and end with Monroe's accession to the Presidency. We need not remind the reader that within the limits of time here indicated the author is called upon to discuss such interesting topics as Russia's offer of mediation, the blockade, privateering and the last embargo, the campaigns of Dearborn and Wilkinson, the battles of the Thames, of Chippewa, and Lundy's Lane, of Plattsburg and Bladensburg, the Hartford Convention, and Jackson's splendid victory at New Orleans. In the whole story of shameful administrative incapacity, only lighted up by gleams of individual prowess on the ocean or the battlefield, there are three chapters which have had a superlative interest for posterity. We refer, of course, to the achievements of American privateers, to the unpatriotic conduct of Massachusetts and Connecticut when the nation was in danger, and the wonderful defeat of Peninsula veterans, crowned with the laurels of Vittoria, by a handful of American militia under Andrew Jackson. It is what Mr. Adams has to say upon these subjects to which we naturally turn with especial curiosity.

I.

Precisely what was accomplished by the privateers is recounted in the seventh chapter of the eighth volume, when the author pauses to sum up the situation at the beginning of the year 1814. At this time the American navy had almost wholly disappeared. The few war vessels that existed proved rather what the Government might have done than what the British had to fear from any actual or probable American navy. After Nov. 1 of the year mentioned the United States had not a ship at sea. Throughout that twelvemonth only one great and perhaps decisive success had been gained on either side, if we except Macdonough's victory. That single success was gained by privateers. By the beginning of 1814 owners, captains, and crews had learned to build and sail their vessels, and to hunt their prey with extraordinary skill. A few rich prizes stimulated the building of new vessels as the old were captured, and the ship yards turned them out as rapidly as they were wanted. In the neighborhood of Boston one vessel destined for privateering was said to have been finished in thirty-five working days. No blockade short of actual siege could prevent such craft from running out and in. They swarmed upon the ocean. British merchantmen were captured, recaptured, and captured again until they despaired of ever reaching port. One British master, who was three times taken, and as often retaken, reported that he had seen ten American privateers crossing his course. A letter from Halifax printed in the London *Times* of Dec. 19, 1814, said: "There are privateers off this harbor which plunder every vessel coming in or going out, notwithstanding we have three line-of-battle ships, six frigates, and four sloops here." The West Indies and the Canaries were haunted by privateers. Some Boston vessels penetrated even the Chinese seas, and carried prize goods into Macao and Canton. Had such ravages, however, been confined to the colonies or the ocean, the London clubs and the lobbies of Parliament would have thought little about them; but the privateer had discovered the weakness of Great Britain, and frequented by preference the narrow seas which England regarded as her own. Few days passed without bringing news of some inroad into British waters, until the Thames itself seemed hardly safe. Among the many exploits performed in the immediate vicinity of Great Britain and Ireland Mr. Adams cites the following: The *Siren*, an American schooner of less than 200 tons, had an engagement with her Majesty's cutter *Landrail* as the latter was crossing the British Channel with despatches. The *Landrail* was captured after a sharp action. The *Governor Tompkins* burned fourteen vessels successively in the British Channel. The *Harpy* of Baltimore cruised nearly three months off the coast of Ireland, in the British Channel, and the Bay of Biscay, and returned safely to Boston filled with plunder, including, as was said, upward of £100,000 in British treasury notes and bills of exchange. The *Mammoth*, a Baltimore schooner, was seventeen days off Cape Clear, the southernmost point of Ireland. The most mischievous of all was the *Prince of Neufchatel* of New York, which chose the Irish Channel as its favorite haunt, where, during the summer, it made ordinary coasting traffic impossible. The most impudent American vessel was the *Chasseur*, whose Captain amused himself for three months off the British coast by sending to be posted at Lloyd's a "proclamation of blockade of all the ports, harbors, bays, creeks, rivers, inlets, outlets, islands, and seacoasts of the United Kingdom." The *Morning Chronicle* of Aug. 31, 1814, denounced as a grievance equally intolerable and disgraceful that the whole coast of Ireland from Wexford round by Cape Clear to Carrickfergus should have been for above a month "under the unresisted dominion of a few petty 'fly-by-nights' from the blockaded ports of the United States." On Aug. 22 the *Courier* had admitted that five brigs had been taken in two days between the Smalls and the Tuskar, and that insurance upon vessels trading between Ireland and England had practically ceased. The "Annual Register" for 1814 recorded that it was not safe for a vessel to sail without convoy from one part of the English or Irish Channel to another. Such insecurity had not been known in recent wars, and the English navy of a thousand ships seemed powerless to protect British commerce. In September, 1814, the merchants of Glasgow, Liverpool, and Bristol followed the example set by the London assurance companies and addressed warm remonstrances to the Government on the want of security afforded to the mercantile marine. A great change had, indeed, come over the minds of English merchants since they incited or permitted the Tories to issue the Impressment Proclamation and the Orders in Council. The war was nearly at an end when underwriters could scarcely be induced to insure British vessels at any rate of premium.

What was the aggregate amount of damage suffered by British commerce at the hands of American privateers, and was privateering, on the whole, a profitable business? On both these heads there is a good deal of misconception current. To the first question Mr. Adams replies in his seventh volume (chapter 13) by saying that during the war about 2,500 vessels all told were captured from the British. Many were destroyed, many were released as cartels; and of the remainder, 750, or probably about one-half the number sent to port, were recaptured by the British navy. Most of these 750 were the prizes of privateers, and would have been destroyed had they been taken by Government vessels. They were usually the most valuable prizes, so that the injury that might have been inflicted on British commerce was diminished nearly one-half by the system which encouraged private war as a money-making speculation. Mr. Adams, indeed, has no doubt that privateers contributed more than the regular navy to bring about a disposition for peace in the British classes most responsible for the war. But he thinks this result might have been more promptly and effectually attained if we had built betimes twenty fast sloops of war to be used as cruisers. His researches have also convinced him that privateering was not profitable to the outfitters. In the list of 500 privateers furnished by the Navy Department 300 were recorded as having never made a prize. Of the remainder few made enough to cover their expenses. One of the most successful privateersmen, Joshua Barney, sent in prizes supposed to be worth $1,500,000; but after paying charges and customs duties and selling the goods he found that the profits were not sufficient to counterbalance the discomforts, and he refused to repeat the venture. His experience was common. As early as November, 1812, when almost every prize reached port, the owners of twenty-four New York privateers sent to Congress a memorial declaring that the profits of private naval war were by no means equal to the hazards, and that the spirit of privateering stood in danger of extinction unless the Government would consent to grant a bounty for the capture or destruction of the enemy's property. The truth was expressed by Gallatin, when he said that privateering, like every other form of gambling, attracted more adventurers than it could support, and that the net outcome of the business was a loss.

II.

It used to be said that no one whose name was associated with the Hartford Convention could afterward be elected to any office in the gift of the people. This seems at first sight hard measure to mete out to these particular asserters of the right of secession, considering what different treatment has been received by other men who have avowed the same opinions. The authors of the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions became successively Presidents of the United States, and we have seen in our own day not a few rebel Generals returned to the Federal Senate and House of Representatives. There is this difference, however, in the circumstances under which the avowal was made. The country was racked by a disastrous foreign war when the New England Federalists proclaimed their resolution to break up the Union, and even to John Adams, who in his time had been the leader of the Federalist party, such a purpose seemed, in view of the national calamities and perils, the most atrocious treason. The author of this history, however, shows that it was rather outside than inside the Hartford Convention that the full significance of the Federalist attitude was disclosed, and that the largest share of the odium incurred by this assembly belongs to the Legislatures of Massachusetts and Connecticut.

On the same day, Oct. 17, 1814, on which the Massachusetts Legislature issued a call to the New England States for a conference, the newspapers published despatches from Ghent containing the British conditions of peace. These required a cession of the island of Nantucket, and two counties of Massachusetts beyond the Penobscot, the abandonment of the fisheries and fishing rights, which had been conceded with American independence in 1783; together with still more extravagant demands in relation to the Indians and the lakes. Incredible as it now seems, the Federalist leaders blamed the Washington Government for refusing these concessions, and at the November election, which presently ensued, the people of New England were invited to declare, first, whether the British proposals ought not to have been entertained, and, secondly, whether the States should be represented at the Hartford Convention. To both questions there was an emphatic answer in the affirmative. Everywhere in New England the Federalist candidates were successful, and their party consequently prepared to support measures looking to the restoration of peace and to the establishment of a new Federal compact comprising either the whole or a portion of the actual Union. However Federalists might differ as to the ways and means of attaining their wishes, they were all agreed in requiring a radical change in the Federal organic law. The Boston *Centinel*, announcing the result of the elections in Connecticut and Rhode Island, described the adhesions of those States to the Hartford Convention as "the second and third pillars of a new Federal edifice." Nevertheless, when the delegates to the Convention were selected, a sober second thought seems to have momentarily prevailed, for the men chosen were by no means satisfactory to such violent secessionists as John Lowell and Timothy Pickering. George Cabot, the head of the Massachusetts delegation, was a man of a cautious, prudent, and skeptical turn, and his colleagues were in sympathy with him. The Connecticut delegation also was made up of men supposed to be inclined to resist popular pressure. The whole Convention only numbered at the outset twenty-three persons, mostly circumspect and elderly men, who detested democracy, but disliked enthusiasm almost as much. Subsequently two members from New Hampshire and one from a county in Vermont were admitted, so that in all there were just twenty-six delegates besides the Secretary. The fact that the sessions were secret created a belief that the debates would not bear publicity; but however that may have been, the recorded acts of the Convention evinced a moderate and restrained attitude. The report eventually issued professed a desire to preserve rather than destroy the Union. Closely following the precedent of the Virginia Resolutions of 1798 (drawn, it will be remembered by Madison), it asserted the right and duty of a State to "interpose its authority" for the protection of its citizens from infractions of the Constitution by the general Government. In the actual crisis such interposition should take, it said, the form of State laws to protect the militia or citizens from conscription and drafts; of an arrangement with the general Government authorizing the States to assume their own defence, and to retain "a reasonable portion of the taxes collected within the said States" for the purpose, and of State armies to be held in readiness to serve for the defence of the New England States upon the request of the Governor of the State invaded. Mr. Adams points out that, in spite of the moderation and sobriety of the language used, such proposals involved the establishment of a New England Confederation. The proposed union of the New England States for their own defence ignored any share to be taken by the general Government in the defence of the national territory, and reduced that Government to helplessness. What could be done by New England might be done by all, and the Federalists assumed that all would be obliged to do it. Moreover, if the general Government should reject the request for the proposed arrangement, the ultimate emergency must arise; formal secession would be inevitable; but such resultant measures the Convention refused to explicitly define, and left their definition as well as their execution to the State Legislatures.

The report of the Hartford Convention was issued on Jan. 5, 1815, and met with the approval of the whole Federalist party, though such men as Lowell, Pickering, and Gouverneur Morris only gave in their adhesions for the sake of unanimity. On Jan. 24, the Massachusetts Legislature, by a majority of three to one, made the resolutions of the Hartford Convention their own, and forthwith despatched Commissioners to Washington to demand compliance with an arrangement which would have practically converted New England into a distinct confederacy. Precisely the same course was taken by the Connecticut Legislature. Mr. Adams shows that the effect of this proceeding was perfectly understood by Republicans as well as Federalists throughout the country. The demand which the commissioners of Massachusetts and Connecticut were instructed to make must have resulted in a dissolution of the Union but for two events, neither of which was known at the time when they set out upon their mission. More than a month earlier, that is to say, on Dec. 24, 1814, a definite treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States had been signed at Ghent. More than two weeks earlier, namely, on Jan. 8, 1815, the most redoubtable army ever sent by England across the Atlantic had been entirely routed at New Orleans. Either of these events would have sufficed to frustrate the mission of the New England envoys. For one of these the nation was indebted to Andrew Jackson; for the other, to the panic produced among English merchants by the American privateers, most of which, curiously enough, were equipped with New England capital and manned by New England sailors.

III.

If Mr. Adams has failed anywhere in a history, for which we feel and have expressed unstinted admiration, to mete out justice where justice is due, it is, it seems to us, in his account of the battle of New Orleans. The reader is scarcely made to grasp the full significance of that decisive and unexpected victory. The fact is the more to be regretted, because there were peculiar reasons for arousing the public mind to the tremendous possibilities involved in that engagement. Because the issue of the action could in no case have had any effect upon the war, seeing that the war was over—the treaty of peace having been signed at Ghent a fortnight before—public opinion has tended to regard the battle as a battle in the air, and to overlook the tremendous responsibilities with which the chief actors on both sides believed themselves to be invested. To ordinary men it is not an easy or congenial task to explore what would have been the consequences of an event, supposing that certain conditions actually existent but unknown to its actors had not existed. Yet it is, it seems to us, the duty of such an historian as Mr. Adams has proved himself to be, to set forth all that the battle of New Orleans might have signified, in case the negotiations for peace at Ghent had failed. Had Pakenham gained that battle—and that he would gain it seemed doubtful to nobody in Washington, in New England, or throughout the country—two things to all appearances must inevitably have happened. In the first place, England would have occupied the Louisiana Territory, and done what France essayed to do—unite Canada with the west bank of the Mississippi by indissoluble bonds. In the second place, no agency now discoverable could have averted the secession of the New England States, which in turn must have brought about an eventual resumption of their colonial relation to Great Britain. Thus caught in a vise between the dependencies and the allies of England, the Middle, Southern, and Western States could not have held together. New York and probably New Jersey and Pennsylvania would have joined New England; Kentucky and Tennessee must have gravitated toward the power which controlled the Mississippi. It could only have been a question of time, and of a short time, when Virginia and the remaining States would have acquiesced in the old status of dependence on Great Britain. Such were the issues, which were present to Jackson's mind, when, with a smaller force than had been beaten at Bladensburg, he met and routed the brother-in-law of Wellington at the head of British legions that had driven Napoleon's best Marshal out of the Spanish peninsula. With Jackson, peace was needless. By Jackson the secession of New England was made worse than impossible; it was made ridiculous. These are the two memorable facts—the most memorable in the period between Yorktown and Antietam—which we regret that Mr. Adams did not bring out with sharper emphasis.

M. W. H.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. PAUL'S.

The New Order of Monks Established Within the Church of England.

From the London Telegraph.

It is now announced that the Bishop of London has sanctioned the formation of a lay "Brotherhood of St. Paul's," to work within the Metropolitan diocese, and to be controlled by a warden, who will be under the jurisdiction of the Bishop himself. There is to be a sub-warden and a chaplain, while the rest of the community are to be divided into brothers, probationers, and "serving brothers." The duty of the "brothers" will be to lead "a disciplined, devotional, common life, separated from secular pursuits, and wholly dedicated to the service of the Church," in connection with the parochial clergy. The warden will be appointed by the Bishop, to whom alone he will be responsible "in all things lawful." He will preside at all meals and all meetings of the community, and he will take care that the discipline and order of the community are strictly observed. He will "encourage, advise, and, if necessary, admonish the brothers." His decision will be final, unless a majority of the brothers bring the matter before the Bishop. Otherwise they must individually and as a body follow strictly "the rules regulating their studies, devotions, meals, habits, and conversation within the house." They are bound to "say the daily prayer for the brotherhood on rising and retiring to rest." They will be admitted as probationers for six months, and then, as brothers, promising to remain for one year. At the expiration of that year they may renew for another, and at the end of the second year they may either bind themselves for five years or indefinitely adopt the plan of annual renewal. The brothers will contribute to the expenses of the community in proportion to their means, the amount of contribution to be arranged by the warden, and not in any case to be made known to the other members of the community; thus rich members and their poorer brethren will live in every respect on terms of equality. In summer they will rise at 6, have morning prayer at 7, breakfast at 8, and study and meditation from 10 to nearly 12. At noon there will be a service, and dinner will be served at 1 o'clock. Outside work will be discharged from 2 to 5. "Evensong" will take place at 5:30, and supper at 6, after which comes three hours of indoor work. Every Wednesday there will be three hours and a half "recreation," and one evening of the week will be allotted for receiving visits or going to see outside friends.

It is curious that nothing is said in the rules of the new community as to any peculiar dress. That will be a matter for, we suppose, the discretion of the warden, who will probably not insist on a tonsured head, a robe with hood and girdle, and bare feet with sandals. These "properties" are too mediæval and Romanist to suit modern English ideas. The likelihood, however, is that these lay monks will wear something marking them out from the common role of secular Englishmen. The obligation they make on entering the brotherhood is clear enough as regards separation from the ordinary affairs of the world. Each man on entering will repeat and sign the following pledge: "I, ——, in the faith and love of God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, desirous of dedicating and devoting my life to the service of the Church of Christ, without let or hindrance, do hereby solemnly promise that for the space of one year I will adopt as the rule of my daily life the rule of the Brotherhood of St. Paul, and do hereby pledge myself to abstain from all wordly occupations, in accordance with the said rule, and to yield obedience to the warden of the brotherhood in all things lawful, so help me God."

Are monasteries or brotherhoods practicable among us to-day? Some signs of the times seem to favor this reaction. The writings of John Ruskin, perhaps the most influential voice of the day, is one long trumpet blast against those who see in railways, factories, and free trade the consummation of all that is beautiful and good. We find, moreover, that our most successful latter-day religionists are as closely linked together by concerted prayers and strict discipline as any order of the old Church. The poetry of Wordsworth, too, is day by day more of a power, and he perpetually preached retirement and urged men to find happiness "far from the madding crowd." Then our men of light and leading have told us that our charity must be organized, and that we must give to the poor not money alone but time and thought, daily service, and personal love. In this way many tendencies of the epoch unite to make practical and acceptable the revival of brotherhoods in a Church which seems ready to borrow from Rome some of the splendor of its altars and much of the wisdom of its methods tested by time and adapted to the needs of the day.

What'll They Call Him When He Grows Up?

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—Senator Davis has forwarded to the President a letter received from a Mr. Letterhohn, a Swede, asking that the President allow his name to be bestowed upon a recent arrival in the Letterhohn family. The young stranger is the seventh son of a seventh son, and the parents state that they have prayed anxiously for its arrival, and that it might be a son and bear the name of Benjamin Harrison. Their hopes in the preliminary stages having been realized, they now ask the President's consent to the use of his name.

Private Secretary Halford has informed Senator Davis that the latter had been laid before the President, and that the President remarked when he ascertained its contents that Swedish blood will tell. No doubt before many days Baby Letterhohn will bear the Christian name of Benjamin Harrison.

POEMS WORTH READING.

After the Snow and the Shroud.

From the Independent.

What if we all lay dead below;
Lay as the grass lies cold and dead
In God's own holy shroud of snow,
With snow white stones set foot and head,
With all earth dead and shrouded white
As clouds that cross the moon at night?

What if that infidel some night
Could then rise up and see how dead,
How wholly dead and out of sight
All things with snows sown foot and head
And lost winds wailing up and down
The emptied fields and emptied town?

I think that grand old infidel
Would rub his hands with fiendish glee,
And say: "I knew it, knew it well!
I knew that death was destiny;
I ate, I drank, I mocked at God;
Then as the grass was, and the sod."

Ah me, the grasses and the sod
They are my preachers. Hear them preach,
When they forget the shroud, and God
Lifts up these blades of grass to teach
The resurrection! Who shall say
What infidel can speak as they!—JOAQUIN MILLER.

In an Old Garden.

From Lippincott's Magazine.

Weeds run riot where lilies grew,
Stately and lovely and pure as truth,
In the old, dead days when the garden knew
The beauty that blesses the time of youth.
Nettles creep to the crumbling sill,
And briers climb where the rose once bloomed,
But a clump of rue holds its tenure still,
And remembers the beauty that fate has doomed.

Moss grows thick on the path where trod
The feet of youth in the days gone by,
And the feet of those who were nearing God
And the time to lay work down and die.
I wonder if ever, on moonlit nights,
Ghostly footfalls, through mold and moss,
Come and go where the old delights
Of life and loving gave place to loss?

Lovers have walked here, hand in hand;
Here, by this dying tree, was told
A story sweeter to understand
Than the tales of all poets, young or old.
Where is the lover who told his love?
Where is the maiden whose lips he kissed?
Ah! but the grave grass grows above
Those who no longer are mourned or missed.

Poor old garden of dead delights,
Haunted I know you are, night and day,
The gull from the sea, in his landward flights,
Hints of the fleet years that flew away.
Ever and ever, while nettles spread
Over the beds where the lilies grew,
You think of the past and its long since dead,
And the beauty and brightness that once you knew.

Your heart is truer than hearts of men
O poor old garden, for men forget;
They bury their dead and go on again,
And life has room for but brief regret;
But you mourn forever for lost delights;
You grieve for the beauty that could not last;
And I share your sorrow on lonesome nights
When my heart remembers its happy past.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Hesterne Rosæ.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Between the bounds of night and day,
Far out into the west they lie,
More sweet than any song may say:
The red rose garden of the sky.

Beyond the sunset wrack forlorn
Of tower and temple overthrown,
Of fallen fort and banner torn,
Burns the red flame of roses blown.

Through jewelled jalousies ajar,
That ruddy lustre shines aslant,
From terraced vistas stretching far,
The mellow light of old romaunt.

'Tis there the vanished roses blow
In splendor of eternal prime,
That graced the summers long ago,
The royal revels of old time.

The faded pageants' flush and bloom,
The pomp and pride of all things fair,
Like golden censors of perfume
Exhale upon that haunted air.

The rainbow fountains plash and play,
The falling water gleams and pales,
While echoes every cloistered way
The piping of the nightingales.

And who are they whose happy feet
May thread that petal-clustered maze,
Of all who found the roses sweet,
Of all who sang the summer's praise?

What fair and stately shadows stray
Between the blossoms dewy wet?
Omar or Ronsard? Who shall say?
Or Aucassin and Nicollette?

We know not of their name or kin,
So far those garden alleys seem;
For there no living man may win
Save on the light wings of a dream.

The brazen mountains tower between,
With crag, and peak, and sheer abyss,
And many a shadow hung ravine,
And many an airy precipice.

Oh, deep into the west they lie,
Beyond the swiftest swallow's flight,
The red rose gardens of the sky,
Between the bounds of day and night.

GRAHAM R. TOMSON.

The Candy Pull.

From the Minneapolis Journal.

You kin talk about y'r op'ras, y'r germans, an' all sich,
Y'r afternoon receptions an' them pleasures o' the rich,
You kin feast upon y'r choc'lates an' y'r creams an' ices full,
But none o' them is ekal to a good old candy pull.

For ther' isn't any perfume like the 'lasses on the fire,
A bubblin' an' a dancin' as it keeps a risin' higher,
While the spoon goes stirrin', stirrin', till the kittle's even full;
No, I reely think ther's nothin' like a good old candy pull.

It's true we miss the music, an' the ballroom's crush an' heat,
But ther' isn't any bitter that stays behind the sweet,
An' I think the world'd be better, an' its cup o' joy more full,
If we only had more pleasures like the good old candy pull.

A. B. LUCE.

The Two Mysteries.

From the Boston Transcript.

We know not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill,
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call,
The strange white solitude of peace that settles over all.

We know not what it means, dear, this desolate heart pain
The dread to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
We know not to what sphere the loved who leave us go,
Nor why we're left to wander still, nor why we do not know.

But this we know: our loved and lost, if they should come this day,
Should come and ask us, What is life? not one of us could say.
Life is a mystery as deep as death can ever be;
Yet oh, how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

Then might they say, those vanished ones, and blessed is the thought,
So death is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught.
We may not tell it to the quick, this mystery of death;
Ye may not tell it if ye would, the mystery of breath.

The child that enters life comes not with knowledge or intent;
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known, but I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

MARY MAPES DODGE.

A Modern Athenian.

'Twas in June when first I met her, and I never shall forget her
Unassuming, artless manner, nor her unaffected ways;
While I liked her all the better that her tongue she did not fetter
With the stilted phraseology that bores us nowadays.

She was sweet as ever rose was, and I certainly suppose was
Just about the dearest summer girl that ever man desired;
So my heart ere August's close was captivated; to propose was
I upon the very point to the girl I so admired.

She informed me as we parted, both of us quite heavy hearted,
That in Boston she should pass the coming winter with a friend;
Then a glance at me she darted, I caught on, the engine started,
And already I foresaw what would doubtless be the end.

For I knew the ways of Boston her sweet smile would drop a frost on,
Congealing all her summer warmth to autumn-atic chill;
Browning fires she'd there be tossed on, Cupid's darts would then be lost on
Such a tender hearted maiden, after such Athenian drill.

When we met again I found her a most virulent expounder
Of all supermundane theories and ochlocratic rule,
While she strove to draw around her men of intellect profounder
Than the students of the occult, or the transubstantiate school

She professed to be a censor of the works of Herbert Spencer;
Her thoughts seemed all nubigenous, and not of social life;
And I must have been much denser than I am, to give offence or
Even think of asking would she be my little wife.

F. H. CURTISS.

Wondering.

I've wondered in thinking of Venice,
Of doges and palaces grand,
If there it a habit of men is
To sprinkle the highways with sand.

If tenants who live in the houses
Are like other tenants I know,
If fear in their hearts it arouses
To find cellars filled up with snow.

If clubmen returning at morning
From jovial times about town,
The path that is straight ever scorning,
Trip into the gutters and drown.

If Venice's street cleaners ever
Accomplish impossible feats
By making a decent endeavor
To strain all the dirt from the streets.

The plain facts if any one knows em
Will certainly interest man;
So kindly concisely disclose them,
Dear reader: that is if you can.

SOME QUESTIONS OF ART.

A Great Exhibition Proposed—Current Displays of Pictures.

An interesting scheme is on foot among the artists and lovers of art in this city. It is proposed to celebrate the anniversary year 1892, which will not be celebrated by the much delayed World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, by opening in New York a great exhibition of the works of American artists of all periods and in all departments. A really comprehensive and national exhibition of this sort has never been held before. American sculpture has never been well represented in any exhibition. The same may be said of American architecture, for it can be truly shown only by the large-scale plans and working drawings for which the usual gallery show has not sufficient wall space. And as regards painting, we have only to remember the wonderful collection of old portraits gathered in Philadelphia a couple of years ago and the earlier Stuart exhibition in Boston to be convinced that a collection which would bring together the best American pictures of all epochs would astonish as well as delight our eyes. Hitherto there has been no place in New York where a collection of the magnitude now proposed might be shown, but we are told to-day that the great amphitheatre of the Madison Square Garden can, by means of certain temporary arrangements, be fitted for the purpose. If this is so, no considerations of trouble or expense ought to stand in the way of the accomplishment of the scheme. And if it secures the backing of the various art institutions throughout the country, which have been invited to send representatives to a meeting on Jan. 27; and if a working director is chosen who commands the confidence of artists and amateurs, we believe the enterprise may be pushed to a triumphantly successful conclusion. We may explain that it would help, not hinder, the success of the art department at Chicago in 1893; for the director of that would then have nothing to do but transport, if permitted, the whole New York collection to the Fair, and could thus reserve his own energies for collecting foreign works.

But a word of protest is to be added to these words of sincere godspeed. It seems that some of the persons initiating the idea of a national exhibition for 1892 desire to make it the first of a series of "American salons" to be held at quick-recurring intervals thereafter. There is not the slightest need for such a project as this, and its mere suggestion does great injustice to the already organized artistic societies which are in the habit of holding annual exhibitions open to all American artists. Stripped of the specious attractiveness which perhaps careless ears will find in the French term, an "American salon" means nothing more than an exhibition of current American productions. We have been told often that we have already so many annual exhibitions that they do each other mutual injury. It is, for instance, a commonplace of complaint that the Society of American Artists hurts the Academy of Design, while the greater age and prestige of this prevents the society from winning due attention from the public. Why, then, add another annual exhibition to the list, or even a biennial or a triennial one? Especially at this time, when the Society of American Artists has just succeeded in gaining a firm foothold before the public, and when the new club house in which it will share is about to be built with galleries large enough to accommodate all demands upon the hospitality which it has never been slow in granting to outsiders, should its future be clouded and its past work discredited by talk of a rival salon? We have never yet had pictures enough to make two thoroughly good exhibitions in the course of a year, and there seems no prospect of an immediate development of productivity which will more than suffice to fill the society's new rooms from spring to spring. It is idle to say that the society is a local institution, and that the proposed salon will be national. American art is really local, not national, in the sense that almost all our good pictures and statues are produced in New York, although excellent architectural effort is more widely distributed. And, we repeat, our local societies have never been such in the sense of discriminating in any way between works done in New York and those sent from other places. As for the suggested bestowal of medals or other rewards, we have only to read the story of recent Parisian experience which was told by Mr. Birge Harrison in a late number of the *Atlantic Monthly* to realize that American art is quite as well off without them. No; to hamper the proposed exhibition of 1892 with the burden of a proposed series of national salons to follow, will simply be to lessen the approval and the interest which it will otherwise inspire in those who know most about the conditions under which American artists now work and have their welfare most at heart.

But, although we maintain that their activity is not so vast as to justify the thought of an increased number of general exhibitions, we confess that it is great enough to embarrass us, at times, in our desire to keep a record of all the interesting things that may be seen in New York from week to week. It would entirely absorb our column simply to chronicle, for instance, the new buildings being erected in our streets. But we are offered so many other things in a less lasting shape that there is hardly ever a chance to speak about any of them. The new Century Club house or the new church on Washington square may be of more intrinsic importance than a small individual exhibition in a picture dealer's rooms. But the structures will remain until our grandchildren have leisure to describe them, while, if we do not look at the pictures to-day, where will they be hidden to-morrow?

So, if you have a moment during the coming week, it will be well to stop at the Messrs. Reichard's gallery and see four paintings which Mr. Winslow Homer has recently brought with him from his eyrie on the coast of Maine. They will give you no new conception of the power of this most individual and powerful of American landscape painters. Perhaps, indeed, there is no one of them which quite comes up to the level he had reached before—in the "Eight Bells," for instance, recently shown at the Union League Club, or in the "Bathers" seen at the Academy a few years ago. In some ways, too, they are less interesting than the thirty water colors shown in this same little gallery last winter. They are not so novel in motive and not so beautiful in color. Nevertheless, they are most admirable works, which one would stop to criticise only by comparison with their own creator's previous successes.

One is called "The Signal of Distress," and shows the deck of a steamer where preparations are being made to launch a lifeboat while, across a stretch of tossing pale blue water, a big ship looms up in the distance. The many figures are vividly and tellingly characterized, but the greatest beauty of the work lies in its delightful unity of tone, in the rendering of the misty, windy atmosphere, and in the movement so marvellously suggested in a sky which is almost a uniform stretch of gray. Next this hangs a study of rocks with steeply inclined strata, beyond which the actual ocean is not visible, but only great masses of surf and spray tossing high in the air and painted with the most admirable veracity and vigor. The third picture seems to us the finest of all—again a bold piece of rocky foreground, but this time a vast blue-green breaker dashing upon them in full sight, and beyond it a stretch of billowy sea half veiled in a down-dropping wreath of mist. Surely a mass of falling water was never painted with more sense of movement and of weight than it is here, and its luminous quality is as well explained as the splendor of its color. A dramatic piece of sea-painting like this is especially interesting when one's eye is fresh from Mr. Harrison's more idyllic but equally capable and individual essays. Those who think that originality in art means novelty in choice of motive would do well to reflect upon the difference between the results of Mr. Harrison, Mr. Eichelberger, and Mr. Homer, when, all three, they have painted breaking waves. So reflecting, it almost seems as though breaking waves would be enough to occupy all artists for all time to come, and would suffice to show the utmost variety in artistic feeling and artistic method. In any case, we should be willing to put the results of these three American painters beside those of any three who could be chosen from the marine painters of any other land, feeling quite sure that the result of such a test would be in our own favor.

But there still remains Mr. Homer's fourth picture, which, although not quite successful as a whole, perhaps contains a more marvellous bit of painting than either of the others. This, which is called "By the Summer Sea," shows part of a wooden platform, close to the edge of the water, upon which a couple of girls are dancing, while a group of other figures further away looms in flat black silhouette against the surf. Beyond the surf comes a line of cloudy, tossing water, where a reef lies just below the surface, and then a far placid expanse with the pathway of the moon, herself invisible, cutting across in almost inky blue. It is here that we see the best that Mr. Homer can do. His figures do not interest us, and we almost wish them out of the way that we might more wholly enjoy his beautiful sea. Never has such an effect been painted more truthfully or impressively, yet never more boldly and unconventionally.

To step from this gallery into the Messrs. Blakeslee's a few doors below is to pass from some of nature's most finely dramatic moods to her very gentlest pastorals. Here hang a number of landscapes and a few figure pieces which Mr. J. Alden Weir has recently painted. It is a little startling to see what a total change has come over his eye and his palette. In the essential qualities of his sentiment for the poetic, the suggestive, and the undefined in landscape, he naturally remains the same. Even the strongest outside influence, though it may wash and reset a palette, and even seem to give a new form of vision, cannot make a new artist out of one already developed. But in everything, except the temperament which lies behind it, Mr. Weir's work has wholly changed. It is the influence of the impressionistic school that one traces, and to say this is to say, of course, the influence of Claude Monet. But it does Mr. Weir no discredit to affirm the fact. An artist may himself willingly confess such a fact when he knows that to feel the influence of another has not meant direct, unvital imitation of that other's results, but merely an impulse to try to see things in the same way and to paint them—not in the same way, but along the same lines of intellectual and technical effort. Whether Mr. Weir has done well to abandon old lines for new is another question. The low-toned, somewhat melancholy, wholly poetic, if not very spirited, canvases with which he has made us familiar have a personal charm which, if it is to vanish forever from our exhibitions, will be genuinely regretted. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of charm of another kind about these roughly treated, pale-colored, yet still poetic products of his newer brush. Perhaps if he persists in its exercise he will eventually give us with as much poetry a greater amount of solidity and force. By this we do not mean necessarily more expression of detail, for it is possible to be very firm and accurate and virile, even when one is very frankly synthetical, as witness the works of Monet himself. Meanwhile there are two or three of these landscapes which are distinct successes, notably the one where a stretch of sun-flecked road runs away from the spectator's eye to a village and a group of trees on rather higher ground beyond. This is decidedly more solid than its fellows; and in some of the others, as in one which shows yellowing autumn woods, the vagueness of the effect is appropriate as characterizing a day and an hour when we are almost more conscious of the mistiness of the atmosphere than of the solidity of tangible things. The half-length portrait of a charming young woman which Mr. Weir also exhibits is delightful in color, pose, and characterization. But it distresses the eye by the rudeness of the facture, especially in the upper part of the face, the lower part being much more agreeably handled. If it is sinful, as we all know, to make a woman's flesh look like porcelain or wax, is it lawful to make it look like a bit of plastered wall? Another portrait, this time of a handsome, rather stolid looking little girl holding her doll close under the glare of a lighted Christmas tree, reveals many merits when once our eyes are accustomed to its rather gaudy first effect. But is even a novel success like this worth while if it means that Mr. Weir has ended his list of those portraits where he achieved a sober beauty of tone against which no kind of taste could raise an objection, and in favor of which one needed to cite no new theories of how an artist ought to see and ought to paint?

MEN'S FASHIONS AT A STANDSTILL.

No Change in the Cut of Garments Since Last Spring.

It has been noticed this year that there is an altogether remarkable lack of originality on the part of the mysterious authorities who preside over the destinies of men's attire. The conventional articles about the changes in the fashion of men's clothes for winter and spring have been published, but conviction has not followed in their wake. The facts are that there has been no change at all since the fashions of last spring were adopted. Inquiry among the leading tailors in Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street shows that the same patterns are used for the garments of men now as a year ago, and the tailors say that it is the first time since the war that a season has passed without some notable change. Coats and waistcoats are cut neither higher nor lower in front than they were last year, and there is not the faintest change in fashionably cut trousers. A gentleman who spends a good deal of money on his attire annually, and who is continually quoted as one of the most correctly clad men in New York, has on several occasions treated the question of men's fashions at careful length for THE SUN's readers. He chatted yesterday in his usual amiable vein on the subject, but he started in with the assertion that there was really nothing new to tell.

"It is now," he said, "nearly a year since an interview which I gave you for THE SUN was published and promptly commented upon by some of the tailors, as well as the writers in journals devoted to clothing interests. The position that my critics took at that time was that I had shot very wide of the mark when I said that the loose trousers and low-cut waistcoats which had just come in would all disappear within a few months, and that we should come down to the attire of the middle-grade order. I said that business men would soon relinquish double-breasted sack coats, because they were so awkward when unbuttoned, and that they would come back to the single-breasted jackets, which are and have been for the past five years the most comfortable and convenient garments for back wear. I knew, when the big clothing houses began to turn out double-breasted sack coats by the thousand, that the doom of that particular coat was sealed. At present the double-breasted jacket is just about as popular as the single-breasted one, but it does not by any means hold the position that was claimed for it.

"I have always taken a sincere interest in the question of men's clothes, and I suppose I always shall. I spend a good bit of money that way in the course of the year, and I watch the vagaries of fashion closely. During the past season it has not required much vigilance or study. The frock coats of men are now worn long, stopping about an inch above the knee pan. They are always worn buttoned, of course, and they do not roll open very low or very high in front. The shoulders are not of the sloping champagne-bottle order, nor do they resemble the square military cut. It is a sort of a betwixt and between compromise. The cutaway coat still has three buttons, and is reasonably long behind. The under vest and white Swiss linings, which were affected a year ago, have gone completely out of vogue. They are not worn now at all by men of fashion. Trousers are of what might be called a semi-military cut. They are neither very tight nor very loose, but follow the line of the leg in a general way, and are the same width over the foot that they are at the knee.

"We seem in a general way to have caught up with London at last. At least I did not notice any pronounced difference between the fashions there and in New York when I crossed a month ago. Englishmen have become more or less daft on frock coats, but I suppose they will get over that in time. Nowadays they wear them on every and all occasions. When they are not clad in frock coats and top hats they feel nervous and ill at ease. They even go to breakfast in that outfit at 9 o'clock in the morning. They wear rather square-toed boots in London just now, and they have returned to the bell shaped crown in top hats, but there is really no other change."

These views seem to be pretty generally accepted among New Yorkers. Lack of novelty is said to presage some extraordinary changes in fashion. Before what is known as the "dude era"—coats with sloping shoulders and trousers that were skin tight in their adhesiveness—set in, there was just such a period of stagnation in men's fashions as now exists. We may be on the eve of a great change in men's fashions, after all.

HOLLAND'S NEW QUEEN.

The Child Who Becomes Sovereign of the Netherlands, and the Regent, Her Mother.

LONDON, Jan. 7.—William III. of Holland has been accused by his biographers of intense egotism, but despite that inherent selfishness, as soon as he became conscious that his days were numbered he determined to settle the contingent question of his succession. In 1884 the provision for the regency had been decided upon virtually, and the act settling it was signed in September, 1888. The King was then 71, his only daughter was 8; therefore the probabilities of a long minority were almost a certainty. He had appreciated the sterling qualities of his wife sufficiently to give her the unqualified guardianship of his child, with the assistance of a council nominated by the King after taking the option of his Ministers. The powers of the Regent were practically unlimited, and she could lose them only in the case of her marrying again. Queen Emma is in every way worthy of this high trust, and her long apprenticeship at the side of an aged and suffering monarch has made her strong and capable in the art of government. Energetic and self-contained she is by nature; no better proof exists of these qualities than her determined opposition to the Dutch Ministers who insisted prematurely upon proclaiming the vacancy of the throne.

Young, agreeable, and constitutionally merry, she voluntarily and without a murmur of regret renounced all amusements and diversions in which her aged consort could not share, content to be the sunshine of his declining years. The King's death, therefore, has caused no political disturbances. Holland for the last fifty years has had no political history, and there is little chance that the minority of the small Queen should bring about any serious complications; but her inheritance does not come to her intact. Only Holland proper accrues to her. The Grand Duchy of Luxembourg falls to the Duke of Nassau. That province is governed by the Salic law, and repudiates the rule of a woman; so that while a girl of 11 is crowned on one side a prince of 72 assumes royal rank on the other. In 1866 the Duke had sided unhesitatingly with Austria against Prussia, with the result that after the battle of Sadowa Prussia as unhesitatingly incorporated his domain of Nassau with the Hohenzollern dominions. Thenceforth Duke Adolph lived at Vienna, a favorite of the Emperor Francis Joseph, through whose good offices he obtained from Prussia a compensating income far exceeding the lost revenues of his sovereignship. He lived in magnificent style, kept splendid horses and hunting appointments, open table and rare wines, apparently entirely consoled for the loss of his province. For many years he maintained a dignified rancor against Prussia, but when the Emperor William II. was at Mainau in 1888 both he and his son visited him on friendly terms; Sadowa's ghost was laid at last. His brother, who had married morganatically a daughter of the poet Pouschkine, was well received at the German court, and the final reconciliation was cemented by the marriage of the Duke's daughter with the hereditary Prince of Baden, a cousin of the German Emperor. Hence it may be concluded that his accession to the throne of Luxembourg caused no ill feeling in the German quarter.

He will probably rule with a gentle hand and be popular; but he is old, Salic law is fast falling into discredit, and there may spring up a not unnatural desire to see the two countries once more united under the sway of one ruler.

Already three women reign in Europe and govern well. Without mentioning the prosperous reign of Queen Victoria, or foreshadowing what the small Queen Wilhelmina and the smaller King of Spain will be, the Regent Christina and the Regent Emma have earned the respect and confidence of their people.

The King's first wife, Queen Sophie, left the reputation of a superior political genius; her letters to Napoleon III. show what stuff she was made of; but Queen Emma, in a more subdued and less public fashion, apparently without stepping out of the monotonous seclusion of a life shorn of all excitement and frivolity, has been the mainstay and prop of a monarch who, bereft of his faithful companion, after a wild and stormy youth and an active manhood, would have sunk into old age, unloved and uncared for, condemned to a grim solitude.

The youngest sister of the Queen Regent is still unmarried, another sister is the widowed Duchess of Albany, and a third is the wife of the Prince of Bentheim. With no regular beauty of feature, she has a pleasing face and a charming expression; her eyes are at once soft and intelligent and her smile exquisitely gentle. She dresses simply for one in her station, but always becomingly. She has dignity without pride, and has proved herself a devoted, cheerful, and untiring nurse, as well as a woman of nerve and resource at several critical junctures. She never would admit that the last Prince of Orange had become incapable of governing, and bravely kept up the fiction of his unwaning abilities.

She has brought up her daughter with judgment, care, and a constant preoccupation of her future destinies; she has made her childhood happy and merry, so that the offspring of an old and failing father has laughed and played gayly in the sombre rooms and lonely gardens of the Castle of Loo. Even now she will not let the little girl be saddened by the gloom of etiquette and court mourning, and, while herself strictly observing the royal conditions of widowhood, she wishes the small Queen to suffer from them as little as possible.

The most serious question concerning her is the choice of a future husband, and the Regent is anxious that no merely political reasons should bias it. It may be with Queen Wilhelmina as it was with Queen Victoria, who made no secret of having freely selected her consort; for when, after the sitting of the council in which her coming marriage had been officially notified, one of her ladies asked her whether she had not experienced a deep emotion, the Queen answered: "Not nearly so much as when I proposed to Prince Albert."

In 1888 a combination had been dwelt upon in the Belgian press suggesting that the heir to the Belgian throne, Prince Baudoin, should be the favored suitor, and through the marriage the old kingdom of the Netherlands once more be reformed in its integrity, each country preserving its autonomy as in Austria-Hungary. Another eventuality has been discussed which would, however, possibly create greater uneasiness for the politicians and statesmen of adjoining countries. The Grand Duke of Nassau is a septuagenarian, but his son Prince William is not yet 40; he is handsome, a distinguished officer in the Austrian army, and the little Queen who has grown up between a young mother and a very aged father might probably not deem a disparity of twenty-seven years at all insuperable. Still, it is very early to look thus far into a dim future; royal houses have been so suddenly and cruelly stricken of late that it is dangerous to speculate on the destiny of a Queen of 10. Were she to die unmarried or childless, the crown of Holland would revert to the sister of William III., the Grand Duchess Sophie of Saxe-Weimar Eisenach, born in 1824, or to her descendants. Her eldest son has many children, but if, unaccountably, that line became extinct, Prince Albert of Prussia, Regent of Brunswick, would step in as a legitimate claimant to the throne.

M. DE S.

Where the Watch Face Got Its Four I's.

From the St. Louis Republic.

Do you know why four "I's" are used to mark the hour on clocks and watches instead of the usual combination of Roman numerals, which, if rightly arranged, would be IV., instead of IIII.? There is a tradition among watch and clock makers to the effect that prior to the year 1370 all clocks and watches were made with IV., the proper characters to mark the hour of four. In the above-named year a clock was made on an elaborate plan for Charles V. of France, surnamed The Wise, who has the reputation of being not only a crank, but of being the greatest fault-finder in the world. The clock was a beauty and a fine timekeeper, but Charles had to find fault in order to keep up his reputation. He examined it critically and finally broke out in a storm of rage because the hour of 4 had been marked "IV," insisting that four IIII's should be put on instead. This was done, and, in order to perpetuate a king's mistake, has been kept up through all succeeding years.