

THE COMING OF MARCH



I sing the hero of the year. The gallant soldier Mars. A god of mighty valor he. Who shakes his tawny mane at me. With show of vast severity. Though tender as the breeze.

There are no terrors in his shout To those who know his way. The vanguard of the Spring, in might He puts gray Winter's hosts to flight. Yet leaves the fields with charms beguiling To April shy and May.

His deers are meet for gods to sing. Or mortals to adore. His ruddy men, his stalwart blows. His pondrous spears, with ease opposed. The craven cohorts of his foes. When Mars goes forth to war.

The quickened fields and floods respond To his life giving dole. The frozen rushes read their bonds. The crane forsakes his southern bounds. The fishes leap in icy ponds.

When his first thunders roll. The loyal friend, the bitter foe. Who knows nor blame nor fear. The knight whose shield is seamed with scars. Received in thick of furious wars. I pledge a health to gallant Mars. The hero of the year.

CHARLES F. HOWELL

and lead them with kindness, asking them down to Eastbourne with their mothers for a few days or weeks of fresh air. But as soon as they emerged from childhood he gently detached himself. It was a strange characteristic of his to care greatly for his little friends only as long as they were children. Their chief fascination for him passed from them as they lost their childishness. I remember once, having offered me his rooms at Eastbourne for a week or two, as he was detained in Oxford, his writing: "If you have any overworked, tired friends who need a holiday, take her down with you to occupy that other room, and please allow me to pay all her expenses." He shrank with painful over-sensitiveness from being "lionized" in any way. "I can't imagine what people saw in Alice," she once remarked to me. "I believe its popularity has more to do with Tenniel's lovely drawings than with any nonsense of mine." "I never read criticisms of my work," he said to me one other day. "If they praise, it makes me vain; if they abuse, it makes me angry, and both states of mind are bad."

LATE LITERARY NEWS.

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The Notes, though few, are certainly worth reading to the poet. A somewhat novel method of getting out an edition of a book in a hurry has lately been adopted by Way & Williams, of Chicago. The demand having arisen for an immediate edition of Stanley Waterloo's "Old Station," and the American plates not being at once available, the publishers called to A. C. Black, of London, Mr. Waterloo's English publishers, and had an edition shipped at once, upon which are put the American cover and imprint.

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WHEN WE TOOK THE PAPERS.

(The following poem was read by the author, Mr. James Riley, at the annual dinner of the Boston Press Club, February 3, 1888): Of all things in a country store to make its trade succeed, You must have two daily papers for the customers to read. And they must mean both parties, these For if they don't, you'll in the end find trade is rather weak.

An' that is why we each subscribed an' paid for year by year. Each his opposin' paper, the firm of Way Joseph was a Republican, but never come out flat. An' for me, Suranus Speare, I was a Democrat.

But you'd a never known it exceptin' for that paper. The Jeffersonian Democrat, a stern, strong nation shaper. Joseph took the Tribune, comin' down one day too late. "But never mind for that," they said, "for Greeley he can wait."

Sometimes when I'd be busy, weighin' cheese, an' pork, an' tea, An' Tom Earl from his talkin' would I'd tie the knot an' look around, an' fore I'd snap the string, I'd quote to Tom the Democrat, when, what's the counter'd ring.

Joseph across, his paper down, lifting his would say, "Sam, charge Zeke Shaw, two quarts of best molasses." All his lamps, a-lighted, a puttin' up an' chargin'. I jumpin' here, an' Samuel there, each 'step the firm enlargin'.

There's a good deal got by talkin', but as much in keepin' still. An' team that climbs the hill, An' the smoothest, slickest double, that an' put smiles in packages, was the firm of Way & Speare.

Our business was to listen, to listen an' to cater. An' that is why we served three years, an' allus thought it prudent to have them papers seen. Though of course there was exceptions, as when Calvin Bial Green— Would go off yellin', talkin' to old dear Hiram Warner.

Their sleights below a stoppin' to argue at the corner. In this way talkin' trade from us that was in, in such a case as that, of course, the paper sunk the pocket.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE CLASSICS.

Specially Prepared for the Post-Intelligencer.

FROM PLUTARCH.

Glory follows in the train of great men, and increases after their death; for envy does not long survive them; nay, it sometimes dies before them.

The earth the Romans supposed not to be without motion, nor situated in the center of the world, but to make its revolution around the center of fire, being neither one of the most valuable nor principal parts of the great machine.

Numa forbade the Romans to represent the Deity in the form of either man or beast.

One Spartan, being asked to go and hear a person who imitated the nightingale to perfection, answered, "I have heard the nightingale herself."

Lycurgus stopped the currency of gold and silver, and ordered the use of iron money only; then to a great weight of this he assigned a small value; so that to lay up ten minae (\$153.00) a whole room was required, and to remove it nothing less than a yoke of oxen.

Law suits were banished from Lacedaemon with money. The Spartans knew neither riches nor poverty, but possessed an equal competency and had a cheap and easy way of supplying their few wants.

A young Spartan answered one that promised him some game cocks that would stand their death: "Give me those that will be the death of others."

The Spartan boys steal with so much caution that one of them, having conveyed a young fox under his garment, suffered the creature to tear out his bowels with his teeth and claws, choosing rather to die than to be detected.

For, in the first place, Lycurgus considered children not so much the property of their parents as of the state; and therefore he would not have them begot by ordinary persons, but by the best men in it.

When a woman of another country said to Gorgo, wife of Leonidas: "You of Lacedaemon are the only women in the world that rule the men," she answered, "We are the only women that bring forth men."

When Paedaretus (a Spartan) lost his election for one of the three hundred, he went away rejoicing that there were "three hundred better men than himself found in the city."

FROM EPICTETUS.

Abide in thy purposes as in laws which it were impious to transgress.

But thou art a supreme object, thou art a piece of God, thou hast in thee something that is a portion of Him.

Go not far from the ship, lest the Master should call, and thou be not ready.

I have been set free by God, I know his commandments, henceforth no man can lead me captive.

God wills above what I will.

When He gives the signal for retreat, as he did to Socrates, we must obey Him as our commander.

For with the thoughts of men are cities well established, and not with wood and stone.

If thou wouldst have aught of good, have it from thyself.

He hath placed at every man's side a guardian, the genius of each man, who is charged to watch over him, a genius that cannot sleep nor be deceived.

The life of every man is a sort of warfare, and a long one, and full of divers chances.

Man has communion and intercourse with God, being linked with Him through reason.

No great thing cometh suddenly into being, for not even a bunch of grapes can, or a fig.

FROM MENCIVS.

He who advances with precipitation will retire with speed.

To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to make the desires few.

Seek and you will find them; neglect and you will lose them (virtue and righteousness).

The great end of learning is nothing else, but to seek for the lost mind.

The way of truth is like a great road. It is not difficult to know it. The evil is only that men will not seek it.

The people turn to benevolent rule as water flows downwards, and as wild beasts fly to the wilderness.

If a governor tries to please everybody he will find the days not sufficient for his work.

Calamity and happiness in all cases are men's own seeking.

Be strong to do good.

FROM CONFUCIVS.

What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others.

Riches adorn a house, and virtue adorns the person.

Perfect virtue consists of daily, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.

Virtue is more than either water or fire. I have seen men die from treading on water and fire, but I have never seen a man die from treading the course of virtue.

To be poor without murmuring is difficult. To be rich without being proud is easy.

The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass—the latter must bend when the wind blows.

While you do not know life, how can you know about death?

Death and life have their determined appointment; riches and honors depend upon heaven.

To lead an uneducated people to war is to throw them away.

The wise are free from perplexities, the virtuous from anxiety, and the bold from fear.

Books of the Day.

EIGHTY YEARS AND MORE. By Elizabeth Cady Stanton. European Publishing Company.

In the Introduction to her "Reminiscences" Mrs. Stanton says: "The interest my family and friends have always manifested in the narration of my early and varied experiences, and their earnest desire to have them in permanent form for the amusement of another generation, moved me to publish this volume. I am fully aware that its contents have no especial artistic merit, being composed partly of extracts from my diary, a few hasty sketches of my travels and people I have met, and of my opinions on many social questions." This is quite to the point and very fairly covers the ground of the "Reminiscences." They are interesting as the record of the private life of one whose public career is well known, and, as she herself says, these recollections are limited to her personal experiences outside the great movement, the events of her public life are to be found in the history of woman suffrage.

Mrs. Stanton was born in Jovinstown, N. Y., in 1815. Her father was Lucius Cady, a distinguished lawyer and judge, and for one or more terms a member of congress from that state. Judge Cady's household seems to have been brought up most rigidly, yet with every advantage that his social position and broad culture could secure. Mrs. Stanton tells of the death of her only brother when she was 11 years old, and how, moved by the grief of her father, she determined to take his place. She thought the chief thing to be done in order to equal boys was to be learned and courageous, so decided to study Greek and learn to manage a horse. "I taxed every power," says Mrs. Stanton, "hoping some day to hear my father say, 'Well, a girl is as good as a boy, after all.' But he never said it." Finally a Greek Testament in Latin was procured, and "I read it 'my father will be satisfied with me. Then, while I stood looking and waiting for him to say something which would show that he recognized the equality of the daughter with the son, he blessed me on the forehead and exclaimed, with a sigh, 'Ah, you should have been a boy!'"

In 1840 she was married to Henry B. Stanton, a prominent reformer and publicist, and the same year accompanied him to England with James G. Birney, abolition candidate for the presidency, whose object in crossing the Atlantic was to attend the world's anti-slavery convention to be held that year in London. After returning to the United States Mr. Stanton moved to Boston and there began the practice of law. Here it was that Mrs. Stanton met many of the leading reformers and authors of the day—Theodore Parker, John Pierpont, Whittier, Emerson, Hawthorne, Lowell and Frederick Douglass. Under such influence, and in sympathy with the advanced views of her husband, she began to take an active interest in the anti-slavery, temperance and other reform movements of that day.

Her first active work before a law-making body was in advocating the passage in the legislature of New York of the married women's property bill, which finally became a law. Having removed to Seneca Falls in 1848, Mrs. Stanton, with Lucretia Mott and other reformers, called the first woman's rights convention. Mrs. Stanton then began to appear as a public speaker and writer for the press. Also at this time Susan B. Anthony, to whom the "Reminiscences" are dedicated, became her friend and co-laborer. In 1861 these two women issued a call for the formation of a Woman's Loyal League, which met and organized in New York in May of that year. In 1867 Mrs. Stanton, with Susan B. Anthony, Lucy Stone and other female speakers, made a campaign in Kansas in favor of woman suffrage, which was not successful, however. The following twelve years, commencing herself with the New York Epworth Bureau, she devoted to lecturing, visiting almost every state in the Union. In 1881, together with Miss Anthony, she visited California in the interest of woman suffrage, and upon returning home devoted herself for several years to the writing of three volumes entitled, "History of Woman's Suffrage." With the exception of her work in connection

with the "Woman's Bible," this practically ends the public labors of the representative figure of the movement in the United States for the enlargement of the sphere of woman in the body politic. On her eightieth birthday the National Council of Women honored her by calling a special convention of its twenty organizations. This was a fitting tribute, and she admits "the proudest day" of her life, for she closes: "The birthday celebration was to me more than a beautiful pageant; more than a personal tribute. It was the dawn of a new day for the mothers of the race! The harmonious co-operation of so many different organizations, with diverse interests and opinions, in one grand jubilee, was, indeed, a heavenly vision of peace and hope; a prophecy that with the exaltation of womanhood would come new life, light and liberty to all mankind."

The following charming recollections of the author of "Alice in Wonderland," written by an artist friend in the Gentlewoman, are particularly welcome, for in the many articles that have appeared on Lewis Carroll since his death, little has been related that seemed in any way characteristic. Indeed, one writer declares that he knew the author of Alice well, and never heard him say a word worthy of the name of a wonderland thing.

The writer of the article in question had illustrated some of his fairy stories, and went by appointment to meet him in the South Kensington Museum. "This is what happened:

"I heard the high, vivacious voices and laughter of children sounding down the corridors. At that moment a gentleman entered, two little girls clinging to his hands, and as I caught sight of the tall, slim figure, with the keen-shaven, delicate, refined face, I said to myself, 'That's Lewis Carroll.' He stood for a moment head erect, gazing swiftly over the room, then bending down, whispered something to one of the children. She, after a moment's pause, pointed straight at me. Dropping their hands, he came forward, and with that winning smile of his, said simply, 'I am Mr. Dodgson. I was to meet you, I think.' To which I was frankly amused, and said, 'How did you know me so soon?' My little friend found me, I told her I had come to meet a young lady who knew 'fairies' and she fixed on you at once. . . . Soon after our meeting he wrote from Oxford. Are you sufficiently non-conventional I think you need to do Mrs. Grundy and come down to spend the day with me at Oxford? Write and ask permission of your father. Needless to say, the permission was granted. . . . 'What would you like to eat?' he wrote. 'Choose your own lunch, and, whether possible or impossible, it shall be got.' I went down by an early train, and he met me at the station with two more little girls. . . . 'Soon there followed another day at Oxford. 'Come and photograph human fairies,' he wrote. His photographic studio in the roof of the college was a big place, with all sorts of properties, costumes, etc. He dressed up the children in a variety of quaint costumes, and took them in all sorts of attitudes, intervals for refreshments and play being very frequent. The magic cupboards were quipped and there issued forth a marvelous procession—mechanical bears and wrestlers, rabbits, monkeys and other quaint and delightful beasts. We would group together on the floor, 'Lewis Carroll,' he fairly let the beasts and myself, and gay indeed were the hours we spent. How his laugh would ring out like a chime! The magic would nonsense he talked. It was like pages of Alice, only more delightful, for there was his own voice and smile to give the true charm to it all. I used to try to recall and record it. It was impossible—as impossible as it would have been to crush all the life and grace. . . . He had a special fancy for little girls' addresses. He would get to know them

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