The perfume of the sweet-brier is so fleeting that no means yet devised can isolate or imprison it. The sweetness of the rose gives the foundation, a few other flowers modify it, and a dash of verbena creates the artificial essence of sweet-brier.

After the same manner the odor of the violet, the pink, the lily, and many other flowers is produced from motives of either economy or convenience.

Inventive art reaches still farther, and creates perfumes by compounding which are unknown in nature. Few persons at all familiar with perfumery are unacquainted with "Jockey Club," "West End," "Mousselaine," "Millefleurs," and a host of others, which have no counterpart in the flower garden or the spice grove. These bouquets are often esteemed as highly as the unmixed natural essences themselves, and some of them have attained a popularity which has perhaps even exceeded that of the simpler odors.

MUSK-DEER HUNTING—AFTER A CHINESE PRINT.

The general reader would scarcely care to pursue further the mysteries of the art of perfumery. We have followed its chief processes from the garden to the tradesman's bazar. Our work is done, and we leave our interesting subject with some brief advice in regard to the artistic use of the essences and extracts whose manufacture we have endeavored to describe. We quote again from that eminent authority, Mr. Rimmel, who, addressing the sex which shows the greatest appreciation of sweet odors, says: "Above all, avoid coarse, strong perfumes, and remember that, if a woman's temper may be told from her handwriting, her good taste and good-breeding may as easily be ascertained by the perfume she uses. While a *lady* charms us with the delicate ethereal fragrance she sheds around her, aspiring vulgarity will as surely betray itself by a *mouchoir* redolent of common perfumes."

As a rule, floral scents are to be preferred. The pungent exhalations of musk and the sharp aromas of spices all have useful places in the world of odor, but its chief treasures and highest models are the gentle breathings of the fragrant flowers.

DUETS.

"WHAT a desolate day! One might as well live at the north pole. Have you been out, Helena?"

"No; I never go out when the mercury is below twenty."

"You are a hot-house plant, my dear. Now I walked five miles this morning; I love this clear bracing air."

"That is because you are a brunette, Olive. Brunettes both feel and look well in winter. The wind only brightens their eyes and increases their bloom; they laugh, they sparkle, they fairly radiate brilliancy. But blondes in winter look like the ague personified if taken out of their warm rooms; they are exotics, and need a conservatory."

"Nonsense, Helena. I have seen blondes who looked dazzling in winter."

"Only the rare molten-gold type. You never saw an ordinary blonde, with light blue eyes, flaxen hair, and pale, delicate skin, who did not turn blue and purple, pinched and miserable, in a winter wind."

"But I would change places with blonde Helena in a moment."

"Bones and all? Ah, my hated collar-bones!"

"And ah, my hated apple-cheeks!"

"For my part, I admire flesh in a woman. I don't believe an angel could get into heaven if she were lean and bony."

"Better a lean angel than a fat one! But you are a female Shylock, Helena. Nothing in your eyes can take the place of a pound of flesh."

"I have all the authorities on my side, Olive. Look at the antiques, the paintings of the old masters. What contours! what grand proportions!"

"Yes; each goddess or Madonna weighs

at least two hundred pounds, and number seven or eight would be the proper size for their shoes. I do not admire the antique either in art or literature. What do I care for Agamemnon or pious Æneas? They are associated in my mind with the fearful days when I was learning Latin. For, as Heine says, 'Oh, that Latin! The Romans would never have found time to conquer the world if they had been obliged first to learn Latin.'"

"What a heretic! But I can not believe you are really in earnest, Olive. Have you no desire to go to Rome—to Rome, the former mistress of the world, the store-house of all the treasures of the past?"

"No, Helena, I have not. I am weary of this hue and cry about the everlasting old; and, besides, the word is only comparative. What do we certainly know of the age of the world? Nothing. A mastodon is older than Adam, and a megatherium would laugh them both to scorn."

"But Cicero, Olive?"

"I am more in sympathy with Daniel Webster."

"And Dante?"

"I like Bret Harte better. He, at least, is original, and to me that is every thing. Heigh-ho! It really seems as though in literature there was nothing new under the sun. Take Christmas stories, for instance. Dickens began them, and since then we have had a succession of dreams, angels floating in on clouds, and spirits of Christmas Past knocking at the door, until, like the minstrel song, we cry, 'Stop that knocking, stop that knocking! oh, you'd better stop that knocking at the door!'"

"You are not sufficiently poetical, dear Olive. Now I fairly live in poetry. Take away poetry, and my heart and life go with it."

"No one will ever attempt that, Helena, unless it might be a prosaic husband."

"A prosaic husband I shall never have, Olive. It would be simply impossible for a heart devoid of love for poetry to win mine. I must have a soul-companion, to whom poetry, music, and art are as necessary and dear as they are to me."

"And I must have a strong manly heart, too full of the great questions of the day to dally with your poetry, music, and art, Helena. He must care more for the political condition of the country than for all the old marbles of Italy put together. If a man tries to live in the past, he becomes a useless fossil; if he tries to live in the future, he becomes a useless visionary. The present, the present, is all he has. Let him grasp it, then, with all his strength."

"How practical! Now I live in the past."

"With ghosts, I suppose. I never cared much for ghosts. I would rather be live Olive Dean than dead Cleopatra. To give you another proof of my practical tendencies—I must have money if I marry."

"Mercenary, Olive? Ah, wealth is nothing compared with true love! To those who love, any lot is happiness so that they are together."

"I do not agree with you. Certainly I shall not waste my life in a hard struggle with poverty. It narrows the mind and crushes the heart. No; I must marry a rich man."

"And I feel sure that if I marry, it will be for love alone."

"I hope you don't think that rich men are incapable of true love? On the whole, however, I do not know that I wish to be married at all. Certainly nothing could induce me to give up my freedom for many long years yet."

"And I, too, feel that I shall always remain unmated. Ah, Olive, memories of the past, sweet and sad, rise like a barrier before the very thought! No; I have lived and loved. The rose can not bloom twice."

"Don't, Helena. That is what I call building grave-yards in the air. Lucius Gray was not worth a tear, much less an eternal tombstone in your heart. He was a most wearing companion, worse than a walking encyclopedia. It was like this: 'Miss Dean, do you know what a hydrometer is?' 'Yes,' I would say, rashly, trying to avert the avalanche; 'curious things, are they not?' But my effort was useless. 'Give me your idea of it, Miss Dean. I shall be interested to hear your explanation of its uses.' Of course then I was caught, and obliged to hear the whole, beginning with, 'a hydrometer is an instrument for determining specific gravity,' and so on to the bitter end. And there was no use trying to escape the closest attention either, for in the most unexpected places he would stop and ask me to repeat his last sentence to show that I had comprehended him. And the next call he would have a review of the whole."

"Do not jest, Olive. Lucius's heart was deep and tender. Perhaps he did not unveil it to *you*. Ah, I can never forget him!"

"I should think you would be glad to forget him, Helena, especially as he forgot you, and married that German Fräulein. I wonder if she knows what a hydrometer is? By-the-way, how well I remember that lovely moonlight night when I saw you in the arbor with Lucius! If ever there was a time for romance, it was then and there, and you told me yourself that he was giving you sums in mental arithmetic."

"He wished to strengthen my mind, dear. It was a laudable kindness."

"Laudable, perhaps, but wearing. He was constantly setting traps for the unwary. 'How far do you suppose you can see in a perpendicular line, looking upward, Miss Dean?' 'A hundred miles,' I would answer at ran-

dom. 'How blue the sky is!' But I might have said it was green for all the attention he paid to the remark. 'I will prove to you that that is impossible,' he would begin, going back to the hundred miles; 'the powers of vision,' and so on, and so on, until I almost wished I was blind. He was the man, too, who would not play cards, not from any moral objection, but because something was left to chance, and he wished every thing reduced to mathematical certainties."

"In that respect my taste was like his, Olive. I detest games; there is no poetry in them, no sentiment, no imagination. Euchre, for instance, is a complete mystery to me. The cards are dealt out, three rounds are played, and I am straining every nerve to play with the proper discrimination, when suddenly all the others throw down their cards, a general laugh follows, and the game is over before I have realized that it is begun. I played a whole evening in that way once, and I assure you that from beginning to end I had not the faintest idea who was winning or who was beaten. I passed the counters over to my partner, saying, as carelessly as I could, 'that I did not care to keep the account;' but the truth was, I couldn't. But I made a secret vow never to play again, and I never have."

"I would not if I were you. You do not shine in games, my dear, any more than I do in tableaux. My nose is not Grecian, you know. Once, and once only, I was asked to take a part. What joy was mine! What a gorgeous costume I ordered! The whole household was at work, the very air was filled with finery, all Shakspeare's heroines together could not have made more stir. 'What is the tableau, daughter?' asked father, at length, after several days of this confusion. 'From the *Winter's Tale*, papa. Hermione as the statue, and Leontes the king kneeling before her. Oh, it will be perfectly beautiful!' 'And what are you to do in all this finery, Olive?' 'I am to—to—to hold back the curtain,' I said, slowly. There was a burst of laughter from the assembled household. Some way they had never thought of it in that light. Neither had I! 'Daniel Webster once made a tour through New Hampshire,' said father, 'and a young lawyer of my acquaintance managed to attach himself to the party. Thenceforth it was the glory of his life, and we had to hear the story over and over again—how the great man stood, how he looked, how he moved his arm, and what he said at each town and village. At last one day we asked him, "And what did *you* do, eh?" "I held his hat," answered the proud youth. From that moment he never could tell the story again; as soon as he began, "When I traveled with Daniel Webster," there was always some one to yell out "Hat! hat!" and so nip the story in the bud.'"

"Is not that last phrase an inappropriate one?"

"Not at all. I have an illustrious example behind me. Don't you know that during an eloquent address in the House of Lords an English peer once created the following sublime simile: 'I smell a rat! I see him floating in the air! But I shall yet be able to nip him in the bud!'"

"Mr. Atkins would not believe that story, Olive. You know how English he is."

"But it is true for all that, John Henry to the contrary notwithstanding. Atkins—Atkins—what a name! Have you ever noticed that plural names in *kin* are invariably plebeian—Simpkins, Haskins, Tompkins, Wilkins, and the like? Not that I care in the least for names; good honest John will do for me. But I know you dote upon elegant high-sounding titles, like Reginald and Ferdinand, or Courtenay and Vavasour."

"Yes, I confess I like a euphonious name. For instance, there is our friend Alexis Peyton St. Clair. By-the-way, what do you think of him?"

"Do you suppose, Helena, that the Grand Duke Alexis had Russia-leather trunks?"

"Of course, else what is the use of being a grand duke? But, seriously, Olive, what do you think of Mr. St. Clair?"

"The dainty, white-handed young artist? Oh, he is of the Hellenic type, and I am an out-and-out Pelasgian. We speak different languages, and can not even comprehend each other. He writes poetry about 'the rain dashing upon the window-pane,' and that sort of thing. I have long detested him from the bottom of my heart; we are totally antagonistic. He ought to go and live with 'Aurora Leigh,' the poetess of the lakes. We went up to the islands last summer, and as soon as we arrived, friend number one told her story. She lived on Lamia Island; her father kept the light-house there; she never saw any man excepting her father until she saw her husband; and she wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes—which was all true, and truly remarkable. But even the true and remarkable becomes a torment by repetition. When we had taken the story all in, and discoursed upon it at length, friend number two arrives, and begins: 'You see that island over there? It is called Lamia, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—' 'Yes,' we say, hastily; 'very remarkable, is it not? She writes poetry, I hear.' But friend number two is not to be defrauded of his narration in this way; he goes back gravely, not to say sternly, and begins again—'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' and so on, through the whole. We go in to dinner. 'Did you see that island off to the right?' remarks friend number three, as the soup appears. 'It is called Lamia, and there is a

very remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper had a daughter—' 'Yes,' I interrupt, boldly; 'a remarkable story, as you say. She never saw any man except her father until she saw her husband, and she writes the most beautiful poetry about the lakes. Truly remarkable!' But it is of no use. 'The light-house keeper had a daughter,' repeats number three, without noticing my attempt, and the tale lasts through fish, meat, and dessert, only ending with the coffee. This narrator was the slowest of all. We have a chance to compare, for we only hear the story five times more before night. The next day the thing continues, and the next. At last, in desperation, I take it up myself, and issue a new edition, enlarged and beautified. This version I tell to all new-comers, gravely: 'You see that island over there? It is called Rattlesnake, and there is a most remarkable story connected with it. The light-house keeper there had six daughters, who never saw any man except their father until they saw their six husbands. They never ate any thing, they never drank any thing, they never slept, they never spoke. Their clothing consisted principally of shells. They lived continuously upon the top of the light-house, and wrote the most beautiful poetry about the lakes, which the loons carried to shore.' By dint of constantly repeating this version, I flatter myself that I mixed the two stories so well together that hereafter the dazed public will refuse to believe either, and consider them part of the Indian mythology of the lakes."

"Just like you! But, seriously, Olive, I really like 'Aurora Leigh's' poetry. I often see it in the *Jupiter Magazine*."

"So do I like it. She can not help herself; it is her friends who pull her before the public. But she has glory enough in the *Jupiter*, surrounded by the well-established Eastern aristocrats. A clergyman once told me that he had known several estimable young men so far led astray as to become quite profane over the difficulty of getting into the exclusive *Jupiter* columns."

"Oh, Olive, there is Mr. Atkins coming up the walk!"

"Of course he is coming to see you, and as I am only a visitor, I will step into the library and amuse myself with your books until he goes."

"Oh, stay, I entreat you, dear. I do not wish to see him alone."

"Don't you like him, Helena?"

"I can not endure him!"

"Well, I'm sorry; but I must go to the library all the same. Bear it as well as you can. Good-by."

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Atkins. Will you come to the fire? It is a bitter day."

"I like it, Miss Marbury; I like it. There is something in this cold air that invigorates one and enlivens the circulation. A healthy soul and body ought to enjoy a day like this. American ladies are but a puny set, generally speaking; but I know that *you*, Miss Marbury, are a beautiful exception."

"I do indeed love such weather of all things. So inspiring!"

"Just what I always say. How would you like a walk, now — say as far as the lake? There is a fine bracing wind from the north that will fill your lungs, and give you an appetite for dinner. Do come. I came on purpose to ask you."

"I shall be delighted to accompany you, Mr. Atkins. Fortunately my wraps are in the hall."……

"Isn't this fine, now? The wind must be about forty miles an hour, I should say."

"Really delicious! It is like battling with Æolus, the king of the blast."

"Æolus, eh? Some poetical person, I suppose. I never cared much for poetry myself; wouldn't waste my time over it. Poets are but a shiftless set; no heads for business, you know. I suspect a poet's wife has but a hard time of it. Money is necessary to make the world go easy, and people in easy circumstances are always more reputable citizens than the Bohemian brotherhood of poets, musicians, and artists. Give me a man with a fixed income—a man not too young, with good health, and a good temper—a man who knows nothing of poetry and such nonsense; and depend upon it, Miss Marbury, you have the best the world affords."

"Such men are the pillars of society, Mr. Atkins."

"You see it, Miss Helena, of course. But, strange as it may appear to a person of your good sense, there are young ladies who prefer mere boys, with their heads full of philosophy, poetry, rationalism, and the like—fellows of no position, no income, and utterly unable to maintain a household in good style. Talk about love! What love is there in five hundred a year, and not always that? I call it selfishness. I would not ask a woman to give up all the luxuries of life for my sake. *I* have waited until my position and my fortune were certainties; and now it would be my pleasure to give my wife all reasonable comforts. Don't walk so fast, Miss Helena. Do take my arm. The wind *is* pretty strong."

"If we should step up on to that porch, Mr. Atkins, we should be partially protected."

"Not on my account. I like the wind, and the full view of the lake. But if you are cold—"

"Not in the least, I assure you; and the view is truly arctic. It is rather difficult, however, to keep one's footing on the icy bank; but the freshness of the atmosphere is absolutely inspiring."

"Isn't it? I knew you would think so.

Hold my arm firmly. Wait, let me take your hand; my fur glove will help keep it warm. There, that's comfortable."

"Ahem—hem! I can not imagine what makes me cough. Ahem! In summer the lake always reminds me of pictures of the Bay of Naples. Have you ever visited Italy?"

"No; nor want to. America is good enough for me. I'll wager that New York Harbor is as good as any thing the Italians can show; and as to the race itself, it seems to produce nothing but opera-singers, organ-grinders, and the little boys who scrape their fiddles upside down. Compare an opera-singer, now, with an American merchant!"

"Our merchants are indeed the bulwark of American prosperity. But I fear I am engrossing your valuable time, Mr. Atkins. Shall we return?"

"My time is yours, Miss Marbury—entirely yours. I would cast aside a good investment for the sake of being with you. Can I say more? I am well able to afford it, however. Let us walk on as far as the hospital; the view is very fine from there. That is, if you are not cold?"

"Not in the least. Ahem—hem! This cough is merely in the throat. How is your dear little niece, Mr. Atkins?"

"Well, quite well, thank you. I caught her reading a new Jo Miller, a kind of poet living on the Rocky Mountains, they say, and I went to her room and confiscated every verse-book there. The whole shelf had to go. I told her there was something else to do in the world besides reading rhymes. That is the only way, Miss Marbury."

"Yes, indeed. Young girls are so romantic."

"Some one sent her Dante's *Inferno*, illustrated by Doré; but I sent it to the right about the very same day. The poetry was trash to begin with, and as for the pictures, they were enough to give any one the nightmare. But I gave her a set of Miss Edgeworth to make up."

"Far better. At that age Miss Edgeworth's works were my constant and cherished companions."

"I can readily believe that, Miss Marbury. I have long admired your good sense and sound judgment. Your ideas of life are sure to correspond with my own, for I think I can safely say that you have no nonsense about you. A good house, a good cook, a little company to make the evening pleasant, ending with a social game of cards—whist or euchre. I always play cards in the evening; it is a habit I inherit from my English ancestors. You play, of course?"

"I—I am not a skillful player, Mr. Atkins."

"Oh, you can learn—you can learn! I know you have a head for games. Euchre, now, will just suit you."

"I know something of euchre; it is a deeply interesting game. But all games of cards are fascinating."

"Just what I say. My neighbors sometimes ask, 'Atkins, must you always play cards in the evening?' And I always answer, 'Yes, Sir; John Henry Atkins must have his game in the evening, just as he must have his cheese at dinner.' Corned beef and cabbage, too, I'm fond of, Miss Marbury; and let me tell you, too, it is not every cook that knows how to cook a cabbage. There is a science in the art. You like cabbage, I hope?"

"I have—I have had but few opportunities to taste it, but I could easily learn to like it, I know."

"Some people object to the odor, but I like it just as I do the odor of onions. An onion of the proper age, cooked in cream, is delicious. I always have what I like on my table, no matter what the fashion may be."

"You have a noble independence in all things, Mr. Atkins."

"I flatter myself so, Miss Marbury. John Henry Atkins is proud of his independence, his nation, and his name. Atkins—it is an old Dorsetshire name; and, Miss Marbury, dearest Helena, permit me to offer it to you!"

"Mr. Atkins, this is so sudden. I really do not know—perhaps I mistake—what do you mean?"

"I mean you to be Mrs. J. H. Atkins. I do not speak under impulse, Helena; I have long felt an esteem for you, my dear, and I know you will suit me."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins!"

"Call me John Henry, dearest."

"Oh, John—John Henry—this is so sudden!"

"Not to me, not to me. I assure you I have thought it all over and looked at it on all sides. I have weighed every consideration, and, on the whole, I think we shall get on admirably. I know just the amount of your property. It is not much, to be sure; but I can double it for you in ten years, and in the mean time you shall share in all the comforts of my home."

"Oh, Mr. Atkins—John Henry—I think I ought to confess that there are memories of the past, sweet, though sad—"

"Some old love affair? That is a matter of course at your age. Girls over twenty-five always have something of the kind to talk about. I have had a dozen such affairs myself. I will tell you about them some time. But I am not afraid of an old memory, my dear, if that is my only rival. To tell the truth, I knew the field was clear; I never make one of a crowd. You will not be likely to have any more offers, you know, and certainly none so advantageous as mine. Come, Helena, I am a plain speaker, but none the less honest for that. I could have no motive but affection, could I, now? Say

yes, my dear; be Mrs. Atkins, and you shall see how comfortable we shall be together."

"A little time for reflection."

"No time like the present. See here, now, my love, I know you're going to say yes at the end, so I'll just take it for granted that it's said, and spare you all the trouble. Now, Mrs. Atkins, shall we go back to the house?"

"Oh, John Henry, you are so impetuous! Who could resist you?"

"Miss Olive, Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor waiting to see you."

"How did he know I was here, Martha?"

"He said he had called upon you, and was told you were at Miss Marbury's; so he came here."

"Mr. Atkins and Miss Marbury are there, I suppose?"

"No, ma'am; they went out for a walk a few minutes ago."

"Very well, I will go to the parlor".....

"Good-afternoon, Mr. St. Clair. This room very warm, I fear."

"A delicious atmosphere, Miss Dean. A soft air balmy with flower fragrance is absolutely necessary to me. I feel like an exile on this bleak lake shore, and this fierce north wind sweeping over miles of ice seems to freeze my very soul. I tried to paint, but the cold palsied my hand and chilled the flow of inspiration; so I came to you, Miss Olive, for warmth and strength and life."

"You flatter me, I fear."

"I could not flatter you; it is not in the power of words. As I came shivering through this inhuman wind, I thought of you, beautiful tropical flower that you are, and fancied you sitting in the glow of the fire in all the bloom and light and radiance of your loveliness, and the picture cheered me on through the arctic streets. Miss Olive, I know your nature is exotic, like mine, that you suffer in this brutal climate, and that you long for the glowing South. There is that delicacy in your face that tells me this, for its changing expressions belong not to this cold, prosaic country."

"Life in the tropics must be very beautiful."

"Oh, to fly with you to the land of the orange and palm! Oh, to roam with you under a sky forever blue! Do you not long to go to Rome, and wander among the monuments of past glory, the treasures of antique art, the rich memories of the golden age of this degenerate earth?"

"I have dreamed of such a pilgrimage for years; it is the desire of my heart, Mr. St. Clair; but how can I bring it into the realms of reality?"

"Let me be the magician, Miss Olive. Oh, why should we stay in this land of ice and snow, when Italy holds out her arms to us? There are the immortal works of the old masters; the ruins whose every stone is worth more to appreciative hearts than whole cities of modern growth; the graves of Dante and Petrarca, which we could bedew with a humble tear. Our souls are alike. We abhor together the sacrilegious new; we adore together the divine old. America is the land of iconoclasts; its politicians are demagogues, its history a history of mere utility. Go with me, Olive, thou angel of my heart, to a warmer clime!"

"Mr. St. Clair, I beg— Perhaps I misapprehend you."

"Let us unite our hearts and lives in one, Olive. I know that I am not worthy of you—who could be?—but I love you with an ardent eternal affection, and without you I can not live. My very life is in your hands. Oh, look down upon me kneeling at your feet, and do not crush me with your scorn!"

"Alexis—in tears! Can you, do you really love me—poor plain me, without genius or fortune?"

"My darling Olive, this is heaven. I ask nothing more of fate."

"Nor I."

"Together we will face the storms of life, together live—"

"Together die."

"I have long felt, my own love, that we were intended for each other; in every taste, in every idea, we sympathize. But you seemed so far above me—you a queen, and I a slave at your feet! In the day I have thought and in the night I have dreamed of you; or, as I expressed it in one of my late sonnets, written at midnight,

'Abroad the night is wildering on high,
Loud the wind's plaint amid the vengeful sky,
While 'ploring, 'ploring, wails the tortured sea;
But though the weary, weary moaning rain
Drives ceaselessly upon my window-pane,
My heart wells out in arrowed dreams of thee!'

I am obliged to call the lake a sea; it is so much more classical."

"Oh, how beautiful! What genius is yours, Alexis! You must let me see all your poetry; I adore it."

"I have five large manuscript volumes, love, and it shall be my pleasure to read them all aloud to you. My poetry is too sacred for the public. But now that my poor heart is satisfied, perhaps I may think of writing for publication."

"It is an absolute duty, Alexis. Such genius as yours should not be secluded; it is ungenerous to the world."

"You are right, Olive. Henceforth I will let the public share. But we must leave this dull land and fly to Italy—to the Eternal City. True, I am what the world calls poor; indeed, I have only what the powers of poetry and painting may bring to me. But in your love I shall find new inspiration, and ere long you will see my name borne aloft on the banners of fame. In the mean time, dearest, you are not afraid of poverty?"

"In your love I have all the riches of life, Alexis."

"My own, I knew you would answer so!"

"But I wish, for your sake, dear, that I had a fortune. You know I have nothing."

"Yes, and I rejoice thereat. We will go forth together like two wandering birds, and our Mother Earth will not begrudge us the few crumbs we require. What is money compared to love? Dross; dust of the earth!"

"How strange it is that most women are so mercenary! Now I never think of money."

"I know you do not; with you love is all in all. We are young; we love. Let us then enjoy our youth and our mutual affection, and leave to the sordid and narrow-minded the wearying accumulation of gain."

"We will! we will! Oh, there is Helena coming up the walk with Mr. Atkins. How she will envy me my happiness! Take that chair on the opposite side of the table, dear."

"Atkins? That man is my *bête noire*. A dull, purse-proud plebeian!"

"Hush! they are in the hall."

"Martha says Mr. St. Clair is in the parlor, John Henry."

"What, that good-for-nothing painter?"

"Hush, dear! they might hear you. Dear Olive, how she will envy me my happiness! Let us go in."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Commencement season this year was notable for some remarkable discourses. There are always good things said at such times, and when Mr. Emerson delivered his college addresses some of the noblest contributions to our literature were made. His Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge thirty-seven years ago was one of the most significant and memorable of orations. The lofty and lyrical charm of its style was well fitted to the brave and vigorous thought, and to the inspiring appeal to the American scholar to be himself and not another. The conservative timidity of the traditional college atmosphere was wonderfully startled by this bugle note, and many a vital and ennobling influence in American thought and life can be traced back to the electric words of that summer day at Harvard. Then came the address at the Divinity School in 1838, and the orations at Dartmouth in 1838, and at Waterville in 1841. That at Dartmouth has the famous exhortation to the graduates, which is of a loftier tone than any similar words that we recall—a tone which has been deep and true enough to ring through many a manly and generous life ever since the day it was uttered.

And many other memorable words has Dartmouth heard at her annual festival. There, in 1853, Rufus Choate delivered that eulogy on Webster which, as a work of elaborate and impassioned rhetoric, is as unsurpassed as its estimate of Webster is extravagant. Mr. Choate has left nothing more characteristic or better fitted to justify the fame which in his case, as in that of most renowned lawyers, must be mainly a tradition. The Webster eulogy is the splendid special plea of an advocate, and half of its pathos is derived from the consciousness that it can not affect the judgment of the great tribunal of history to which it is addressed. The greatness of Webster is not a subject of doubt. But his relation to the paramount question of his later years is not truly drawn in the picture of Choate, which was designed as a crushing pendant to that of Theodore Parker. The astute orator summons all his skill, all his professional experience and sagacity, all his daring sophistry and casuistry, for the service of his client, and he discharges at Parker the fires of a long-pent and accumulating wrath; but the reader, full of admiration of the dazzling ingenuity and of the consummate craft of a master advocate, still remembers the remark of the tough old Websterian who heard the fiery discourse in the Music-Hall, and who declared, with an oath, that it was the most outrageous thing he ever heard in his life, and the worst of it was that it was true.

Dartmouth must have recalled the Emerson oration and the Choate eulogy when she seated herself on the loveliest of the late June days to hear Mr. Evarts upon Chief Justice Chase. The oration was not unworthy the day, the place, and all the traditions and associations with which it was surrounded, and it leaves Mr. Chase a very stately and memorable figure in the history of his country. It was his misfortune, however, that while, as Mr. Evarts points out, he was always eminent, always high among the highest, always one of three, there was something which always prevented his being a truly representative figure. Perhaps this was evidence of that wise balance and moderation which marked him especially as a statesman, as a man to be safely trusted, of sure and prompt judgment, of a calmness which should always be the atmosphere of executive political thought. With all his distinction and ability he never touched the popular heart or imagination, and therefore never excited any of that enthusiasm which followed all other eminent Americans of his class. He was doubtless, also, seriously injured in public regard by his too evident passion for the Presidency. It is certainly a worthy ambition for such a man, and his abilities, his training, and his temperament pledged him to a worthy discharge of its great duties. But there seemed to be something excessive in Mr. Chase's desire; probably it suggested a suspicion that he was really overpowered by it, and from the moment of that doubt the prize was lost to him forever.

The sketch which Mr. Evarts drew of Mr. Chase's career was masterly, and it was done with a stately rhetoric which became the theme. But at the very close of the discourse, and with the most generous purpose, the orator spoke of Mr. Webster in a manner which should not pass un-