Various

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TEA-SMUGGLING IN RUSSIA

The history of smuggling in all countries abounds in curiosities of which but few ever reach the eye of the public, the parties generally preferring to keep their adventures to themselves. There often exist, however, along frontier lines the traditions of thrilling exploits or amusing tricks, recounted by old smugglers from the recollections of their own youthful days or the narratives of their predecessors. Perhaps no frontier is so rich in these tales as that between Spain and France, where the mountainous recesses of the Pyrenees offer secure retreats to the half-robber who drives the contraband trade, as well as safe routes for the transportation of his merchandise. On the line between the Russian Empire and Germany the trade is greater in amount than elsewhere, but is devoid of the romantic features which

it possesses in other countries. There, owing to the universal corruption of the servants of the Russian government, the smuggler and the custom-house officer are on the best terms with each Other and often are partners in business. We find in a late number of the *Deutsche Reform*, a journal of Berlin, an interesting illustration of the extent and manner in which these frauds on the Russian revenue are carried on, and translate it for the *International*:

"The great annual tea-burning has just taken place at Suwalki: 25,000 pounds were destroyed at it. This curious proceeding is thus explained. Of all contraband articles that on the exclusion of which the most weight is laid, is the tea which is brought in from Prussia. In no country is the consumption of tea so great as in Poland and Russia. That smuggled in from Prussia, being imported from China by ship, can be sold ten times cheaper than the so-called caravan-tea, which is brought directly overland by Russian merchants. This overland trade is one of the chief branches of Russian commerce, and suffers serious injury from the introduction of the smuggled article. Accordingly the government pays in cash, the extraordinary premium of fifty cents per pound for all that is seized, a reward which is the more attractive to the officers on the frontiers for the reason that it is paid down and without any discount. Formerly the confiscated tea was sold at public auction on the condition that the buyer should carry it over the frontier; Russian officers were appointed to take charge of it and deliver it in some Prussian frontier town

in order to be sure of its being carried out of the country. The consequence was that the tea was regularly carried back again into Poland the following night, most frequently by the Russian officers themselves. In order to apply a radical cure to this evil, destruction by fire was decreed as the fate of all tea that should be seized thereafter. Thus it is that from 20,000 to 40,000 pounds are yearly destroyed in the chief city of the province. About this the official story is, that it is tea smuggled from Prussia, while the truth is that it is usually nothing but brown paper or damaged tea that is consumed by the fire. In the first place the Russian officials are too rational to burn up good tea, when by chance a real confiscation of that article has taken place; in such a case the gentlemen take the tea, and put upon the burning pile an equal weight of brown paper or rags done up to resemble genuine packages. In the second place, it is mostly damaged or useless tea that is seized. The premium for seizures being so high, the custom-house officers themselves cause Polish Jews to buy up quantities of worthless stuff and bring it over the lines for the express purpose of being seized. The time and place for smuggling it are agreed upon. The officer lies in wait with a third person whom he takes with him. The Jew comes with the goods, is hailed by the officer and takes to flight. The officer pursues the fugitive, but cannot reach him, and fires his musket after him. Hereupon the Jew drops the package which the officer takes and carries to the office, where he gets his reward. The witness whom he has with him—by accident of course—testifies to the

zeal of his exertions, fruitless though they were, for the seizure of the unknown smuggler. The smuggler afterward receives from the officer the stipulated portion of the reward. This trick is constantly practiced along the frontier, and to meet the demand the Prussian dealers keep stocks of good-for-nothing tea, which they sell generally at five silver groschen (12-1/2 cents) a pound."

MORE OF LEIGH HUNT.[1]

Although a large portion, perhaps more than half, of these volumes has been given to the world in previous publications, yet the work carries this recommendation with it, that it presents in an accessible and consecutive form a great deal of that felicitous portrait-painting, hit off in a few words, that pleasant anecdote, and cheerful wisdom, which lie scattered about in books not now readily to be met with, and which will be new and acceptable to the reading generation which has sprung up within the last half-score years. Mr. Hunt almost disarms criticism by the candid avowal that this performance was commenced under circumstances which committed him to its execution, and he tells us that it would have been abandoned at almost every step, had these circumstances allowed. We are not sorry that circumstances did not allow of its being abandoned, for the autobiography, altogether apart from its stores of pleasant readable matter, is pervaded throughout by a beautiful tone of charity and reconcilement which does honor to the writer's heart, and proves that the discipline of life has exercised on him its most chastening and benign influence:—

> For he has learned
> To look on Nature, not as in the hour

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[1] The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Two volumes. Harper & Brothers. 1850.

Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad, music of Humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.

The reader will find numerous striking exemplifications of this spirit as he goes along with our author. From the serene heights of old age, "the gray-haired boy whose heart can never grow old," ever and anon regrets and rebukes some egotism or assumption, or petty irritation of bygone years, and confesses that he can now cheerfully accept the fortunes, good and bad, which have occurred to him, "with the disposition to believe them the best that could have happened, whether for the correction of what was wrong in him, or the improvement of what was right."

The concluding chapters contain a brief account of Mr. Hunt's occupations during the last twenty-five years; his residence successively at Highgate, Hampstead, Chelsea, and Kensington, and of his literary labors while living at these places. Many interesting topics are touched upon—among which we point to his remarks on the difficulties experienced by him in meeting the literary requirements of the day, and the peculiar demands of editors; his opinion of Mr. Carlyle; the present condition of the stage, the absurd pretensions of actors, and the delusions attempted respecting the "legitimate" drama; the question of the laureateship, and his own qualifications for holding that office; his habits of reading; and finally an avowal of his religious opinions. We miss some account of Mr. Hazlitt. Surely we

had a better right to expect at the hands of Hunt a sketch of that remarkable writer, than of Coleridge, of whom he saw comparatively little. We also expected to find some allusion to the "Round Table," a series of essays which appeared in the *Examiner*, about 1815, written chiefly by Hazlitt, but amongst which are about a dozen by Hunt himself, some of them perhaps the best things he has written: we need only allude to "A Day by the Fire," a paper eminently characteristic of the author, and we doubt not fully appreciated by those who know his writings. Hunt regrets having re-cast the "Story of Rimini," and tells us that a new edition of the poem is meditated, in which, while retaining the improvement in the versification, he proposes to restore the narrative to its first course.

We take leave of the work, with a few more characteristic passages.

A GLIMPSE OF PITT AND FOX.—Some years later, I saw Mr. Pitt in a blue coat, buckskin breeches and boots, and a round hat, with powder and pigtail. He was thin and gaunt, with his hat off his forehead, and his nose in the air. Much about the same time I saw his friend, the first Lord Liverpool, a respectable looking old gentleman, in a brown wig. Later still, I saw Mr. Fox, fat and jovial, though he was then declining. He, who had been a "bean" in his youth, then looked something quaker-like as to dress, with plain colored clothes, a broad round hat, white waistcoat, and, if I am not mistaken, white stockings. He was standing in Parliament street, just where the street commences

as you leave Whitehall; and was making two young gentlemen laugh heartily at something which he seemed to be relating.

COOKE'S EDITION OF THE BRITISH POETS.—In those times, Cooke's edition of the British Poets came up. I had got an odd volume of Spenser; and I fell passionately in love with Collins and Gray. How I loved those little sixpenny numbers, containing whole poets! I doated on their size; I doated on their type, on their ornaments, on their wrappers containing lists of other poets, and on the engraving from Kirk. I bought them over and over again, and used to get up select sets, which disappeared like buttered crumpets; for I could resist neither giving them away nor possessing them. When the master tormented me, when I used to hate and loathe the sight of Homer, and Demosthenes, and Cicero, I would comfort myself with thinking of the sixpence in my pocket, with which I should go out to Paternoster Row, when school was over, and buy another number of an English poet.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS: "SANDFORD AND MERTON."—The children's books in those days were Hogarth's pictures taken in their most literal acceptation. Every good boy was to ride in his coach, and be a lord mayor; and every bad boy was to be hung, or eaten by lions. The gingerbread was gilt, and the books were gilt like the gingerbread: a "take in" the more gross, inasmuch as nothing could be plainer or less dazzling than the books of the same boys when they grew a little older. There was a lingering old ballad or so in favor of the gallanter apprentices who tore

out lions' hearts and astonished gazing sultans; and in antiquarian corners, Percy's "Reliques" were preparing a nobler age, both in poetry and prose. But the first counteraction came, as it ought, in the shape of a new book for children. The pool of mercenary and time-serving ethics was first blown over by the fresh country breeze of Mr. Day's "Sandford and Merton," a production that I well remember, and shall ever be grateful for. It came in aid of my mother's perplexities, between delicacy and hardihood, between courage and conscientiousness. It assisted the cheerfulness I inherited from my father; showed me that circumstances were not to check a healthy gaiety, or the most masculine self-respect; and helped to supply me with the resolution of standing by a principle, not merely as a point of lowly or lofty sacrifice, but as a matter of common sense and duty, and a simple coöperation with the elements natural warfare.

CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.—Perhaps there is not foundation in the country so truly English, taking that word to mean what Englishmen wish it to mean:—something solid, unpretending, of good character, and free to all. More boys are to be found in it, who issue from a greater variety of ranks, than in any other school in the kingdom and as it is the most various, so it is the largest, of all the free schools. Nobility do not go there except as boarders. Now and then a boy of a noble family may be met with, and he is reckoned an interloper, and against the charter; but the sons of poor gentry and London citizens abound; and with them, an equal share is given to the sons of tradesmen of the very humblest

description, not omitting servants. I would not take my oath, but I have a strong recollection that in my time there were two boys, one of whom went up into the drawing-room to his father, the master of the house; and the other, down into the kitchen to his father, the coachman. One thing, however, I know to be certain, and it is the noblest of all; namely, that the boys themselves (at least it was so in my time) had no sort of feeling of the difference of one another's ranks out of doors. The cleverest boy was the noblest, let his father be who he might.

AN INTENSE YOUTHFUL FRIENDSHIP.—If I had reaped no other benefit from Christ Hospital, the school would be ever dear to me from the recollection of the friendships I formed in it, and of the first heavenly taste it gave me of that most spiritual of the affections. I use the word "heavenly" advisedly; and I call friendship the most spiritual of the affections, because even one's kindred, in partaking of our flesh and blood, become, in a manner, mixed up with our entire being. Not that I would disparage any other form of affection, worshiping, as I do, all forms of it, love in particular, which, in its highest state, is friendship and something more. But if ever I tasted a disembodied transport on earth, it was in those friendships which I entertained at school, before I dreamt of any maturer feeling. I shall never forget the impression it first made on me. I loved my friend for his gentleness, his candor, his truth, his good repute, his freedom even from my own livelier manner, his calm and reasonable kindness. It was not any particular

talent that attracted me to him or anything striking whatsoever. I should say in one word, it was his goodness. I doubt whether he ever had a conception of a tithe of the regard and respect I entertained for him; and I smile to think of the perplexity (though he never showed it) which he probably felt sometimes at my enthusiastic expressions; for I thought him a kind of angel. It is no exaggeration to say, that, take away the unspiritual part of it—the genius and the knowledge—and there is no height of conceit indulged in by the most romantic character in Shakspeare, which surpassed what I felt toward the merits I ascribed to him, and the delight which I took in his society. With the other boys I played antics, and rioted in fantastic jests; but in his society, or whenever I thought of him, I fell into a kind of Sabbath state of bliss; and I am sure I could have died for him.

ANECDOTE OF MATHEWS.—One morning, after stopping all night at this pleasant house, I was getting up to breakfast, when I heard the noise of a little boy having his face washed. Our host was a merry bachelor, and to the rosiness of a priest might, for aught I knew, have added the paternity; but I had never heard of it, and still less expected to find a child in his house. More obvious and obstreperous proofs, however, of the existence of a boy with a dirty face, could not have been met with. You heard the child crying and objecting; then the woman remonstrating; then the cries of the child snubbed and swallowed up in the hard towel; and at intervals out came his voice bubbling and deploring, and was again swallowed up. At breakfast, the

child being pitied, I ventured to speak about it, and was laughing and sympathizing in perfect good faith, when Mathews came in, and I found that the little urchin was he.

SHELLEY'S GENEROSITY.—As an instance of Shelley's extraordinary generosity, a friend of his, a man of letters, enjoyed from him at that period a pension of a hundred a year, though he had but a thousand of his own; and he continued to enjoy it till fortune rendered it superfluous. But the princeliness of his disposition was seen most in his behavior to another friend, the writer of this memoir, who is proud to relate that, with money raised with an effort, Shelley once made him a present of fourteen hundred pounds, to extricate him from debt. I was not extricated, for I had not yet learned to be careful; but the shame of not being so, after such generosity, and the pain which my friend afterward underwent when I was in trouble and he was helpless, were the first causes of my thinking of money matters to any purpose. His last sixpence was ever at my service, had I chosen to share it. In a poetical epistle written some years after, and published in the volume of "Posthumous Poems," Shelley, in alluding to his friend's circumstances, which for the second time were then straitened, only made an affectionate lamentation that he himself was poor; never once hinting that he had himself drained his purse for his friend.

MRS. JORDAN.—Mrs. Jordan was inimitable in exemplifying the consequences of too much restraint in ill-educated country girls, in romps, in hoydens, and in wards on

whom the mercenary have designs. She wore a bib and tucker, and pinafore, with a bouncing propriety, fit to make the boldest spectator alarmed at the idea of bringing such a household responsibility on his shoulders. To see her when thus attired, shed blubbering tears for some disappointment, and eat all the while a great thick slice of bread and butter, weeping, and moaning, and munching, and eyeing at very bite the part she meant to bite next, was a lesson against will and appetite worth a hundred sermons, and no one could produce such an impression in favor of amiableness as she did, when she acted in gentle, generous, and confiding character. The way in which she would take a friend by the cheek and kiss her, or make up a quarrel with a lover, or coax a guardian into good humor, or sing (without accompaniment) the song of, "Since then I'm doom'd," or "In the dead of the night," trusting, as she had a right to do, and as the house wished her to do, to the sole effect of her sweet, mellow, and loving voice—the reader will pardon me, but tears of pleasure and regret come into my eyes at the recollection, as if she personified whatsoever was happy at that period of life, and which has gone like herself. The very sound of the familiar word 'bud' from her lips (the abbreviation of husband,) as she packed it closer, as it were, in the utterance, and pouted it up with fondness in the man's face, taking him at the same time by the chin, was a whole concentrated world of the power of loving.

RESIDENCE AT CHELSEA.—REMOTENESS IN NEARNESS.—From the noise and dust of the New Road, my

family removed to a corner in Chelsea where the air of the neighboring river was so refreshing, and the quiet of the "no-thoroughfare" so full of repose, that, although our fortunes were at their worst, and my health almost of a piece with them, I felt for some weeks as if I could sit still for ever, embalmed in the silence. I got to like the very cries in the street for making me the more aware of it for the contrast. I fancied they were unlike the cries in other quarters of the suburbs, and that they retained something of the old quaintness and melodiousness which procured them the reputation of having been composed by Purcell and others. Nor is this unlikely, when it is considered how fond those masters were of sporting with their art, and setting the most trivial words to music in their glees and catches. The primitive cries of cowslips, primroses, and hot cross buns, seemed never to have quitted this sequestered region. They were like daisies in a bit of surviving field. There was an old seller of fish in particular, whose cry of "Shrimps as large as prawns," was such a regular, long-drawn, and truly pleasing melody, that in spite of his hoarse, and I am afraid, drunken voice, I used to wish for it of an evening, and hail it when it came. It lasted for some years, then faded, and went out; I suppose, with the poor old weather-beaten fellow's existence. This sense of quiet and repose may have been increased by an early association of Chelsea with something out of the pale; nay, remote. It may seem strange to hear a man who has crossed the Alps talk of one suburb as being remote from another. But the sense of distance is not in space only; it is in difference

and discontinuance. A little back-room in a street in London is further removed from the noise, than a front room in a country town. In childhood, the farthest local point which I reached anywhere, provided it was quiet, always seemed to me a sort of end of the world; and I remembered particularly feeling this, the only time when I had previously visited Chelsea, which was at that period of life.... I know not whether the corner I speak of remains as quiet as it was. I am afraid not; for steamboats have carried vicissitude into Chelsea, and Belgravia threatens it with her mighty advent. But to complete my sense of repose and distance, the house was of that old-fashioned sort which I have always loved best, familiar to the eyes of my parents, and associated with childhood. It had seats in the windows, a small third room on the first floor, of which I made a *sanctum*, into which no perturbation was to enter, except to calm itself with religious and cheerful thoughts (a room thus appropriated in a house appears to me an excellent thing;) and there were a few lime-trees in front, which in their due season diffused a fragrance.

LAMARTINE'S NEW ROMANCE

The great poet of affairs, philosophy, and sentiment, before leaving the scenes of his triumphs and misfortunes for his present visit to the East, confided to the proprietors of *Le Constitutionel* a new chapter of his romanticized memoirs to be published in the *feuilleton* of that journal, under the name of "Genevieve." This work, which promises to surpass in attractive interest anything Lamartine has given to the public in many years, will be translated as rapidly as the advanced sheets of it are received here, by Mr. Fayette Robinson, whose thorough apprehension and enjoyment of the nicest delicacies of the French language, and free and manly style of English, qualify him to do the fullest justice to such an author and subject. His version of "Genevieve" will be issued, upon its completion, by the publishers of *The International*. We give a specimen of its quality in the following characteristic description, of Marseilles, premising that the work is dedicated to "Mlle. Reine-Garde, seamstress, and formerly a servant, at Aix, in Provence."

"Before I commence with the history of Genevieve, this series of stories and dialogues used by country people, it is necessary to define the spirit which animated their composition and to tell why they were written. I must also tell why I dedicate this first story to Mlle. Reine-Garde, seamstress and servant at Aix in Provence. This is the reason.

"I had passed a portion of the summer of 1846 at that Smyrna of France, called Marseilles, that city, the commercial activity of which has become the chief *ladder* of national enterprise, and the general rendezvous, of those steam caravans of the West, our railroads; a city the Attic taste of which justifies it in assuming to itself all the intellectual cultivation, like the Asiatic Smyrna, inherent in the memory of great poets. I lived outside of the city, the heat of which was too great for an invalid, in one of those villas formerly called *bastides*, so contrived as to enable the occupants during the calmness of a summer evening—and no people in the world love nature so well—to watch the white sails and look on the motion of the southern breeze. Never did any other people imbibe more of the spirit of poetry than does that of Marseilles. So much does climate do for it.

"The garden of the little villa in which I dwelt opened by a gateway to the sandy shore of the sea. Between it and the water was a long avenue of plane trees, behind the mountain of Notre Dame de la Garde, and almost touching the little lily-bordered stream which surrounded the beautiful park and villa of the Borelli. We heard at our windows every motion of the sea as it tossed on its couch and pillow of sand, and when the garden gate was opened, the sea foam reached almost the wall of the house, and seemed to withdraw so gradually as if to deceive and laugh at any hand which would seek to bedew itself with its moisture. I thus passed hour after hour seated on a huge stone beneath a fig-tree, looking on that mingling of light and motion

which we call *the Sea*. From time to time the sail of a fisherman's boat, or the smoke which hung like drapery above the pipe of a steamer, rose above the chord of the arc which formed the gulf, and afforded a relief to the monotony of the horizon.

"On working days, this vista was almost a desert, but when Sunday came, it was made lively by groups of sailors, rich and *idle* citizens, and whole families of mercantile men who came to bathe or rest themselves, there enjoying the luxury both of the shade and of the sea. The mingled murmur of the voices both of men, women and children, enchanted with sunlight and with repose, united with the babbling of the waves which seemed to fall on the shore light and elastic as sheets of steel. Many boats either by sails or oars, were wafted around the extremity of Cape Notre-Dame de la Garde, with its heavy grove of shadowy pines; as they crossed the gulf, they touched the very margin of the water, to be able to reach the opposite bank. Even the palpitations of the sail were audible, the cadence of the oars, conversation, song, the laughter of the merry flower and orange-girls of Marseilles, those true daughters of the gulf, so passionately fond of the wave, and devoted to the luxury of wild sports with their native element were heard.

"With the exception of the patriarchal family of the Rostand, that great house of ship-owners, which linked Smyrna, Athens, Syria and Egypt to France by their various enterprises, and to whom I had been indebted for all the pleasures of my first voyage to the East; with the exception of M. Miege, the general agent

of all our maritime diplomacy in the Mediterranean, with the exception of Joseph Autran, that oriental poet who refuses to quit his native region because he prefers his natural elements to glory, I knew but few persons at Marseilles. I wished to make no acquaintances and sought isolation and leisure, leisure and study. I wrote the history of one revolution, without a suspicion that the spirit of another convulsion looked over my shoulder, hurrying me from the half finished page, to participate not with the pen, but manually, in another of the great Dramas of France.

"Marseilles is however hospitable as its sea, its port, and its climate. A beautiful nature there expands the heart. Where heaven smiles man also is tempted to be mirthful. Scarcely had I fixed myself in the faubourg, when the men of letters, of politics, —the merchants who had proposed great objects to themselves, and who entertained extended views; the youth, in the ears of whom yet dwelt the echoes of my old poems; the men who lived by the labor of their own hands, many of whom however write, study, sing, and make verses, come to my retreat, bringing with them, however, that delicate reserve which is the modesty and grace of hospitality. I received pleasure without any annoyances from this hospitality and attention. I devoted my mornings to study, my days to solitude and to the sea, my evenings to a small number of unknown friends, who came from the city to speak to me of travels, literature, and commerce.

"Commerce at Marseilles is not a matter of paltry traffic, or trifling parsimony and retrenchments of capital. Marseilles looks

on all questions of commerce as a dilation and expansion of French capital, and of the raw material exported and imported from Europe and Asia. Commerce at Marseilles is a lucrative diplomacy, at the same time, both local and national. Patriotism animates its enterprises, honor floats with its flag, and policy presides over every departure. Their commerce is one eternal battle, waged on the ocean at their own peril and risk, with those rivals who contend with France for Asia and Africa, and for the purpose of extending the French name and fame over the opposite continents which touch on the Mediterranean.

"One Sunday, after a long excursion on the sea with Madame Lamartine, we were told that a woman, modest and timid in her deportment, had come in the diligence from Aix to Marseilles, and for four or five hours had been waiting for us in a little orange grove next between the villa and the garden. I suffered my wife to go into the house, and passed myself into the orange grove to receive the stranger. I had no acquaintance with any one at Aix, and was utterly ignorant of the motive which could have induced my visitor to wait so long and so patiently for me.

"When I went into the orange grove, I saw a woman still youthful, of about thirty-six or forty years of age. She wore a working-dress which betokened little ease and less luxury, a robe of striped *Indienne*, discolored and faded; a cotton handkerchief on her neck, her black hair neatly braided, but like her shoes, somewhat soiled by the dust of the road. Her features were fine and graceful, with that mild and docile Asiatic expression, which

renders any muscular tension impossible, and gives utterance only to inspiring and attractive candor. Her mouth was possibly a line too large, and her brow was unwrinkled as that of a child. The lower part of her face was very full, and was joined by full undulations, altogether feminine however in their character, to a throat which was large and somewhat distended at the middle, like that of the old Greek statues. Her glance had the expression of the moonlight of her country rather than of its sun. It was the expression of timidity mingled with confidence in the indulgence of another, emanating from a forgetfulness of her own nature. In fine, it was the image of good-feeling, impressed as well on her air as on her heart, and which seem confident that others are like her. It was evident that this woman, who was yet so agreeable, must in her youth have been most attractive. She yet had what the people (the language of which is so expressive) call the *seed of beauty*, that *prestige*, that ray, that star, that essence, that indescribable something, which attracts, charms, and enslaves us. When she saw me, her embarrassment and blushes enabled me to contemplate her calmly and to feel myself at once at ease with her. I begged her to sit down at once on an orange-box over which was thrown a Syrian mat, and to encourage her sat down in front of her. Her blushes continued to increase, and she passed her dimpled but rather large hand more than once over her eyes. She did not know how to begin nor what to say. I sought to give her confidence, and by one or two questions assisted her in opening the conversation she seemed both to wish for and to fear."

[This girl is Reine-Garde, a peasant woman, attracted by a passionate love of his poetry to visit Lamartine. She unfolds to him much that is exquisitely reproduced in Genevieve. The romance bids fair to be one of the most interesting this author has yet produced.]

"Madame ——," said I to her. She blushed yet more.

"I have no husband, Monsieur. I am an unmarried woman."

"Ah! Mlle, will you be pleased to tell me why you have come so far, and why you waited so long to speak with me? Can I be useful to you in any manner? Have you any letter to give me from any one in your neighborhood?"

"Ah, Monsieur, I have no letter, I have nothing to ask of you, and the last thing in the world that I should have done, would have been to get a letter from any of the gentlemen in my neighborhood to you. I would not even have suffered them to know that I came to Marseilles to see you. They would have thought me a vain creature, who sought to magnify her importance by visiting people who are so famous. Ah, that would never do!"

"What then do you wish to say?"

"Nothing, *Monsieur*."

"How can that be? You should not *for nothing* have wasted two days in coming from Aix to Marseilles, and should not have waited for me here until sunset, when to-morrow you must return home."

"It is, however, true, Monsieur. I know you will think me very

foolish, but ... I have nothing to tell you, and not for a fortune would I consent that people at Aix should know whither I am gone."

"Something however induced you to come—you are not one of those triflers who go hither and thither without a motive. I think you are intellectual and intelligent. Reflect. What induced you to take a place in the diligence and come to see me? Eh!"

"Well, sir," said she, passing her hands over her cheeks as if to wipe away all blushes and embarrassment, and at the same time pushing her long black curls, moist as they were with perspiration, beyond her ears, "I had an idea which permitted me neither to sleep by day nor night; I said to myself, Reine, you must be satisfied. You must say nothing to any one. You must shut up your shop on Saturday night as you are in the habit of doing. You must take a place in the night diligence and go on Sunday to Marseilles. You will go to see that gentleman, and on Monday morning you can again be at work. All will then be over and for once in your life you will have been satisfied without your neighbors having once fancied for a moment that you have passed the limits of the street in which you live."

"Why, however, did you wish so much to see me? How did you even know that I was here?"

"Thus, Monsieur: a person came to Aix who was very kind to me, for I am the dressmaker of his daughters, having previously been a servant in his mother's country-house. The family has always been kind and attentive, because in Provence, the nobles

do not despise the peasants. Ah! it is far otherwise—some are lofty and others humble, but their hearts are all alike. *Monsieur* and the young ladies knew how I loved to read, and that I am unable to buy books and newspapers. They sometimes lent books to me, when they saw anything which they fancied would interest me, such as fashion plates, engravings of ladies' bonnets, interesting stories, like that of Reboul, the baker of Nimes, Jasmin, the hairdresser of Agen, or *Monsieur*, the history of your own life. They know, Monsieur, that above all things I love poetry, especially that which brings tears into the eyes."

"Ah, I know," said I with a smile, "you are poetical as the winds which sigh amid your olive-groves, or the dews which drip from your fig trees."

"No, Monsieur, I am only a mantua-maker—a poor seamstress in ... street, in Aix, the name of which I am almost ashamed to tell you. I am no finer lady than was my mother. Once I was servant and nurse in the house of M.... Ah! they were good people and treated me always as if I belonged to the family. I too thought I did. My health however, obliged me to leave them and establish myself as a mantua-maker, in one room, with no companion but a goldfinch. That, however, is not the question you asked me,—why I have come hither? I will tell you."

Truth is altogether ineffably, holily beautiful. Beauty has always truth in it, but seldom unadulterated.

The poet's soul should be like the ocean, able to carry navies, yet yielding to the touch of a finger.

Original Poetry

AZELA

BY MISS ALICE CAREY

From the pale, broken ruins of the heart,
The soul's bright wing, uplifted silently,
Sweeps thro' the steadfast depths of the mind's heaven,
Like the fixed splendor of the morning star—
Nearer and nearer to the wasteless flame
That in the centres of the universe
Burns through the o'erlapping centuries of time.
And shall it stagger midway on its path,
And sink its radiance low as the dull dust,
For the death-flutter of a fledgling hope?
Or, with the headlong phrensy of a fiend,
Front the keen arrows of Love's sunken sun,
For that, with nearer vision it discerns
What in the distance like ripe roses seemed
Crimsoning with odorous beauty the gray rocks
Are the red lights of wreckers!
Just as well
The obstinate traveler might in pride oppose

His puny shoulder to the icy slip
Of the blind avalanche, and hope for life;
Or Beauty press her forehead in the grave,
And think to rise as from the bridal bed.
But let the soul resolve its course shall be
Onward and upward, and the walls of pain
May build themselves about it as they will,
Yet leave it all-sufficient to itself.
How like the very truth a lie may seem!—
Led by that bright curse, Genius, some have gone
On the broad wake of visions wonderful
And seemed, to the dull mortals far below,
Unraveling the web of fate, at will.
And leaning on their own creative power,
As on the confident arm of buoyant Love.
But from the climbing of their wildering way
Many have faltered, fallen,—some have died,
Still wooing from across the lapse of years
The faded splendour of a morning dream,
And feeding sorrow with remembered smiles.
Love, that pale passion-flower of the heart,
Nursed into bloom and beauty by a breath,
With the resplendence of its broken light,
Even on the outposts of mortality,
Dims the still watchfires of the waiting soul.
O, tender-visaged Pity, stoop from heaven,
And from the much-loved bosom of the past
Draw back the nestling hand of Memory,
Though it be quivering and pale with pain;

And with the dead dust of departed Hope
Choke up and wither into barrenness
The sweetest fountain of the human heart,
And stay its channels everlastingly
From the endeavor of the loftier soul.
Nay, 'twere a task outbalancing thy power,
Nor can the almost-omnipotence of mind
Away from aching bind the bleeding heart,
Or keep at will its mighty sorrow down.
And, were the white flames of the world below
Binding my forehead with undying pain,
The lily crowns of heaven I would put back,
If thou wert there, lost light of my young dream!—
Hope, opening with the faint flowers of the wood,
Bloomed crimson with the summer's heavy kiss,
But autumn's dim feet left it in the dust,
And like tired reapers my lorn thoughts went down
To the gloom-harvest of a hopeless love,
For past all thought I loved thee: Listening close
From the soft hour when twilight's rosy hedge
Sprang from the fires of sunset, till deep night
Swept with her cloud of stars the face of heaven,
For the quick music, from the pavement rung
Where beat the impatient hoof-strokes of the steed,
Whose mane of silver, like a wave of light,
Bathed the caressing hand I pined to clasp!
It is as if a song-lark, towering high
In pride of place, should stoop her sun-bathed wing,
Low as the poor hum of the grasshopper.

I scorn thee not, old man; no haunting ghost
Born of the darkness of thy perjury
Crosses the white tent of my dreaming now
But for myself, that I should so have loved!—
The sweet folds of that blessed charity,
Pure as the cold veins of Pentelicus,
Were all too narrow now to hide away
One burning spot of shame—the wretched price
Of proving traitor to the wondrous star
That with a cloud of splendor wraps my way.
And yet, from the bright wine-cup of my life,
The rosy vintage, bubbling to the brim,
Thou With a passionate lip didst drain away
And to God's sweet gift—human sympathy—
Making my bosom dumb as the dark grave,
Didst leave me drifting on the waste of life,
A fruitless pillar of the desert dust;
For, from the ashes of a ruined hope
There springs no life but an unwearied woe
That feeding upon sunken lip and cheek
Pushes its victims from mortality.
Vainly the light rain of the summer time
Waters the dead limbs of the blasted oak.
Love is the worker of all miracles;
And if within some cold and sunless cave
Thou hadst lain lost and dying, prompted not
My feet had struck that pathway, and I could,
With the neglected sunshine of my hair,
Have clasped thee from the hungry jaws of Death,

And on my heart, as on a wave of light
Have lulled thee to the beauty of soft dreams.
Weak, weak imagination! be dissolved
Like a chance snowflake in a sea of fire.
Let the poor-spirited children of Despair
Hang on the sepulchre of buried Hope
The fadeless garlands of undying song.
Though such gift turned on its pearly hinge
Sweet Mercy's gate, I would not so debase me.
Shut out from heaven, I, by the arch-fiend's wing,
As by a star, would move, and radiantly
Go down to sleep in Fame's bright arms the while
Hard by, her handmaids, the still centuries
Lilies and sunshine braided for my brow.
Angel of Darkness, give, O give me hate
For the blind weakness of my passionate love!
And if thou knowest sweet pity, stretch thy wing,
Spotted with sin and seamed with veins of fire,
Between the gate of heaven and my life's prayer.
For loving, thou didst leave me; and, for that
The lowly straw-roof of a peasant's shed
Sheltered my cradle slumbers, and that Morn,
Clasping about my neck her dewy arms,
Drew to the mountains my unfashioned youth,
Where sunbeams built bright arches, and the wind
Winnowed the roses down about my feet
And as their drift of leaves my bosom was,
Till the cursed hour, when pride was pillowed there,
Crimsoned its beauty with the fires of hell.

God hide from me the time when first I knew
Thy shame to call a low-born maiden, Bride!
Methinks I could have lifted my pale hands
Though bandaged back with grave-clothes, in that hour
To cover my hot forehead from thy kiss.
For the heart strengthens when its food is truth,
And o'er the passion-shaken bosom, trail
And burn the lightnings of its love-lit fires
Like a bright banner streaming on the storm.
The day was almost over; on the hills
The parting light was flitting like a ghost,
And like a trembling lover eve's sweet star,
In the dim leafy reach of the thick woods,
Stood gazing in the blue eyes of the night.
But not the beauty of the place nor hour
Moved my wild heart with tempests of such bliss
As shake the bosom of a god, new-winged,
When first in his blue pathway up the skies
He feels the embrace of immortality.
A little moment, and the world was changed—
Truth, like a planet striking through the dark,
Shone cold and clear, and I was what I am,
Listening along the wilderness of life
For faint echoes of lost melody.
The moonlight gather'd itself back from me
And slanted its pale pinions to the dust.
The drowsy gust, bedded in luscious blooms,
Startled, as 'twere at the death-throes of peace,
Down through the darkness moaningly fled off.

O mournful Past! how thou dost cling and cling—
Like a forsaken maiden to false hope—
To the tired bosom of the living hour,
Which, from thy weak embrace, the future time
Jocundly beckons with a roseate hand.
And, round about me honeyed memories drift
From the fair eminences of young hope,
Like flowers blown down the hills of Paradise,
By some soft wave of golden harmony,
Until the glorious smile of summers gone
Lights the dull offing of the sea of Death.
And though no friend nor brother ever made
My soul the burden of one prayer to Heaven,
I dread to go alone into the grave,
And fold my cold arms emptily away
From the bright shadow of such loveliness.
Can the dull mist where swart October hides
His wrinkled front and tawny cheek, wind-shorn,
Be sprinkled with the orange fire that binds
Away from her soft lap o'erbrimmed with flowers,
The dew-wet tresses of the virgin May?
Or can the heart just sunken from the day
Feed on the beauty of the noontide smile?—
O it is well life's fair things fade so soon,
Else we could never take our clinging hands
From Beauty's nestling bosom—never put
The red wine of love's kisses sternly back,
And feel the dull dust sitting on our lips
Until the very grass grew over us.

O it is well! else for this beautiful life
Our overtempted hearts would sell away
The shining coronals of Paradise.

In the gray branches of the oaks, starlit,
I hear the heavy murmurs of the winds,
Like the low plains of evil witches, held
By drear enchantments from their demon loves.
Another night-time, and I shall have found
A refuge from their mournful prophecies.

Come, dear one, from my forehead smooth away
Those long and heavy tresses, still as bright
As when they lay 'neath the caressing hand
That unto death betrayed me. Nay, 'tis well!
I pray you do not weep; or soon or late,
Were this sad doom unsaid, their light had filled
The empty bosom of the waiting grave.
There, now I think I have no further need—
For unto all at last there comes a time
When no sweet care can do us any good!
Not in my life that I remember of,
Could my neglect have injured any one,
And if I have by my officious love,
Thrown harmful shadows in the way of some,
Be piteous to my natural weakness, friends:
I never shall offend you any more!

And now, most melancholy messenger,
Touch my eyes gently with Sleep's heavy dew.
I have no wish to struggle from thy arms,
Nor is there any hand would hold me back.
To die, is but the common heritage;
But to unloose the clasp that to the heart
Folds the dear dream of love, is terrible—
To see the wildering visions fade away,
As the bright petals of the young June rose

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