[illegible]KEN OF THE HOUNDS.*

I.

CORNWALL.

[illegible] Furnace in Cornwall stands,
[illegible] at the foot of the iron lands,—
[illegible] hill of iron ore
[illegible] its wealth through the furnace-door,
[illegible] with lime and smothered in wood,
[illegible] with fire till a molten flood
[illegible] from the tape to the sow below
[illegible] tinted pigs that round her glow:
[illegible] a gauge, looking down
[illegible] from the platform's crown,
[illegible] think, if many helped the spell,
[illegible] a gnome in the roof of hell.
[illegible] furnace, far and near,
[illegible] shadow spread year by year.
[illegible] blade of grass or flower
[illegible] the sun or bowed in the shower;
[illegible] a note whistled nigh,
[illegible] hollow cleve the grimy sky;
[illegible] browsed, or musing stood
[illegible] noon in the acrid flood:
[illegible] and cursing, a thing of hate,
[illegible] the waste the moody furnace sate,
[illegible] the loathful breezes slowly led
[illegible] reek away from its flickering head,
[illegible] shower the poison down again
On arid hill and blighted plain.

II.

FLORA.

Howbeit, this devil's labor rolled
Back on the Squire in floods of gold.
Gold and hunting and potent drink,
And loud-tongued girls, that grin and wink
Over the flagon's dripping brim,
These were the things that busied him.
Strong of sinew and dull of mind,
He blustered round like a winter wind.
You could hear his laugh come on before
While his hounds were off a mile or more;
And in the wassail he stormed and roared,
Clashing his fist on the groaning board,
Or clutched his trulls till their young bones
bent,
And they shrieked at his savage merriment.
No being called the ruffian friend;
Gold was his all; the power to lend
Bought service of the groveling fear
Which fawns, because it dares not sneer,
And there it ended. Save the beasts
Who guzzled with him at his feasts,
Or, worse, the wantons whose caress
Was sold, he was companionless
Of man or woman. One rare hound,
The wonder of the country round—
Flora, the leader of his pack—
Followed, a shadow, in his track;—
Followed despite his kicks and blows,
Paused when he paused, rose when he rose;
Nestled between his clumsy feet
When all the table swam with heat,
And causeless oath and witless joke
Around the swinish circle broke;
And sometimes when her drunken lord
Slid stupefied beneath the board,
And stouter comrades jeered his plight,
With pointed thumbs and laughter light,
She howled above the Squire's disgrace,
Or, moaning, licked his flaming face.
In field no hound could hold the scent
With Flora, as she bounding went
Ten lengths before the yelping chase,
And kept throughout her leading place.
No hound, howevergreat of pride,
Had ever reached her milk-white side;
Unchallenged in the flying front,
She shone, a star, to all the hunt.
To this fair brute the selfish Squire
Showed favor sometimes, sometimes ire.
Upon her head he smote his spite;
Or when his sluggish heart was light,
He soothed her forehead, pulled her ear,
Or tossed her morsels from his cheer.
But cuff or kindness could not move
The temper of her steadfast love.
Serene, unfearing, taking all
That his capricious hand let fall,
Whether it smoothed or bruised a limb,
As grace, so it but came from him.
No moment passed, by day or night,
That Flora held him not in sight;
And haply when his business took
The Squire from home, her haggard look,
Her anxious whine and listening ear,
Her busy snuffings far and near,
Her almost meaning human talk,
As his great boots ground up the walk;
The yelp, the burst of boundless love
With which she crawled to him, and clove
Close to his side, whate'er his mood,
Shamed the best passion of our blood.

III.

FIDELITY.

One winter night when half the world
Was drowned in snow, whose billows curled
Above all landmarks—when the breeze
Stung, like a swarm of angry bees,
And made the traveler wild and blind—
The Squire, half-drunken, left behind
Some neighboring revelers, to essay
Across the fields his homeward way.
How long he wandered, why or how
He reached the mountain's highest brow,
Straggling unheedful a stone's cast
From his own pale, and onward passed
Across the road and frozen brook,
While his chilled muscles crept and shook,
And each strong spasm of the gust
Half-smothered him with snowy dust—
Was that which from his torpid state
His memory could not separate.
At last, bewildered at his plight,
He laughed; and with a spirit light,
Because the snow was soft and deep,
Thought he would rest himself in sleep.
He was not cold now nor afraid;
"For daylight will soon break," he said.
And the last things that crossed his mind,
Ere his numb senses he resigned
To sleep, was snow, snow, snow all round,
And the far baying of a hound.

IV.

SAVED.

Flora throughout the night had been
In grievous trouble, and her mien
Struck all the servants. O'er and o'er
She scratched and whimpered at the door,
Begging to pass, though still denied
Because the storm so raged outside.
At length, despairing of the Squire,
The house made ready to retire;—
"For surely no one, in his mind,
Would brave this awful snow and wind;"—
When suddenly from off her lair,
With ears erect, with every hair
Bristling upon her snowy hide,
Jaw hanging, eyes distended wide,
Tail rigid, twitching lip and nose,
Flora amidst the servants rose.
Paused in the middle of a bound,
Like silence listening for a sound,—
Paused but one moment. With a cry,
Or scream, said they then standing by,
Sheer through the glass she drove her way
Into the night. Oh such a bay—
So clear, so clarion-like, so shrill—
Never arose on Cornwall hill,
When the spent fox toiled full in view,
And Flora heard the Squire's halloo,
As through the powdered snow she tore,
With nothing visible before,
With nothing but God's hand to trace
The rout and purpose of her chase!
She reached the Squire, a rigid heap;
Already the thick, fatal sleep
Was heavy on him; and the snow
Was rising, like a tidal flow,
Around his person. Brow and beard
Were buried quite, as Flora reared
Her form above him. So she stood
An instant in a thoughtful mood;
Then barked, bayed, bellowed in his ear,
Mad with the passion of her fear;
Licked his stiff nostrils and his cheek,
Mouthed the dull lips that could not speak;
Tugged at his garments, fiercely tore
His listless hands until the gore
Ran trickling slowly; and at length,
With all the vigor of her strength,
Dragged him along, good half a rood;
And fairly on his feet she stood
The man, bewildered and half dead,
Who staggered forward where she led,
With her long muzzle holding tight
His outer coat; and then a light—
He knew not when—he could not say—
Flashed round him, like a sudden day;
And somehow, stumbling, so he fell
Across his threshold—who could tell!—
Bursting apart the shattered door.
Long after that, he knew no more
Until he wakened in his bed,
With Flora resting her white head
Between his knees, and her soft eyes
Fixed on his own, serenely wise.

V.

THE PACK.

But all this happened long ago;
And many a storm of windy snow
Had capped the hill and filled the dell,
Since Flora's chase was news to tell.
A calm that scarcely made the trees
Feel recognition to the breeze
That from the south came up, and died
Along the tawny mountain-side;
A dull, warm day, all cloud and haze;
As hunters know, the day of days
For sport behind the vocal pack,
Once fastened on the fox's track.—
Such was the favored day that bent
About the Squire, as forth he went,
Noisy and boastful, as of old,
To show some city friends how bold
His horses were before a fence;
And how the depths of every sense
Were stirred when all the hounds gave tongue,
And down the hill the whole hunt swung,
With whoop and halloo, bark and bay,
And o'er the country, scoured away.
"I'll slow them—by the Lord!—I'll show
Such scenes as cockneys never know,
[illegible] E. Bates. From Konigsmark, [illegible] of the Hounds, and Other Poems.

Prowling about their filthy streets,
Where plague at every window beats,
And Nature, like a beggar pale,
Stares vaguely through a grass-plot rail!"
His vulgar burst of pride indeed
But gave the Cornwall lands their meed.
It seemed as though the fields and skies
Had interchanged their wonted dies;
So dark the clouds, so bright the wood,
Glazed over with a dewy flood.
Purple and gold and flaming sheen
Stood out against the evergreen
That, here and there, in clumps and spires,
Defied October's painted fires;
And faraway with mighty swell,
Like a great pillar thrust from hell,
The fumes of Colebrook Furnace stood
In dismal weight above the wood.

VI.

THE CHASE.

For all his boasts, the Squire's fine pack
Sulked at the outset, and held back,
With drooping tail and humble head,
And deprecating eyes that said,
Almost as tongues, this morning's sport
Finds us with spirits slack and short.
The Huntsman and the angry Whips,
With curses hissing through their lips,
Drove the reluctant dogs along,
A sullen and rebellious throng.
Flora herself had lost her pride,
And strayed, with vacant eyes, mouth wide
And lolling tongue, behind them all,
Deaf to her duty's urgent call.
In wrath the Squire exclaimed, "Why, zounds
Matthew, what ails these cursed hounds?"
"I know not, sir," replied the Whip,
"Unless some scoundrel chose to slip
A dung into their feed last night,
To do your promises a spite.
These city chaps—" "Pshaw! drive along!
And—damn your mercy!—use the thong!"
"So good in that. We'd best turn back.
You'll get no run, Squire, from the pack.
And see you cockney's tallow face;
He's grinning at our hounds' disgrace!"
Across the Squire's low brow a band
Of crimson came. His strong right hand
Closed on his whip-stock till the thorn
Cracked in his clutch. A growl of scorn
Rolled from his lips, to see the smile
Flitting around him. For a while
He paused in doubt, then cried, "Away,
To covert! Give the dogs fair play!
And if they fail us there, why then—
But give the pack a chance, my men!"
Into the brush the Huntsman led,
Shaking his doubting grizzled head;
And the keen Whips, on either side,
Flanked the dull pack, and closely pried
Hither and thither; till—oh shame
To them and to the pack's wide fame!—
Before their startled eyes they saw
Sly reynard from the covert draw,
With brush in air, and skurry by,
Without a tongue to make reply
To the rogue's challenge. "There, look there!
A fox, by Satan! And I swear,
If I have eyes, the rascal rose
Almost beneath white Flora's nose!
Drive out the curs! Is this the way
You beat a covert? Out, I say!"
The devilish temper of the Squire
Burst outward; as a furious fire,
That long has gnawed a roof, at last
Breaks through it with a sudden blast,
And leaps revealed, and towers on high
In flames and sparks against the sky.
Amid the cowering dogs he dashed,
Rode over some, cursed all, and lashed
Even Flora till her milky side
With trickling crimson welts was dyed.
He raved and punished while his arm
Had strength to do the smallest harm;
Then paused, with flaming eyes, white lips,
And bellowed at the trembling Whips:
"Drive out, you scoundrels!" "Drive, sir?—
where?"—
Just then the misty autumn air
Looked darker for a heavy smoke
That, rolling from the Furnace, broke
Above the woods, and waved its plume
Portentous of a coming doom.
"Where? Why to Colebrook, down the glen.
I'll show these town-bred gentlemen,
If my dogs cannot hunt so well
On earth, another hunt in hell!"
Bawled the mad Squire; and all the beast
In his base nature so increased,
That he could crown the deed he sought
With laughter brutal as the thought.
So the whole hunt towards Colebrook rode,
Marveling at what the Squire forbode
By those strange words. Across the waste
Of slag and cinder slowly paced
The snorting steeds; and hanging back,
Whipped to each step, the drooping pack
Followed perforce. Ah! well I know
That some foul malice of a foe
Had practiced on the noble hound;
Or what that day could so confound
Great nature's instinct, and so shame
The faithful creature's well-won fame?
Beside the Furnace, wondering still
What freak the angry Squire might will,
The hunt dismounted. "Up!" he said,
"Up with you, to the furnace-head!
Yes, bring the dogs." The Whips looked blank.
Some muttered, "Nonsense!" and some shrank
From the fierce heat that overran
The reeking walls. "Up, dog and man!"
Yelled forth the Squire. "By Heaven, you'll
rue
If any balk the thing I'd do!"
That they knew well: so up they sped,
Still grumbling, to the furnace-head.
"Call here the firemen!" And they came,
Grimy with dust, those sons of flame,
Half-brute, scarce human, drudges base,
Bound to their mean and groveling place
By natures not a whit above
The abject work at which they strove.
Beneath them, panting, rose and fell
The surface of that pot of hell.
Great logs of wood, and limestone gray,
And tons of ore, all boiled away
In one huge mass, that seethed and fumed,
Crackled and sparkled, flashed and gloomed,
And belched its sulphurous breath around,
Reeking aloft toward heaven's profound:
As though the devil's self had planned
A cunning engine, reared and manned,
Once more to wage against the Lord
The battle lost him by the sword.
A hundred curious eyes exchanged
Looks with their neighbors, as they ranged—
Hunters and firemen, and the crew
Of idlers who the chase pursue—
Around the dreadful caldron's jaws,
Waiting the Squire's behest. A pause—
In which the crackling of the coals,
The sobbing vapor, and the rolls
Of pitchy smoke seemed strangely clear—
Fell on the gazer's eye and ear.
Then spoke the Squire; and it his breath
Had flamed like that vast pit of death,
Wilder dismay would not have hung
Upon the mandate of his tongue.
"Come here, you drones, and work a spell!
Look to your furnace! Can you tell
What needs a fire so dull and slack?
Feed it, you sluggards, with this pack!"
A cry, or protest rather, rose
From every lip before the close
Of those infernal words. Thank Heaven,
'Twas echoed by the lowest even!
Thank God, in man's behalf, I can
Record it for the sake of man!
Back from the furnace reeled the throng,
Stung to the heart, but stern and strong
As the dark, pitiless, vague form
That reigns in Hades, when the storm
Of wrath is wildest, and the lost
On blazing waves are upward tossed,
Pale with their tortures; so the Squire,
Grim and unshaken in his ire,
With deadly calmness slowly said,
"Do as I order!" White with dread,
That beautified their dusky clay,
The dolts, who dared not disobey,
Approached the hounds. Oh, wonder not
At the poor serfs: for on that spot,
Such was their master's power and awe
That his mere nod was more than law;
'Twas fate, 'twas sustenance to come
To them and to the mouths at home.

VII.

HELL.

Into the flames with howl and yell,
Hurled by the rugged firemen, fell
That pack of forty. Better hounds,
Fuller of music, of the sounds
That fire the hunter, drawing near
His furry prey with whoop and cheer—
The dogs all bursting in full cry,
Crashing through brush and timber high—
Never could Cornwall boast; and still
The silent lands lament their ill,
And the mysterious spell that lay
Upon them on that fatal day.
For now the bubbling liquid fire
Swallowed them all. Beside the Squire,
Flora alone stood desolate,
Sole relique of the general fate.
A hundred times had Flora dashed,
As some poor comrade yelling plashed
Into the sparkling molten lake,
With cries that any heart might shake—
A hundred times had Flora sprung,
Half frantic, moaning, giving tongue,
Up to the very furnace-brim,
Then slowly backward crawled to him,
Her lord, her idol, with her eyes
Speaking her piteous surprise.
"What, you vile wanton, are you there?
In with the bitch!" "But, Squire—" "I swear
I'll brain the fool that wags a lip!"
Up rose his heavy hunting-whip:
Another word had sent it full
Upon the talker's naked skull;
"In with her! She's the last and worst:
Mercy justice should have sent her first!"
Towards her approached the loathful gang;
But Flora bared her ivory fang,
And snarled a warning. Every hair
That bristled on her said—"Beware!"
As crouching low, her dangerous eye
Fixed on the ruffians drawing nigh,
She fairly awed them, till they stood
Quailing before her lion mood.
"You shrinking cowards!" foamed the Squire,
Now with redoubled rage afire,
"Is't for your pretty skins you fear
To venture? Flora!—here, dog, here!"
At once the look of wrath was gone;
A trusting, tender, loving dawn
Rose in her eyes; her talking tail
Quivered with joy; a low, soft wail
Broke from her, as the iron hand
Of the stout Squire from off her stand
Swung her; and striding towards the ledge
With his pleased burden, on the edge
Of awful death—oh, foul disgrace!—
She turned and licked his purple face.
Sheer out he flung her. As she fell,
Up from the palpitating hell
Came three shrill cries, and then a roll
Of thunder. Every pallid soul
Shrank from the pit; and ghastly white,
As was the snow one winter night,
The Squire reeled backward. Long he gazed
From face to face; then asked, amazed,
"Was it a fancy? If you heard,
Answer! What was it?—that last word
Which Flora flung me?" Answer came,
As though one mouth pronounced the name,
And smote the asker as a rod:
"The word she said was—'God, God, God!'"

VIII.

ASTRAY.

Home rode the Squire with heavy mind.
Why did he turn and look behind
So often, seeming there to trace
Something that followed pace by pace?
What was the meaning of his sighs,
His wistful looks in other's eyes,
As though he wished to solve a doubt
Of that he dared not ask about?
Why was he so bewildered?—so
Astray in talking? Where the flow
Of those coarse spirits that so long
Had buoyed him up through sin and wrong?
What was it? Something was not right
About him; that was plain to sight.

IX.

REMORSE.

After that hunt, a change began
To work upon the stricken man.
Sulky and dismal, still and shy,
He skulked to shun the public eye.
Comrade by comrade gave him up.
No more for him the festal cup
Went round; no more the drunken jeer
Through peals of laughter smote the ear.
His table spread its leaves no more
To tempt his cronies to his door.
The girls, he one time loved so well,
Shrank from the strange abiding spell
That lay upon him. All alone
With some dread secret of his own,
That shook him with a nervous fear
When man or maid or child drew near—
Some mystery that shunned the light,
And stole away from common sight,
Burdened his mind, and made his ways
Sad to behold—he passed his days.
Hour after hour, with listless air,
He'd idly rock upon his chair;
But this strange fact was marked by all,
Who served his sullen beck and call,
That ever, as he took his seat,
It seemed as though his shrinking feet
Were pushed apart by something, seen
But by himself. As strange his mien
In walking; for his hanging hand
He'd often snatch, as though a brand
Were laid against it. Often, too,
When his house-door he entered through,
He'd slam it tight, as though he tried
To shut upon the outer side
Some odious follower. Of the Squire
But this remained, a thirst like fire
For drink, drink ever. Tawny wine,
Or the pale vintage of the Rhine,
Or crimson claret, or the cup
That foams and sparkles, he gave up
For that accursed fiend whose eye
Glares through the spirit of the rye,
And scatters o'er this hapless land
Wreck, woe and death on every hand.
From morn till eve, the whisky ran
In burning torrents through the man:
And often in the middle night,
Or when the sky was gray with light,
The waking servants heard the clink
Of glass, forerunning drink, more drink.

X.

FETTERS.

The Squire's bad way of life at length
Told even on his rugged strength;
The drink gnawed slowly to the seat
Of life itself. His tottering feet,
His moist, dull eyes, his mottled skin,
The stupor deadening all within,
The silly giggle, and the wink
With which he clutched the fatal drink—
All these things said to any ear,
The Squire's last hour is drawing near:
Cut out the cloth, and wax the thread,
To make a garment for the dead!
Twice spasms had seized him: fancies dread
Of snakes and vermin thronged his bed.
Male nurses, from the distant town,
Between his gnashing teeth forced down
Strong opiates: while his wakeful eyes
Flared here and there, with vague surprise,
At visions which he tried to touch
With care, their seeming truth was such
Slowly he rallied from these spells,
Emerging from long sleep: and hell's
Apparant purpose twice was foiled.
So the poor mortal slowly toiled
Back into life: and for a tide
He and the draught of suicide
Were strangers: but some influence,
That had the mastery of his sense,
Would draw him down, till once again
The demon held his deadly reign.

XI.

DEATH.

For the third time at length he lay
Upon his bed. The heat and fray,
The feverous phantoms all were gone:
And sane in mind, but most forlorn,
He panted onward through the dark;
Drifting along like some wrecked bark,
Blown inward towards a misty coast,
That shouts with all its white-capped host,
From every bar and headland near
A warning which Fate laughs to hear.
He spoke: "Where's Flora?" None replied.
"That's strange!" and then he weakly tried
To peer around. "Gone, gone! then I
Must follow!" With a dreary sigh,
As one accepts a coming fate,
Foredoomed him from the earliest date,
The Squire turned slowly on his bed.
"Open the curtains: raise my head!
For I must look my last to-night
On Colebrook Furnace. What a light
Circles its head! What angry reeks,
In blue and white and yellow streaks,
Roll o'er it, flashing high and higher,
Whene'er they feed the raging fire!
Give me some drink.—Not that damned stuff,
But whisky! I have had enough
Of doctor's potions. Let me slip,
With honest liquor on my lip,
Out of this life. I long to flee:
Better may come: worse cannot be."
As he was ordered thus, the nurse
Held long and oft the liquid curse
To the Squire's mouth. The leech had said,
Shaking his placid smiling head,
"When the spent wretch rejects his draught"—
And here the fawning nurse had laughed—
"His hour will be at hand." The Squire
Gazed long on Colebrook's lurid fire.
A while he muttered to himself
Of dogs and horses, girls and pelf;
Or softer fancies of the child
Made pictures, till he almost smiled.
But suddenly, with fearful cries,
Through the wide sash he fixed his eyes;
Then strained, and rose, full half his length,
Upon his mattress, by main strength,
Shouting, so all the house might hear
Aghast with more than mortal fear,—
"Here they all come, the hellish pack,
Pouring from Colebrook Furnace, back
Into the world! Oh, see, see, see!
They snuff, to get the wind of me!
They've found it! Flora heads the whole,—
Whiter than any snows that roll
O'er Cornwall's hills, and bury deep
The wanderer in blissful sleep.
Ho! mark them! We shall have a run
Before this ghastly meet is done!
Now they give tongue! They've found their
prey!
Here they come crashing—all this way—
And all afire! And it is I—
Weak as I am, and like to die—
Who must be hunted!" With a bound
He reached the floor, and fled around;
Once, twice, thrice, round the room he fled,
Then in the nurse's arms fell dead.

XII.

DESOLATION.

Still Colebrook Furnace grimly stands,
Waving its plume o'er Cornwall's lands,
Blighting the air with poisoned breath,
Spreading its bounds of waste and death,
Its slag and cinder, dry and dun,
That nothing green will grow upon;
Still, like a hoary king, it rears
Its head among its dismal peers;
Still at its glowing feet are rolled
The floods that turn to wicked gold;
Still beasts, birds, reptiles shun the place,
And man alone will do it grace;
The Squire and all his race are gone;
But this wild legend still lives on.
Christ save us from the wretched fate
Of him who dared his wrath to sate
On God's dumb creatures, as of old
Befell the Squire of whom I told!

The Pity of It.

From the Philadelphia Record.

In a natural gas crematory a body can be reduced to nice clean ashes in sixty minutes. It seems a pity to defile the ground with mortality when it can be avoided by such swift conversion into innocuous gas and harmless earth.

DRIFT.

It sometimes seems to me that Pennsylvania's services to literature are not as fully recognized as they deserve to be; and what is worse, that she herself does not properly appreciate them. For some reason or other her treatment of her literary children has a disagreably Philistine air about it that has not been unfelt by them, and served to drive only too many out of their proper home into other more hospitable and congenial households.

Yet Pennsylvania has produced her full share of names deservedly eminent in American literature. Was it not she that gave us the pioneer in fiction, Charles Brockden Brown? And is it not from her bosom that Frank R. Stockton, one of the latest and most successful writers in the same field, has sprung? And between these, the earliest and one of the latest names, we find a long list of others who were at least born on her soil: Bayard Taylor, Louisa Alcott, Geo. H. Boker, Buchanan Read, Chas. Godfrey Leland, Mrs. Wister, the popular translator of German fiction, to say nothing of such literary workers as S. Austin Allibone, whose Critical Dictionary of English Literature and Authors is a recognized authority on the subject; H. H. Furness, who stands in the front rank of Shakespearean scholars; W. Ellis Griffis, whose books on Japan are of a high order of merit and equal in interest and importance to his recently published "Corea: the Hermit Nation." Have not we also given to the world a Lindley Murray? And is not Henry George, who has so violently stirred up Europe and America, a Pennsylvanian? What state has produced a finer orator than our lamented Henry Armitt Brown; or a funnier man than Bob Burdette? In theology, too, we can name some heavy names, like Joseph Addison Alexander, or Charles Hodge, or the lighter and more versatile and popular writer on all subjects under the sun, Dr. Washington Gladden. Our real forte, however, has always been in scientific writers, from the days of Bartram, "The Father of American Botany," Rush and Rittenhouse, to the recent times in which the names of Spencer Baird, Haldeman, Leidy, Brinton and others, honor the scientific roll; while the heroism and sacrifices of our Dr. Kane and I. I. Hayes in their efforts to wrest its secret from the North Pole, and their records of their work are still the admiration of the world. All these are Pennsylvanian names. And who will say their work would not be sorely missed? They all have helped to make American literature what it is.

One of the very greatest names, however, that our state has produced is that of Elisha Mulford. I say this advisedly. I don't believe a more profound and influential thinker has risen in our country for many a year than he was. His influence is still on the increase. It is scarcely more than beginning. Large as its results have already been, they are going to be vastly larger in the future. He only wrote two books before he died. But such books as they are! "The Nation," more fundamental, comprehensive, and containing a larger and more precious store of condensed political wisdom and truth than can be found in any dozen other books on the subject ever published in this country. "The Republic of God," holding very nearly the same relation to most of the theological works that have been written in recent years. To have written either one of these great books would be honor enough for any man. They are published in handsome form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston; I hope there are few theologians who do not already possess them. Indeed, I don't see how any one can do without "The Republic of God." It is at the very basis of all those questions that at present are filling the very air, discussed in every religious journal and theological review, and absorbing the attention of every clergyman who makes any pretensions to being a student and abreast of the times. When I first read the work I was amazed to find in it the concentrated essence, as it were, of the whole New Theology. There are few books out of which one can get so much inspiration, and so many starts in new directions of thought as this one.

The same is true of "The Nation," which was written some ten years or more before his other work. It is to-day influencing the profounder and broader political thought of the best men in our country probably to a greater extent than any other work of the kind that is extant. It contains the germinal principles, and was, I think, the first clearly and convincingly to utter them of the whole movement of political reform to which we look with so much hope and expectancy, and which in its first real beginnings could, unless I am much mistaken, be traced directly to it. "I never heard of 'The Nation' as a campaign document," says Horace E. Scudder in a recent article, "but I have read many books and political papers and speeches since that day, in which I could read 'The Nation' writ over again, small and large." It will probably be a good many years yet before the bulk of the people of our land shall appreciate and live up to the grand and wholesome principles of that book, but when once they do the many disturbing questions about capital and labor, railroad monopolies, Chinese immigration, communism and anarchy, the spoils system, &c., will not be as dark and inexplicable, as confounding and puzzling anymore as they now are. "The Nation" contains the true principles for their solution.

An article in the *Atlantic* tells of a deservedly high compliment that was paid this book by one who had fought gallantly during the late war, and years after, in the times of rest and peace, read Dr. Mulford's work then just out. Closing it, he enthusiastically exclaimed: "I did not know before why I fought! I know now. It was because the nation was a Moral Organism!"

The same able article gives an entertaining account of Dr. Mulford's method of work. "He wrought at the conception of his work in profound silence. He was living on the broad acres of a Pennsylvania farm, remote from men, from steam, from the confusion of cities. He walked afield with his thoughts for companions, and came back to his fireside to write in labored, compact sentences the result of his pondering. For months he shunned all but the nearest companionship, wrote no letters, but read, and kindled as he read, in the newspapers of the day; for he interpreted the common news by the thought of national life over which he was brooding." This was in the spring of 1867; yet it was not till April of 1870 that "The Nation" finally left the Riverside Press, after having been rewritten by the author no less than eight times before he was satisfied with it! What a pity it is that more of our authors don't exercise the same conscientious, painstaking care in their work! We would have vastly fewer books to read in the world indeed; but vastly more worth reading than we have now.

Only one thing more about this great man, whose greatness will grow in public appreciation as the years roll by. He never for a single moment forgot that he was a Pennsylvanian. Says Mr. Scudder, who knew him intimately: "He was most loyal to his own. He thought Pennsylvania unquestionably the foremost state in the Union, Susquehanna county the fairest of its divisions, and the district which took in Montrose and Friendsville the heart of the county." All the more should Pennsylvania be proud of him, and not let New England surpass her in doing him honor, as seems more than likely will be the case. For thus far the fullest and finest tributes to his memory come not from fellow-citizens of his state, but from Dr. T. T. Munger in an article in the *Independent*, Mr. Horace E. Scudder in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and Prof. Alex. V. G. Allen, in his most excellent memorial discourse preached at Cambridge. But after all the best way of showing appreciation and honor is to study well and take to heart the wisdom and truth he has left us in his two noble books.

Mr. H. H. Furness, mentioned before as a Pennsylvania Shakespearean scholar of world-wide reputation, and whose lamented wife was almost as famous as he in the same department of literature, is the son of the venerable William Henry Furness, D. D., of Philadelphia, a prominent Unitarian theologian and fine literary scholar. Although in his eighty-fourth year, a volume of "Verses, Translations and Hymns" from his pen has just been brought out by the same Boston firm which published Dr. Mulford's works. It is one of the daintiest and prettiest little vellum volumes I have seen for a long time, such beautiful type, soft paper, generous margins and artistically ornamental head and tail-pieces and initials—all in perfect keeping with the deep poetic feeling, fervently devout spirit, and delicate touch displayed in the verses themselves.

Dr. Furness' translation of Schiller's "Song of the Bell" is, in my judgment, the finest we have in the language. But what pleased me more than anything else was to find in this volume a translation of some of Chamisso's gems. Although this thoroughly Germanized Frenchman—French only by birth, distinctively German in everything else—has written some of the most exquisite poetry in the whole world of German letters, he is comparatively little known in America. Yet where in all the world can we find anything more deeply tender and sweet and true than his series of verses on "Woman's Love and Life"—In Love, The Lover, The Offer, Betrothal, Wedding, Maternal Hopes, Maternal Joy, Widowed and Old Age? Read these stanzas from "Maternal Hopes," and then say whether you don't agree with me:

* * * * * * *

"Anxious is my bosom,
Yet so joyous, too,—
In what words to tell it,
If I only knew!
Come and hide thy face here,
Here upon my breast;
In thine ear in whispers
Let me tell the rest.

* * * * * * * *

"Now thou know'st the reason
Why to tears I'm mov'd,
Thou should'st never see them,
Thou, my best belov'd!
On my heart reclining,
Feel its every beat,
Close to it and closer,
Let me press thee, sweet.

"There, too, at my bedside,
The cradle has place,
There let my sweet dreaming
Be hid for a space.
Soon comes the morning,
When endeth my dream,
And then shall thy image
In smiles on me beam."

Though even this translation fails to give all the heartfulness and peculiarly delicate flavor of the original, I know of only one English writer who has ever equalled it,—and he is not known as a poet so much as a scientist and father of a scientist, Erasmus Darwin, the fame of whose greater son has made him to be almost forgotten. If for nothing else, however, he deserves to be remembered as the author of this stanza on "Maternity":

"The Lofty One gives unto thee
A soul from out Eternity;
Come then to the borders, there
His angels yield it to thy care."

Uncas.

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Curious to think that desks and chairs kill people but they do. Taken in large quantities office furniture is fatal as yellow fever. We sit and write ourselves away. Sedentary habits produce constipation; that begets dyspepsia; rheumatism and kidney trouble follow in their train and death ends the chapter. You whose lives passed over desks and in the confined air of office sought to keep Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" always on hand for the stomach and brain.
mar10-2eod&w

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How absurd to wheeze with a cough which Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, Pike's Toothache Drops cure in one minute. mib-1wdeod&w

I was troubled with chronic catarrh and gathering in the head, was very deaf at times, had discharges from my ears, and was unable to breathe through my nose. Before the second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm was exhausted I was cured, and to-day enjoy sound health. C. J. Corbin, 921 Chestnut St., Field Manager Philadelphia Pub. House, Pa.

I am on my second bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, being a sufferer from catarrh since I was a child, but with this medicine I am being cured. Wm. L. Dayton, Brooklyn. mls-2wdeod&w

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The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

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