

LOVE THAT LIVES.

BY GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

Dear face, bright, glittering hair—
Dear life, whose heart is mine—
The thought of you is prayer,
The love of you divine.

In starlight, or in rain;
In the sunset's shrouded glow;
Ever, with joy or pain,
To you my quick thoughts go.

Like winds or clouds, that fleet
Across the hungry space
Between, and find you sweet,
Where life again in wins grace.

Now, as in that once young
Year that so softly drew
My heart to where it clung,
I long for, gladden in you.

And when in the silent hours
I whisper your sacred name,
Like an altar-fire it shows
My blood with fragrant flame.

Perished is all that grieves;
And lo, our old-time joys
Are gathered as in sheaves,
Held in love's equipage.

Ours is the love that lives;
Its Spring-time blossoms blow
Mid the fruit that Autumn gives;
And its life outlasts the snow.

—Century Magazine.

MR. JOSEPH CHILBLUD.

From the London Times.

Mr. Chilblud—Mr. Joseph Chilblud you will understand, not John, the happy, good-hearted ne'er-do-well—entered the breakfast-room on a chilly Autumnal morning, and glanced critically at the table laid for the morning meal. Yes, it was arranged as it should be and as Mr. Chilblud always expected to find it—spotless cloth and china, the coffee-urn bubbling and steaming, the little silver spirit-stove boiling the water ready to receive the eggs, napkins properly folded, and finally the newspaper, ready cut and aired and spread across the arm of his easy chair. Everything being satisfactory, Mr. Chilblud crossed over to the fire, and his position on the hearth-rug causing him to front a mirror, he naturally glanced at his reflection therein. A long, broad face, with very neatly trimmed whiskers, no moustache to hide the wide, thin lips, light, penetrating eyes; an aquiline nose, and carefully brushed dark hair, formed a tout ensemble which, to one person at least, was altogether pleasing, and that person was Joseph Chilblud. It may be said with truth that Mr. Chilblud entertained a very high opinion of himself, both physically and morally, and it is equally true that he had grounds for doing so. Born in a somewhat humble position, he had, by steady perseverance and determination, raised himself gradually until he held at the age of 42, the post of inspector of elementary schools, with a salary of between £400 and £500 per annum. And from boyhood to manhood his life had been exemplary, no temptations having had power to move him from the paths of virtue. Whether this was due to the coldness of his disposition or to the severe and extreme rectitude of his conduct, it is hard to say, but certain it is that Mr. Joseph Chilblud of 19 Propriety Square was deemed a pattern in the quadruple character of husband, father, householder and inspector. His marriage, too, has been perfect as a stroke of business and a proof of good taste. For the lady whom he honored with his hand was pretty, rich and good-tempered; and moreover she retained after seven years of matrimony the same respect for her husband and awe of his stupendous talents that she had carried in her fluttering little heart to the altar.

Mr. Chilblud was on the point of opening his watch when Mrs. Chilblud entered the room. He replaced it in his pocket and took his seat at the table, while his scrutinizing eye involuntarily turned to survey his wife's gown. Observing that it was in her usual correct taste, he gravely deposited the eggs in the boiling water and placed his watch on the table to mark the time. "Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, while the meal was proceeding, "I wish you would look at Ethel before you go out; she seems a trifle feverish." "I suppose she has been running and overheating herself again," said the gentleman in a voice which was a natural concomitant of his whole person—clear, cold and searching. "I told Sarah that for the next offense of the sort she would receive her dismissal; the children must not be permitted to overheat themselves with exercise." "No; it is not that; I am afraid it is Ethel's own fault. She will try to learn Arthur's lessons, though Dr. Sinclair, as you know, strictly forbade her touching a book for another year at least. He said: 'Give her plenty of exercise and play, but no lessons until she is 5'; and yet she knows the whole alphabet, and can read little words!" Mrs. Chilblud's face was a mixture of dismay and maternal pride in her child's capacity. "Do you use your authority in the matter, my dear?" "I endeavor to, but it is impossible to tell how or when she picks up her knowledge. And she asks me such strange questions sometimes I scarcely know how to answer her."

Mr. Chilblud pushed back his chair, and took up his former position on the hearth-rug—only with his back to the fire this time. A little frown of uneasiness marred the customary serenity of his aspect. "Marian," he said, after a length-

ened pause, "we shall have to be extremely careful with Ethel. The child is preternaturally quick, her brain-power preponderates unduly over the fragility of her body. She must be kept back; as Sinclair says, nothing must be allowed to excite the activity of the mind, but every aid given to strengthening the delicate little frame. How is her appetite now?"

"Wonderfully good; in fact, as a rule, she appears to be in very fair health. I sometimes wonder at the constant surveillance we exercise is not as harmful as allowing her to learn what she can by herself."

"My dear Marian, in a case of this description a medical man must be the judge; and my own opinion entirely coincides with that expressed by Sinclair. We must not allow Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phlegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making a particularly brilliant show. I think the wisest course we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we can not remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and healthy, there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food—fresh milk, eggs and fruit—is highly desirable. What do you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and we can talk the matter over this evening."

"But Joseph," interposed Mrs. Chilblud, anxiously, "you do not think she is going to be ill?" "Certainly not," answered her husband in his smooth, precise tone, "only I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and with a child of Ethel's caliber one can not be too vigilant and careful. Now, my dear, we will have the children down; for I must go in ten minutes. I will try and see Sinclair later on to discuss our plans; in the meantime, let there be a truce to all lessons to-day; and could you not invite the little Howlands over and let them all have a good romp together in the nursery? It would do Ethel good."

"Well?" said Miss Burton, in answer to the uplifted hand.

"Please, teacher, Tommy Carter's asleep!"

Brought thus plainly under her notice, the teacher was compelled to see what she did not wish to observe at the moment.

"Tommy Carter, come here," and at the sound of his name the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, Tommy, what is the meaning of this?" said Miss Burton in a kind voice, for the boy was one of her brightest pupils, and she knew something about his home life. He was a tall boy for his age, a little under 7 (all the children in Miss Burton's room were under 7), with a face that might have been any father's pride; such a handsome, open countenance, in spite of its grime, and the thick locks of matted unkempt hair which fell over his brow.

"Please, teacher, I didn't mean to go to sleep, but I was so tired!"

"How is that?"

"I didn't go to bed till long past 12 last night, and father he woke me at 5 to light the fire, 'cos mother couldn't get up, 'cos she ain't well."

"What kept you up so late?"

"I had to mind the baby."

"Where was your mother?"

"Please, teacher, mother went to the Dolphin to fetch father, and they didn't come out till they was turned out, and then father and mother had a row, and he knocked her spinning, and she's had to-day, she is."

"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?"

"No, 'cos the lady what lives in the next room she's gone away, and the baby cried so I took it and sat on the door-step till mother come in, and then it didn't stop. Father said he'd chuck it out o' window if mother didn't quiet its row."

The boy spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. Why not? He was used to his life; such scenes were of daily occurrence, and if the previous night's experiences had been a trifle worse than usual, there was one comfort to be derived from them—his mother was too ill to get drunk that day, at least.

"You may go to your place," said the teacher quietly. "I am going to give out the sums. Annie Blake, what are you crying for?"

The little girl addressed vouchsafed no reply, but after a little hesitation the child who occupied the next seat volunteered the information that Annie Blake felt sick.

Miss Burton called the little girl to her side. "What is the matter, Annie? Have you had anything to disagree with you?"

The child shook her head. She was very clean and tidily dressed, though in woefully patched garments.

"What did you have for breakfast?"

"Nothing, teacher," said the little girl, looking up with timid eyes.

"Mother couldn't give us any this morning, because all the bread was gone."

"Is your father out of work?"

"Yes, teacher, he's got a bad foot."

Miss Burton led the child into the head-mistress' private room and gave her a roll-out of the bag that contained her own lunch. "Sit down and eat that, and if I can manage it I will go round and see your mother after school."

The teacher's heart ached as she returned to the school-room. It was horrible to think of a child, little more than a baby, sent breakfastless to school.

She knew well the extreme destitution there was among many of the children, for the school was situated in a very poor neighborhood. She did what she could to relieve the most pressing cases in her own room, but it was only a drop of kindness in an ocean of distress. Many a parcel of old clothes and boots she collected among her friends and distributed to

the children, but there were some to whom it was worse than useless to give—the children of idle, depraved parents, who would strip every tidy article of apparel off their own and their children's backs and pawn them for a few pence, to obtain what was more than decency or natural affection to them—drink.

The teacher did her best even in these cases. "Now, Mary," she would say, fastening a warm petticoat on a little girl, "tell your mother if you come to school without this to-morrow that I shall send you back. You are to wear it every day." Occasionally the hint had the desired effect, but not often.

Returning to the school-room, Miss Burton stood still for a moment at the open door. The children had taken advantage of her temporary absence to vacate their places, and were amusing themselves in various ways. And worse than all, at the other door, leading from the main corridor, stood the inspector, the man whom they all dreaded because of his influence in high quarters, and because of his cold, calculating nature, which regarded the maintenance of discipline as the first law of the universe. There he stood, his light, inquiring eyes calmly taking in the whole scene.

"Good morning, Miss Burton. I am afraid my call is rather inopportune. May I ask, do the children often disappoint themselves in this manner?"

Miss Burton colored at the sarcastic tone, but replied quietly. "It is very unusual. I had occasion to take a child away who felt ill, and I am sorry to see that the others have behaved badly during my absence."

"Hum! Perhaps it would have been better if you had sent a monitor, instead of leaving the room yourself. Kindly place the children; I wish to examine them. That is right. Now, children, attention! Wait! Do I see a boy asleep?"

Miss Burton once more roused Tommy Carter, at the same time endeavoring to explain soto voce to the Inspector the reason of the little fellow's fatigue.

"Yes, yes," he said in his lofty but polite voice; "one hears so many of these kinds of stories—generally excuses for idleness, you know."

"But, I believe, I am almost positive, this boy's story is correct, for his parents are both—"

"Pardon me, but I should never get through my duties if I stayed to listen to all the stories the children bring. The way to do the work in a place of this kind is to go straight on, regardless of obstacles, and, above everything, to discountenance chatter."

"But we are bound, in fairness, to listen to any reasons the children may have to account for their absence, late arrival, etc.," objected the teacher, with a shade of warmth, "otherwise I should have punished a little girl just now for crying because she had had no food since yesterday."

"I am really afraid, Miss Burton," said Mr. Chilblud, impressively, "that you are a little too sensitive for your post. Think of the cause in which you are enrolled as one of the workers, the education of the masses—a truly noble work. Do not I pray you, sharpen your feelings on the woes, real or imaginary, of individual cases."

"But," said the teacher, bravely. "It is with individual cases one must deal. How can I compel a child to work whose eyes are heavy and limbs weary for want of rest and proper nourishment? What can one expect from the exhausted systems of these habits?"

"Madam, you know the schedule. It was arranged with a proper knowledge of what can be and is done by children under 7."

"Yes, but it is right to expect so much from these ill-fed, ill-clothed, and in many cases, diseased children? Many of them bring their dinners to school. You should see what is provided for them. I would venture to assert that in this room there are pretty well twenty children with the same fare to-day—a thick slice of bread, with a disgusting-looking compound they call dripping, but which more resembles cart-grease. I have frequently seen the delicate ones turn almost with loathing from this—their customary mid-day meal."

"Very sad, of course; but because a child has not proper food is no argument why it should also remain ignorant."

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, Mr. Chilblud? Would you force your own children, who have every advantage, to do what is required by the School Board?"

The Inspector looked at this daring teacher much as one regards an impudent menial who has the effrontery to dictate to a superior.

"The cases are not parallel, he said icily, and then proceeded to his work of examination. This he conducted in a manner one would have expected from him. Going the most round-about way to ask the simplest question, and thereby puzzling the little brain needless, was Mr. Chilblud's notion of discovering how much the children really knew. But, to do him justice, he could, as a rule, in spite of his supreme egotism, form a tolerably correct idea of how they had been taught discipline, although he had never yet met with a teacher who fully satisfied his requirements—God be thanked.

School over, Miss Burton hastily donned her walking attire, and hurried round to a dismal, dirty street near a stone-throw from the school. Quickening her way through groups of loud-voiced, gossiping women and miserable, squalid children playing amid the dirty bones and garbage of all sorts that filled the gutter, until she reached the house where little Annie Blake lived. Finding the child's tale was perfectly true, she left with her mother what money she could spare, and went on her way again. But a sudden thought striking her as she was nearing the top of the wretched alley, she retraced her steps and knocked at the door of a house about half-way down. It was opened by a thin, pale woman with a baby in her arms.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Collier; I

just called to ask why Bobby has not been to school to-day."

"I am very sorry, miss, but I could not get him to go."

"Why?"

"He would not go without his boots, and they won't hang on any longer."

"Is your husband still out of work?"

"Yes, miss," said the woman, sadly; "it's just over three months now since he earned a penny."

"But you get help from the parish?"

"Not a farthing—they say we must go into the House; they will not give out-door relief; and Jim, he's set against that. He can't bear the idea of breaking up the home, poor as it is; besides, we don't want to make paupers of our children."

There was quite a flash of pride in the poor woman's white, hungry face as she spoke.

"But you can not go like this!" said Miss Burton gently.

"Jim's got hopes of a job in a week or two—he has been half promised, and it may lead to something constant. I go out washing and churning four days a week, so if we can only hold out a little longer things may get a bit brighter soon. If it wasn't for the little ones I should not mind, but it's hard to see them hungry and the cupboard empty." The mute suffering in the woman's face was far more painful to witness than a demonstrative grief.

Miss Burton laid her hand on her arm and said: "Try and bear up, Mrs. Collier; you have at least the consolation of knowing you do your best. As to Bobby, tell him that he is to come to school to-morrow. I will arrange about some new boots. I mean we will see to it among us."

"Not waiting to hear the woman's thanks, the teacher hurried away."

Dinner was over in Propriety Square. The children, who always came down to dessert, had been captured and carried off by their nurse. Mr. and Mrs. Chilblud had indulged in a quiet conversation about the arrangements for Ethel's departure; for Mr. Chilblud had managed to see the doctor, who highly approved of the country plan. Consequently, it was to be put into execution without loss of time.

"We shall miss her dreadfully," said Mrs. Chilblud, with tears in her eyes.

"Of course we shall," asserted her husband, "but it is a case in which we must make our feelings subservient to the child's benefit," and with what sounded like a sigh he took out his tablets to look over some memoranda penciled on them.

Mrs. Chilblud bent over her work, and there was silence, save for the crackling of the fire and the subdued ticking of the timepiece.

It was a cold, chill evening, and the room looked very comfortable with its handsome furniture, rich, soft carpet, and heavy plush curtains, on all of which the firelight threw a thousand dancing gleams.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, suddenly looking up from her work. "I want to ask you something."

"I am all attention," replied her lord and master.

"I was reading in the paper this morning about a child dying from overpressure. Is it true? Do they really make them work so hard in these Board Schools?"

Mrs. Chilblud's eyes were full of pitying wonder, which her husband's cold orbs quickly quenched.

"My dear, pray do not you indulge in the absurd, mock sentimentality that is so much in vogue at the present time. These people—the parents whose children can for a nominal sum receive an excellent education—hate to be dragged from their wretchedness and ignorance. Born in vice and darkness themselves, they would rear their offspring the same way—they put forward every obstacle to prevent the children's attendance at school, and when forced to send them, they make complaints about the amount of work. Those cases of which you speak are rank impositions to work on the feelings of the public."

"But there was a letter the other day, signed 'A Teacher,' stating that far too much is expected from young children. Did you see it?"

"I can not say I did not; but I know the style of the thing. I came across a young woman only this morning who is, I should imagine, just the one to air her foolish notions in that way; but probably she will have leisure for reflection presently, for I doubt if she will be retained on the staff after I send in my report. I am determined—fully determined—to do all I can to crush out this abominable spirit of resistance to the advance of education and the upholding of discipline."

"Yes, Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, returning to her work, convinced that her husband was, without exception, the wisest, most far-seeing and learned of men.

He Certainly Puts His Foot in It.

A prominent Chicago real estate man and his partner were the best of friends, and their intimacy extended to personal as well as business matters. His partner was a bachelor, and was in the habit of reading him letters of an ardent and affectionate nature from a young lady who signed herself "Susie." The hero of the story went away on an extended trip returned just in time to attend the wedding of his partner. Wishing to show his good will he sent the happy couple a wedding present, and at the wedding reception stepped gallantly forward to pay his respects.

"I hardly feel like a stranger," he said in his sweetest tone, addressing the bride: "In fact, I feel as though I ought to be quite well acquainted with my partner's wife, since he has often done me the honor to read me extracts from his dear Susie's letters."

The faces of the husband and speaker were studied as the bride drew herself up and said emphatically and distinctly:

"I beg your pardon, sir! My name is Helen!"—Chicago Tribune.

THE GERMAN ARMY.

The Most Intelligent Machine of War—A Consummate Weapon.

The German military correspondent of the London Times has been writing an interesting series of letters on the German army, as seen in its recent review before the Emperor. The Times comments on the subject at length, saying among other things the following:—

Europe pays so light a price in every way for its armaments that it ought to feel pleasure when it has good cause for belief that it is obtaining worth for its money. Any one who has carefully followed our military correspondent's reports at the German manoeuvres in the neighborhood of Strasbourg must be persuaded that the cost of the Emperor William's army is not thrown away. Never was there a machine of war more intelligent or perhaps so intelligent. The private soldiers are strong and active. They take long marches without becoming footsore. They are drenched to the skin, and burst out into spontaneous song as they proceed to their quarters. Victims of conscription, they are enthusiastic about their emperor and princes. They bear to be scolded as if they were galley slaves by their officers, from a corporal to a field marshal, without uttering a word in defence. A startled hare attracts hardly a glance, much less a foot in pursuit. They are always ready, whether for a battle or a parade. Their accounts are, if not as expensive as those of British troops, are absolutely serviceable. Our correspondent has discovered no defect, except in the not immaculate pipeclay of some belts.

The German army is a consummate weapon. Never was one forged of finer temper or keener edge. Never was one more costly. The precious life-blood of a most intelligent people, the choicest treasures of national energy, and an infinite mass of commoner wealth have been and are being lavished to make it the splendid thing it is. The expenditure would be altogether inexcusable if it were a mere toy. Germany and Europe know it is not that. It has served for the resuscitation of a nationality and is kept on foot to preserve it. Whether it be competent to crush all assaults only facts can demonstrate. The danger it has to meet is presumed by itself rightly or wrongly, to come mainly from the side of France. Frenchmen who retain the thirst for revenge are said to be as persuaded of the irresistible might of their reorganized army as are Germans of theirs.

The precise issue of the shock of two such tremendous engines of war as the French and German armies in their present state it is impossible for the profoundest military expert to predict. At any rate it is inconceivable that the German should be overpowered to an extent which would leave it at the mercy of terms its adversaries should decide to impose. In all military experience an antagonist so evenly matched as, at all events, Germany would be has never been forced to submit at discretion. At best, the utmost success to be anticipated in a contest against it is such as would approximate to a drawn game. France might waste the resources of Germany and dwarf the progress of the German nation. Against the armaments Germany possesses the prospect is so slight of any positive reversal of the results of the last great conflict that the most passionate French patriotism must see the prudence of holding aloof from an ordeal in which there is very much for France still to lose, and practically nothing to gain.

Points for Pokerites.

From the Boston Herald.

If you want to find out the true character of a man get him into a game of poker. He is bound to show his true colors there. It does not make any difference whether he is a winner or a loser, he will show himself just as he is before he gets through. It takes a cool head and lots of nerve to keep quiet in a game of poker, watch the players and never to be moved by the jokes, growls and jeers of fellow-players. There are some players who never know when they are being whipped around the bush. These fellows are never satisfied with the text of the game. If the ante is 25 cents they will invariably make it 75 cents when it comes their turn, so as to make a big jackpot. But it is seldom that they win one of these big pots. Some quiet duck, who had no hand in the job, will open the pot with two pair or better, and then one of the smart Alects, with a small pair and an ace or a bob-tail flush, will raise the pot and attempt to steal by a reckless bluff. But he always gets a call, and in the end finds himself only the deeper in the hole. And then he swears; calls the fellow who beats him a tight-bellied player, and thinks he is playing in terrible hard luck. A man who makes it a practice of bluffing in a small limit game, or who invariably comes in on a small pair when a jackpot is opened, is nothing short of a chump. Put that in your pipe and smoke it, as it fits a good many of you. There are some players you never can satisfy, no matter how you play; so the only way is to attend to your own business, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open, play your hand for all there is in it, see that the cards are well shuffled and cut, and when you find a chronic growler or a chronic bluffer in the game, study his weak points and make him your meat.

John Lathrop Motley is said to have been very anxious for a son who should be renowned in letters, but his wish was never gratified. His daughters are more interested in society than in books, though they are highly cultivated and accomplished.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, lately returned from his greatly-honored journey abroad, will have no successor to his authorial renown. His son, named after him, is a conspicuous barrister, and at present on the bench in Boston. He went to the war at the head of a company in a Massachusetts regiment, and his father wrote a very entertaining article in the Atlantic. "My Search after the Captain." It gave, as I remember, an account of how he had gone to the front to look after his boy, who had been reported seriously if not mortally wounded, and encountered him sound and well, with the greeting, "How are you dad?"

James Russell Lowell, who is thought to have been largely instrumental in preparing the British mind to receive his friend Holmes with cordial, generous hospitality, had a son years ago, but he died, I believe in Italy, when little more than an infant. His only other child, a daughter, is the wife of young Burnett, son of the proprietor of Burnett's cocaine. The former owns the celebrated Deerfoot farm in Massachusetts, and is reputed to be a very pleasant, interesting, high-minded fellow. It may seem somewhat incongruous at first that the daughter of Lowell, who is distinguished in lineage as any citizen of the republic, should wed a man known mainly in connection with a hair restorative. But this is only a seeming, and is beside a narrow, snobbish view to hold in an enlightened democracy like ours.

Edward R. Whipple had a son in whom he took great pride and of whom he had ardent hopes while the boy was small. But before arriving at his majority the youth became dissipated and soon sank into a condition of a sot, from which all the efforts of his father could not reclaim him. One of Whipple's dearest, because unexpressed, sorrows was on account of his unworthy and intemperate son, whose birth the bitterly-disappointed and mortified father must have considered under the circumstances positively calamitous.

Richard Grant White had two sons, one of them a prominent architect, but neither of them has shown any predilection for letters.

George William Curtis, I believe has a son, though I never heard of his evincing any disposition to tread in the paternal footsteps.

An English Earl's Romance.

From the New York Town Topics.

The arrival in this country of Lord Dursley, eldest son of Earl of Berkeley, recalls one of the most romantic stories of the English peerage. Over 100 years ago Frederick Augustus, the fifth Earl of Berkeley, fell in love and married a beautiful Miss Mary Cole. The marriage was a mesalliance and the earl, knowing how distasteful it would be to his proud mother, carefully concealed it for many years. Indeed, so much did he dread its being discovered

that the marriage lines were either hidden so that they could never be found again or else they were destroyed. Lord Berkeley even concealed his marriage from his most intimate friends. One of these was the Prince Regent (afterwards George VI.), who frequently visited Berkeley Castle, where Lord Berkeley allowed his wife to hold a most invidious position for many years. Four children had been born of the alliance when, at the suggestion of the Prince Regent, and after having been assured by the best legal authorities that a second marriage would not invalidate the first, if the marriage lines could be recovered, Lord and Lady Berkeley went through a second ceremony of marriage five years after the first.

Genius Not Hereditary.

The saying, genius is not hereditary, has grown almost proverbial, and observation and experience denote that it rests on a basis of truth. Of literary genius it seems particularly true, since authors of note very rarely have sons who distinguish themselves in the field of letters, or ever pursue letters in any form. The prospect of compensation is so small that, in this age of flux, with the great need of money, young men have reason to be deterred from embracing the inky profession. But those who have a strong temperamental bias toward a calling are apt to embrace it without regard to its probable or possible rewards. The fact must be that, if a passion for literature is felt by one member of a family, it is not likely to affect any other member. The writing habit may be so unnatural to humanity at large that the contraction of it is entirely exceptional. Gifted authors write, they are prone to say, because they cannot help it. Perhaps, then, literature is a compulsory trade, independent of the will as it is of the recompense. There are certainly very few, if any, visible inducements to embrace it.

Cursory consideration of American authors, says the Chicago Times, will sustain this position. Ralph Waldo Emerson had one son, besides two daughters, and he is a physician, though not eminent, and without any leaning to letters beyond what a man of culture would necessarily have. It is said that he has no sympathy with the poetic philosophy and intellectual ideas of his father, and has often confessed his inability to understand his works. His mind is of a different cast, his tendencies are in another direction. He is devoted to his father's memory, but not to his method of transcendental thinking.

Richard Henry Dana, one of our earliest poets and essayists, who lived to be past ninety, left a son, albeit a lawyer, wrote one book, "Two Years Before the Mast," that has grown famous as an actual record of a sailor's experiences. It is still widely read, though it is more than half a century since, on account of an ocular disorder, he made the voyage described from Boston to California, a region almost unknown in 1834. He, too, is dead now; but the name, Richard Henry Dana, continues, being borne by his son, also a lawyer, who married one of Longfellow's daughters, and by his grandson, a product of that marriage.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, is generally regarded as childless, but he has two daughters and a son, who is a decorator and an artistic house-furnisher in Boston, with much local reputation in his specialty, though he has not, and never had, the slightest leaning to authorship.

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Oliver Wendell Holmes, lately returned from his greatly-honored journey abroad, will have no successor to his authorial renown. His son, named after him, is a conspicuous barrister, and at present on the bench in Boston. He went to the war at the head of a company in a Massachusetts regiment, and his father wrote a very entertaining article in the Atlantic. "My Search after the Captain." It gave, as I remember, an account of how he had gone to the front to look after his boy, who had been reported seriously if not mortally wounded, and encountered him sound and well, with the greeting, "How are you dad?"

James Russell Lowell, who is thought to have been largely instrumental in preparing the British mind to receive his friend Holmes with cordial, generous hospitality, had a son years ago, but he died, I believe in Italy, when little more than an infant. His only other child, a daughter, is the wife of young Burnett, son of the proprietor of Burnett's cocaine. The former owns the celebrated Deerfoot farm in Massachusetts, and is reputed to be a very pleasant, interesting, high-minded fellow. It may seem somewhat incongruous at first that the daughter of Lowell, who is distinguished in lineage as any citizen of the republic, should wed a man known mainly in connection with a hair restorative. But this is only a seeming, and is beside a narrow, snobbish view to hold in an enlightened democracy like ours.

Edward R. Whipple had a son in whom he took great pride and of whom he had ardent hopes while the boy was small. But before arriving at his majority the youth became dissipated and soon sank into a condition of a sot, from which all the efforts of his father could not reclaim him. One of Whipple's dearest, because unexpressed, sorrows was on account of his unworthy and intemperate son, whose birth the bitterly-disappointed and mortified father must have considered under the circumstances positively calamitous.

Richard Grant White had two sons, one of them a prominent architect, but neither of them has shown any predilection for letters.

George William Curtis, I believe has a son, though I never heard of his evincing any disposition to tread in the paternal footsteps.