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MARYBEL.

BY ALICE CARY.

Ah, there is nothing I can tell:
We met in the dim, delicious grove,
I and my beautiful Marybel,
And straight in the honeyed smile I fell.
And there I drowned dead in love!

Her tresses, parted either way,
Lay on her shoulders like two gold wings;
And her heart was all as hidden as
As the dark at th' rosy peep o' th' day,
When he sings and stops, and sings and stops.

Nay, there is nothing I can tell:
Under and over her casement-vines
The yellow sunset shineth well;
But she is not there, my Marybel,
And the spirit in me pines and pines.

Through every sweet an undertone
Of Marybel, Marybel! rings and rings:
And the hair that over her shoulders shone
Into two little golden wings has grown,
And high o'er the heads of the lirks she sings.

LITERARY AND ART ITEMS.

Gossip About Writers.

[From the N. Y. Gazette.]

J. E. TOWNE.

James Russell Lowell is an example of a man of the finest intellectual gifts putting his talent under a bushel. If he had worked as industriously as Longfellow, he would have made a great mark on the times that he cannot be said to have done. He is one of those men, however, who care very little for literary renown. As he is moderately wealthy, the chief incentives to activity in literature are wanting to him.

Mr. Lowell is a man of medium height and rather stout figure—would weigh probably a hundred and sixty pounds. He has dark, curling, auburn hair, which parts naturally in the middle, like a woman's; he wears a heavy red beard, a florid face, and blue eyes. He usually wears a "body" coat, very short, of some fancy casimere, trowsers of the same, and a colored necktie, carried a light heavy headed cane, and altogether presents quite a "swellish" appearance.

Lowell, while he is by no means a methodical man, is strongly wedded to habit. He never writes but in a certain room; to sit the room at back of his house, on the first floor, in the rear of the reception room. The table in this room is generally covered with a disorderly array of pamphlets and papers. There are some fine engravings on the walls, and the room contains perhaps five hundred books. Lowell's library is mostly made up of old and rare volumes, inherited in some cases, in others collected at great expense.

As everybody knows, the house in which Lowell lives is at Cambridge, Mass., near Mount Auburn. Tye avenue (Elmwood) on which it stands is owned on both sides by Lowell. At its head, on Mount Auburn avenue, is the house where the late Forsythe Wilson lived—now the property of the Episcopal College. Edmund Kirke's house is next door to this, and facing Lowell's. Longfellow's place is about a quarter of a mile away.

Lowell's house is upwards of a century old. It was used as a hospital by the American army at the siege of Boston. The three houses (Lowell's, Kirke's and Wilson's), are on that battle-field. From time to time pieces of old cannon and balls are there turned up by the plow. The spot is on the edge of the town, and virtually in the country. Lowell's grounds embrace thirty or forty acres, and the next place to Kirke's is a farm of fifty acres. Lowell never has any company in the afternoon, from three to four o'clock, walking in a grove of old pine trees at the rear of his umbrageous grounds. His place is mostly "in grass," as the farmers say—that is, he cultivates little else than hay. The house is a square, old fashioned, three-story frame, with a flat roof, and painted yellow. You enter by a broad hall, with a low ceiling, from which accepts a wide stairway with short steps. On the left hand is a parlor (hand side as you go in; on the other side is the reception room, and back of that the poet's study. If a gentleman friend, Lowell will greet you with the remark, "I can give you a pipe or a cigar, whichever you prefer." For himself, Lowell generally prefers a pipe. He is a great smoker, and his mere phantom "colors beautifully."

This place, which is probably worth $30,000, was Lowell's birthplace, and where he has all his life resided, though he has traveled considerably in foreign lands. He graduated from Harvard College at the age of nineteen, and then studied law, and was admitted to the bar the following year. He has never practiced his profession much, however, preferring the flowery walks of literature—flowery to such as he, whose daily bread does not depend upon his daily toil. He has never realized much from his books, which have not had large sales. From his professorship of Belles Lettres and Modern Languages in Harvard, he receives $3,000 a year. In view of the extent of his reputation, it is quite a surprise to find how little he has really written. "Why don't you write more?" a friend asked him on one occasion. "I write too lazy," said Lowell; "I don't care enough for fame—I wish I cared more."

Lowell started a magazine some twenty-five years ago, in Boston, called the *Pioneer*, which embraced among its contributors such men as Hawthorne, Poe, Neil, etc.; but it "went dead" with the third number. It was too good for the market.

Putnam's Monthly, while alive, had frequent contributions from Lowell. He now confines himself to the pages of the *Atlantic* and *North American Review*. Ostensibly he is an editor of the *Review*, but really he is not; he writes articles for it, but not editorials. He is one of the slowest of our literary workers. It usually takes him three months to get an article of the stocks.

He is wonderfully set in his opinions, on almost every topic, and if the reat of the world chooses to disagree with him the rest of the world is wrong. Not that he is illiberal, his mind is large and comprehensive; but his inherited prejudices are very strong. He thinks, among other things, that Abraham Lincoln was the great man of the present century. He has been known to say of some of Lincoln's writings—his messages, to wit—for terse and powerful logic, that they never were surpassed.

Lowell takes life very easily, and has the most exuberant health. He is now about forty-six years old, but looks younger. He has "cut loose" from all the good things of the table, but always has a good appetite and a good digestion. He has been twice married; his first wife was a lady of rare accomplishments and a great beauty, who died some twelve years ago. The second wife is still living. Mr. Lowell has a daughter sixteen or seventeen years of age.

Of his humorous writings Lowell always speaks lightly. He took up the Biglow Papers as a trenchant weapon of satire for political purposes, without any idea that it would be, in the minds of more people, the thing that would fasten in their memory the name of James Russell Lowell. He says the reason he has decided to write no more Biglow is simply because he is tired of him.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

Rebecca Harding, now a resident of Philadelphia, came from Wheeling, Va., and was born, we believe, in that vicinity. She was entirely unknown to the literary world until she wrote for the *Atlantic*, seven or eight years ago, "Life in the Iron Mills," which attracted a great deal of attention from its power and vividness. She had had ample opportunity in Western Virginia for observation of her theme, and wrote with an evident fullness and a thorough acquaintance with the life she described. For some time her authorship was a matter of conjecture, though other contributions were ascribed and evidently traceable to the same pen. Soon after the commencement of her literary career she visited Boston, and the charmed circle of its self-admiring egotists patronized, even praised her, and sought by severely logical arguments to convince her she had made a great mistake in not being born in Massachusetts.

Her writings evince a deep interest in the mind and heart of L. Clark Davis, of Philadelphia, editor of the *Late Reporter*, who wrote to her expressing his admiration for her talents. The correspondence thus intellectually begun became sentimental as it progressed, and resulted, two or three years ago, in her adoption of his name.

Margaret Hooth, a little volume of great power, which has sold largely, was her first book, and *Waiting for the Verdict*, now running through the pages of the *Galaxy*, will be her second. The magazine story is regarded by many as the strongest and most impressive story yet published in this country. This is extravagant and injudicious praise; but the tale is exceedingly interesting, and abounds in passages of striking beauty and power. Her style is extremely ripe, and no living writer in America gives finer promise of future achievement. Her *Out of the Sea*, in the May number of the *Atlantic* for 1865, was one of the most noticeable contributions that have ever appeared there, and very individual and characteristic of her mode of thought, her diction, and what might be termed her *mise en scene*.

Nearly all other stories are supremely somber, even painful, and almost with dead women floating in the ocean, their long hair intermingled with sea-weed, glimpses of wrecks through the lightning of the tempest, grief-stricken eyes upon the dead, and despairing wretches struggling with hideous waves curling over hideous beetling and black. So much did horror enter into her pictures that Ticknor & Fields were compelled to beg her for their sakes and sake to throw a little more light into, and shate something of the Victor Hugo element in her creations.

Mrs. Davis is still young, less than thirty, it is said; a brunette, with very bright and expressive eyes, well formed, and is considered a handsome woman. She must be magnetic, for most persons who meet her are strongly drawn to her, and she gives them an impression of hersch and her capacity one does not see in her poem or productions. That is what the Concord transcendentalist calls character, but which extravagant sentimentalists call fascination.

She writes slowly, and with great care and elaboration, but talks fluently and eloquently to her intimates. She does not seem to covet society, and has no fondness for being socially exalted. She is extremely earnest, and often absorbed in her own thoughts, and gives the impression of having lived deeply and intensely through her emotions, and to have seen much of the dark and hard side of existence in her earlier years.

ALICE AND PHŒBE CARY.

But little that is new can be said of a writer whom all the world talks about, and all the world talks about Emerson. It may not have read his books, but it knows all about *him*—where he lives, how old he is, how he looks, what clothes he wears, and how he goes along in the street with his hand behind him, if that part of him was indeed in advance of the century. But this is the outside of Emerson, and the world has seen more of him at home, or sat down with him at his dinner table.

Mr. Emerson lives in an old-fashioned country-house; not far from the centre of the unwieldy town of Concord, in Massachusetts—a place that is hallowed by one of the pleasantest events of our first revolution.

It is only ten o'clock in the morning, so if you like we will enter the low wooden gate, and passing through the small flower garden, rap at the old oaken doorway. Our summons is soon answered, and we ushered into a wide, open hall, by a prim serving-woman, who seems a strange compound of neat and stiff, starch and prude, the neatest of Yankee calico. We look about the particular tastes and prejudices of every one of its graces by a sort of magical intuition. His studies occupy the early part of the day, so the latter portion he spends with nature, and may be seen almost any afternoon roaming the woods and fields in the picturesque vicinity of Concord. In the evenings, however, the cheerful drawing-room at the lot of the hall is lighted up, and those fortunate enough to have the *entré* may there meet the world-renowned host, and forget that they are speaking with one of the crowned heads of literature in listening to the genial friend, the kind neighbor, and the polished gentleman.

Every one has his own opinion of the writings of Emerson, we have seen, and lest we should be mistaken for one of his followers, we will say that yet admire the man much more than we do his works. He simply announces; he does not reason; he is a dogmatist, not a philosopher. He is a thorough iconoclast, and since he has pretty effectually smashed the idols of New England, a good many very worthy people, in the absence of their old objects of worship, have concluded to set him upon a pedestal, and to fall down and do him homage. But a man must not be held responsible for the folly of his friends, and to none, we verily believe, is this maxim placed veneration more distasteful than to Emerson. For ourselves, we can only say that we never open one of his books without being reminded of what was said to Paine by the simple-hearted Margaret: "What you say sounds very fine, and is very nearly what the priest tells me, only in different words. For all that, thou hast no Christianity!"

Chorus ihe Musicum.

M. Jules Janin tells this anecdote: Once upon a time there was in this Paris, forgetful of everything, a respectable man, an ingenious, profound, "affectionate artist, Chorus, the musician. He delighted to look every where for promising intellects, well-gifted voices, and heads touched by Heaven. When he met an infant child which seemed to have confidence to his hopes, he hastily carried it home, and gave it a place in a school which all poor as he was he had opened at his own expense. He treated these chosen children with more than paternal tenderness. To the hungry child he gave bread, and he gave clothes to the shivering child. He lived smiling and charming with these poetical creatures, who often lacked attention, greeting, and respect.

Among Chorus's numerous disciples were two especially who kept Europe attentive. One of them of these was little Gilbert, who became Dupree, and the first singer of the world, and the great Rachel. He found in one winter's day dragging in the street a guitar bigger than herself, and detecting on that invertebrate genius's stamp, he carried her to his school. He wanted to make a song-stress of her; he succeeded. He made her quitted the lyric drama for the written tragedy of our old poets. In fine she became Rachel, and had risen from triumphs to triumphs, carrying with her all Paris, and perpetually living amid enchantments and success. At the height of this immense joy she thought she should like to play her great part of "Hermione," at the Grand Opera, and till that vast theatre where her old comrade, Gilbert Dupree, got the three attentive and charmed to the inspirations of Rossini and Guillaume Tell. There was to shine the eloquent woman. So she played at the benefit of that respectable and worthy Massol, whose career was suddenly interrupted at the very time his voice was strongest and most beautiful. On this night there was a crowd at the Grand Opera. "Hermione" entered superb and triumphant, perfectly at home in this immense space. She scarcelaid alone was able to equip the places of the orchestra and chorusses. She became intoxicated by her own passion. Had you seen her you would have likened her to some sublime storm in which her eyes flashed like lightning. It was one of the most admirable, perhaps twas the most admirable evening of all her life. She rolled from the stage amid universal applause, whose thunders pursued her even to the dressing-room, where Helene's daughter lay down the royal mantle. She then closed her eyes to wait till her heart ceased to beat. Why, how now? gently, gently, heart! When at last she came to herself she caught a glimpse (I was no witness of this great scene, I filled with phantoms) of the bust of Cluron, her great master. That was, indeed, his timid, good-natured glance, his ingenuous smile, his very self. On his brow was a half-faded crown, and she crown suited well with those warm-hearted features. Now Mlle. Rachel's dressing-room was Dupree's own dressing-room. The opera had given it to the grand "Hermione," as the sole character it had all at worthy to the guest. The crown on old Chorot's brow was placed there by his little Gilbert, by Dupree himself, who gave it to his gentle master in the unexampled success of his summons in Guillaume Tell. *Sur-le-mont!* Twas the safer very crown. Dupree prided it as the first gardon of his glory. At the sight of him last with the crown Mlle. Rachel (she had every noble instinct; happy was he who knew how to rouse them) was filled with ineffable emotion. In a second she was transported back to her earlier youth amid *La Cle dolente* (sorrow of joy) the benefactions and the graces of the older time were once more present to her mind. Her comrade Dupree's gratitude revealed her own ingratitude to her. She began to mourn. Just at this moment the door of the dressing-room, in which Dupree seemed to conceal his noble action, noisily opened. The most beautiful *danseuses* of the ballet, before entering on the stage, brought to Mlle. Rachel the flowers and crowns thrown to her, and which filled the stage. She said to them, with a winning smile, "They are yours, and I am quite sure you will be at no loss to discover who threw them to you. They obeyed, and merrily bore away the beautiful flowers, which were twice useful in the same evening. Mlle. Rachel kept only one crown. It was braided in the antique manner of smallage and laurels wreathed with a spray of linden. Would a man or a woman have dared to touch it? A burning hand, took possession of the crown which Dupree himself had, six months before, placed on his master's brow, and in its stead she placed Chorus's head with her own antique crown. As Dupree was dressing for the stage next day he admired, without wondering over much, to see this happy metamorphosis. That very same day Mlle. Rachel's friends, seeing that without crown she already resembling into dust, were tempted to make it the subject of their sorts of epigrams. The haughty tragic actress interrupted them with a royal gesture, saying, "I beg your pardon, gentlemen, I am not one of you shall dispute with a crown of amaranth placed by Dupree, the singer, on the brow of our master, Chiron."

Stage Slips.

A PHILOGUE STORY.

Addison's "Cato" has been fertile in comic slips and serious consequences. Pope's magnificent prologue was in public favor only next to the play itself, but gradually it fell out of use. When the piece was reproduced in the last century for Sheridan, the part of *Portius* was assigned to an old utility actor named Wignell, who had often played the part in his younger days. *Portius* opens the tragedy with these four lines:

"The dawn is over-cast, the morning lowrs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome!"

Wignell uttered the first two lines amid a hurricane of shouts for the "prologue." He was one of those imperturbable actors who, if they are made to forget, their lines, have, close to the style of language they have to utter. Accordingly, he had scarcely pronounced the word "day" in the second line, when, turning his head from *Marcius* to the audience, in a deprecatory manner they common and measure—

"Ladies and gentlemen, there has not been
A prologue spoken to this play for years—"
and then to *Marcius*, "The great, th' important day," and so on.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

Moderation or reserve were things not to be expected, generally, from George Frederick Cooke, though he could practice both when the gentlemanly humor was upon him, or when it otherwise suited his purpose. He on one occasion consented to step down from London to play *Cato*, for the benefit of a poor actor, a quondam friend, in a country theatre. It was the character which Cooke played worse than any of those for which he was ridiculed, yet which he would play. The tragedy itself is not one that is likely to be well handled by a provincial company; and on the occasion in question it met with supremely ill usage at very incompetent hands. All the appointments were bad, and what little of the text was remembered was delivered with many vulgarisms of pronunciation, in defiance of the rules of pronunciation. Cooke, however, was good-natured and tolerant. He swore a little, laughed a good deal, and bore with all, more or less patiently, till there was a general breakdown, in the second act, occasioned by a universal forgetfulness of the text, which the most skillful of prompters could by no means remedy. The fun does not imply that Cooke's patience lasted long. In fact, he was only tolerant of the blunders of his fellows from the wing. The Senate scene is in the second act, and it is the first in which *Cato* appears, *Lucius* speaks:

"In Utica,
And at the head of your little Senate!"

Sempronius and *Lucius* had finished their speeches, and the prompter had a deserved popularity. Miss Dodge's success as an essayist has been no less rapid than brilliant. She was formerly a school teacher in Connecticut, and a few years ago, while in ordinary circumstances, she wrote a letter as a correspondent of the Boston *Congregationalist*. Returning home, she continued her report—for it was in the form of a series of essays and sketches under the *nom de plume* of "Gail Hamilton"—and she enacted the notice of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who secured her as a contributor. Her articles immediately made a single exception of "Stumbling Blocks," have expect him to take his seat again, were certainly not disappointed.

EDITOR.

At the close of his career, Edwin was playing *Doubtfire*, in the "Son-in-Law," at the Haymarket. In the scene where *Crayton* decides to accept him for a son-in-law, on account of his ugliness, Edwin uttered the word "ugly" in a tone of surprise, and then advancing to the lamps, said with great coolness and infinite impudence, "Now, I assure you, I am a Scotchman, an enlightened British public, which is the *ugliest* fellow of the *three* *—I, old Crayton, or the gentleman in the front row of the balcony box?" The gentleman became the object, not of general pity, but of general laughter, and of derision, and intruded hastily from the humiliating consequences of the actor's impertinence.

Thackeray on Charlotte Bronte.

Of the multitude that has read her books, who does not know that behind the tragedy of her family, her own unloved and unloving life? Which of her readers has not become her friend? Who of those known her books has not admired the artist's noble English, the burning love of truth, the bravery, the simplicity, the indignation at wrong, the eager sympathy, the pious love and reverence, the absolute honesty so to speak, of the woman? What story is that of that family of poets in Haworth parsonage, the gloomy moors round them, the ever-present sorrow, the early death, the lonely survivor