

The Mother's Life.

The mother's life is full of prose
From early dawn till daylight's close,
But oft, amid her household cares,
Some little poem unawares
Is written down within her heart,
And of her life becomes a part.

Some loving words a child may say,
A golden curling put away,
A half-worn shoe upon the floor,
An outgrown dress the baby wore,
A broken toy or faded flower,
May touch the heart-strings any hour.

MR. GIBBS OF COLORADO.

The Blue-Eyed Frontiersman who
Fought bravely for Life, One Against
Eleven—A Terrible Ride Across the
Prairie to Denver Jail, 100 Miles Away.

A New York correspondent writes from Denver, Col., as follows: In 1874 I was employed on the Rocky Mountain News of this city, and one autumn evening of that year was detailed to visit a prisoner in the local jail. "Mr. Gibbs, here's a paper man come to see you," was the jailer's formula of introduction as I entered one of the cells. "Be sure an' mister, Gibbs," he added, in an under tone. "He's mighty partie'lar 'bout the only title an American ken have. Whenever he goes to a hotel in the States, he always signs himself on the blotter, 'Mr. Gibbs of Colorado.' Never no initials, an' always the 'Mr.' an' 'of Colorado.' He's known everywhere only as Mr. Gibbs, an'—"

The jailer stopped as Mr. Gibbs advanced and held out his hand. The visitor knew that within the previous twenty-four hours the blood of four men had reddened it. But it was a firm, hearty grip that Mr. Gibbs gave. His appearance was not unimpressive. Good nature beamed from his clear blue eyes. His rosy cheeks and round face, tanned by exposure to a prairie sun, might, but for the yellow moustache, have been those of a healthy baby. Stray dogs would instantly have sought in him a friend.

One midnight in June, 1874, the prairie about one hundred miles south of Denver was lighted up by the flames of a burning barn. The figure of the barn's owner was clearly revealed as he vainly tried to put out the fire. Crouched in a dry ditch in the outer darkness was an assassin with leveled rifle. He fired, and the barn's owner fell like a log with a bullet in his brain. It was known that Mr. Gibbs, who was the dead man's neighbor, had had a dispute with him the week before, respecting the boundary line between their ranches. Mr. Gibbs was arrested and tried in Denver for murder. The dispute was proved, but there were no corroborating circumstances and the jury brought in a verdict of acquittal. Mr. Gibbs returned to his ranch, but the friends of the dead did not accept the jury's decision and determined to take the law in their own hands. This was how they fared in their attempt, as Mr. Gibbs told the story in the Denver jail.

The previous midnight the Gibbs family was awakened by blows on the door of their log cabin, that threatened to burst it open. Grasping his rifle, Mr. Gibbs cautiously looked from a convenient window and saw eleven armed men whom he knew to be friends of his lately murdered neighbor.

"What do you want?" he asked.
"You," was the short answer.
"What do you want with me?"
"To put you to a better use than the Denver jury did."

Mr. Gibbs was always a man of few words. Leveling his rifle he warned the vigilantes away with an expressive "Git."

The vigilantes now retreated around the corner of the cabin, where they were out of range. Presently two brothers named Booth returned with the ultimatum: "Surrender, or we'll roast your woman and your babies in one oven."

"And kill you by the light of your own ranch, as you did poor Drummond," said a voice from around the corner.

They were in earnest. Mr. Gibbs heard them piling brush in the rear of the cabin, where there was apparently no window or loophole through which he could fire. In the stillness of the autumn night he heard the scratch of the match. There followed a crackling sound as the flames spread over the dry wood. Then there was a great roar, and the fire leaped up to the roof of the cabin, while the air within began to grow hot, and blinding smoke poured through the crevices between the logs.

This was the work of six of the vigilantes. The other five, meanwhile, had taken posts behind trees and fences in the front, ready to fire at Mr. Gibbs when his house grew too hot to hold him. There they waited, each man with his rifle leveled.

Mr. Gibbs all this time had not been idle. Long before the fire had spread over the brush, he had torn the plug from a long disused loophole, cut for just such an emergency as this into the rear wall. Telling his terrified children to lie down on the floor, and ordering his wife to load his three rifles as fast as he fired, Mr. Gibbs began his desperate fight. Through the loophole, himself unseen he could see the six vigilantes who had fired the brush, watching their work a few yards distant. The light of the burning brush threw their figures in relief against the darkness that formed the background. They saw nothing, till the barrel of Mr. Gibbs' rifle gleamed from the loophole. A light puff of wind drove the smoke away for an instant. A flash followed from the gleaming barrel, and a bullet pierced the brain of one of the Booth brothers. There was another flash, and the second Booth fell mortally wounded. Snatching the third rifle from the nimble hands of his wife who had already reloaded the first, Mr. Gibbs again took aim.

The first shot had come upon the vigilantes like lightning from a clear sky. Seeing no window in the rear of the ranch, they imagined themselves perfectly safe. Panic stricken, the four started to run. A ball brought down a third victim. When the remaining three got around the corner, they found they had but exchanged the fire for the frying pan. They had forgotten that on the cabin's side was a window, through which Mr. Gibbs fired his fourth shot, sending a ball through the outstretched musket arm of a fourth man, breaking his bone.

"So!" said Mr. Gibbs, criticizing his failure to score a centre. "I must keep cool." Then he saw the five who had been lying in wait or him start up from their hiding place. A ball buried itself in the log against which he was leaning as he spoke. It was the first gun of the enemy. Changing his aim, Mr. Gibbs composedly stepped till the foremost of these five came within the light of the fire, now blazing high above the cabin's roof. Then another vigilante fell dead. Before the shot could be returned, Mr. Gibbs placed a rifle ball in the right shoulder of the second of the advancing four.

The three that were left began to waver. A seventh shot from Mr. Gibbs, Mrs. Gibbs having reloaded his rifle for the second time, brought down his vigilante with a ball in the hip, and turned the wavering advance into a decided retreat. As they ran, Mr. Gibbs carried the war into Africa. One against four, as not counting the wounded, the odds still existed, he sallied forth from the shelter of his burning cabin, and fired a parting shot at the retreating foe. For the first time he missed. The ball glanced off from the stock of the rifle which the rear-most carried, and did no harm. Thus, leaving their dead and wounded behind them, the enemy vanished in the darkness.

But Mr. Gibbs knew that their disappear-

ance was not for long. By the time the cabin was burned, and he was shelterless, he foresaw that every ranchman within a radius of a mile would be in the field against him, each of the four he had killed having a host of friends. Not waiting to form a definite plan, he hurried his wife over to the neighboring ranch of his father-in-law, who had been already awakened by the firing, but had not dared to interfere. A hasty farewell to those beloved, and with his home now almost in ashes behind him, Mr. Gibbs mounting his horse, and placing a single rifle on his shoulder, turned his face toward Denver, a hundred miles distant. For the only refuge to him was behind the walls of the same jail to which he had been carried after the murder of Drummond.

He had not ridden more than an hour, when far away in the night behind him he heard the hoofs of hurrying horses. His quick ear told him that his pursuers were nearly a mile distant yet, but that they were gaining. There were nearly a score of them, as he could also tell, and they, mindful of his defence of his home, kept well together, so as not to be cut off in detail. Mr. Gibbs dug his spurs in deeply and the beast responded nobly. Ten miles further and there was a ranch where he could get a change of horse. The ten miles were over, and the sound of pursuit were lost in a distance, when he drew rein at the barndoor of a wealthy Englishman, and at the muzzle of his rifle demanded from the groom the choice of his master's stud. He was mounted and away before the rest of the ranch was aroused, and with a hurrah rushed his fresh horse into the prairie, but eighty miles between him and Denver. On the road with the paling stars his guide, while the hours passed away and the day began to dawn.

It was now six o'clock, and Mr. Gibbs had been in the saddle four hours, with but bread to eat—a happy thought of his wife's—and nothing to drink. He looked on every side for water, but the few irrigating ditches which he crossed were dry, and there were no natural springs. His horse, thoroughbred though he was, was becoming distressed, and Mr. Gibbs knew that water for man and beast must be had. But to get it meant to turn out of the straight road to Denver. His course all along had been within easy reach of the foothills of the Rocky mountains, towards which he now turned the horse's head. The faithful beast's instinct taught him the way, and presently horse and man were laying in a cold mountain brook, whose silvery thread wound amid boulders in the bottom of a narrow canon. Mr. Gibbs took no thought of time, but soaked his heated bread in water, and munched with solitary satisfaction, till a shout: "There he is!" in the rear, startled him. Without stopping to look, he was in the saddle and off again desperately. There was the report of a gun, and a ball plowed the ground at his horse's heels. Keeping the trees that lined the edge of the foothills as well as he could between him and his pursuers, Mr. Gibbs dashed along, while rifle after rifle was emptied after him by a hundred horsemen. He could see them swarming in an irregular body along the prairie, which thereabouts fortunately was near as rough as the inclined plane along which his own horse was scrambling. The heat was a short one. Mr. Gibbs' stop had not been thrown away. In a few minutes the foremost of his pursuers, their beasts tired and jaded, were far in the rear, and when Mr. Gibbs reined in at a little station on the narrow-gauge railway, fifty miles from Denver not an enemy was in sight.

From the moment he had had time to think, Mr. Gibbs, every minute of his solitary ride, had been computing the chances of his changing horse for steam. He knew that a train on the Denver and Rio Grande railway left Pueblo in the early morning, and his only aim was to reach a station at the moment when the train would be due, and before the vigilantes would be near enough to denounce him. And good luck still kept with him. A line of smoke to the Southwest, and a rumbling steadily growing louder, testified the coming train. It stopped, and the foremost pursuer was still half a mile behind. The whistle sounded and the train moved off, and only Mr. Gibbs saw a tired horse, whose rider wildly gesticulated, gallop wearily into the station as it receded in the distance. He was saved.

Saved only for the time, though. Mr. Gibbs considered it. He was afraid the vigilantes would telegraph to have him cut off at Denver. Just before reaching the Queen City of the Plains, and when the train was about opposite the jail, a few hundred yards distant from the track, he courted death and broken bones by jumping off. The soft sand saved him from harm, and about two o'clock in the afternoon, so worn and weary that he could hardly stand, the man from Colorado rang the bell at the private entrance to the jail.

"What, Mr. Gibbs, back again?" exclaimed the surprised jailer, who answered the summons.

"What's the matter now?"

"Vigilantes," was Mr. Gibbs' only answer, as he staggered past into an inner room, and fell unconscious on the floor.

It was that same night that I called on him and heard his story. Mr. Gibbs told the terrible tale modestly, as if he were speaking of some other person than himself. His blue eye did not change its kindly look, nor was there sternness in his voice as he recounted the success of his seven shots.

"And now, Gibbs, did you kill Drummond?" asked the writer when he had finished.

"Mr. Gibbs, if you please," was the answer. "No, I did not. I'd just as lief tell you if I had."

"You hadn't oughter forgot about the mister," said the jailer as he led the way to the door.

"They do say the reason why he shot Drummond was because he wouldn't mister him." They gave Mr. Gibbs three of the squarest of meals and a nights lodging at the expense of the city of Denver, and then put nothing in his way to prevent his leaving town the next morning.

His family followed him soon after, no hindrance being made to the departure by the vigilantes, who formally announced that they did not make war on women and children—a fact of which Mr. Gibbs was aware when he left them behind him. A rumor came to us afterward that he had been seen in Cheyenne, but of this I do not know.

Angell's Wanderings.

[New York Special to Chicago Times.]

C. W. Angell, the secretary of the Pullman Palace Car company, who ran away from Chicago in August last, taking with him \$120,000 of the company's funds, was seen about ten days ago in Canada. Detective Skeffington, of Quebec, traced him to a small hotel at Cape Rouge, a small village about twelve miles to the west of the ancient Canadian capital. He had been stopping there for some time. Detective Skeffington at once telegraphed to Pinkerton's agency in this city, and two of their most trusted detectives were detailed to proceed to Canada and capture the fugitive. Angell, however, having discovered that he was shadowed by Detective Skeffington's subordinates, hurriedly left the hotel the night before the American detectives reached Cape Rouge. He was traced by them, however, to the town of Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec. There he only stopped for one night, and in the morning he boarded a market boat bound for Sorel. He stopped there for some days, but, having learned that the detectives were after him, he left the village, and was last seen in the woods to the south of Sorel. Pinkerton's men are still in Canada looking for him.

FALL FASHIONS.

Society ladies in costly attire usually attend our openings in throngs. Thus far this fall the "openings" of all kinds have been particularly brilliant and largely attended. Our importers who go across the ocean for "styles" remained abroad longer than usual in order to secure the very latest and choicest in fashionable novelties. A visit to our elegant establishments will give convincing proof that they have succeeded, and the goods and novelties displayed will certainly suit all tastes—the fastidious or the indifferent. It is the fashion now for first-class houses to issue private invitations to their openings, and we will venture to say but few if any, ladies honored with *cartes de visite* ever allowed any thing less pressing than sickness or death to keep them away from such to them delightful and much-enjoyed occasions. During the past month a number of our largest and best dry goods and millinery establishments have given their annual fall display of new goods and new styles. The invitations were neatly engraved, addressed to the lady herself at her residence, and with such discrimination as to make the "openings" almost as exclusive as the private receptions given by the prominent fair ones in *bon ton* society.

Accompanying each invitation was a card of admittance to be presented at the door, without which it was almost impossible to gain an entrance. We noticed that many ladies neglected or forgot the injunctions about the magical card, and were in consequence occasioned much annoyance in having themselves identified to the perfect satisfaction of the polite but lynx-eyed door-keeper. That the displays of fashion are important events among the feminine portion of the social world one has only to attend a fashionable opening to be convinced. The large numbers of handsome, intelligent and richly attired ladies who attend and the "dead earnest" and business-like way in which they examine, price, admire or comment upon each costume or article, impresses one with the importance to them of the event.

The displays of the present season surpass in their elegance, novelty, and many other ways, those of many preceding ones, but so far as sales are concerned, the unusually mild weather of the past few weeks has been a drawback, and has a most depressing effect upon business. Ladies hesitated to purchase winter costumes and hats when they found it pleasant enough to sit at an open window or upon the front step, and when even summer clothing was a burden. A few days of cold, bleak winds, heavy clouds and a spurt of snow will enliven business affairs in our bazaars and stores very much.

The dress goods this year are exceptionally elegant. The styles return to those of years ago, both in tints, designs and fabrics. Brocades, moires, satins, striped velvets and striped satins are most conspicuous among the novelties. In the new colors presented "Wine" shades, "Dregs of Wine," the new shade of blue called "Duck's breast," "Beige" and "Old Gold" are among the most prominent, most popular and most admired. The "Wine" shades are the most in favor, and importers inform us that the demand for this color and style is so great they can not supply it. Not anticipating the popularity of this shade of goods, large stocks were not purchased, and almost at the opening of the fall season, many stores find their supply exhausted, and are unable to re-stock again on account of the scarcity of that particular line of fabric. The result is that goods of this color, in all kinds of material, are held at and command fabulous prices.

In the cheaper line of dress fabrics we find camel-hair cloths in all the prevailing dark shades. These goods, when made up, are trimmed with brocade velvets, striped moire or brocade satin. The latter style of trimming is expensive, but two yards, judiciously used, answer the most elaborate purposes. Large plaids, Scotch and other styles, are again revived for young misses' and children's wear. They make "nobby," becoming and economical costumes. The modes in costumes for autumn a winter are replete with charming effects. The clinging effects in suits still predominate. Short suits for street or promenade wear are now accepted by the *beau monde*. This recent transition in dress is hailed with joy by all sensible people. The demitrain is still continued for the house, for all evening and visiting costumes. Our stores are displaying a grand panorama of toilet novelties.

Laces, fringes, buckles, ribbons, feathers, flowers handkerchiefs, and all sorts of unique, pretty, useful and ornamental knick-knacks are displayed in endless profusion. Flowers will be abundantly used, and in rich masses, as borders for the train of evening dress, are as massive panels or revers on the sides of the dress, instead of the straggling garniture of the past seasons. Crepe lisse is used as a trimming, both in plain white and in colors to match costume. Ribbons are gorgeous in their effect. We can not recall a season when they were as much so. They come double-faced, satin and velvet, brocaded and embroidered in the most brilliant combinations of colors. Narrow satin ribbons, in ends, loops and slender bows, are employed and used in many ways for decorating and embellishing the charms of "lovely women." In hosiery, the stock, in variety and quality, is limitless, and have never been excelled. Ladies are becoming more and more fastidious in regard to this part of their toilet. The display this fall will satisfy all tastes and purses. Elegant silk hose come with beautiful embroidery, in silk floss, upon the instep and the sides. The prevailing style just now is the small hair stripe in bright colors which encircles the leg. Gloves have always played an important and conspicuous part in social etiquette. Their usefulness and beauty are evident. Certain it is that there is no single feature of a lady or gentleman's

dress that so surely indicates the taste of the wearer as the clothes for the hand. "Show me a gloved hand, and I'll tell you the status of the owner," said a well-known *connoisseur* in social aesthetics. And he could probably have fulfilled his promise.

The improvement in gloves during the last few years has been so marked that there is hardly an excuse for wearing any but the most appropriate and best. The prices are also so moderate that all may indulge in the luxury of clean gloves, and to match each suit. At one of our retail stores, during the past week, we noticed an elegant make of glove, selling by the dozen at \$9. These are prices that existed in the good old times before the war. The desire for six-button gloves still rages, and for evening wear a still greater number of buttons is demanded, as many as twelve frequently being required. Buttons hold a prominent place in the trimming of costumes. The styles and kinds presented are varied and beautiful.

In costumes there is a large and remarkable attractive collection in black silks. A specially remembered confection is in a combination of black silk and satin, embroidered in a rose pattern, with Louis XIV., waist and revers on the skirt. A novel and available style of making is shown in a dress with a wide, quadruple box plait down the front, trimmed on each side with small cluster bows of satin ribbon. The costumes designed specially for evening wear are of the most beautiful and elaborate description. A handsome carriage toilet we noticed was one of the new shade "ducks' breast" blue. The front of the skirt and the side breadths were of alternate panels of plain stain and of the brocade, the black "bouffant" being held by a large bow, and ending in a square train. The waist was a cuirass basque of the brocade. There was also a coat of the satin with collars and cuffs of the brocaded satin.

No toilet is complete without the addition of a stylish wrap. New styles of this garment come in various shapes, —dolmans, sacques, and some lose shapes, a compromise between mantles and sacques. The most elegant evening wraps are of satin-finished brocades, in small shell patterns raised to look as if quilted. Fringe, jet, and French lace are used elaborately in the trimming of street wraps.

The openings of millinery establishments have been unusually attractive, and the display brilliant. The first class and most fashionable milliners of Cincinnati go to Paris, France, once or twice each year for their patterns, hats and bonnets and styles.

This season velvet is the material most used for dress hats, but fall hats, elaborately trimmed with rich feathers, bird's breasts and ornaments of peculiar design and shapes, lizards, beetles and gold cord, are being used in millinery trimming in great profusion. The hats and bonnets are many of them large, but the *recherche* shape is small and fits close to the head. No face trimming is used, except sometimes a small cap, edged with gilt. Bark shades are worn for the street and church, but for receptions, calling, operas and concerts delicate tints and white will be the style.

Prices are reasonable in every department, which shows goods for the make up of a woman's dress. Of course, the extravagant can always find articles for which extravagant prices are asked, but no woman of sense, brains, and an industrious hand need go dressed in the times otherwise than stylishly, fashionably and becomingly.

Mrs. Atkinson's Baby

The Atkinsons have had terrible time over their baby. Mr. Atkinson sent home a folding crib, with the slats made in two pieces and hung upon hinges. When they opened their crib and put the mattress in it, Mr. Atkinson attempted to fix securely the catches that hold the slats. Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson went to bed early that night, and about eleven o'clock something began to kick vigorously. The result was that the slats slowly descended, and deposited the mattress and the baby upon the floor. The baby being particularly wide awake, crawled out into the room, and seeing a light in the entry, went through the door just as Mr. Atkinson's aunt, Miss Boggs, was coming up the stairs to bed. She picked the baby up, and finding that his father and mother were asleep, she carried it to her room in the third story, determined to take care of it the rest of the night.

About an hour later Mrs. Atkinson woke, and thought she would glance over at the crib to see how the baby was getting along. No sooner had she done so than she jumped from the bed in alarm. The baby was not there! The cotton seemed to have fallen out of the whole contrivance. Her first thought was that the baby was lying under the mattress smothered to death. She pulled the mattress aside, but there were no signs of the baby.

Then, wild with alarm, she shook Mr. Atkinson, and told him to get up. Atkinson growled out, in a sleepy tone:

"The paregoric bottle is in the closet; go and get it yourself."

"Alonzo!" shrieked Mrs. Atkinson, "you don't understand! The baby is gone! It is gone—stolen!—kidnapped!—murdered, maybe! Oh, what shall I do?—what shall I do?"

"Now be calm Julia," said Atkinson, getting out of bed; "don't get hysterical. The child, most likely, is under the bed."

"No, it isn't; no, it's not there!" exclaimed Mrs. Atkinson, upon her hands and knees.

"Possibly," said Alonzo, beginning to feel uneasy, "he crept into the closet; let us look."

"This is horrible!" said Mrs. Atkinson, clasping her hands.

"Do you think," asked Mrs. Atkinson, "that he could have crawled into a

bureau drawer and pulled it to after him?"

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Atkinson. "You know he couldn't."

"I think I hear him now. He has fallen out of the window!" said Mrs. Atkinson, as a faint wail floated up from the back yard.

"No, it's only Mrs. Magruder's cat yowling on the fence," replied Atkinson, as he closed the sash. Have you looked in the bath-tub in the next room? Perhaps he has gone to take a bath."

"Drowned! I know it! I'm sure of it!" yelled Mrs. Atkinson, rushing into the bath-room.

"He's not here," said Atkinson. "Could he have gone down stairs and fallen into the sugar-bucket in the pantry?"

"We must search the whole house for him," said Mrs. Atkinson.

So they began the hunt. They looked everywhere. In the clothes hamper, in the kitchen cupboard, in the parlor, in the pantry, and even in the cellar, but without avail.

"He couldn't have gone up stairs," said Mr. Atkinson, "because he can't climb the steps."

"No; he must have been stolen! He has been stolen by burglars! I shall never, never see him again—never!"

"Don't give way, Julia. Be calm. I will go at once for the police."

Mr. Atkinson dressed himself hurriedly, and dashed down stairs and out into the front street. He met a policeman almost at the door, and in frantic accents laid the case before him. The policeman sounded an alarm, and soon had six other policemen at hand. They entered the house, and proceeded to examine the fastenings. Everything was right, and one of the policemen said:

"In my opinion the burglar is in the house yet."

"We'll go for him," said another. So they drew their revolvers and proceeded to search the building. Presently Mr. Atkins heard the report of a pistol in the kitchen. He rushed down.

"I think I've killed him," said policeman Jones. "Bring a light quick!"

"And killed the baby, too!" shrieked Mrs. Atkinson.

"By George, I forgot about the baby," said the officer.

Then the light came and they found that policeman Jones had shot his dog, which had followed him into the house. Then policeman Smith's pistol went off accidentally, and the bullet hit the kitchen clock, which at once struck nine hundred and eighty one, and the confusion and racket so unstrung Mrs. Atkinson's nerves that she went into hysterics and emitted successive yells of a terrific character. This brought Miss Boggs down from the third story in great alarm.

"What on earth is the matter?" she called.

"Matter?" said Atkinson. "Don't you know that burglars have broken into the house and stolen the baby? Why, we've been having the awfulest time you ever heard of for the last two hours."

"Why, I've got the baby up-stairs with me," said Miss Boggs; "I've had him all night."

"You have?" exclaimed the party in a breath.

"Certainly."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Atkinson, with supernatural calmness, "that that baby was quietly sleeping in your room all this time."

"Yes."

Atkinson simply looked at her. He felt that language was unequal to the expression of his feelings. Mrs. Atkinson flew up stairs, two steps at a time. The policeman laughed and filed out. Jones pulling his deceased dog by the tail. Atkinson went to bed with raging anger in his soul; and the next morning he put a sheet-iron bottom, fastened with rivets, upon the folding crib.

Schumann's Maxims.

Schumann tells the story of "The Old Captain," describing the presence in the Davidite circle of a veteran, who was reported to have begun the study of the piano late in life with the most difficult of Beethoven's sonatas, and to have practiced it in solitude for 10 years, alternately hoping and despairing. He used to come to the Musical Evenings, and sit listening in a corner. "I never," says Schumann, "played better or more gladly to any man than to him. His presence was inspiring. I mastered him, led him whither I would; and yet it seemed as if I received all my power from him." After a time he came no more. But I will not spoil the pathetic end of the tale by fragmentary quotation. A contrast to this is the account of the artistic ball in the editor's, who invited young musicians, in order to get reviews out of them; here the writer hangs a charming little sketch on the simple incident of his getting engaged for the same dance to two of the editor's daughters. In his maxims and aphorisms also, though too thorough a German always to avoid mistaking solemn comacianisms on the one hand and nebulous verbiage on the other, for wisdom and profundity, he has said many good things. For instance, "One voice that blames has the strength of ten that praise." "He who sets limits to himself, will always be expected to remain within them." "The saying, 'I have thrown it in the fire,' is often but a shameless boast. I detest people who throw their compositions in the fire." "He who is anxious to preserve his originality is in danger of losing it." "The great is admirable even in ruin. Dismember a symphony by Beethoven and one by Gyrowetz and then observe what remains. Works of mere talent or compilation, when destroyed, seem but overturned card-houses; while after the expiration of centuries, pillars and capitals of ruined temples still exist."

—*Aemilian's Magazine.*