POETRY.

Illustrated Magazine for October.

Days dawn on us that make amends for many
Sometimes,
When heaven and earth seem sweeter even than any
Man's rhymes.
Light had not all been quenched in France, or quelled
In Greece,
Had Homer sung not, or had Hugo held
His peace.
Had Sappho's self not left her word that long
For token,
The sea round Lesbos yet in waves of song
Had spoken.

II.

And yet these days of subtle air and finer
Delight,
When lovelier looks the darkness, and diviner
The light,
The gift they gave of all these golden hours,
Whose urn
Pours forth reverberate rays or shadowing showers
In turn,
Clouds, beams and winds that make the live day's track
Seem living—
What were they did we spirit give them back
Thanksgiving?

IV.

In human thought have all things habitation;
Our days
Laugh, lower and lighten past, and find no station
That stays.
But thought and faith are mightier things than time
Can wrong,
Made splendid once with speech, or made sublime
By song.
Remembrance, though the tide of change that rolls
Wax hoary,
Gives earth and heaven for song's sake and the souls' glory.
Their glory.
—ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

MIRAZ.

BY FRANCOIS COPPEE.

I had known Louis Miraz, the poet, very well, formerly in the Latin quarter, when we both took our meals in a creamery of the Rue de Seine kept by an old woman whom we called the Princess Chocolamska (she was a Pole) on account of the enormous dish of chocolate cream daily displayed in her shop window. We could get a dinner there for ten cents. The fastidious gave one cent more so as to have a napkin. Louis Miraz had the sallow skin, the dark shadow under his eyes, and the long disheveled locks of young men who come up to Paris to achieve fame in third-class cars, who spend more money on kerosene than beefsteak, accumulating fabulous wealth in the shape of unused manuscripts. My own hair at that time was sufficiently Merovingian to soil my coat collar, so that we were sympathetic souls, and Louis Miraz dragged me up innumbered flights to his attic and opened at once upon me with a battery of 2000 Alexandrines. It must be said they were charming poems, redolent of springtime and perfumed with lilacs, and they will always have a place among the works of poets who have published but one volume, for Miraz never wrote any more verses. A scaring eagle, in love with high places, he soon made his eyrie on the heights of Montmartre, and for a long time I lost sight of him. Afterward I recognized his signature in the newspapers and reviews when he began to publish the exquisite novelettes that have made his reputation. Five years passed by, when one day we met in the editor's sanctum in the office of a newspaper for which I was writing. He was delighted to see me, and after the first cordial interchange of greetings we stood similarly looking at each other's faces. He had not changed at all. He had not even given up his long hair that he tossed back every minute or two with a graceful motion like a playful horse. He had, however, the clear skin and quiet eyes of a man who is happy, and his slender figure showed to advantage in his fashionable, well-fitting suit.

"I have found you, and I shall not let you go. You agree to that, don't you?" he said, as we went down-stairs together and we walked along the boulevard arm in arm in the April sunshine that gilded the young leaves of the maples. How happy we were that day together! There was no end of "Do you remember? Do you remember the peculiar odor that smelt of straw and the dreadful rice milk at the Princess Chocolamska's, and the old German who used to pawn his Budd a regularly every quarter-day? But times were hard then, and often I had enjoyed my success as I had his; but I did not know that he was married to a woman whom he adored, and that he had a little daughter—an angel.

"Come and see them. Dine with us to-day." I could not refuse, and he carried me off in triumph to a little house among the trees at Les Ternes. Everything looked very pretty as we drove up. A little dog jumped upon us barked his greeting the moment we opened the garden gate.

"Down, Gauroche! Don't let his jump on you; his paws are dirty." But the sound of the bell had been heard in the house, and Madame Miraz stood at the door with her child in her arms. She was a tall, fine-looking blonde, with a well-developed figure outlined in her wrapper.

"Let us have another place at the table. I have brought home an old friend," cried joyously, and the happy father flung his little girl, his hat still on his head, into the dining room, with pretty china, and his study piled with books, with a large open window through which the wind had wafted horse-chestnut blossoms in such profusion that they covered the proof-sheets of all our writing table. "This will do very well for a beginning; don't you think so?" he. While I was admiring the garden with its flowering shrubs, Miraz slipped into his working jacket, had on his slippers, and lying back in his arm chair was holding his little girl above his head at arms' length. "Fly up! high up!" I do not believe I ever saw more perfect happiness. It was a gay little dinner, simple, but excellent and well served. We waited upon ourselves. The fair young wife presided with a sunny smile, and her little girl, by her side to be her high chair. Madame Miraz did not say much, but intelligent, pleasant face showed sympathy with our rambling talk. Between dishes, at dessert she ran to her room for a bunch of flowers in the middle of the table and placed it in my hair. It was charmingly done. She called the ideal wife of a poet and painter. Coffee was served in the studying room could not be furnished the new novel had come out that had in press. As the evening was we had a cheerful blaze in the open fire. Miraz and I smoked and over old times, while the mistress house held on her lap little Helen, in her night-dress, and taught her father and a prayer to the Virgin. The child lisped after her, kicking little bare feet about the fireside.

We this free frequently met for a then at longer and longer intervals. The harried, complicated life of a poor Bohemian is apt to spin out. Once a while our paths crossed. We shook each other's hands, exchanged greetings and went our way. For some time I had not seen any of Miraz's articles in the reviews and periodicals. My man Hein is resting, I said to myself, having heard that he had amassed a little fortune. Then last autumn I met his name in a very serious study. I went at once to see him. He still lived in the place, but that chilly November the little house looked damp and among the leafless trees. The dog probably dead, for his joyous bark longer responded to the tinkle of the at the gate. The last night's frost killed the last chrysanthemus in the and the path into the house was with dead leaves. Mme. Miraz at, but I saw Helen, a tall, shy girl, who, with a timid, anxious under her thick, dark eyes the way to her father's study. Miraz crouching over his fire, up in an old man's dressing Here were gray streaks in his and when I looked into his eyes and took his damp, cold felt that his case was hopeless. old fellow, so you have been ill?" her with me," he answered, gray smile. "Consumption, day I may they have in the fifth the venerable doctor, with a stroke Beranger, feels the young and says, 'She must die! difficulty with me is that death coming. Don't throw away smoking does not disturb

Kand a fit of coughing that 215 it might be his last. I tried Nourfully, holding his hands in encouraging words, but hollow this lying was, and Orlt looked at me compassionand, however, again to cheer idea of his dying, young as he Hein winter in the South? tainly to do so with his interrupted me, and lay on my arm, said: "Listen

We have not seen much of each other lately, but you are my oldest, perhaps my best, friend. I will tell you the truth. Yes, I have been successful. In one of those drawers there is a parcel of yellow, green and red papers, off of which I cut a little piece every six months, amounting in all to 3000 or 4000 francs a year. It is unusual in our profession to be so lucrative, and to do so I have been obliged to refuse my wife many innocent indulgences; often to let Helen wear an old gown. But there it is, and I said to myself, 'Now if I die they will be beyond the reach of want, and Helen will have a little dowry. You and I know only too well to what our unprovided widows and orphans may be exposed. But to save them from poverty I must not linger in this way. Sickness is very expensive, my dear fellow. Two or three of these papers in the drawer have already disappeared and another must go if I lead the life of a lizard at Cannes or Mentone. You can hardly imagine all I have suffered since it has become impossible for me to write any more, and I have seen their little fortune dwindled away. Look at my writing-table. For six months I have not written one word." It was sad, indeed, to see his papers all covered with dust. In a china dish lay a heap of quill pens, blackened with ink, reminding one of the trophies of rusted foils over the mantlepiece of an old swordsman. When I took leave of him he said: "Now you understand that nothing more must be said about going away for the winter. No, indeed; but if you have not forgotten how pray to God that the end may soon come."

A fortnight later about thirty of us followed Miraz to the burial ground on Montmartre. It had snowed the night before, and as I walked by the side of Dr. A—, well known in the artist world, he ejaculated: "It is the same old story; but how dismal these funerals are in snowy weather. Vignoron's 'Pauper's Burial' in black and white is very effectively cold." He had now reached the grave and stood around watching the grave-diggers lowering the coffin with ropes. A shabby acolyte in a surplice much too short for him, carried a cross, and near by the priest waited, his finger between the leaves of his book. The orator for the Society of Authors was there, too, his hat nicely adjusted under his hand and his black-gloved fingers holding the leaflets of the eulogy he was to pronounce, written, probably, just before the funeral on the corner of a table in some restaurant where he had been dining in company with a friend, who had been asked to help him with some suggestions. When the priest began his Latin prayers the doctor grasped my arm and whispered: "He killed himself, you know." I looked up in astonishment. He pointed to the black group of Madame Miraz and her daughter, choking under long veils and clinging close to each other. "It was for their sake," he added. "For six months, it seems, he has thrown away all my prescriptions. He told me so before he died. The other night when it froze so hard he left his window open, as if by accident, and brought on an acute inflammation. Yes, so as to leave something to these women. That priest little thinks he is praying over a suicide. Never mind; go on my good fellow. Miraz has gone to the paradise of brave souls. Such a lingering death! The Bridge of Arcola was nothing in comparison.

THE FATAL HALF-HOUR.

Why Ladies Do Not Talk When Left by Themselves After Dinner.

Considering the old question of the silence which reigns among women while sitting by themselves after dinner, and awaiting the advent of the man from the dining-room, London *Truth* says: The secret of the after-dinner dullness upstairs lies, to my mind, in the fact that there is nothing for them to do; at most, a cup of tea or coffee is handed around—no wine or cigarettes, no ostensible occupation or recreation, except that depicted on the drawing-room pieces, albeit music, improvised chiefly as a signal that it is time for the gentlemen to come upstairs. We have not the vivacity of the French or Italians—we have not even the substantial geniality and hospitality of the German "Frau." Our women are affectionate to individuals of their own sex, but scarcely sociable, as a rule, with one another. Still they are not incapable of unbending, and often only require a pretext such as lawn tennis, a garden party or Christmas games; but they do require something; and if they had something to do in the drawing-room—if the gentlemen have in the dining-room—that half hour, now so dreaded and so dull, would soon lose its terrors. On the continent the gentlemen leave the table with the ladies. I am not in favor of that separation—the separation of the sexes is distinctly good. In some English homes the ladies take their coffee down-stairs. By the time the hostess has caught the eye of the chief lady at the table it is usually high time to shuffle the social cards a little, and enable some people to get up and change seats if they please. No, let the ladies leave the men to their wine and tobacco for a space by all means; but, then, let the former be comforted upstairs somehow. There should be some game or divertisement, some center of attraction, something for them to look at or to do.

I have known a single cheery laugh or happy remark to break up the frozen silence of a whole company. A pretext is all that is required; but that is just what our ladies almost never are often left without. That pretext should never be wanting, and it must be supplied externally, and be capable of striking common chords, like the wine-bottle, the walnut or the cigar box. I left the Queen and what I think our ladies have at present a right to complain of, is the absence of some such metaphorical wine, walnuts and cigars up-stairs—something to loosen the tongue, to provoke the laugh, to excite the repartee, to tickle the fancy, if not to enlighten the mind. That is what the ladies want; the gentlemen have it. I am here, at all events, in favor of equal rights for men and women. The rules and facilities for feeding are the same for both sexes at all dinner parties; let us have a similar respect for the recreation and social refreshment of the sexes after dinner.

Queen Victoria's Probable Will.

London *Truth*: The recent changes in the royal family must at least have proved highly profitable to the lawyers concerned. Last year the Queen made a fresh settlement of her private property after the Duke of Albany's death, and now I hear that entirely new testamentary arrangements have been made by her majesty. The amount of the Queen's private property is unknown, but I am told that, including the Prince Consort's fortune and Mr. Nield's, it exceeds £4,000,000, and besides these there are the estates in Aberdeenshire, which extend to 32,000 acres, the Claremont property, which Her Majesty purchased from the country three years ago at a very inadequate price, and the Osborne estate, which has enormously increased in value, to say nothing of property at Baden-Baden and at Coburg. It is probable that the bulk of the Isle of Wight property will be left by the Queen to the Duke of Connaught, and Balmoral and most of the Scotch property to Princess Beatrice, who also will probably get Claremont. They will be Her Majesty's principal heirs, and a very handsome provision has been made for the children of the Duchess of Albany, and for the families of Prince Christian and the Grand Duke of Hesse.

Two Old Theaters Gone.

Her Majesty's in the Haymarket and Covent Garden are both doomed. The former was the scene of the triumphs of Rachel and Jenny Lind. It is to be converted into a district parcel and post depot. Covent Garden has existed in some form since 1662, when Charles II granted a patent to Sir William Davenant. It was the scene of the murder of Miss Reay, of the first introduction of horses on the stage, of the farewell performance of Mrs. Siddons and Charles Kemble, and the triumphs of Albani and Patti. It witnessed two riots, and was burned down twice. The present building was opened in 1858. Neither establishments have paid for some years.

The Great Southern Remedy.

Rosadalis cures scrofula, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malaria, and all diseases of a kindred nature arising from an impure condition of the blood. After physicians have failed to cure, a single bottle of Rosadalis seems to effect such a marked change as to give new hope and life. Read this letter:

"I have been a great sufferer with inflammatory rheumatism for the last twelve months. I was induced to try your preparation, Rosadalis, and I have been greatly benefited. My hands and feet are still enlarged, but I feel so much better that I want to continue taking the Rosadalis.

MRS. M. Y. DANCE, Rehoboth, Va.

125 YEARS OLD.

Shadrack Nugent, the "Moon Man," the Oldest Darky Now Living in the United States.

A Man Who Has Talked with Every President Except Cleveland—His Predictions and Observations.

Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*: "I may not be, as the New York *Herald* says, the oldest man on earth, but I am 125 years old. My papers and documents show it," said Shadrack Nugent, the centenarian, to the *Herald* correspondent yesterday. Shadrack Nugent is a light skinned mulatto, who has lived in this city since the war of 1812. He was born, he says, in 1760, in Frederick county, Maryland; near the present town of Frederick. He owns a couple of houses and is rather well provided for. He is universally respected by both white and colored, and is a steady churchgoer. He uses a cane only when he goes out at night, and while rather shaky he walks well enough for a man half his age, whatever it is. He cannot read or write, though he sticks very carefully to dates and seldom gets mixed up in his reminiscences. He is known as "The Moon Man" for the reason that he has devoted many years to observations of the moon and the relation of the moon to the changes of the weather. For a number of years he sold on the streets a collection of rhymes on the weather, by which, he said, if careful attention was paid to them any one could, in four cases out of five, foretell the changes in the weather. Of late years Shadrack has seldom gone very far from his home, which is on M street, between Twenty-second and Twenty third streets. The sight of one eye has gone entirely, though the other is nearly as good as ever it was. He has never worn any beard on his face, shaving almost every day. His hair is somewhat longer than most colored people have. It is pure white and but little kinked. He talks remarkably well, though he has lost most of his front teeth, and delights in talking of King George's days and what he heard about them in his boyhood days.

HISTORIC MEMORIES.

"I have seen all the Presidents since James Madison and have talked with them all except President Cleveland. I am going down to see him soon. I saw Mr. Madison when he had to drive away from the White-House—when the British burned it, in 1814—to keep from being captured. I also saw him when he returned to it after it was fixed up and painted white. It is a white house now, but it was not one then. It was more yellow sandstone color than anything else. All of the front was blackened up by the smoke when it was burned, and the reason they painted it. Before that it was the same color of the Treasury portico and was built out of the same quarry of sandstone. I have about proved my case, and will soon get my pension as a soldier in the Revolutionary war, though I was not a soldier, only a body servant. One of the newspapers said some years ago that I was the body servant of Gen. Washington. President Lincoln called to see me once and told me about it being in the papers, but I was not. I was the body servant of Lieut. George Graff. I never saw Gen. Washington that I know of.

"Lieut. Graff came to Rockville, Montgomery county, Md., and bought a farm in the year 1781. The court-house records will show that. I was free the year after, having been bound to him. I was freed when I was twenty-one year. My mother first gave me, when I was seven years old, to Mrs. Carter, of Leesburg. Mrs. Carter was a poor woman, but she promised she would treat me kindly as to play with her children. Four or five years afterward it was fixed up that I was to be sold to a Georgia planter. He was going to kidnap me. The plan was that I should be sent out to the back gate at night and this Georgia man was to catch me. I told about it, and Mr. George Graff laid an injunction on her to keep her from selling me. The judge then bound me to Mr. George until I was of age. Mr. Graff was a rich man. My free papers are recorded at the Montgomery county court house, but I have lost them.

THE WAR FOR INDEPENDENCE.

"There was no voting in Montgomery county when we moved in from Frederick. The first voting was when Gen. Washington was elected President. In 1781 we camped on Federal Hill, Baltimore. We were there two years. We were there four months. There were no houses there then. Capt. Stiner, Lieut. George Graff and Lieut. James McPherson were the first officers of the first artillery company that had cannons in Frederick. There were no bands of music then, only drums and fifes. This artillery company was ordered to Baltimore to guard the place. Some of the other artillery went to Yorktown. The officers did not charge for their services. They volunteered free, though the privates got $8 per month. If I was a young man I would not be a body servant again, for a body servant is in as much danger as a soldier or an officer. Lieut. Graff gave me orders that when he beckoned to me to bring him his canteen and whisky and to give him a drink, and to keep my eyes on him when his men were loading and firing. He said if I did not come he would shoot me on the spot, and if he got shot I was to take him to his tent and take all his things and silver to my mistress, who was his wife. Admiral Porter showed me one day ten years ago a map of Federal Hill, and I pointed out where we were camped. He said his grandfather was camped there the same time we were, but I did not know him.

"In the war of 1812 I was living at Brookeville, twenty miles from Washington, with the Quakers. The first war I remember was Braddock's war with the Indians; the second was a foreign war with King George and the French; the third, Gen. Washington's war; the fourth was the war of 1812; the fifth was the Florida war; the sixth was the Mexican war, and the seventh was Gen. Grant's war.

"Lieut. Graff and myself were not in Gen. Washington's war, but the second year after the surrender of Lord Cornwallis we were ordered to Baltimore to do picket duty. I remember, in the town of Frederick, when the authorities were enlisting men for the old Revolutionary War—Gen. Washington's war. That was over 100 years ago.

NOT MUCH OF A SMOKER.

Getting off the subject of war the old man said: "I smoked when I was a boy and for some time after I grew up, but was never much of a smoker. I never chewed tobacco because it was not allowed to. Mr. Graff said it did not look good for a boy to chew, and I did not chew. He chewed, and the ruffles of his shirt were dirty all the time with tobacco juice. I believed that was the reason he opposed me chewing. Yes, I have drank some liquor in my life, but very little. I haven't touched a drop of any kind of liquor since Gen. Lafayette came to this country. I was awful drunk the night he arrived, but after that no more. My experience has been with white and colored people that liquor causes more trouble than everything else put together. Light suppers, even if late, don't do any one harm, but I have never believed in eating greasy stuff at night. Ice cream should never be eaten as late as sundown. It is dangerous for night eating, and is not healthy at any time. Regularity in everything is beneficial, and especially so about paying all bills that are due. If you ain't got anything don't promise, only pay when you have money. In my early days there was but little liquor made in this country. It was all imported. High-toned gentlemen drank rather heavy and played cards strong. They would play the saddles of their horses."

WEATHER PROPHECIES.

On the subject of moons Shadrack Nugent talked very freely, referring to the following history of the moons which he had printed in 1876—the result of seventy-five years' study, he says:

A HISTORY OF THE MOONS.

The three first moons in every new year's almanac is the three first spring moons—the two first spring moons, always falls cold, and they are the last cold falls.

And the three next will be the summer moons for a hundred years.

And the next will be the three fall moons for a hundred years.

And the three next will be the three winter moons for a hundred years to come.

And there is only twelve fulls of the moon in every year's almanac for a hundred years.

And it don't make any difference what months the spring moons change in, the weather will be half spring and half winter.

And when the moon changes with her points down she changes stormy.

And when she changes with her points up, she changes calmer.

And every almanac has a date, and when the date is later the moon changes with her points up, laying on her back.

And when the almanac's date is earlier, the moon changes with her points down—stormy.

The first moon in every new year's almanac is March's moon, and the second moon is April's, the third moon is May's and the fourth moon is June's—the first summer moon which falls for summer. In every year get an almanac; the almanacs tell about the weather, and I tell about the moons.

I have been going by the moons for more than 100 years, and have made it a special study. And I am 117 years old in this year of 1876.

SHADRACK NUGENT, the Moon Man.

"The weather comes by moons," continued the moon man, "instead of by months. The moon is cold and the sun is hot. The moon chills the heat given out by the sun at times and we have winter. The springs will be later and later when the summer moon changes on the 20th of June, which won't be for many years. The cold summer of last year and this year are in consequence of being late."

Speaking of his family, he said: "I did not get married until I was well advanced in years. I have three girls and one boy. The youngest girl is fifty-five years of age. I have a lot of good children."

NEGRO CORN-SHUCKING SONG.

Oh, do o'e sheep sharp w'en he shell dat corn,
(Come along! come along!)
He shell dat corn by de rattle or his horn,
(Oh, do come along!)
But he ain't so sharp when he sont it ter mill,
(Oh, do come along!)
Kase he sont ter mill by de whipperwill,
(Oh, do come along!)
He sont it ter mill by de whipperwill,
(Come along! come along!)
W'ich he drap de bag, en let it spill,
(Oh, do come along!)
En w'atter you reckon he did declar',
(Come along! come along!)
W'en de f-lks pass by en fine 'im dar?
(Oh, do come along!)
Mr. 'Possum, he clam de 'simmon tree,
(Come along! come along!)
En he wink he eye, en grin at me,
(Oh, do come along!)
I up wid a rock, en I let 'er fly,
(Come along! come along!)
Kerblip! I tuck 'im in de eye,
(Oh, do come along!)
Ole marster say he never see
(Come along! come along!)
No 'possum, he clam de 'simmon tree,
(Oh, do come along!)
Dey flinged away de head an de feet,
(Come along! come along!)
En den had nuff for all ter eat,
(Oh, do come along!)
Dey tuck 'im down to Polly Bell,
(Come along! come along!)
Bekase dey know she could 'im well:
(Oh, do come along!)
She made a stew, an she made a stew,
(Come along! come along!)
A roas', en a fry, en a bobbyque,
(Oh, do come along!)
De day done gone, en de night ain't long,
(Do come along!)
Oh, ladies, I mus' sing my song,
(Do come along!)

Atlanta Constitution.

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

As Labouchere Knows Him After Twenty-Five Years of Experience.

The Prince of Wales has shown himself the worthy son of an august father, the apt disciple of a great master. He has grasped not only the letter but the spirit of the paternal example. He has pursued consistently, though often, so far as the eyes of the thoughtless multitude are concerned, invisibly, with unflagging perseverance, with a tact and patience that have commanded the evidence of genius, the social policy which the Prince Consort initiated. Inheriting the talents, he has accomplished results which were beyond the reach of his sire. It is well known that it was free from by some to be inordinately fond of enjoyment and unconstrainedly addicted to the chase of pleasure. He was, ludicrously enough, mistaken even for a libertine. Mrs. Cornwallis West put to the blushing wife of a Bradford gentleman, but it is only the very thoughtless or the very ignorant who, looking back to-day, comparing the present with the past, forecasting the probabilities of the future and examining a part of what his royal highness has actually achieved, can fail to discern a tenacity of purpose, a power of adapting means to ends, a penetration and prevision, which are unrivaled by any of intellectual gifts, and which are absolutely incompatible with the role of the voluptuary. The Prince of Wales has been called the Bismarck of English society; he may be described as its Brummell. Both reputations have been earned at the cost of equal sagacity and effort. Developing the social policy of the prince consort, his royal highness has consolidated his position on a broad and democratic basis. On the one hand, he has made himself the center of all that would, in a past generation, have belonged to Mecca; on the other, he has compelled all that would be Almack's to accept the gilded *bourgeoisie*. No such revolution has ever been experienced by English society. It is more than a modification, it is a reconstitution; it is a transformation and transfiguration absolute and complete. The process has necessarily been gradual. The Prince of Wales has been met by many obstacles, and has been compelled to form a double combination. A tactician less astute and determined, less indefatigable and courageous, would have prematurely abandoned the enterprise. But from the first he has taken the long view; he has not lived only remains for him to enjoy the fruits of victory. Yet it is not much more than a decade ago that in the ranks of his opponents were ranged the lady patronesses, who have hitherto actively resisted the great Whig and Tory families. These would fain have held no parley with him. They attended, indeed, the balls at Marlborough House; they curtsied to the Prince and Princess of Wales in return. But they did so with the air of persons performing a duty of state, without the unction of personal devotion, and without the warmth of political enthusiasm. The charm of the prince's demeanor was admitted as unreservedly as the winsome grace of the princess, and in the case of both the smiles of a veritable popularity were not withheld. It was Marlborough house *entourage*, the *personnel* of the Prince of Wales' environment, and, above all, the "cult"—if the word be permissible—of the prince's court, to which exception was taken. But the heir-apparent cared for none of these things. He dropped none of his friends because they were not personally pleasing to certain high patrician matrons; he made no change of any kind in his way of life. His method of dealing with the difficulty that beset him was far different, far more dignified, and a thousand times more effective. With patriotic assiduity he won the hearts of the army. He acquired some knowledge of military affairs; he added many uniforms to his wardrobe. The officers and men of her majesty's forces became his friends, and they came to be proud of his company. He was ludicrously enough, mistaken even for a libertine. Mrs. Cornwallis West put to the blushing wife of a Bradford gentleman, but it is only the very thoughtless or the very ignorant who, looking back to-day, comparing the present with the past, forecasting the probabilities of the future and examining a part of what his royal highness has actually achieved, can fail to discern a tenacity of purpose, a power of adapting means to ends, a penetration and prevision, which are unrivaled by any of intellectual gifts, and which are absolutely incompatible with the role of the voluptuary. The Prince of Wales has been called the Bismarck of English society; he may be described as its Brummell. Both reputations have been earned at the cost of equal sagacity and effort. Developing the social policy of the prince consort, his royal highness has consolidated his position on a broad and democratic basis. On the one hand, he has made himself the center of all that would, in a past generation, have belonged to Mecca; on the other, he has compelled all that would be Almack's to accept the gilded *bourgeoisie*. No such revolution has ever been experienced by English society. It is more than a modification, it is a reconstitution; it is a transformation and transfiguration absolute and complete. The process has necessarily been gradual. The Prince of Wales has been met by many obstacles, and has been compelled to form a double combination. A tactician less astute and determined, less indefatigable and courageous, would have prematurely abandoned the enterprise. But from the first he has taken the long view; he has not lived only remains for him to enjoy the fruits of victory. Yet it is not much more than a decade ago that in the ranks of his opponents were ranged the lady patronesses, who have hitherto actively resisted the great Whig and Tory families. These would fain have held no parley with him. They attended, indeed, the balls at Marlborough House; they curtsied to the Prince and Princess of Wales in return. But they did so with the air of persons performing a duty of state, without the unction of personal devotion, and without the warmth of political enthusiasm. The charm of the prince's demeanor was admitted as unreservedly as the winsome grace of the princess, and in the case of both the smiles of a veritable popularity were not withheld. It was Marlborough house *entourage*, the *personnel* of the Prince of Wales' environment, and, above all, the "cult"—if the word be permissible—of the prince's court, to which exception was taken. But the heir-apparent cared for none of these things. He dropped none of his friends because they were not personally pleasing to certain high patrician matrons; he made no change of any kind in his way of life. His method of dealing with the difficulty that beset him was far different, far more dignified, and a thousand times more effective. With patriotic assiduity he won the hearts of the army. He acquired some knowledge of military affairs; he added many uniforms to his wardrobe. The officers and men of her majesty's forces became his friends, and they came to be proud of his company. He became the cynosure of military clubs and mess-rooms. Nor did his royal highness take less pains to win the golden opinions of civilians of all grades. The death of the prince consort had devolved upon him almost of duties which otherwise his father would have fulfilled. All these the Prince of Wales took upon himself. There was not a department of imperialism at which, within the bounds of possibility, he omitted to appear. In this way he rallied around him first the entire military profession, secondly, each of the more important sections of the English Democracy. The consequence was what might have been anticipated. The aristocratic *fronde*, who previously cherished the notion that the Prince of Wales would ultimately be obliged to make terms, even to surrender to them, had now no alternative but to prostrate themselves before him. It was the achievement of the prince consort repeated on a more impressive scale.—*London World.*

Embraced by a Virgin.

In the old town proper of Baden-Baden there are some very ancient monuments and relics. The castle, still called the New Castle, although it was built back yonder in the year 1479. The most curious things about this wonderful chateau are the vast and gloomy subterranean apartments which underlie it and about which mysterious and bloody legends are related. They of course include a chamber of torture, in the floor of which a trap-door opens on the Virgin Kiss. The poor devil who had been condemned to death was brought here to be told that he was free. Then he was led close to a statue of the Virgin Mary that stood in the room, and asked to return thanks to her for his release and to kiss her on the lips. His doing so touched a spring that opened the trap under his feet, and the unfortunate man dropped down forty feet to fall into the outstretched arms of a female statue, which was as thickly covered with sharp spikes and razor-like blades as there are quills on the fretful porcupine.

MR. JEFF. DAVIS.

The Place Where the Ex-President of the Confederacy Was Captured—A Visit to the Spot Where He Camped for the Last Time and Where He Was Gobbled by the "Yankees."

Twice in the last two years have I visited the spot where Mr. Davis surrendered the last title to the Confederacy, and I wish to correct some errors and give some correct information in regard to the capture, given me by reliable citizens of Irwin county, who carried me to the spot and pointed out the different positions of Mr. Davis's camp and the positions of the two bodies of Federal cavalry. I took notes at the time of my visit to the historic spot, but they are mislaid, and I shall write from memory. Mr. Davis was captured about two miles from Irwinville (not Irwinton), the county seat of Irwin county, on the road leading fr m Abbeville, Wilcox county, to Irwinville, and about twenty-five miles from the former place. Mr. Davis and party crossed the Ocmulgee river near Abbeville, Wilcox county, about twenty-five miles below Hawkinsville, at a ferry called "Poor Robin's." About 100 yards above this ferry, and within fifty or seventy-five yards of the river, is a remarkable spring called "Poor Robin's" spring. I visited it when ice was on the shrubs between the spring and Abbeville, yet the water was quite warm and the young man with me went in bathing and said he often did so in winter. The spring is about three or twenty-five feet square, and there flows quite a large stream from it. It is said to have remarkable curative qualities in skin diseases on man and beast. It is a fact known to all old citizens that a horse with scratches carried into the spring a few times is soon cured.

From the ferry Jeff Davis and party came by Abbeville and took the road to Irwinville. The Federal cavalry got on track of the party at the ferry or Abbeville, and there they divided, the Michigan regiment taking one road and the Wisconsin another. The party of cavalrymen that took the river at House Creek road, after going some little distance, found out that Mr. Davis had not gone that road, so they left it and came on toward Irwinville. This village, although the county site, contained only the courthouse, jail, one store and two dwellings. Finding at the village that Mr. Davis had not passed, they then took the road back toward Abbeville.

Mr. Davis and party were unconscious of being so closely pursued, and when they came to where one of those little piney woods branches crosses the road and makes a little pond above the road, selected that place for a camp, and pitched their tents to the right of the road, on the side of the road next to Irwinville. There, under the tall, waving pines (for there were no oaks at that place), upon the green wiregrass, which at that season covered the whole face of the country, tired and worn out, they lay down to sleep.

There was only one house near Mr. Davis's camp between there and Irwinville. It was at this house the party who came around by Irwinville learned where he was camped. I do not recollect the name of the man, Stephens or Wilcoxson party. They approached near the camp and halted about daybreak or just before the party from the Irwinville side advanced. The party from the Abbeville side, who were some 200 or 300 yards from the camp, and, perhaps, waiting for the attack, mistaking their own men for Confederates, commenced firing, which was kept up for some time, until the mistake was discovered. Several men were killed and one or two horses.

"Right here, said my informant, "a fine mare was killed," and strange to state, there is a clean place and no grass growing there after nearly twenty years. There are a great many pine trees with places cut out of them, where relic-hunters have cut out the balls that were lodged in the trees during the fight. It is known as the "Jeff Davis battle-ground." It is a fact that the two or three large pines under which Mr. Davis camped have been struck by lightning and are now dead. One was burned down by one of the fires that have swept through the wiregrass country. The old man who lives near found, after all had left, a carbine or musket. He kept it hid for awhile, but the roving band of Yankee soldiers who came to the place visited the place, took it from him, and, if I mistake not, robbed him of all the money he had—about 25 cents in silver. The old man and his house have both passed away. Old Mr. Davis died about one-half an acre, devoid of wiregrass (for it is a fact that wiregrass once dug or plowed up never again grows on the land), shows where the house stood.

R. D. LUMSDEN.

A Man Attacked by Coyotes.

Dayton (Nev.) *Times*: "Heretofore coyotes have been regarded as harmless, but the experience of Senator Walker last week contradicts this theory, and shows that when rendered desperate by hunger they will not hesitate to attack anything. On Saturday the lady in the Ocean Mine, of which he is superintendent, last in the evening of Saturday last, intending to inspect the road leading to the coal pit of the company on Walmsley Gulch. The road from the mine to the gulch leads through dense patches of pine and tamarack trees, interspersed with sage brush and greasewood. It was while passing through one of these dense thickets that the Senator was suddenly surrounded by a pack of howling coyotes. Quickly dropping a leg of mutton he was taking to the coal pit, the Senator soon found himself perched in the topmost branches of a small out pine tree, which fortunately happened to be near at hand. Although as brave as a lion and in possession of a trusty Winchester rifle, the Senator's indignation was so great that he could hardly maintain himself in the tree, especially when he reflected he could hear the miserable brutes trying to climb up to him. Finally, however, his trusty rifle began to speak and dead coyotes soon covered the ground. After the wretches had all been killed the Senator was compelled to sit in the tree top and watch the pack fight and snarl over the bones of the slain until daylight, at which time he was happily rescued by a party of hunters from Virginia City."

A Substitute for Alcohol.

Temperance people who think it wrong for doctors to prescribe alcohol, will be interested to know that a medicine has been found which may, in many diseases, be substituted for it. Dr. Burroughs, in the *Therapeutic Gazette*, states that nitro-glycerine as a heart stimulant is far superior to brandy, and may be given with confidence whenever the administration of brandy is indicated. Two drops of a 1 per cent. solution are equivalent to an ounce of brandy, and the effects of the drug are felt immediately. It creates no unnatural craving. The doctor gives a detailed account of the cases in which he has employed it, and finds, after an extensive experience, that it is of great value in shock from accidents, fainting from surgical operations, failure of the heart's action due to chloroform, or opium poisoning, asthma, and the collapse of fevers.

Battle Flags.

The members of the Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Regiment, who have in their possession two flags, which they captured during the late war in the camp of a North Carolina regiment, have for some time been desirous of returning the banners to their rightful owners. One of the flags bears the inscriptions: "Haw River Boys," and "Onward to Victory." It was captured in the deserted camp of the Seventh North Carolina Regiment on the day of the battle of Newbern. The flag of the Goldsboro Rifles, a company belonging to the same regiment, was also secured by members of the Twenty seventh. This flag bears the motto, "Victory or Death," and was presented to the Rifles in April, 1861, by the ladies of Goldsboro. As no objection was made at the reunion of the Massachusetts regiment at North Wilbraham this week, the flags will be sent to their owners in a few days.

First View of Yosemite.

The view which here burst upon us of the valley and the Sierras it is simply impossible to describe. Sentinel Dome stands on the south margin of the Yosemite, near the point where it branches into three canons. To the left stands El Capitan's massive, perpendicular wall, directly in front, and distant about one mile, Yosemite Falls, like a gossamer, rippling and waving with a slow, mary motion; to the right, the mighty granite mass of Half Dome lifts itself in solitary grandeur, defying the efforts of the climber; to the extreme right, and a little behind, Nevada Falls, with the Cap of Liberty; in the distance, innumerable peaks of the high Sierras, conspicuous among which are Cloud's Rest, Mount Starr King, Cathedral Peak, etc. We remained on the top of this dome more than an hour, to see the sun set. We were well repaid—such a sunset I never saw; such a sunset, combined with such a view, I had never imagined. The gorgeous golden and crimson in the west, and the exquisitely delicate, diffused rose-bloom, tinging the cloud caps of the Sierras in the east, and the shadows of the grand peaks and domes slowly creeping up the valley—I can never forget the impression.—*Dr. Joseph Le Conte in October Overland.*

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

MOR CAPEL HILL in San Francisco, being threatened with diphtheria.

THE unspeakable Turk is said to have discovered, on attempting to mobilize his troops, that most of the regiments existed only on paper.

MR. GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS must be added to the list of distinguished men who believe "rich license" a more effective temperance method than prohibition legislation.

IT is lamented by the friends of Adelaide Neilson that no photograph or portrait ever taken or painted of her approaches anywhere near doing justice to the original.

EMANCIPATION interposed a sudden and severe check upon whatever tendency to admixture of the two races existed under the institution of slavery.—*Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.*

THE editor of the New York *Christian Advocate*, one of the official organs of the Methodist Episcopal Church, declines to make a pol tical organ of that religious and denominational journal.

A BOSTON lady asks: "Why doesn't some enterprising idiot build a boulevard or feature a neat and retired place near some thoroughfare where ladies can step in and have their boots cleaned?"

DORMAN B. EATON has resumed agricultural pursuits. If he plows as deep a furrow on his Vermont estate as he did in the Washington departments with his honest reform plow, magnificent rewards await him.

JOAQUIN MILLER maintains "that all costly sepultures are a curse, and cremation is the only fit disposition of the dead." In his lucid intervals old Whacken hits the nail on the head nine times out of ten.

LIEUT. GRESLY is able to resume attendance at complimentary dinners given him. Nobody will begrudge him either his restored health or his dinners. He will need a good many square meals before he is right up.

THE French composer, Leo Delibes, is at present at Gastein, where he is collecting national songs and melodies of the Poles and Ruthenians with the intention of composing an opera upon a Slav theme.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh and the royal children have been working hard for an hour or so at a time. This accounts for the fierce attempt of the Duke to cut down the p