THE CAGED LARK.

By A. B.

A cruel deed
It is, sweet bird, to cage thee up
Prisoner for life, with just a cup
And box of seed
And sod to move on merely one foot square,
Hung o'er dark street, midst foul and murky air.

From freedom brought,
And robbed of every chance of wing.
Thou couldst have had no heart to sing.
One would have thought;
But though thy song is sung, mch little know
The yearning source from which those sweet notes flow.

Poor little bird!
As often as I think of thee,
And how thou longest to be free,
My heart is stirred,
And, were my strength but equal to my rage,
Methinks thy cager would be in his cage.

The selfish man!
To take thee from thy broader sphere,
Where thousands heard thy music clear,
On Nature's plan;
And where the listening landscape far and wide
Had joy, and thou thy liberty beside.

A singing slave
Made now; with no return but food:
No mate to love, nor little brood
Too feed and save;
No cool and leafy haunts; the cruel wires
Chafe thy young life and check thy just desires.

Brave little bird!
Still striving, with thy sweetest song,
To melt the hearts that do thee wrong,
I give my word
To stand with those who for thy freedom fight,
Who claim for thee thy freedom as thy right.

THE ARTIST'S SECRET.

By J. V. L.

"You will return in two hours' time; that will be half past twelve," said Miss Vane, looking at her watch.

"Yes, Miss," said the man servant, touching his hat.

Miss Vane stood watching her pretty ponies until they, with the phaeton, turned the corner of the High street; then, with a quick, vivacious step, she ran up the Cathedral steps, and entered the building by the half-open door.

Mrs. Champ, the verger's wife, met her with a courtesy and a smile, that presently gave place to a look of concern, as she said: "I don't know how you'll go on with your paintin' this morning, Miss Vane, for that Mr. Chipstone, the mason, have sent to repair Sir Geoffrey's monument, and there's a nasty rude man a-hammerin' away at it now, and, as you know, Miss, it's quite close to where you sit."

"A rude man!"

"Yes, Miss Vane. When I told him as I didn't know if it would be convenient for him to do his work to-day, as you was coming to paint close by, he replied that it would be inconvenient, to be sure, but he must try and put up with it, which was, as I told him, a piece of sarcasm unbecoming a person of his station."

Miss Vane laughed.

"If his rudeness consists only in objecting to me, I shall not fear him in the least."

"Just so, Miss, and I'll be bound you will give him as good as he sends. I will bring down your easel and paints and things at once, and if you like, Miss, I will walk up and down, and—"

"Oh no, please do not; I take my own part quite well. But you may bring my easel."

Miss Vane walked to her accustomed place in the aisle, drawing off her gloves, and looked with amused curiosity for "the rude man." Her step was light, and the mason, intent upon his work, took no notice of her. His back was to her, and she saw only a tall figure, in a white loose blouse, and heard him humming softly as he chipped away the decayed marble. By this time she had removed her hat and mantle Mrs. Champ came bustling up. The mason, still unconscious of Miss Vane's proximity, perceived Mrs. Champ's approach, and paused in his work to say:

"That's right, mother, you've brought some playthings to keep the young lady out of mischief."

"Mother, indeed! I should be very sorry to be your mother, young man," retorted Mrs. Champ, setting down the camp-stool with a thump.

The mason turned to reply, saw Miss Vane, and, without any appearance of confusion, took off his hat and bowed. Miss Vane received his silent apology with calm indifference, and looked at the man without moving a muscle, until he resumed his work.

Mrs. Champ, having ministered to all the young lady's wants, withdrew, passing close by the mason to show him she had no fear, and ejaculating, "Mother, indeed!" in a tone of withering contempt.

It is comparatively easy to forgive handsome people, but Miss Vane was not moved to pardon this man, though his appearance was strikingly good, and his manner free from that awkward embarassment which characterizes ill-bred people in the presence of their superiors. His face was long and thin, with well-sunk eyes, a pronounced yet delicate nose, and a Vandyke beard. He was powdered with the white dust from his work, which, making his skin appear particularly soft and fair, lent lustre and darkness to his fine eyes. His simple gesture of apology was more eloquent and appropriate than words could have been in the circumstances, and showed that he had good taste as well as good features; but his claims to an equality with herself, asserted in his manner, made it impossible for her to feel that cool indifference to his affront which she assumed. She was angry with herself for being vexed by such a trifle, and asked herself what this man had done that could not be forgotten as quickly as the *gaudice* of an ordinary servant. He had called the paraphernalia of her art toys to amuse a child—that was all; but it compelled her to consider whether the sting of the sarcasm lay not in its truth.

Laura Vane was not merely a beautiful girl; she had desires beyond and higher than the drawing-room conquests and picnic pleasures of her sex. Her face and figure were in nature's hands to mold as she would; but the soul within her was for herself to shape, and she sought earnestly to make that admirable. Not that she was neglectful of her appearance, or unsusceptible to admiration of her personal charms—indeed, no. Her dress was unexceptionable; she did not adopt the style of costume in which intellectual girls, poor plain things! usually display their eccentricities; she was not a dowdy; on the contrary, she was as tastefully apparelled as though she had nothing better to think about. But she gave the greater part of her time to the cultivation of artistic tastes. She played and sang, she worked tapestry, she modeled a little, and painted a good deal. Admiration was bestowed upon everything she did, and her judgment was appealed to in all questions of the artistic kind which agitated the æsthetic circle of her friends. Happily for her she had too keen a perception of merit to be quite convinced that she deserved all the eulogy she received. Among her flatterers was not one who painted better than she, and she noticed that the less the eulogizer knew of art, the more enthusiastic was his praise. The Royal Academy of Arts had rejected her pictures, and she could not believe sincerely that her friends were right in ascribing the rejection to professional jealousy on the part of the hanging committee. She had remarked that the meed of praise lavished by gentlemen upon young ladies was strictly in proportion with their personal beauty; and with the knowledge that she was herself beautiful came the unpleasant suggestion that she was praised for her pictures with as little discrimination as was the lovely Miss Armitage—a young lady whom she cordially detested—for her execrable performance on the zither. And the suspicion had once or twice presented itself to her mind that in fact she was no artist at all, but only a self-deluded, friend-deluded, dilettante dabbler in art.

This self-doubting mood is common to every artist, and is hopefully significant of the power to improve; it is the passing cloud in a sunny life. Unintentionally, the man had raised this cloud, and oversensitive Miss Vane was quick to feel its shadow. She was angry with herself in being influenced by the words of a mere mason, and that made her angry with him; now willingly enough she indorsed Mrs. Champ's opinion that he was a rude man, and that his presence was extremely inconvenient. She sat down to her painting with distaste, and failed entirely to derive her customary gratification in the contemplation of the work before her. She felt inclined to remove her apparatus at once, and walk home without waiting for her pony-carriage; but the reflection that this would justify the idea that she was playing, and not working, determined her to persevere, unpleasant as the prospect seemed. She took up her palette and proceeded to dress it. The constant chipping at her side irritated her. She paused, and, looking along the cold gray aisle, thought of the warm sunlight and cheerful cornfields that lay beside the homeward path; she knew she could do no good work with this disheartening to study. After all, why should she regard what was thought of herself and her employment by a common mason's man? No, she would not attempt work—she would quietly retire and send Mrs. Champ to remove her—"playthings." That word goaded her; and setting her lips firmly, she went onward with the mixing of her colors. Was it true that she was playing with art? Was it not true? Did her painting serve any other purpose than to occupy her idle time, and procure flattery for herself? Still tormenting herself with these questions, she uncovered her picture. Indeed, there were good points in the painting, and she looked with satisfaction at certain little bits of careful study and conscientious work.

"I must trouble you to cover your materials for a time; I am going to move these boards, and the dust will fly," said the mason, turning about to face Miss Vane.

"Oh, this is very provoking!" exclaimed the young lady, losing at once the little composure gained but the moment before. "Cannot you shake your boards when I am gone?"

"Certainly, if you will be good enough to go now," replied the man, with the most annoying suavity.

"But I cannot go now, and I will not. I have come on purpose to paint."

"And I have come on purpose to repair this masonry. It is a question who can best afford to give up work for a week or so, you, who paint for amusement, or I, who cut stone for my living."

"You are very rude!"

"No, I am not—at least, not intentionally. Come, we are both losing time to no purpose, but to aggravate your discomfort. Let me lighten your inconvenience as well as I can. I will remove your traps." ("traps" echoed Miss Vane to herself) "and do all my dirty work while you have a walk in the cloisters. One cannot walk there on a morning such as this without feeling peace and good-will toward all men. When you hear me chipping away again you may consider yourself free from further inconvenience for at least an hour."

"I can move my utensils myself," said Miss Vane, somewhat mollified by the strangely familiar yet easy assurance of the man.

"You had better do as I advise."

The mason had advanced to the easel, and was looking at the work upon it as he spoke. Miss Vane was annoyed now by the equality asserted in the man's behavior, and she said, with a touch of sarcastic good-nature in her tone:

"Does it strike you that you are speaking to me with unwarrantable freedom?"

"It did not occur to me to give that matter a thought before; but now I look at your work, I see no reason why I should not speak to you with perfect freedom. You are an artist."

He spoke these last words impressively, as he carefully covered the picture, and Miss Vane's face flushed with pleasure. She felt that the greatest compliment she had ever received had been offered to her by this—mason's man. Her heart throbbed quickly with delight. Her elation was all inconsistent as her previous dejection had been. To be placed on a level with a man little above an ordinary mechanic was not in itself a compliment, but it was another thing to be recognized as a fellow-worker by one whose quiet assertion proclaimed him an artist, and conscious of the respect his position in a noble profession entitled him to.

He had implied his approval of her painting, and she thirsted to know all that he thought of it, but he had set the canvas aside, and the opportunity of asking his opinion without betraying her desire was gone. She said "Thank you" quite graciously when he removed the last of her "traps."

"Not such a terrible undertaking after all, is it?" he asked, with a mischievous smile. "And now go away; the dust will spoil that pretty dress."

"But he talks to me as though I were a child," thought Miss Vane. In the cloisters she regained all her usual happiness of temperament, whether by the influence of the place itself, as the mason had suggested, or by the restored confidence in herself and the newly-awakened interest, she could not determine. But she listened impatiently for the chipping to begin again, and was sorely tempted to pass into the aisle and see if he were examining her work. At the first blow of the mallet she re-entered the building and walked to her work with a bright face and expectant eyes. Her apparatus was restored to its original place, the canvas was covered, and the mason was humming over his work, as though he had forgotten all about her; the romance was over, and serious business begun. Miss Vane was a little disappointed by this turn, and did not get on half so well with her work as she had anticipated. If he had looked cold, slightly, she knew she could have worked better; but he chipped on and on, and never turned from his work.

"Perhaps he thinks I have done—playing—for the day, and he does not know I am here," she thought, and gave a little cough that he might be undeceived. He took no notice; he did not cease his monotonous humming, his continual hammering, until the big bell struck 12; then he laid down his chisel and mallet. She, now, kept her eyes upon her work, and would not permit her glance to stray from the canvas in his direction. Probably he would come and criticise her picture; possibly he was now at her elbow looking quietly at her. This latter suggestion of her imagination so confused her that her painting became reckless and bad; this he certainly would detest, and know she was only assuming unconsciousness of his proximity. Every moment this idea intensified, and with it her brush grew more and more unmanageable, until at last, unable to keep up the pretense any longer, she looked round, convinced she should find him behind her. No one was at her elbow. She looked across to Sir Geoffrey's monument; there sat the mason eating his dinner. It was the workman's dinner hour; on a small napkin beside him lay several very thick sandwiches, and these, with a stone bottle, constituted his meal. He was drinking from the stone bottle when Miss Vane looked, and she averted her eyes with a spasm of intense disgust. Nevertheless, she was presently impelled to look again; this time she found him with a ragged little book in one hand and a pencil in the other, sketching. This was more interesting, and Miss Vane regarded him with curious eyes. He altered the pencil from his right to his left hand, and taking up a huge sandwich bit out a semicircle; then he laid down the hunk of bread and meat, transferred the pencil again, opened his book, and, still munching, looked at her.

"He is sketching me," thought Miss Vane, and resumed her painting with a yet more uncertain hand.

"Thanks!" muttered the mason through his food, as if he thought Miss Vane had resumed her position to suit him.

"Well, I do call that impudence," exclaimed Mrs. Champ, coming up two minutes later and looking over the mason's shoulder.

"Do you?" said he. "Well, I call it devotion. I don't see any suggestion of impudence in the face of a beautiful girl who is studying art. However, as you call it impudence, mother, I suppose it must be so."

"I beg you won't call me 'mother,'" replied the verger's wife, and then going to Miss Vane announced that the carriage had arrived, and hoped she had not been annoyed by Mr. Chipstone's "laborer." This appellation, pronounced very audibly, caused the mason to groan aloud in mock agony; as he groaned he held up his sketch, and looked at it with contracted brows. Miss Vane was cleaning her palette, with an amused smile on her face.

"May I ask you to resume your position for one minute?" said the man, addressing her.

"So?"

"Yes, that will do; thank you."

She looked at him; he bowed his acknowledgment, thrusting the old sketch-book in the pocket of his blouse, and then lifted the stone bottle to his lips again.

When Miss Vane had put on her bonnet and mantle she inclined her head to the mason, whose eyes, to her consciousness, had been fixed upon her; and he, rising from his seat, took off his felt hat and bowed with the easy grace of an Italian. Had he lived in Italy? Was he Italian by birth? His face and bearing suggested that. Was he a real artist, and holding that position his manner asserted? And if he was indeed an artist, how came it that he pursued the vocation of an ordinary mason? These and other speculations occupied Miss Vane's thoughts as she drove homeward, looking before her abstractedly, and quite regardless of the sunny corn fields she had longed to enjoy but a short time before. She was glad he had not asked to look at her morning's work, it was so bad. And yet she wished he had shown further interest in her picture. That he thought highly of it she had no doubt, for had he not, looking at it, acknowledged she was an artist? She exulted in the delight that her work had undeceived him, and felt sure he would not allude to it as play, or to her tools as playthings again. She was almost ashamed of the place he took in her thoughts, and tried once and again to dismiss his tall figure, his handsome face, his free speech, now pleasing, then annoying, from her memory; but they would recur, and she thought over and over again the trifling incidents of the morning, as though they had been of vital importance to her. She wondered if he thought of her—clearly he had been struck with her beauty—and this speculation was followed by a woman's thirst for conquest. Certain passages in Boccacio's story of "Cymon and Iphigenia" came to her mind, and she blushed with the pleasurable anticipation of subduing this man to absolute admiration of herself and all she did. Then again she was ashamed of herself; of thinking of herself in conjunction with him—she an independent young lady, with £20,000; he with nothing, perhaps, besides his tools. But surely he could not be a mere artisan; he might—well, he was an anomaly, and it was impossible to think anything more definitely of him. Nothing was certain—except that she was impatient for to-morrow.

The next morning she did not keep her phaeton at the door a moment—she was on the steps as it drove up, and her manservant opened his round eyes in astonishment. She herself took the reins, and also the whip, as the ponies found to their cost—a lady holding the whip uses it, a remark which applies not alone to the management of ponies. Like other anxious people, she expected to be dissappointed; probably she should find another man at work upon the masonry—and it was no gratification to think he would be as respectful and humble as men in his station should be—possibly, the work was finished, and no one in the cathedral to interfere with her. That suggestion failed to afford her pleasure; so contrary and changeable are the moods of young ladies at the age of twenty. It was an unacknowledged relief to her mind when, the wheels ceasing to deaden lesser sounds, she detected the sharp "clink, clip, clink" of the chisel upon Sir Geoffrey's tomb.

"Is that man here again?" she asked of Mrs. Champ, raising her pretty eyebrows and trying to look despondent.

"Oh lor', yes, Miss Vane, and worse than ever. What do you think he says now?"

"I can't tell!" Miss Vane only hoped he had said nothing disparaging of herself.

"He says he shall tell my husband if I get talking to him. There's for you—an impudent vagabond."

Miss Vane laughed, and the smile had not quite died out from her eyes when she approached the mason; but she composed her features, and made him the most formal and distant bend in returning his salute.

He did not speak, a fact that Mrs. Champ felt it her pleasure to comment upon as she arranged Miss Vane's things.

"Some people can hold their tongues in the presence of third parties," said she, loudly.

"It's a pity all people can't—isn't it, *madre?*"

"My name's not Marjery, Sir. I was christened Martha, I'll let you know."

"Well, I don't mind calling you Martha, if you prefer it, and Mr. Champ doesn't object."

Miss Vane did not quite like that he should put himself on a level with the verger's wife, bantering her thus. She was glad when the old woman went away. She broke the subsequent silence.

"You have no boards to shake this morning."

"I was careful to do that before you came. You see I am not rude this morning, and I would not like to spoil yesterday's work."

"Do you think my amusement deserves so much consideration?"

"I would not willingly spoil even your amusement. But I spoke of your work."

"And that—"

"You want me to tell you what I think of it?" he asked, drawing near.

"My work yesterday was execrable."

"My presence distracted you."

"I think it did. But the rest of the work?" She stood aside, that he might look at it.

"Yes," he said slowly, looking at several points carefully. "I saw all this yesterday."

"Can you suggest any improvements?"

"N—o! It is impossible to improve this work."

She almost regretted that he had not pointed out some small defect. She wished him to be the artist she had hoped he was. Still she felt flattered, and said—

"Then you think it is—is—all right?" she questioned.

"No, I do not."

Here was an unexpected reverse. Miss Vane said, with a little tinge of sarcasm—

"Perhaps you may be able to point out the defects?"

"Yes. The drawing is wrong, and the coloring is not right; and there is no idea in it at all."

Miss Vane held her breath in astonishment for a moment, and then said:

"To begin with, where is the drawing faulty?"

"Here," he replied, indicating a part with his chisel. "This part has been drawn two or three yards from the point of view taken in the rest of the—thing."

"This column came in the way."

"It doesn't look locomotive in its habits. I never saw a pillar come into any one's way yet awhile. You mean that you began work in the wrong place."

She suggested that the defect would be unnoticeable to ordinary perceptions.

"If you paint down to ordinary perceptions, you must always be defective."

"And the coloring?" said Miss Vane, with a despondent sigh.

"You painted your lights in a cloudy morning, and these with a clear sky."

"Not that I am conscious of—and I tried to make the colors match."

"But they would not be matched. You are not making bonnets when you sit down in the sacred name of Art to depict Nature."

Miss Vane winced. She could not defend herself. She saw her weakness. Yet she was conscious of having done good work, and she felt that the critic should adjust his standard to over it his eagerness to find fault. He might be the best artist in the world, but he was unfeeling and uncharitable, and she would ask his opinion never again. These were the thoughts of the moment, that made her silenced and dejected. The mason continued:

"These errors arise from your want of education, from your youth," (she remembered his speaking of her as of a child,) "perhaps from your happiness."

"My happiness! What has that to do with it?"

"Much. Sorrow makes poets, and only poets can paint pictures, except for 'ordinary perceptions.' All these defects of color and drawing arise from your starting on an idea. You walk into this aisle, and you say: 'Oh, how pretty! This will make a nice picture.' And, after a long time, you produce a thing that has not the claim to respect that a photograph has—that, at least, tells the truth. Now, I'll tell you how a poet would paint this picture. He would be filled, we will say, with melancholy, and upon his tempered mind would steal the memory of a cathedral aisle, gray and cold, and sad in tone; and the evening light slanting through an open door tells of a dying day, and heightens the pathos of the place. Here he conceives a grand picture, and he makes this cathedral the model by which to work out his conception; but he fixes the point of view whence his idea may be realized, and he is careful that the light shall be in harmony with his subject. A column will not get in the way of this man, and he will be conscious whether the sky is clouded or not."

Miss Vane was silent for a time, feeling herself lower than the dilettanti dabbler she had sometimes feared herself to be—and without that hopeful gleam which generally accompanies self-depreciation.

"Then what had I better do with the picture?" she asked.

"Cut it up."

"I might as well give it to Mrs. Champ."

"Much as I respect and like the estimable Martha, I could not counsel you to be so generous. No, cut it up and keep it. There are a dozen pieces of excellent work here—most excellent. Keep them as studies. Only give Martha the colored portion that you tried 'to match.' Here is a piece of masterly execution, and this is good, indeed!"

He looked intently upon the work as he spoke. Miss Vane could not speak, being quite overcome with the delight the criticism afforded her. Noticing her silence the mason said, his eyes still upon the painting—

"I have discouraged you."

"No, no, oh dear no! I am very grateful for your discriminating remarks; they are all true, quite true."

"Especially the favorable ones, hey?" he asked, with a quiet laugh.

Miss Vane thought she had never heard such a gentle and kind voice as this man's, and his smile was as tender as a woman's.

"No, I think I like your censure as well as your praise. It is that which makes the praise valuable. It will please me to cut this picture up as you suggest."

"And so your work here ends."

There was the slightest tone of regret in his voice, she thought.

"You think I am too happy to feel the poetry of sadness—you think I am a child."

"You are a child, and, happily, not a precocious one. Your field of poetry lies outside these walls. The bright phases of nature you could depict, and impress them with all the joyful sunlight of a child's nature—at least I think so, looking at your face. Yours eyes say that I am not old to have much experience of sadness. I am old enough—my life has been one of disappointment."

"And must one experience disappointments to know what sadness is?" she asked, looking at him with swimming eyes of sympathizing sorrow.

He penetrated her soul with his deep-seeing eyes, searching there for the motive of her present grief just as he had looked into her work for the feeling of the artist.

"All beautiful and good natures are capable of true sympathy with the sorrowful; but the sentiment is transient. Only our own sadness endures. Little as I watched you, it has been sufficient to see the gravity and gay expressions following each other in your face like the lights and shades upon the April hill. Deeper feelings will come soon enough. And now to my work."

He left her standing still and silent by her easel, and began to chip the stones again.

"He does not know me, he does not know how deeply I feel," she thought, as she slowly repacked the colors she was to use there no more; and she believed it was sympathy with misfortunes that alone made her wretched, but one half of her depression arose from regret upon her own account.

There was nothing now for her to do but to pack up and go, and slowly and reluctantly she finished her arrangements. When all was done, even to the putting on of her gloves, she stepped up to the mason, intending to say something about her gratitude for his valuable criticism, and add something more about the possibility of meeting him on some future occasion; but these society phrases went right out of her mind, and the society tone right out of her voice, as she looked into the frank, ingenious face and felt that she might never see him again, and so she said only:

"Good-bye."

She held out her hand, and he took it without hesitation in his dirty palm, and met her sad eyes with his, so earnest and grave.

"Good-bye, you beautiful child," he said. Had he taken her in his arms and kissed her, she would not have felt outraged, so high above her, so grand and pure, did he look as he spoke.

She walked away without another word. Had his tools been admired, she felt he was following her with his eyes; and she would have liked to turn round and see him once more.

[Concluded next week.]

THROUGH DELAWARE.

Middletown wants the next conference.

Sussex county gets no more "bound boys."

The *Cambridge Era* entered upon its fourth year on Saturday last.

J. O. Brown is president of Milford's new Board of Town Commissioners.

One colored man was placed on the jury in the Dorchester county court last week.

Walter Burton, proprietor of the Bright House, Rehoboth, is preparing for summer visitors.

On Wednesday last Amanda Thomas, an insane colored women, was found dead in the kitchen of Dr. Robert Collins, of Milford.

Captain Reynear Williams, who died in Philadelphia, a few days since, was buried on Wednesday last at his old home, near Milford.

Edward Sadler, living near Spring Mills, Milford neighborhood, shot and killed a gray eagle lately which measured seven feet from tip to tip of his wings.

A freshet carried off the timber that was destined to build Laurel's new Episcopal church, and the good churchmen of that place don't know whether to call it a visitation of Providence or not.

A Federalsburg, Caroline county, storekeeper, in cleaning up an old storehouse recently discovered a lady's slipper that was a marvel for its dainty size and shape. The slipper was part of of some stock that had lain on the store 75 or 80 years.

Sussex county's Levy Court has bought the bridge over the Nanticoke at Seaford, from Dr. Hall Martin, father of Representative E. L. Martin. The price paid is believed to have been $8,500. After April 1st the bridge will be free and Seaford looks forward to an increase of business from the country south of the Nanticoke.

Andrew Griffith, who died in Dorchester county, September 1880, aged 84 years, was a native of Caroline county, near this place. When a very young man he dreamed three dreams, all of which were literally fulfilled, the most remarkable one perhaps was to the effect that he would live to be 80 years, or to the year 1880." After becoming decrepit and almost helpless from advancing age, and years before his death, he repeatedly asserted that the dream of his youth would be fulfilled, which it was, as the date of his death clearly verifies.—*Federalsburg (Maryland) Courier.*

THE EASTERN SHORE.

A company of Harford countians think of starting a cannery at Elkton.

Easton's town authorities have just bought 400 feet of new gum hose.

Colora, Cecil county, on the Philadelphia & Baltimore Central railroad, is growing.

North East colored people ask the town to help them build a church, promising to use the basement for a school.

Cecil and Harford counties are annoyed because the annual fair of each has been fixed for October 11th, 12th and 13th.

Miss Mackey, daughter of Professor Mackey, of Delaware College, assumed charge of the North East Seminary on last Friday.

H. W. Vickes, Esq., State's Attorney for Kent county, will soon build a handsome country home for himself near Chestertown.

Shadrack Fountain Liden, an upright and respectable citizen of Potter's Landing, Caroline county, died at his home on Sunday morning, 13th inst., very suddenly from heart disease.

The tax-payers of Caroline county have decided to settle the difficulty with their defunct school board by the award of a commission, if possible, and, if not, to bring suit for monies received by the Board since 1877 and misapplied.

William H. Abrahams and John W. Abrahams, administrators of John J. Abrahams, filed in the Orphans' Court of this county on the 17th instant the inventory of the appraisement of the deceased, amounting to $280,000.—*Cecil Democrat.*

The New York *Herald* says that Senator David Davis is a native of Delaware. Hush! you infinitesimal mite of journalistic insignificance! Davy is a native of Cecil county, and it's lucky, too, for there is no room in that State for him to cross his legs and tell his old playmates which side of the political fence he isn't on.—*North East Record.*

A Local Option Man Robbed.

The Dover *Sentinel* says that J. Alexander Fulton, Esq., the local option lawyer of that town, had his pocket picked of $200 on last Thursday night. The robbery was committed on the down train, between Middletown and Clayton. Mr. Fulton had his money in his hip pocket, and in the seat behind him sat an unknown young man who got off at Clayton. Just afterwards he missed his pocket book.

Mahone is said to have huge railway projects on the brain, and expects Republican capital to carry them out.

A BOLD LOVER.

By T. B. Aldrich.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis grows,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold white rose.

I lounge in the flex shadows,
I see the lady lean,
Unclasping her silken girdle,
The curtain's folds between.

She smiles on her white rose lover,
She reaches out her hand,
And helps him in at the window,
I see it where I stand!

To her scarlet lips she holds him,
And kisses him many a time—
Ah, me! it was he that won her,
Because he dared to climb.

OUR LETTER FROM BOSTON

SOME THINGS THAT "ROBIN" SEES AND HEARS.

Pretty Girls in Court—A Singular Law Firm—The Mechanics' Library—Things at the Theatres.

Special Correspondence of State Journal.

Boston, March 15.—There was quite a little ripple of unusual life during a hearing before the Supreme Court of Massachusetts this morning. Four out of our seven supreme justices were on the bench; a few lawyers were within the bar; possibly half a dozen other people were in the court, and some dull question of law was dragging its slow length through the sleepy hours, when of a sudden the door swung lightly back on its hinges, and a young lady tripped into the court room. Behind her came another; then a third and a fourth, something after the fashion that the sisters, cousins and aunts come tripping onto the stage in the wake of the ruler of the Queen's navee. They were pretty young ladies—so said the limb of the law who told me of the incident, and his judgment in such a matter would admit of no appeal—and they filed in, each with a bag in her hand, took seats on a settee, drew forth from the bag each her note book and composedly began taking notes. The Court smiled; Chief Justice Gray, the conservative, hard-headed and flinty-hearted old bachelor, whose decisions on some knotty points are calling forth stares of astonishment from the courts of sister states—broadened his smile into a broad grin, while only our newly-appointed Judge Field remembered his recently-acquired dignity sufficiently to keep his face straight. But the ladies weren't troubled, but went serenely on with their notes and observations. Its free ground—that court house of ours—and they can't put women behind a grating away up in a sky parlor near the ceiling, the way they do in the British House of Commons.

My friend—the limb aforesaid—mentioned that he had seen one of the ladies, the one who acted as first cousin and led the bevy, very frequently in the different court rooms, and he had heard that she was studying law. From various words that I have caught here and there during the past few years, I think there must be several ladies Boston who are more or less interested in the subject, and are inclined to think that, were anyone to make a start and to agitate the question of the admissibility of women to the bar here, there would be several applications for admission within a very short time; were the bars once let down—no pun intended. The question has never yet been raised in Massachusetts, I understand. But although the general opinion with the older lawyers seems to be that such a question if raised would be very quickly and finally reduced to nothingness, the younger generation of the legal profession seem to hold rather a different view. One young lady friend of mine, who is married to a very bright, rising young lawyer, has been reading in her husband's office more or less of the time during her two or three years of married life. He consults her always on all his cases, and frequently takes her into court with him to use her woman's wit in raising points on the evidence. She has several times given him the one by which to trip up a napping witness. The husband says that his wife is a born lawyer, and declares that she shall be one before she is ten years older.

The lady of whom I think I wrote you a few months ago, who carried her own patent case through the courts in New York and Boston so successfully, and whom I chanced to meet to-day, told me that she has fully decided to devote herself to the law, and will enter the Boston Law School at the beginning of the next term. Unless some other lady takes the same notion, she will be the only representative of her sex there, for the lady who is now studying in the school graduates this spring. She has been in the school for three years, with not another lady to keep her company, but the situation has not seemed to alarm or annoy her in the least. Neither have the other students shown any apparent symptoms of annoyance or alarm, nor the professors or instructors. All parties concerned seem perfectly tranquil and happy.

When one remembers that twenty years ago women doctors were as much of a rarity as women lawyers are now, it is easy to believe that the legal profession may not be such a sealed book to the aspiring sex when the twentieth century dawns. The most ardent opponents of the new bubble of the day admit with one accord that woman will be anything that she really wants to—but they say that she doesn't really want to. Well, if she doesn't, she surely won't! That's certain.

There was a corner stone laying to-day which may interest some of you to hear about. It interested a very great number of our people and drew a big crowd—so big a crowd I in fact that a part of a staging which was put up around the corner stone gave way, and rolled a lot of people down into a cool and muddy bath. But no bones were broken, no matter was laughed off, the mud brushed off and the performances went on. The occasion was the eighty-sixth anniversary of the organization of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, and the corner stone was that of a fine new building to be built for their accommodation. The association is a very influential as well as ancient one, and although it has been comparatively dormant for the last dozen years, everybody remembers the jolly gatherings and entertainment that it used to give, and the fine, valuable library which has been packed away out of circulation of late. But when the new building is up, the better class of Boston mechanics and their friends may look out for some good times.

I was a good deal interested in the motley collection of things which they buried with the corner stone, sealed up in a copper box. It is really a matter of more than curiosity, to think when will this box be opened again, by whom and under what circumstances. There was a silver plate properly inscribed, and giving names of the Governor and Mayor (will they be remembered as having ever lived, when that plate shall again see the light?) and of a lot of officers of the association; copies of the medals and diplomas awarded it; a proof set of the national silver coins of 1881; manual of the State government of 1881; municipal register of Boston for 1881; organization of the city government for 1881; Boston almanac for 1881; a Boston *Sunday Herald* of March 13th, evening newspapers of March 14th and morning newspapers of March 15th, 1881; and a quantity of other things too numerous to mention. What a find for some future archeologist!

I am going to-morrow evening to hear a lecture in which I expect to be greatly interested. The lecturer is Prof. S. R. Kelley of the Music Hall School of Elocution, and the subject is the Ober-Ammergan Passion Play. Having had the rare good fortune to be in that strange far-off little peasant vill age among the Bavarian hills last summer, and to witness that strangest of all dramas that this modern era of ours has seen represented on the stage, I am more than eager to see the scenes of that summer day's visit repeated, even though it be only by shadows thrown by a stereopticon. Prof. Kelley is sure to do justice to his subject, and as I understand that he has a very large and rare collection of views, it seems that the lecture must prove a very successful one.

The theatres are all giving attractive bills, with Boucicault in "The Shaughraun" at the Museum; Mitchell's Pleasure Party in "Our Goblins" at the Park; Emma Abbott at the Globe and her own Ideal Opera Company in "Fatinitza" at the Boston Theatre, and various other entertainments at the smaller theatres. ROBIN.

The charter of the Philadelphia University of Medicine and Surgery was, with the consent of its trustees, &c., annulled on Saturday, the Commonwealth agreeing to recognize all diplomas of the Institution heretofore granted, and validating all past acts.

THE PENINSULA PRESS.

Comments From Our State and Eastern Shore Exchanges.

The *Milford Chronicle* thinks that "every hour" of delay weakens the possibility of the bill [local option] becoming a law.

Of the Republican bargain with Mahone the North East *Record* says "the party cannot sustain the public faith in the nation and nurse repudiation in a state." Says the *Cecil Democrat*, "Senator Mahone has at last defined his position. He is a readjuster both in State and in National politics. In Virginia he repudiates his honest debts under the guise of readjusting them, and in the United Senate he repudiates the obligations he owes to the Democrats who sent him in order to assist the Republicans in readjusting the organization of the Senate."

The *State Sentinel* thinks that Speaker Williams will convey home with him the regard of his friends and the respect of his enemies.

The *Breakwater Light* mourns the inaction of Lewes in not trying to attract summer visitors. "However," says the *Light*, "as matters now are, it is hardly to be hoped that people will pay $8 to come here, when they can go to Atlantic City and secure first-class accommodations, the fare being but 90 cents. This will be the condition of affairs until Lewes has steamboat accommodations."

"Why, a young man now gets half a pound of clay with every pound of confectionery he buys for his best girl. No wonder we are becoming a nation of dyspeptics," says the *Middletown Transcript* in discussing the adulteration of food.

Mahone's treachery moves the *Sussex Journal* to say: "It is to be hoped that the course he has taken in the Senate will have the effect of forever burying the dishonest party which is striving to repudiate the honest debts and ruin the honest reputation of old Virginia."

The *Peninsular News and Advertiser*, for party reasons, if for no other, favors fair representation for New Castle county and says of the recent vote on this question: "The Democratic House thus records as its deliberate conviction that representation should not be based on population, and that the two lower counties, with less than the population of New Castle county, should have double the representation."

Senator Mahone has committed political suicide, is the opinion of the *Kent News*.

The Easton (Talbot county) *Gazette* has the following well put paragraph: "The fellow who threw the egg at Gen. Garfield in Chestertown in 1868 has never made any mark so far as is known, except with his egg against the wall, while Gen. Garfield has been inaugurated President. Merit elevates while rowdyism degenerates."

New Railroad Project.

Lancaster Examiner.

We learn that a railroad is to be built from Reading, passing through Lancaster and Chester counties, reaching the Maryland line, and thence it is proposed to continue the same to Perryville, Md. This railroad will carry its traffic almost directly and south from Reading to Perryville, and will open up a part of the country which is not accessible at present for cheap and convenient transportation. The charter for this company has already been obtained by responsible parties in this city and county. We understand that parties residing in New York have interested themselves in pushing this railroad through under its charter. The railroad will be known as the Reading and Chesapeake Coal and Railway Company. An organization will be effected in a few days, with its principal office in this city.

Consul to Callao.

Beulah T. Watson, Esq., of Dover, has been assured that he is to receive the consulship at Callao, Peru. Mr. Watson is the son of Curtis S. Watson, of Milford. He was born in 1842, received a good education, read law under the late Chancellor Bates, was admitted to the bar in 1866, and has since been engaged in the practice of the law at Dover. He is a bachelor of good address and some popularity. Up to 1870 he was a Democrat, and, as such, served as Clerk of the House of Representatives in 1869. In 1870 he joined the Polly McNatts and about two years later drifted into the Republican ranks, where he has since remained.

Isidore Levi, a crockery dealer in New Orleans, whose store was recently destroyed by fire, has been arrested, with Matthew May, his clerk, and Patrick Sullivan, a porter, on the charge of arson.

Mary J. Holmes, the novelist, is in Paris. She will spend the summer in Italy and return to this country next autumn.

Premature Loss of Hair

Nowadays may be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCOAINE. It has been used by thousands of ladies where the hair was coming out in handfuls, and has never failed to arrest its decay; it promotes a healthy and vigorous growth, and is unrivalled as a soft and glossy dressing for the hair.

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, strongest and most healthful. Sold everywhere.

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MIRACLES OF HEALING UNPARALLELED IN MEDICAL HISTORY.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the great natural blood purifier, absorbent, renovator and vitalizer, has shown its great curative power in scrofula, white swellings, ulcers, erysipelas, swelled neck, scrofulous inflammations, mercurial affections, old sores, eruptions of the skin, sores, ulcers and scald heads, with dry, thin and falling hair, and when the blood is in a healthy state, all diseases of the skin, scalp and hair, manifested by pimples, blotches, scaly eruptions, tetter, ringworm, itching, blistered skin, and burning and painful eruptions, are speedily and permanently cured. CUTICURA REMEDIES are marvelous.

SCROFULA.

SCROFULA. Hon. William Taylor, Boston, State Senator of Massachusetts, permanently cured of a diseased leg that had been for twelve years a source of unmeasurable misery, and had defied the skill of many of Boston's best physicians, and used noted specifics, as well as European authorities. He says: "I have been so much better that I feel like a new man. Your Cuticura Resolvent has done more for me than all the medicine I have dipped down in the street to tell them of my case."

RUNNING SORES.

RUNNING SORES. Henry Landecker, Dover, N.H., certifies that August 25, 1877, he broke his leg, and was cured by a physician. After removing the splints sores broke out from the knee to the heel, the bone sloughed, the tendons stiffened, and ordered rubber stockings. Paid $25 for stockings, without any signs of cure. Bought CUTICURA REMEDIES, and was rapidly and permanently cured. Certified to by Lothrops & Pickham, Druggists, Dover, N. H.

SALT RHEUM.

SALT RHEUM. George F. Green, Dealer in Pianos, Grand Rapids, Mich., was troubled for four years with Salt Rheum.