



CHAPTER I.

The town of Micklethwayte was rising and thriving. There were salubrious springs, which an enterprising doctor had lately brought into notice. The firm of Greenleaf & Dutton manufactured umbrellas in large quantities, from the stout weather-proof family roof down to the daintiest fringed toy of a parasol. There were a Guild Hall and a handsome Corn Market.

It was the afternoon of a summer day which had been very hot. The choir practice was just over, and the boys came out trooping and chattering; very small ones they were; for as soon as they began to sing tolerably they were sure to try to get into the choir of the old church, which had a foundation that fed, clothed, taught and finally appreciated them. Behind came the nucleus of the choir—a slim, fair-haired youth of twenty; a neat, precise, well-trimmed man, closely shaven, with stooping shoulders, at least fifteen years older, a gentle, somewhat drooping lady in black, not yet middle-aged, and very pretty; a small, eager, unformed, black-eyed girl, who could hardly keep back her words for the outside of the church door; a tall, self-possessed, handsome woman, with a fine classical cast of features; and lastly, a brown-faced, wiry, hard-working clergyman, with an air of great energy.

"Oh, vicar, where are we to go?" was the question so eager to break forth. "Not to the Crystal Palace, Nuttie. The funds won't bear it. Mr. Dutton says we must spend as little as possible on locomotion. The choice seems to be between South Beach and Monks Horton."

"I thought Monks Horton was forbidden ground."

"So it was with the last regime," said the vicar; "but now the new people are come, I expect great things from them. I hear they are very friendly."

"I expect nothing from them," said Nuttie, so sentimentally that all her hearers laughed and asked "her exquisite reason," as Mr. Dutton put it.

"Lady Kirkaldy and a whole lot of them came into the School of Art."

"And didn't appreciate 'Head of Antinous,' by Miss Ursula Egremont," was the cry that interrupted her, but she went on with dignity untroubled: "Anything so foolish and insane as their whole talk and all their observations I never heard of. I don't like this style." One of them said, "Such ugly, useless things! I never see anything pretty and neatly finished such as we used to do." The girl gave it in a tone of mimicry of the nonchalant voice, adding, with fresh imitation, "and another did not approve of drawing from the life—models might be such strange people."

"Come in, my dear, you are talking very fast," interposed Mrs. Egremont, with some pain in the soft, sweet voice, which, if it had been a little stronger, would have been the best in the choir.

These houses in St. Ambrose's Road were semi-detached. The pair which the party had reached had their entrances at the angles, with a narrow gravel path leading by a tiny grass plot to each. One, which was covered with a rich fall of purple clematis, was the home of Mrs. Egremont, her aunt, and Nuttie; the other, adorned with a Clivie de Dijon rose in second bloom, was the abode of Mary Nugent, with her mother, the widow of a naval captain. Further on, with adjoining gardens, was another couple of houses, in one of which lived Mr. Dutton; in the other lodged the youth, Gerard Godfrey, together with the partner of the principal medical man. The opposite neighbors were a master of the Modern School and a scholar. Indeed, the saying of the vicar, the Rev. Francis Sprys, was, and St. Ambrose's Road was proud of it, that it was a professional place. Every one had something to do either with schools or umbrellas. Mr. Dutton was a partner in the umbrella factory, and lived, as the younger folks said, as the old bachelor of the Road. Miss Nugent, or Miss Mary, as every one still called her, as her elder sister's marriage was recent, was assistant teacher at the School of Art, and gave private drawing lessons, so as to supplement the pension on which her mother lived. They also received girls as boarders attending the High School.

So did Miss Headworth, who had all her life been one of those people who seem condemned to toil to make up for the errors or disasters of others. First she helped to educate a brother, and soon he died, to leave an orphan daughter to be bred up at her cost. The girl had married from her first situation; but had almost immediately lost her husband at sea, and on this her aunt had settled at Micklethwayte to make a home for her and her child, at first taking pupils, but when the High School was set up, changing these to boarders; while Mrs. Egremont went as daily governess to the children of a family of somewhat higher pretensions. Little Ursula, or Nuttie, as she was called, according to the local contraction, was like the child of all the party, and, after climbing up through the High School to the last form, hoped, after passing the Cambridge examination, to become a teacher there in another year.

It was an hour later when Mary Nugent came out into her garden behind the house to see a pair of little black feet under a holland skirt resting on a laurel branch, and, going a few steps more, she beheld a big shabby hat, and a pair of little hands busy with a pencil and a blank sheet of paper on the low wall between the garden, shaded by the laborer's wheel which facilitated the ascent on her

sketching?" said Miss Nugent, as the book was laid on her lap. "It looks like a modern—no, a mediaeval—edition of Marcus Curtius about to leap into the capital opening for a young man."

"Now don't! Guess in earnest."

"A compliment to your name. The Boy of Egremont, poor fellow, just about to bound across the chasm."

"Exactly! I always feel sure that my father must have done something like this."

"You know he sailed away in a yacht before I was born, and poor mother never saw him again; but I know what happened. There was a ship on fire like the Birkenhead, and the little yacht went near to pick up the people. And the little yacht was so close when the great ship blew up that it got sucked down in the whirlpool, and rescuers and all died a noble death together!"

"Has your mother been telling you?" asked Miss Mary.

"Oh, no! she never mentions him. She does not know. No one does; but I am quite sure he died nobly, with no one to tell the tale, only the angels to look on, and that makes it all the finer. Oh, just suppose he was on a desert island all the time, and came back again to find us! I sometimes think he is. Miss Mary, has no one ever told you anything about my father?"

"No one."

"They never tell me. Mother cries, and Aunt Ursula puts on her 'there's-an-end-of-it' look. Do you think there is anything they are waiting to tell me till I am older?"

"If there were, I am sure you had better not try to find it out beforehand."

Miss Nugent had a few vague recollections which she did not think it expedient to mention. A dim remembrance rose before her of mysterious whisperings about that beautiful young widow, and that it had been said that the rector of the Old Church had declared himself to know the ladies well and had heartily recommended them. She thought it wiser only to speak of having been one of their first scholars, telling of the awe Miss Headworth inspired, and the pleasure it was to bring a lesson to pretty Mrs. Egremont, who always rewarded a good one with a kiss.

"I cannot help thinking that he—my father—must have been some one rather grand, with such a beautiful name as Alwyn Pierrefield Egremont," went on Ursula. "Yes; I know it was that, for I saw my baptismal certificate when I stood for the scholarship; it was Dieppe—Ursula Alice, daughter of Alwyn Pierrefield and Alice Elizabeth Egremont, May 15, 1860. James Everett—I think he was the chaplain at Dieppe."

Mary Nugent thought it the wisest way to laugh and say: "You, of all people in the world, to want to make out a connection with the aristocracy!"

Further conversation was interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Dutton with the information that permission had been obtained from Lord Kirkaldy to hold a picnic at Monks Horton.

CHAPTER II.

In the shrubberies of Monks Horton was walking a lady somewhat past middle age, but full of activity and vigor, with one of those bright faces that never grow old, and with her a young man, a few years over twenty, with a grave and almost careworn countenance.

"Then your mind is made up," she said; "you are quite right to decide on having a profession; but how does your father take it?"

"He is quite convinced that to repeat my uncle's life, dangling on as heir, would be the most fatal mistake."

"You expect Mr. Egremont to marry?"

"Not a future marriage; but one in the past."

"A private marriage! Do you suspect it?"

"I don't suspect it—I know it. I have been hoping to talk the matter over with you. Do you remember our first governess, Miss Headworth?"

"I remember something happening that your mother seemed unable to write about, and your grandmother said that she had been greatly upset by 'that miserable affair,' but I was never exactly told what it had been."

"Miss Headworth came when I was four or five years old. Edda, as we used to call her in May's language, was the first person who gave me a sense of beauty. She had dark eyes and a lovely complexion. I was extremely fond of her, enough to have my small jealousy excited when my uncle joined us in our walks, and monopolized her."

"But, Mark, Mr. Egremont is some years older than your father. He could not have been a young man at that time."

"So much the worse. Most likely he seemed to her quite paternal. The next thing I recollect was our being in the Isle of Wight, we two children, with Miss Headworth and the German nurse. Uncle Alwyn and his yacht were there, and we went on board once or twice. Then matters became confused with me. I recollect a confusion, papa and grandmamma suddenly arriving, everybody seeming to be in a hurry, and my dear mother, our dear Miss Headworth nowhere to be found, our attendants being changed, and our being forbidden to speak of her again. I certainly never thought of the matter till a month ago. You know my uncle's eyes have been much affected by his illness, and he has made a good deal of use of me. He has got a valet, a fellow of no particular country, a legacy, like other evils, from the old general, and seems a sort of necessity to my uncle's existence. Gregorio, they call him. He was plainly used to absolute government, and viewed the coming down among us as an assertion of liberty which against his will. Well, the man and I came into collision about a

Gregorio grew insolent, and intimated to me that I need not make so sure of the succession. He knew that which might make me change my note. Well, my father is always for avoiding rows; he said it was an unmeaning threat. But just after, Uncle Alwyn sent me to hunt up a paper that was missing, and in searching a writing case I came upon an unmistakable marriage certificate between Alwyn Pierrefield Egremont and Alice Headworth, and then the dim recollections I told you of began to return."

"What did you do?"

"I thought I had better consult my father, expecting to hear that she was dead, and that no further notice need be taken of the matter. But he was greatly disturbed to hear of the certificate, and would hardly believe me. He said that some friend of my grandmother had written her word of goings on at Freshwater between his brother and the young governess, and that they went off at once to put a stop to it, but found us left with the German maid, who declared that Miss Headworth had gone off with Mr. Egremont in the yacht. No more was heard of my uncle for six weeks, and when he came back there was a great row with the old general, but he absolutely denied being married. I am afraid that was all the old sinner wished, and they went off together in the yacht to the West Indies, where it was burned; but they, as you know, never came to England again, going straight off to the Mediterranean, having their headquarters at Sorrento, and cruising about till the general's death ten years ago. He came back, after the old man died, to club life in London, and seldom has been near the old place; indeed, it has been left till recently, and he wants to let it again, but it is altogether too dilapidated for that without repairs. So he came down to see about it, and was taken ill there. Aunt Margaret, he has never seen or heard of her since he left her at Dieppe! Would you believe it, he thinks himself a victim? He never meant more than to amuse himself with the pretty little governess, and he took on board a Mr. and Mrs. Houghton to do propriety, shady sort of people, I imagine, but that she did not know."

"I have heard of them," said Lady Kirkaldy, significantly.

"She must have been a kind friend to the poor girl," said Mark. "On some report that Lady de Lyonnais was coming down on her, wretched and terrible, the poor, foolish girl let herself be persuaded to be carried off in the yacht, but there Mrs. Houghton watched over her like a dragon. She made them put in at some little place in Jersey, put in the banns, all unknown to my uncle, and got them married. Each was trying to outwit the other, while Miss Headworth herself was quite innocent and unconscious, and I don't know whether to call it an excuse for Uncle Alwyn or not, but to this hour he is not sure whether it was a legal marriage. He put her in lodgings at Dieppe, under Mrs. Houghton's protection, while he returned home on a peremptory summons from the general. From that day he sailed in the Ninon he has never written, never attempted any communication with the woman whose life he had wrecked, except one inquiry at Dieppe, and that was through Gregorio."

"What the valet?"

"Yes. When I asked my uncle whether he could guess what had become of her, he assured me that he could make all secure to my father and me, as if that were the important point; but finally he perceived that we had no right to stand still without endeavoring to discover whether there be a nearer heir, and my father made him consent to my making the search, grinning at its quixotism all the time."

"Have you done anything?"

"Yes, I have been in Jersey, seen the register—July 20, 1859—and an old French-speaking clerk, who perfectly recollects the party coming from the yacht. I have also ascertained that there is no doubt of the validity of the marriage."

"What's that?" as a sound of singing was heard.

"And Lang Syne! The natives are picknicking in the ravine. They used to be rigidly excluded, but we can't stand that; and this is the first experiment of admitting them on condition that they don't make themselves obnoxious."

"Which they can't help."

"We have yet to see if this is worse than an Austrian or Italian festival. See, we can look down from behind this yew-tree. It really is a pretty sight from this distance."

CHAPTER III.

"So you have ventured out again," said Lady Kirkaldy, as her nephew strolled up to her afternoon tea table under a great cedar tree.

"At least you have survived; or is this the reaction?" said the nephew, putting on a languid air.

"There were some very nice people among them, on whom the pictures were by no means thrown away. What would you say, Mark, if I told you that I strongly suspect that I have seen your lost aunt?"

"Nonsense!" cried Mark, as emphatically as he could. "I am not joking in the least," said Lady Kirkaldy, looking up at him. "I heard the name of Egremont, and made out that it belonged to a very lady-like pretty looking woman in gray and white; she seemed to be trying to check and tame a bright girl of eighteen or so, who was in a perfect state of rapture over the Vandikes. I was managed to ask the clergyman the lady was, and he told me she was Mrs. Egremont, who lives with her aunt, a Miss Egremont, who borrows girls for the High School; very worthy people, he added."

"Yes."

"But if it were, she would have known your name."

"Hardly. The title had not come in those days; and if she heard of us at all it would be as Kerra. I ventured further to put out a feeler by asking whether he knew what her husband had been, and he said he believed he had been lost at sea."

"I suppose it is worth following up," said Mark, rather reluctantly. "I wish I had seen her. I think I should know Mrs. Headworth again, and she would hardly know me."

Lord Kirkaldy, an able man, who had been for many years a diplomatist, here joined the party, and the whole story was laid before him. He advised that Lady Kirkaldy should go alone to call on Miss Headworth, and explain that she was come to inquire about a young lady of the same name, who had once been governess to the children of her sister, Lady Adelaide Egremont.

Miss Headworth was accustomed to receive visitors about her house, so when Lady Kirkaldy's card was brought to her,

the first impression was that some such arrangement was to be made.

"It struck me," said Lady Kirkaldy, "on hearing your name, that you might be related to—a young lady who lived a good while ago in the family of my sister, Lady Adelaide Egremont."

A strange look came into Miss Headworth's eyes, her lips trembled, she clutched tightly the arm of her chair, but then cast a puzzled glance at her visitor.

"Perhaps if you heard of me then," said the latter, "it was as Lady Margaret Kerr."

"Yes," said Miss Headworth, then pausing, she collected herself, and said in an anxious tone, "Do I understand that your ladyship is come to inquire for my niece, being aware of the circumstances?"

"I only became aware of them yesterday," said Lady Kirkaldy. "Mark Egremont, your niece's old pupil, came to consult us, having just discovered among his uncle's papers evidence of the marriage, of which, of course, he had been ignorant."

"Then," exclaimed Miss Headworth, holding her hands tightly clasped, "shall I really see justice done at last to my poor child?"

"Do you think your niece was absolutely convinced of her husband's death?"

"Do you mean that he is alive?" exclaimed Miss Headworth, in dismay. "Oh, he is a wicked man than even I supposed, to have forsaken her all these years. Is my poor child in his power? Must her peace, now she has attained it, to be disturbed?"

"You forget that her daughter has rights which must be taken into consideration."

"Little Nuttie! Dear child! I should like her to be provided for. But, no better be as we are than accept anything from that man!"

"I quite understand and respect your feelings, Miss Headworth," returned the lady; "but may I return to my question whether you think your niece has any doubt of her husband being dead?"

Miss Headworth considered. "Since you ask me, I think she has kept the possibility of the life before her. He—Captain Egremont—does not know yet whether she is."

"No, certainly not; but I fear he must."

(To be continued.)

Lincoln at School.

Mr. George H. Yewowine contributes a paper on "The Birthplace of Lincoln" to St. Nicholas. Mr. Yewowine quotes the following from an old man named Austin Gollagher, who went to school with the emancipator: "Lincoln was an unusually bright boy, and he made good progress in his books, better than almost any one else in school; and he studied very hard, although he was young. He would get spice-wood bushes and hack them up on a log, and put a few of them in the fire at a time to make a light for him to read his books by. It did not make a very good light, but it was all he had at night. Young Lincoln was never good-looking. He was angular and awkward. His mother was a rather slim woman of medium height. Tom Lincoln, his father, was tall. Abe was not very much like him, for Tom Lincoln had a fuller face, and was of a heavier build."

In answer to a question as to Lincoln's brothers or sisters, the old man brightened up and said, "Oh, yes, he had a sister. Her name was Sally, and she was about my age. That was one reason why I thought so much of Abe. But when the Lincolns moved to Indiana, I did not say good-by to either of them."

"I next heard of Lincoln several years afterward. It was said that he would make rails during the summer, and thus earn money to go to school. Then I heard no more of Lincoln, until he was nominated for President. I told the boys that no matter what happened I was going to vote for Abe. I said I was going to vote for him if it was the last act of my life, because I had played with him when a boy, and I was glad he had gone up in the world; and I did vote for him!" said the old man.

The "New Journalism."

Elbridge T. Gerry, the superintendent of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, has just dealt the "new journalism" a severe blow in a report on the increase of crime among the youth of New York.

Mr. Gerry finds there are many causes for juvenile criminality, but the most fruitful of all causes are the sensational newspapers which are published in that city—papers which seek to make vice attractive to the young and ignorant by going into all the details of every crime committed, and by picturing criminals more or less in the light of heroes. He says he is not mistaken, for he has questioned many juvenile offenders and has discovered that they obtained most of their ideas from the sensational newspapers, and he regards them as much worse than the dime novels and other trash literature.

Mr. Gerry could have had only two newspapers in mind, and those are the two exponents of "new journalism" which are striving for supremacy in their particular field. Their Sunday editions are a disgrace to the journalistic profession, filled, as they are, with horrible pictures of every description, and it is a serious question when the limit of indecency will be reached by these unscrupulous publishers.—Cleveland Leader.

Hearse Race.

The broad, asphalt-paved thoroughfare, known as Lenox road, leading to Holy Cross cemetery, was the scene the other day of an uncanny triangular race.

Three hearses, each followed by fifty carriages, raced for the cemetery gate.

The struggle was hot, and was won by a pair of white horses drawing a black hearse.

The ensuing jam of carriages at the gate prevented some of the mourners from reaching the chapel until the last mass had been celebrated.—New York Evening World.

Some people believe that a man in charge of a business has a right to a certain amount of unreasonable grumbling when things are not going right.



"Old Abe" and the Hill Boys.

"Here is an echo from Corinth."

Saying that, the Past Commander-in-chief A. G. Weissert proceeded to relate an incident full of interest and one not lacking pathos.

"While at the Eau Claire encampment I met the Hill boys, brothers, Thomas J. and John F. You know ours was the Eagle regiment, Eighth Wisconsin. The Hill boys belonged to C, the Eagle company, the proud bird of liberty having been purchased of a Chippewa Indian by Captain Perkins. The eagle was with us all through the war. He was a friend of every man in the regiment, but outsiders had to keep out of his reach. 'Old Abe'—that was his name—never missed a battle. When the bullets began to fly and cannon to roar his wings would flap and the eagle scream was heard. Sometimes he would remain on his shield, carried by a man detailed for that purpose, throughout a battle, flapping his great wings and giving his orders in the eagle language—screams that could be heard by the whole regiment, even when the din of cracking muskets, whistling bullets and the roar and bursting of shells was the loudest. The next time he would insist on leaving his perch and gracefully soar high above the regiment to sound orders that were inspiring. When the battle was over 'Old Abe' would settle down in our midst and strut around among the men to be petted and commended for the part he had taken in the contest."

"I didn't start in to tell about 'Old Abe,' but to speak of two members of his company—the Hill brothers."

"I was chatting with Mayor Frawley the second day of the encampment when Street Commissioner Tom Hill approached, accompanied by another veteran. 'Excuse me, Mr. Mayor, I want Comrade Weissert to meet this man,' said Tom. 'Do you know him? I didn't. Don't know my brother John? Then I recalled the young hero of Corinth and other battles. After a few words with John I said: 'Mr. Mayor, let me tell you something about these Hill boys.'"

"At the battle of Corinth our regiment, after holding its line for some time, was compelled to fall back. While making this movement Johnny Hill was shot through the body and fell as one dead. One of the boys near him—his brother was at the other end of the company—stopped a moment to see how badly he was hurt. When we reached Fort Robinet he reported that Johnny was dead. The enemy had taken possession of the field over which we had come and there was no chance to bring in our wounded or bury the dead until we had defeated Van Dorn and Price. It was about forty-eight hours after Johnny had been killed that Tom, with pick and spade, set out to find and bury his brother. I can see now how the poor fellow looked as he moved away from the company. He was heartbroken at the loss of his brother and seemed to have become an old man in a night. With the pick and spade on his shoulder he walked like one infirm from old age, his form bent, step unsteady and eyes on the ground. So he was moving when something happened. Tom heard a footstep in front of him. Looking up he saw the white, pinched face of his brother. Both stopped and stared at each other."

"Great God, Johnny, is that you?"

"When the boy with a bullet hole clean through him could master his voice he answered, not much above a whisper:

"Yes, Tom, but I'm badly hurt. Where are you going?"

"I was going out to bury you, John."

"Then those two soldier boys fell into each other's arms."

"As I looked up the mayor was using his handkerchief and tears were dampening the wrinkled faces of the Hill boys, then something took my voice away for a second, when Tom came to the rescue by saying: 'Augey has told it just as it happened.'—Chicago Times-Herald.

Lincoln and the Slaves.

Many statements have been made relative to the famous conference, Feb. 3, 1865, between President Lincoln and Secretary Seward, for the United States, and Vice President Alexander H. Stephens and Messrs. Hunter and Campbell, on behalf of the Southern Confederacy, the object of the meeting being the discussion of terms of peace, and some persons have acquired the idea that President Lincoln was willing to make concessions to the Confederates for the purpose of securing peace. That such was not the case is evident from two circumstances. First, the Southern Confederacy was practically in a state of collapse at the time the conference was held. Two years before Lee had been defeated at Gettysburg and the Confederacy had been cut in two by the capture of Vicksburg. Between 1863 and 1865 the military history of the South was one continued narrative of disaster, and at the time the conference was held the Union armies were advancing on Richmond by way of Petersburg, while the opposition to the Union armies in the West was weak and ill-directed. The second consideration is that all accounts of the conference convey in the statement that Mr. Lincoln insisted on three

propositions as absolutely necessary even to the discussion of terms of peace: "1. Restoration of a national authority throughout all the States. 2. No seceding from the position of the national executive on the subject of slavery. 3. No cessation of hostilities short of an end of the war and the disbanding of the forces hostile to the government." These official statements of the substance and purport of the conference should set forever at rest the stories about Lincoln's willingness to obtain peace at any terms. There might have been a time earlier in the conflict when he would have been ready to make some concession, but never to the extent of allowing the Southern slave-owners to retain their property interest in human beings.

Our War Histories.

It has been one of the misfortunes of the South that she has yet to produce a writer who would describe her part in the civil war intelligently, faithfully and justly. Victor's chronicles, written while the echo of battles was still ringing in his ears, is an absurd performance. Some critic long ago remarked of him that if he had been told that one Southern soldier had confronted a Union army and had demanded instant surrender, and the army had immediately laid down its arms to him, Victor would have swallowed the yarn, hook, bait and sinker. Pollard's "Lost Cause" is a more interesting and better written book, but it is infected with this exaggeration and with a partisanship which did the South much harm when it was published, and which even now, when we can be calm over these things, seem very foolish. Jefferson Davis' history is a cumbersome affair, which probably no fifty persons have ever even read after toiling through the first volume, and Alexander H. Stevens' narrative is too philosophical for popular comprehension. There has been a swarm of small writers in the South who have evidently made Pollard their model. I have come across one or two of their histories for schools, or for the people, within a year or two. It is impossible to read them without exceeding anger or convulsions of laughter. Dr. Jones, a clergyman, has prepared one which is a continuous rhapsody of Southern valor from the first to the last chapter and a gross exaggeration of Northern faults. It is intolerable that a new generation in the South should be fed on such stuff as this at the hands of a member of the sacred profession who has about as much fitness for writing history as George Francis Train has to discourse on the philosophy of human reason.

It is a remarkable fact that Horace Greeley's "American Conflict," written post haste in his spare hours from editorial work, and in large part while the rebellion was still on, and with Frank Moore's "Record" as chief authority, is really at this late day the best narrative from the pen of a Northern man. Contentious partisan that he was, Greeley nevertheless, with his powerful memory, his comprehension of the whole subject from its beginning in the early slavery agitations and his newspaper instincts, produced two volumes which, if they were edited in order to exclude the inaccuracies of hasty composition, would still be one of the very fairest accounts we have as to how we got into the war and how we got out of it. The truth is that a complete, accurate and impartial history of the rebellion has yet to be written. The Count of Paris has come nearer to it than any one, but he lacks insight into the civil and social conditions of the people, and the great value of his work is from the standpoint of the military critic, writing largely for tacticians in the art of soldiery and for scholars. The amount of Northern literature on the subject from the pen of word mongers and partisan hacks is appalling. But in the past fifteen years, since Northern newspapers and magazines began to find that it was safe for them to give the Southern versions of battles, sieges and campaigns, there has been a vast winnowing of the chaff, as well as an accumulation of a great repository of solid information. There could be no nobler task for a scholar of leisure than to apply himself to it for twenty years and evolve from it the history which both the people of the North and the South will accept, which will have the spirit of the bench and not the bar, in which the author will look to 2000 and not 1900 for his fame, and which, like Hallam's "History of the English Constitution," will win the encomium of all parties and sections, as it did seventy years ago, of being in its class the most impartial book ever written.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

One of Lincoln's Dispatches.

In his "Campaigning with Grant," in the Century, General Horace Porter tells of General Halleck's fear of trouble from the enforcing of the draft, and his desire that Grant should send troops to the Northern cities. General Porter says: On the evening of August 17 Grant was sitting in front of his quarters, with several staff officers about him, when the telegraph operator came over from his tent and handed him a dispatch. He opened it, and as he proceeded with the reading his face became suffused with smiles. After he had finished it he broke into a hearty laugh. We were curious to know what could produce so much merriment in the general in the midst of the trying circumstances which surrounded him. He cast his eyes over the dispatch again, and then remarked: "The President has more nerve than any of his advisers. This is what he says after reading my reply to Halleck's dispatch." He then read aloud to us the following:

"I have seen your dispatch expressing your unwillingness to break your hold where you are. Neither am I willing. Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible."

"A. LINCOLN."