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Miscellaneous.

The Postchaise Concert.

[Translated from the German by Edine T. Howard.]

It was nearly time for the diligence, which served as a means of communication between Heidelberg and Stuttgart, to start, when a man, dressed in a brown frock coat ornamented with yellow buttons, wearing a gray slouch hat and carrying an overcoat of the same color over his right arm, could be seen, evidently very impatient to be on his journey. The valise by his side, though containing all his worldly goods, seemed of no account, judging by the manner in which he tossed it into the diligence. But a case clasped to his bosom as affectionately as a mother encircles her first-born, proved conclusively that however lightly he might value his other possessions, this at least, held something very dear. Mounting the coach step, he deposited it very carefully on the cushion beside him; covered it with all the thoughtfulness with which we shield some beloved invalid friend from the cold air; and, giving a signal to the postillion that all was right, planted himself in the corner of the stage, fully prepared to make himself as comfortable as possible. To this end, on discovering that he was the only passenger, with one glance at the valuable case by his side, as if still doubtful whether its security were certain, he took out his beloved pipe, filled it, lighted it, and began to puff with that true lazy movement of the lips which none but real smokers understand. Then, as the soft vapor wreathed itself around the massive brow, half hidden beneath the slouch-hat, our traveler folded his arms across his chest, and fell into a deep reverie; so deep, indeed, that not even the stopping of the vehicle at the station sufficed to arouse him, nor the noise made by various persons who, with busy hands, were loading its top with baskets, satchels, &c., which, of course, betokened the presence of at least more than bent upon traveling the same road as himself.

His dreams, however, were now rudely interrupted by the voice of a young lady, who exclaimed, as she placed a foot worthy of Cinderella on the coach-step, and felt the thick smoke in her face, "Oh, Marie! we will certainly choke!"

The new-comers were, to all appearances, sisters; for both had dark hair and eyes, and wore black silk dresses, with crepe hats, the color of which served not to conceal, but brighted, the extreme beauty of their faces. Both were young, and on both countenances rested that expression which told of beauty of soul and heart as well as of form. But they might have been as ugly as the queen of the Hottentots, if such a person exists, for any impression produced upon their neighbor, who now sat opposite to them, and drew his eyebrows in a most terrific frown as he asked, "Ah! tobacco smoke is perhaps unpleasant, mesdemoiselles?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the elder of the two, in the softest voice imaginable, "if you would have the kindness to sacrifice your own tastes to ours, we should feel under great obligations."

What was to be done? The voice was too sweet to be resisted, and, beside, the speaker was a lady; so, with what would have been a growl under other circumstances, but which, in consideration, was believed to be a most affable response, he suffered to slide back into its accustomed pocket. But how it was missed! Again and again he endeavored to resume the thread of his broken dream, but in vain. Becoming each moment more and more restless, he moved, first one way, then another; and, had it not been for a drizzling rain that had just commenced, he would have gratified his longing for the weed by taking a seat outside, on the box. Finally, a bright thought seemed to strike him, and, seeing that both ladies were busily engaged in reading, he said to himself, "Ah! if smoking is forbidden, where is there a statute against my fair friend? If I cannot smoke, I can play."

Reader, the case contained a violin.

No sooner said than done; and, to the girl's great astonishment, a strain of music, wondrous in its power and tone, greeted their ears. Their books fell from their hands, while their countenances showed that they had no wish to interfere with their strange companion. But, wrapt up in this new pursuit, he took no notice either of their pleasure, but continued improvising the most beautiful strains. Now sad, almost wailing. Was it a dirge for the friend in his pocket? Perhaps! But the sound became more full and loud; and finally, over every string, seemed to hover the word Resigned, followed by notes whose melody increased in beauty, until the dream of the musician was over, and all ended in a loud cry. Motionless, speechless, sat his listeners, scarcely daring to breathe, until Therese, the elder, not a little moved herself through her whole being, and she exclaimed, "Ah, sir! and where is the finale, the close, of this?"

"Pray, pray, sir," interrupted the other, by name Marie, "give us the end."

"It is finished," resound the person addressed while the corners of his mouth drew themselves ruminously together.

"No, no," said Therese again, under the influence of feelings which she could scarcely comprehend; the ending of such strains should be a hymn of praise for all that is beautiful and good."

"A prayer from a full breast," exclaimed Marie; when, turning to her sister; "Therese, do you finish it."

"Ah! an artiste!" broke in Herr —— astonished in turn.

"I play occasionally."

"I pray you then ——" and, without finishing his sentence, he handed her his bow and violin.

But, waving them back, she looked toward her sister, who, with a meaning smile, that lit her face as sunshine lights the landscape, stepped over, and, drawing from under the seat two cases, almost the exact counterpart of his own, took out, not one, but two violins.

"And you, too?" he exclaimed to Marie, seeking for a movement.

She only bowed in answer; and, turning her instrument, said, "Ah, Therese! you have certainly never played before such a large audience before."

And, while the artiste's taper fingers grasped the violin, a picture arose before the charmed eyes of her fellow-traveler. A golden harvest-field glowed in the brilliant sunset. With the mowers and their scythes came young and old, rejoicing over the ripened grain. Then, as the music continued, it changed to a hymn, and all were on their knees, praising and blessing the Giver of every perfect gift for all His kindness to His creatures; while, far above, in the blue sky, the notes of a lark might be heard, his tones mingling in unison with the voices of earth.

He sat perfectly entranced; and, without giving him time to recover himself, Therese said, in a voice almost stifled with emotion, "Now, Marie ——"

"No, sister! Hush! I can add nothing. But stop! Let us play that duet of Kreutzer's; that will best accord with the feelings of my heart."

This truly magnificent composition, in such hands, might have sufficed to have transformed even a music-hater into an enthusiastic lover; judge, then, what the effect must have been upon the third one of these artists, brought so strangely together. His heart heaved, while the pearly tears streamed down his pale cheeks; and, as the last note died away on his ear, he put out both hands and cried, "Either you are spirits from the other world, or else the sisters of Mirafiolla."

"Only the latter, dear sir," answered the younger, smilingly; "this is Theresa, and I am Marie."

"Your hands!" he continued, with a pleading voice, and, taking them both, he clasped them in his own, exclaiming, "As long as memory lasts, I shall bear in mind this hour."

"But why speak so sadly? Now that we have met, shall we not also have the pleasure of learning your name? Are you Baillot, or Lafont, or it may be even Kreutzer himself? Your manner of playing says that you are one of us."

"Not so, mademoiselle, I have not that honor, being only an amateur; but, if you wish to know what I am, people call me Nicolaus Lenau."

"Lenau! Lenau!" interrupted Therese, "The Post?"

"As such, I am known."

"There lie, then, your own productions,—volumes dear to us from many associations; for, in all our wanderings to and fro, they have accompanied us. Oh, how often the reading of the poems has brought the wish to know the poet!" and the enthusiast seized Lenau's hand, even as she had done hers before, and pressed it in her own. "At last Fate has accomplished one of my most earnest desires."

"And to her, the goddess whom so many wish to propitate, shall be sung a hymn, when we arrive at Stuttgard," replied Marie, almost as much affected as her sister.

"Why wait for that. Here, where she has bestowed on us her gift, let the praise offering be given. Sir Amateur, you know Kreutzer's trio in C sharp? And can play it? So much the better. Take your violin, and let the faultless beauty of this master piece be accepted by fate in return for what she has granted us."

The horses changed their trot to a walk, and picked up their ears at the unusual sound; while the postilion, with the reins loose in his hands, thought, "For twenty-three years I have driven over this same road, but never was it my lot to carry such passengers before.

Longere the stage reached its destination, the but now strangers had become friends, and neither of them had reason ever to regret making each other's acquaintance. The residence of Milanolla and his sisters became a second home to the gifted Lenau while the former were in Paris; and, when the united voices of their many admirers in Germany brought them back again over the Rhine, no voice was more ready to welcome them than that of the poet. Marie afterward died in Paris, in the fall of 1838; and, a few years later, on a small marble tomb near Vienna, might have been seen a myrt e-wreath, tied with white ribbon, on which was written:

"And as, with dying hand, he waved
His last farewell to me,
He bade away each sombrid dream
And left but memory.
THERESE MILANOLLA."

Female Amenities.

A man's foes are those of his own household, and the keenest enemies of women are women themselves. No one can inflict such humiliation on a woman as a woman can when she chooses; for if the art of high handed snubbing belongs to men, that of subtle wounding is peculiarly feminine, and is practised by the best bred of the sex. Women are always more or less antagonistic to each other. They are gregarious in fashions and emulative in follies, but they cannot combine; they never support their weak sisters; they shrink from those who are stronger than the average, and if they would speak the truth boldly, they would confess to a radical contempt for each other's intellect, which perhaps is the real reason why the sect of the "emancipated" commands so small a following. Half a dozen ordinary men advocating "emancipation" decently would do more towards leavening the whole bulk of womankind than any number of first-class women. Where they do stand by each other it is from instinctive or personal affection, rather than from class solidarity. And this is one of the most striking distinctions of sex, and one cause, among others, why men have the upper hand, and why they are likely to keep it. Certainly there are reasons, sufficiently good, why womenado not more readily coalesce; and one is the immense difference between the two extremes—the silly being too silly to appreciate the wise, and the weak too weak to bear the armor of the strong.

There is more distance between the outsiders among women than there is between those among men; the feminine characteristic of exaggeration making a gap which the medium or average man fills. The ways of women with each other more than all else show the great difference between their *moral* and that of men. They flatter and coax as men could not do, but they are also more rude to each other than any man would be to his fellow. It is amazing to see the things they can do and say bea—things which no man would dream of standing, and which no man would dare to attempt. This is because they are not subject to respect each other, and because they have no fear of consequences. If one woman is insulted by another, she cannot demand satisfaction or knock the offender down, and it is unladylike to swear and call names. She must bear what she can repay only in kind; but, do her justice, she repays in a manner understanding and effective to the point. There is nothing very pronounced about the feminine mode of aggression and retaliation, and yet it is eloquent, and sufficient for its purpose. It may be only a stare, a shrug, a toss of the head; but women can throw an intensity of disdain into the simplest gesture which answers it whole end perfectly. The unabashed serenity and unflinching constancy with which one woman can stare down another is in itself an art that requires a certain amount of natural genius as well as careful cultivation. She puts up her eyeglass—or, being short sighted—and surveys the enemy from head to foot, from her with a sublime contempt for her whole condition, or with a still more sublime ignoring of her existence altogether, that no words could give. If the enemy is sensitive and unused to the kind of thing she is absolutely crushed, destroyed for the time, and reduced to the most pitiable state of self-abasement. If she is of a tougher fibre, and has had some experience of feminine warfare, she returns the stare with a corresponding amount of contempt or of obliviousness; and from that moment a contest is begun which never ceases, and which continually gains in bitterness. The scale is the weapon of offence most in use among women, and is especially favored by the experienced against the younger and less seasoned. It is one of the instinctive arms native to the sex, and we have only to watch the introduction of two girls to each other to see this, and to learn how even in youth is begun the secret which time and use raise to such deadly perfection.

In the conversations of women with each other we again meet with examples of their peculiar amenities to their own sex. They never refrain from showing how much they are bored; they contradict flatly, without the flimsiest veil of apology to hide their rudeness, and they interrupt ruthlessly, whatever the subject in hand may be. One lady was giving another a minute account of how the bride looked yesterday when she was married to Mr. A., of somewhat formidable repute, and with whom, if report was to be trusted, her listener had sundry tender passages at one time. A little malice in the passage a notoriously sore subject. "Ah! I see *you* have taken that old silk which Madame Josephene wanted to palm off on me last year," said the tortured listener brusquely, breaking into the narrative without a lead of any kind; and the speaker was silenced. In this case it was the interference of doubtful courtesies, wherein neither deserved pity; but to make a disparaging remark about a gown, in revenge for turning the knife in a wound, was a thoroughly feminine manner of retaliation, and one that would not have touched a man. Such shafts would fall blunted against the rugged skin of the coarser creatures; and the cloth or pattern of a bit of cloth would not have told much against the loss of a lover. But as most women passionately care for dress, their toilet is one of their most vulnerable parts. Ashamed to be unfashionable, they tolerate anything in each other rather than shabbiness or eccentricity, even when picturesque; hence a sarcastic allusion to the age of a few yards of silk, is a return wound of considerable depth when clearly given.

The introduction of womankind belonging to a favorite male acquaintance of lower social condition affords a splendid opportunity for the display of feminine amenity. The presentation cannot be refused; yet it is resented as an intrusion; and the smaller woman is made to feel that she has offended. "Another daughter, Mr. C.! You must have a dozen daughters surely," a peeress said disdainfully to a commoner whom personally she liked, but whose family she did not want to know. The poor man had but two, and this was the introduction of the second. Very painful to a high-spirited gentlewoman must be the way in which a superior creature of this kind receives her, if not of the same set as herself. The husband of the inferior creature may be "adored," as men are adored by fashionable women who love only themselves, and care only for their own pleasures. Artist, man of letters, *beau sabreur*, he is the passing idol, the temporary toy of a certain circle; and his wife has to be tolerated for his sake, and because she is a lady and fit to be presented, though an outsider. So they patronize her till the poor woman's blood is on fire, or they snub her till she has no moral consistency left in her, and is reduced to a mere mass of pulp. They keep her in another room while they talk to their intimates; or they admit her into their circle, where she is made to feel like a Gentile among the faithful, where either they leave her unspoken to altogether, or else they speak to her on subjects quite apart from the general conversation, as if she was incapable of understanding them on their own ground. They ask her to dinner without her husband, and take care that there is no one to meet her whom she would like to see; but they ask him when they are at their grandest, and express their deep regret that his wife (uninvited) cannot accompany him, they know every turn and twist that can humiliate her if she has pretensions which they choose to demolish. They praise her toilet for its good taste in simplicity, when she thinks she is one of the finest on an occasion on which no one can be too fine; they tell her that pattern of hers is perfect, and made just like the dear duchess's famous dress last season, when she believes that she has Madame Josephine's last, freshly imported from Paris; they celebrate her dinner as the very perfection of a refined family dinner without parade or cost, though it has all been had from the crack confectioner's, and though the bill for the entertainment will cause many a day of family pinching. These are the things which women say to one another when they wish to pain and humiliate, and which pain and humiliate some more than would a positive disgrace. For some women are distressingly sensative about these little matters. Their lives are made up of trifles, and a failure in a trifle is a failure in their object of life.

Women can do each other no end of despite in a small way in society, not to speak of making it a graver kind. A hostess who has a grudge against one of her guests can always insure her a disappointing evening under cover of doing her supreme honor and paying her extra attention. If she sees the enemy engaged in a pleasant conversation with one of the male stars, down she swoops, and in the sweetest manner possible contrives to put a stop to the flow of the room to introduce her to some school-girl who can only say yes or no in the wrong places—"who is dying for the honor of talking to you, my dear," or to some deflegged stripling who blushes and grows hot, and cannot stammer out two consecutive sentences, but who is presented as a rising genius, and to be treated with like consideration due to his future. As her persecution is done under the guise of extra friendliness, the poor victim cannot cry out, nor yet resist, but she knows that whenever she goes to Mrs. So and So's she will be seated next the stupidest man at table, and prevented from talking to any one she likes in some occult manner unpleasant to her. And yet what has she to complain of? She cannot complain that her hostess trusts to her for help in the success of her entertainment, and moves her about the room as a perambulating attraction which she has to dispense fairly among her guests, and which must be jealous of the others. She may know that the meaning is to annoy; but who can act on meaning as against manner? How crooked soever the first may be, if the last is straight the case falls to the ground, and there is no room for remonstrance.

Often women flirt as much to annoy other women as to attract men or amuse themselves. If a wife has crossed swords with a friend, and the husband is in any way endurable, let her look out for retaliation. The woman she has offended will take her revenge by flirting more or less openly with the husband, all the time making the enemy writhe with jealousy if she is afraid of her; or snubbing her without much disguise if she feels herself the stronger. The wife cannot help herself unless things go too far for public patience. A jealous woman without proof is the butt of her society, and brings the whole world of women like a pack of baying hounds at her heels. But she will ignore what she cannot laugh at; if sensitive, she will fret; if vindictive, she will repay. Nine times out of ten she does the last, and, may be, with interest; and so goes on the duel, though all the time the fighters appear to be most intimate friends, and on the best possible terms together. But the range of the feminine amenities is not confined to women; it includes men as well; and women continually take advantage of their position to insult the stronger sex by saying to them things which can be neither answered nor resented. A woman can insinuate that you have just cheated at cards, with the quietest face and the gentlest voice imaginable; she can give you the lie direct as coolly as if she was correcting a misprint; and you cannot defend yourself.—To brawl with her would be unpardonable, to contradict her is useless, and the sense of society does not allow you to resent any overt displeasure. In this instance the weaker creature is the stronger, and the most defenceless is the safest. You have only the rather questionable consolation of knowing that you are not singular in your discomfiture, and that when she has made an end of you she will probably have a turn with your betters, and make them, too, dance to her piping, whether they like the tune or not. At all events, if she humiliates her sisters still more; and with the knowledge that, hardly handled as you have been, others are yet more severely dealt with, you must learn to be content, and to practice a grim kind of patience as well as nature will permit.—*Saturday Review.*

The Last Days of Maximilian.

Under the title of "Queretaro, Leaves Detached from a Journal kept in Mexico," the Prince Salm-Salm, a German adventurer who served in the Union army during the war of the rebellion, and afterward devoted himself to Maximilian, in Mexico, has published a minute account of the last days of the luckless prince. He certifies that during his imprisonment Maximilian was treated with perfect kindness, and enjoyed as much liberty as was possible under the circumstances. As his capacity was prolonged, the desire to live was gradually extinguished in his mind so that he unwillingly consented that attempts for his escape should be made. Twice a plan had been arranged which must have saved him, but for his insisting that Miramon and Mejia should also be included in the flight. Finally it was determined that he should make the effort in the night of June 2. Three Mexican officers had been gained over, one of them, a captain of cavalry, had even organized a small escort for him; another had provided Salm-Salm with a republican uniform. There were no troops outside of Queretaro, nor along the Cerro Gordo road.

Maximilian, however, finally refused to start. About 1 o'clock in the afternoon he received a telegram from the Prussian Ambassador saying that he was coming to him with two lawyers. Miramon also complained that a horse which had been provided for him had been taken away. At 5 o'clock the Archduke told Salm Salm that he would not try to escape, adding: "What would the Ambassador, when I have invited here, say, if they should come and not find me?" Salm-Salm tried to persuade him, but in vain. "Bah!" said he, "it will go quick any way, and a few days more or less is of no account."

Another attempt, still better organized, was to be put in execution on the night of June 14. The court-martial had met on the 13th, and its decision was certain. Two Colonels were to have been gained over for a hundred thousand dollars each. They were to be paid in notes of hand, with the endorsement of the Ambassadors; but the latter hesitated to make themselves responsible. If they had had ready money, Maximilian would then have been saved. But they had not, and one of the Colonels disclosed the scheme to General Escobedo. Maximilian received the news with perfect resignation.

The negotiations in this latter attempt were conducted by the Princess Salm-Salm, who is said to have done more and risked more for Maximilian than the diplomacy of Europe and Mexico combined. From her lively pictures of the Mexican leaders we extract the following: "Juarez is a man of middle size, with strongly marked Indian physiognomy. A long scar rather becomes than disfigures his face. His eyes are coal-black, and very penetrating; and he conveys the impression of a deep thinker, who never acts without premeditation. He wears cravat and a very high collar, and dresses in black." Juarez treated the Princess with perfect courtesy, but declined to permit her to enter Queretaro until the capture of Maximillian was announced. From that moment she spared no effort to help the latter, but was ill seconded by the diplomatic crops. These gentlemen arrived in Queretaro on June 5, and imagined that their presence would have sufficient weight with the Republicans to preclude the necessity of further interference on behalf of Maximilian. They seem also to have overlooked the fact that they had been originally created to the Imperial Government, and not to the Republican Government, with whom their influence was insignificant. Juarez knew that while he was backed by the United States he need fear nothing from the menaces of the Powers which these Ambassadors represented. Their parsimony was, however, more disastrous to Maximilian than their want of diplomatic address. Money might have saved him; but from those who could easily have raised it, not a dollar was forthcoming. "How can I help losing my patience," says the Princess, "when I reflect that this wretched stinginess killed the Emperor!" The Ambassadors were fearful of being involved in trouble; while the two Colonels, as one of them afterward confessed to the Princess, were doubtful if the notes of hand would be paid in Vienna. On the morning of June 13 the Austrian Ambassador sent the notes, with his signature attached, for his colleagues to inspect. But a few hours later he returned to the prison and rushed into Maximilian's cell, tearing his hair, and exclaiming, "We cannot do it; we should all be hung!" He even took a pair of scissors and cut out from the notes his signature. The next day Prince Salm-Salm was placed in confinement, and his wife ordered to leave Queretaro.

She repaired in all haste to San Luis Potosi, gained an audience of Juarez, and throwing herself at his feet, pleaded for the life of her husband and that of the Emperor. Juarez was affected to tears. He pardoned the Prince, but resolutely refused to interfere in behalf of Maximilian. "I am grieved, Madame," he said, "to see you at my feet, but if all the kings and all the queens of Europe were here I could not spare the life of that man. It is not I who take it; it is the people and they demand it." The execution of the Emperor is well known, followed soon after this. It is not true, Prince Salm-Salm tells us, that he was only wounded by the first fire of his executioners, and while lying on the ground implored them by a second discharge to put an end to his misery. Five muskets were discharged at him, and each inflicted a mortal wound. He sank down on his left side with a convulsive movement, and the officer in command, thinking him still alive sent a pistol ball through his head.

Marrying by Lot.

"Marrying by lot" is, or rather was, one of the customs of the Moravian Church. In the American, and, as we should imagine, in the English communities, belonging to that body it has become obsolete; but Miss Mortimer, from whose little tale bearing this title our information has been drawn, gives us to understand that in some of the German settlements it remains at least partially in force. Under such circumstances, we are told, unhappy marriages were unknown, deserves some notice; and little as it harmonizes with English sentiment, possibly some regret. Miss Mortimer, who is now dead, was the daughter of an able and zealous minister of the Moravian Church. Though in after-life she withdrew from its communion, she never ceased to regard it with affection; and in telling her story she preserves a uniformly respectful and kindly tone which inclines us to trust her description.

The working of the system will be best described by giving an account of what took place on an occasion when seven single or widowed brethren, an unusual number for the small settlement where the scene of the tale is laid, signified to the society their wish to marry. It should be said that the settlement contained an establishment in which all the single women of every age resided under the charge of an elderess, and that the single men lived in similar fashion, and that all speech between unmarried brethren and sisters was absolutely prohibited. This, it is plain, would do something, but as we shall see, not everything, to clear away from the system the enormous difficulty of "prior attachments."

On the Sunday, then, before the conference for the settlement of the marriage was to be held, all the unmarried sisters, dressed in their most becoming attire, were in their place at church. The rule which forbade the interchange of a glance between the two classes of worshipers was tacitly repealed for the day. Both parties used their liberty. It was observed that the looks of the seven brethren ranged over the whole company of sisters, but that the sisters concentrated their attention upon the five bridegrooms out of the seven two, of whom more hereafter, were absent. The excitement was increased by the discovery that more than one of the brethren were unusually desirable. Each of the five, by the way, had two friends, nomenclatures they may be called, to answer any questions they might wish to put about the sisters. On the day of meeting of the Conference the order of proceeding was as follows: One of the candidates for matrimony, whom we will call A, presents himself. He is asked whether he has any preference for any particular sister. He answered in the negative. This he need not have done if he had happened to have any liking. But he is a missionary, and it was the general though not the invariable practice for the missionaries to leave the choice of a wife to the wisdom of the society. Accordingly, the elderess of the house of the unmarried sisters is called on to produce her list. On her recommendation—she was evidently a person of immense importance in the community—a sister is selected. Then the list comes into use. Two papers, previously prepared, and tightly rolled up are placed together in a box. One of these has yes and the other no written on the inside. The box is handed to a member of the company, who takes out one of these papers, which he passes to his next neighbor, who opens it and reads its contents. If the no lot is taken out the sister mentioned is considered to be vetoed; another is chosen, and the process is repeated until a favorable answer is obtained. The latter is submitted within the next few days to the sister, who has the right of accepting or refusing the offer. If she refuses, another has to be chosen in the same way. The case of B, the second missionary, is the same as A's. That of C, however, presents some peculiarities. He expresses a preference. But the sister had got some inkling of his intention, and, not reciprocating his liking, had contrived that it should be summarily stopped. Her father interferes, and prevents her name from being submitted to the trial of the lot. Disappointed in his first choice, he proposes successively for several of the sisters, each one of whom is either negatived by the lot or refuses her consent. The fact was that a terrible rumor had gone through the sisters' house that the affections of the