

TO HEAR HER SING.

To hear her sing—to hear her sing—
It is to hear the birds of spring
In dewy groves on blooming sprays
Pour out their blithest roundelays.

It is to hear the robin chirp
At morning, or the whippoorwill
At dusk, when stars are blossoming—
To hear her sing—to hear her sing!

To hear her sing—it is to hear
The laugh of childhood ringing clear
In woody path or grassy lane
Our feet may never fare again.

Faint, far away as memory dwells,
It is to hear the village bells
At twilight, as the truant hears
Them, hastening home, with smiles and tears.

Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything
The simple things of every day
Grow lovelier than words can say.

The idle brooks that purr across
The gleaming pebbles and the moss,
We love no less than classic streams—
The Rhines and Arnos of our dreams.

To hear her sing—with folded eyes,
It is beneath Venetian skies,
To hear the gondoliers' refrain;
Or troubadours of sunny Spain.

To hear the bull-bul's voice that shook
The throat that thrilled for Lalla Rookh,
What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing.

HER BROTHER.

"Newell, do you know that splendid woman?" enthusiastically exclaimed a distinguished young man who shone as one of the chief "hons" at Mrs. De Gray's soiree.

Milo Newell looked about him with an indignant glance and replied: "Well, as the room is full of splendid women whom I have the honor—"

"You know which one I mean," impatiently interrupted the first speaker. "The queen of them all, of course; that glorious creature in the mauve crepe, with the yellow lilies in her hair."

"Of course, I know whom you mean," laughed Newell. "They are always smitten when they see her. I was myself. Yes, that's Miss Burkhardt?"

"Miss Burkhardt?" "Yes, General Burkhardt's daughter. He was killed in the Mexican war, you know. Left all his wealth to his wife, and she died and left it to her daughter—about eight years ago, Miss Burkhardt is the richest heiress in the State. Don't see why she hasn't married. She is twenty-three, and has had offers enough."

"Will you present me to her?" "Of course; you've got to go through with a grand passion for her. Everybody does; it is the regular thing. And the sooner you have it over the better. She won't have you."

"Why?" "Don't know; but she won't. She told me that she never would marry. Wouldn't tell me why. I proposed to her, and she said, 'Men do, as a general thing. But they all get the same answer. She never will marry.'"

"Upon my word, you do not seem to take your disappointment very hard!" laughed his companion.

"Oh! I recovered long ago. It's no use pining over what one can't help," said Newell, philosophically. "If there was any hope I'd have persevered; but it would be useless. I'd advise you to avoid her, if it would do you any good; but you would go on just the same."

He lowered his voice at last, for they were approaching the large group, of whom Miss Burkhardt was the center of attraction. She was standing with her hand resting on the back of a sofa. Truly she was a splendid woman. A very green she looked surrounded by her subjects. Her features were not beautiful in the least, but her form was regal in the stately grace. Her heavy, black hair was magnificent, and her great, dark eyes, glowing with a sort of oppressed light, like smoldering fire, possessed a strange, weird attraction, a species of magnetism, altogether undecidable, but irresistibly fascinating.

Yet the unbounded admiration which she excited wherever she went could hardly be owing solely to her wonderful eyes. There was some curious, indefinite attraction about her—this dusky-haired, queenly woman. Among the many men who had laid their hearts at Diana Burkhardt's feet, very few could have told what it was in her that so enslaved them.

"Miss Burkhardt, will you allow me to introduce a friend to you?" asked Newell, after making his bow.

"What friend?" asked Miss Burkhardt, carelessly.

"Otto Delavan, the artist, who has just returned from Italy," was Newell's answer.

Miss Burkhardt grew deathly pale, and grasped the sofa, as if to steady herself.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, Miss Burkhardt?" cried Milo, astonished at her strange emotion.

"Yes; a sudden indisposition," faltered she. "I will go out in the air a moment, and when I return I shall be pleased to receive your friend. Will you give me your arm, Mr. Brown?" to a middle-aged bachelor brother of Mrs. De Gray.

Mr. Brown was, of course, delighted, and Miss Burkhardt walked away with a step sufficiently firm and stately for an "indisposed woman."

Presently she returned, looking her usual calm self, and with a bow and word of thanks to her companion, turned to Milo Newell, saying quietly:

"Now, Mr. Newell, I shall be happy to know your friend, and the introductory ceremony was performed."

Otto Delavan was profoundly deferential; Miss Burkhardt, quietly courteous. She was used to being introduced to distinguished men, and it was not to be expected that she would be as much impressed as some young ladies by the popular young artist, whose growing fame had long preceded him to his native land, from which, for five years, he had been absent. A great favorite was Otto Delavan. He was about twenty-eight or nine years old, and very handsome, in the fair, soft style. More than one young girl among that gay crowd would have given a fortune for Miss Burkhardt's power, that she might bring him to her feet.

"You are just from Italy, I hear, Mr. Delavan," said Miss Burkhardt, by way of conversation.

"I arrived two days ago," he answered.

"Have you been long away?" "Five years," said Otto. "It is good to be back in my own country again."

"Yes," said Miss Burkhardt, absently, "and it is four years since—"

She stopped abruptly and began, with fingers that trembled, to adjust the flowers in her bouquet.

"Since when?" he questioned.

"Since I was in Italy," Diana said, in a hasty way, and changed the subject.

Otto stayed beside her through the evening, escorted her to the music room, attended her to her carriage, and went home to his bachelor lodgings as hopelessly in love as it is possible for a passionate, enthusiastic nature such as his, to be. Milo Newell's caution was not forgotten, but unheeded.

"I will marry that woman within a year or die!" he said, deliberately, after a half hour's reflection; and in the inmost depths of his soul he felt the meaning of the words.

Two weeks passed. People began to remark—some lightly, some bitterly—that Otto Delavan was Miss Burkhardt's last conquest. Little cared Otto. He thought of nobody, of nothing, except Diana Burkhardt. She was the one woman in the world to him. He believed she loved him. But would she marry him? He felt that for him life had no other hope. Thinking thus one evening, he suddenly started from his seat, exclaiming:

"I will wait no longer. This suspense is worse than despair! I will know my fate this very night—this very hour!" And this impulsive young man at once prepared to go and propose to Diana Burkhardt.

As he laid his hand upon the door there came a rap from the outside. A letter. He just glanced at it; a dainty white envelope, a pretty, gracefully written address and European postmark. He tossed it carelessly on the table, saying, as he went out:

"From Delia. It must wait till I return. I cannot stop now to read one of her long, gossiping missives."

Truly, Mr. Otto Delavan, you could hardly be called a very devoted brother!

Miss Burkhardt was "at home" to him, as she would not have been to everybody that evening. She was rather retired in her habits, did not go much into society and saw but little company.

Once or twice a year she threw open her doors to her "dear five hundred friends," and then her house was crowded with a more brilliant assemblage than ever filled the rooms of gayer and more fashionable mansions. For Miss Burkhardt knew all the celebrities; many a distinguished character was proud of her acquaintance. She was all the more courted for her self-seclusion.

She received Mr. Delavan in a pretty, cozy little parlor, which, with its hangings of pale buff and dark green, and its light, graceful furniture, made one feel twice as much at ease as in the grand drawing room and reception parlor, where she received more formal visits.

Neither was she in her society mood, though Otto had never seen her look lovelier.

She did not often look beautiful; but that evening she was more than that. Yet there was a sad, weary look upon her usually haughty face, which made her lover long to fold her in his arms and soothe away whatever sorrow or care had brought it there.

She rose to greet him as he entered, but she quietly reseated her, and then, standing before her with both her hands clasped in his, he told her at once, and without preparation, all his love and his aspirations.

She sat silent, with drooped head and down-cast eyes, and heard his story through. She did not withdraw her hands from his hold; and he felt them tremble, as he finished with a passionate appeal for love, and an earnest request that she would be his wife.

Then she spoke—quietly, firmly, but with an undertone of pain in her steady voice:

"I expected this, Mr. Delavan, but I am sorry that you have said it; I am sorry, for I cannot marry you, and it is very hard to give you pain, Otto."

She spoke his name at the last, with almost a wail, it was so full of grief and sorrow; and she drew her hands away from him, and covered her face with them, leaning her head against the table beside her.

He had stood looking at her in almost angry despair; but when she uttered his name in that sorrowful tone he caught his breath with a sharp gasp, and, leaning over her, he said:

"Diana, I know you love me."

She made no answer, only a slight sob.

"Tell me, do you not?" he urged.

"Yes! she answered almost sharply. "Then why will you not become my wife? Tell me, Diana; I have a right to know."

"Because I am determined that I will never marry—I must not. My duty forbids it," she answered, firmly.

"But why?" cried Otto.

"I will not tell you! The knowledge would do you no good," she replied. "Go home and forget me if you can; I know it is hard to forget. Heaven help us all who would but can not."

"Diana—"

"Don't," she interrupted; "why will you torture me when I have told you it is useless? I tell you I shall never marry. Now, will you go?"

Without another word he went.

For hours he walked the streets, going home at length, calm with the very bitterness of his despair.

The first thing that met his eyes was his sister's letter.

He did not read it then. He could not.

Not until late in the following day did he open it; and then after the first half-dozen lines he read:

"By the way, Otto, they write me that you are paying attentions to Miss Burkhardt. You had best not fall in love with her, for she will not marry you. I know her in Italy. It was in Florence, while you were in Rome."

"She was there with her brother; perhaps you do not know she has one. She keeps his existence to herself, I believe, and very properly. You see he is insane! He was—well, the truth is, he fell in love with me! He was a splendid young fellow, handsome as a picture, but only a boy, not more than 18, and so on. I could not think of marrying him. But I'm afraid I did flirt a little with him; I meant no harm of course, and Florence was so dull at that time. I know you will be terribly shocked, and really I've had some twinges of conscience myself. But I don't think I was responsible for—well, his insanity; indeed, I do not. He was inclined that way, the physicians said, and that was the reason his mother left all her fortune to Diana."

But she just idolized her brother, and when he went raving mad she chose to blame me; frightened me half out of my senses. And that brings me to the reason why I tell you this. I want to warn you against setting your affections on Diana Burkhardt."

You see she had two or three offers after that before they left Italy. She refused them all, and said she 'should never marry. And one of her lovers—a fierce young Italian he was—determined to know the reason, and he gave her no peace till she told him about her brother, and that she considered it her duty to devote her life to him, and for his sake she meant to remain single. Well, of course he did not persist after that. I never heard of anything so foolishly romantic. She might send him to an asylum and make a good match, instead of keeping him with her, and refusing so many splendid—"

Otto read no further. With blazing eyes and lips curling with contempt he tore the letter into fragments, and then cast them into the fire that burned in the grate, exclaiming in tones of intense indignation:

"I know that Delia was as shallow and heartless as she is beautiful, but I did not think her capable of such utter heartlessness as this."

That evening he again went to Diana and told her of his sister's letter; assured her that her brother's misfortune would not affect his desire to make her his wife, and entreated her to receive his refusal.

"But my brother?" she said. "Poor Walter; no, Otto, I do love you; but I cannot desert him, even for you."

"You need not desert him, dear love," said Otto tenderly. "I could not be so base as to ask it. If you will become my wife, I will aid you to cherish and care for him. I will love him as a brother, and do for him all that you could do."

And Diana, though at first she hesitated, finally allowed herself to be persuaded.

Descendants of the Presidents Living.

In connection with the coming of a new president to Washington, who will be our 22d chief magistrate, it is of interest to note how many of his predecessors are represented in the national capital by their descendants or near relatives. It is astonishing to find how many there are, and in what changed circumstances several of them appear as compared with the life of a president and his family while he is in office.

Gen. Washington, as all know, had no direct descendants, and those of his name who are related to him, are descended from his brothers and sister. The members of the Custis family who are descendants of Washington's wife in the same category, he having (as he said in his will) always intended to consider the grandchildren of his wife in the same light as his own relations, and having adopted two of them as his own. The only two of these now living in Washington are Mrs. Kennon, who resides at Tudor place, a very old homestead in West Washington (formerly called Georgetown), and her niece, the wife of Admiral Carter. Mrs. Kennon's husband was Commodore Kennon, who was one of those killed in February, 1844, by the explosion of the gun on the Princeton, when President Tyler and his cabinet and others were on an excursion on the Potomac. Mrs. Kennon clearly remembers and gives an exact account of a ball given at Tudor place by her mother (the Martha Parke Peter mentioned in Gen. Washington's will) to Gen. Lafayette in 1824, when Mrs. Kennon was very young. Her mother was a sister of George Washington Parke Custis. The vice-regent for West Virginia of the Ladies' Mt. Vernon association, to which latter the old home of our first president belongs, is Mrs. Washington, who is descended collaterally from both Gen. and Mrs. Washington.

The two presidents, father and son, John Adams and John Quincy Adams, have a direct descendant, Henry Adams, who for several years has passed his winters with his wife in Washington. They have lived in the house adjoining that of W. W. Corcoran, and will remain there until the handsome new one they are building next is completed. Both houses face Lafayette square and the president's grounds beyond. The Adams family are believed to have almost continuously owned real estate in Washington since John Quincy Adams was secretary of state in Monroe's administration, if not longer. Most of that time some representative of the family has lived in the national capital.

Mrs. Melkiah and her sons and daughters, direct descendants of Thomas Jefferson—Mrs. Melkiah being his granddaughter, formerly Septimia Randolph—have for several years lived in Washington or Georgetown. One of the daughters has been a clerk in the interior department for four or five years. As is well known, the family have been in straitened circumstances for some time. Learning of their need, General Grant, while president, at once had Miss Melkiah appointed to the clerkship. Mrs. Melkiah is a handsome woman, with a finely proportioned, erect figure, excellent features, and winning expression. Though 70 years of age, her hair, which is quite thick and of a natural brown color, shows no signs of turning gray. She lives in Georgetown very near the suburbs, in a frame house, with a porch in front, like an old-fashioned country residence in Virginia. It stands very high above the street, in grounds which were once terraced, but are now much out of repair. There is a pump and a woodshed in the front yard, placed there, as the house was, long before the war. The interior is simply furnished, but has among its treasures many heirlooms of the family in the way of china, bric-a-brac and books. Another lineal descendant of Thomas Jefferson lives not far from here, at Elliott City. This is the daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, a lady of much talent, who collected the private papers of her grandfather in a volume entitled "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." Miss Randolph now has charge of a flourishing school for young ladies at Elliott City, over which Mrs. Lincoln Phelps formerly presided.

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"Oh, I ain't afeard, Judge. I don't hang back for nobody." "You are right," exclaimed the Judge. "Good-bye, and don't forget to call upon me."

The other day old Spillers came to town, and hearing that the Judge was holding court, he said to his companion: "Come on, an' less see him. I ain't no summer coon, let me tell you, an' I'll show you a 'portant man I am. Oh, you stick to me an' you'll find yourself all right among these town folks."

When they entered the court-room the Judge was engaged in delivering an important ruling. "In the case of Hamilton vs. Chadson," said he, "the court, and, I think, with much wisdom, held—"

"Hello, Judge," exclaimed old Spillers. Everybody looked around, and the jurist, shocked almost from the woolscak—or, more properly speaking, considering the influences which were once terraced, but are now much out of repair. There is a pump and a woodshed in the front yard, placed there, as the house was, long before the war. The interior is simply furnished, but has among its treasures many heirlooms of the family in the way of china, bric-a-brac and books. Another lineal descendant of Thomas Jefferson lives not far from here, at Elliott City. This is the daughter of Thomas Jefferson Randolph, a lady of much talent, who collected the private papers of her grandfather in a volume entitled "The Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson." Miss Randolph now has charge of a flourishing school for young ladies at Elliott City, over which Mrs. Lincoln Phelps formerly presided.

President Madison had no direct descendants, but his wife, who lived here until near her death, and received marked attention from residents of the city as well as the officials up to her last moments, has had nephews and nieces living here most of the time since. One of these, Col. Richard Cutts, who held an important position in the United States coast and geodetic survey, died last year, just after his return from attending (as a delegate to represent the United States coast survey) at the geodetic congress held in Rome in the early autumn of 1883, as a consequence of the action of which congress, that which met in Washington in October of last year to determine upon a common prime meridian for all nations was definitely decided upon. Col. Cutts' widow and daughter still live in Washington.

President Monroe has two great-grand-daughters, the Misses Gouverneur, who with their mother have lived over ten years in Washington. One of them was at one time a clerk in the interior department, and another succeeded her in that place, and held it until she was married, two years ago. Mrs. Gouverneur and her unmarried daughters live in a very modest little house in the northern part of the city. They have most of the heirlooms and papers which once belonged to President Monroe and his wife. Mrs. Gouverneur has lately had framed an exquisite miniature of Mr. Monroe, painted by Duplessis in Paris while Mr. Monroe was minister there. The latter was then under 40 years of age, and the portrait which is very beautiful, looks even younger. They also have a clock, made for Mr. Monroe by Lepine a celebrated maker of watches, who made this one clock, which he presented to Mr. Monroe while American minister to France