

"Row for the shore, Peggy!" Father was at last fairly awake, as he said afterward. "For God's sake, why don't you row?"

Never a word he spoke when I shouted why I did not. He said he tried to speak—tried to say—"Don't be afraid, Peggy, I can save you;" but it was like shouting in a nightmare. He knew Pont was swimming after him, and he drove him back with his oar, wondering after he did so how he dared take the second's time. Then he says he remembers nothing more distinctly until we were nearly ashore, my boat in tow of his, and I in a dead faint upon my cargo.

"Peggy! Peggy!" he was calling when I came on the beach: and Pont could not be made to understand by blows why I was not to be torn and tossed and kissed and barked over. "Peggy! What tempted you to go body-liftin'?"

That made me laugh, if you can believe it, even then, in spite of everything. I kissed father and the dear old dog, and pulled at the grass as I sat there on the bank to make sure I was on dry ground again. Father was dreadfully bewildered, and kept talking about having forgotten to feed Pont and to call him in that night, just as if that was anything to be sorry for; for, if the dog had been comfortable in his bed, and not shivering hungry out of doors, he would never have heard me cry, and then?—I suppose God sends suffering to us all sometimes to make us help somebody else.

"But, father," said I, when my chattering teeth and Pont would let me speak, "you must break into Parson Doty's barn as soon as ever you can and take his best horse and ride over to Capt. Bedell's for me. No, no, get the horse and I'll go myself."

"Are you crazy, Peggy? Is it body-liftin' and horse-stealin' both at once?"

"It's smuggled brandy, father—that's what's in that coffin—enough to make our fortune. Don't wait for talk now; be quick as you ever was in your life. I'll hide the boat in the flags while you get the horse. They may be after me—the smugglers—you know."

I was galloping across the island at a break-neck pace in no time, for the captain lived on the eastern shore. Father had taken no notice of my costume, but Capt. Bedell did at once, or rather he was slow to discover Peggy Herrick in the rough-looking man rapping with a whip-handle on his bedroom window just before day-break.

The captain didn't need many directions when he was on the trail of smuggled brandy. He sent Vin Smith back with me to guard the booty—each of us carried a revolver—and he started for the poplar tree and the church steeple. Before night he had the gang in Buffalo jail—Miss Nancy, the departed grandmother and Jerry Clark, for as soon as I had pushed off with the coffin the three started out to follow at a safe distance with a cask of brandy in their boat, and the captain, who had Jerry before their arrival, had little trouble in catching them.

The captain was a good friend of mine, and he saw that I had not only the handsome reward, but perhaps more praise than I deserved. He interested himself in selling our place and in getting me into a good boarding-school in Batavia. Col. Allen, who owns nearly all the island, gave father a good situation on his dairy farm, and a member of the Falconwood club presented Pont with a silver-plated collar, with Latin on it, which was all well enough, for Pont can read Latin just as well as he can English, and I think he would rather not have everybody know what he has done in the world.

There, that is all there is to it. It is not just as the newspapers had it, you see. My hair did not turn white out on the river, and I have not worn men's clothes ever since. The truth is, I am tired of telling this story over and over, and I thought when Capt. Bedell's visitors asked me after this to come up to the piazza and tell that "smuggling story," while they watch the Niagara river gliding along under the moonlight, I would just give it to them in print—that is, if I can find anybody to print it for me.

MORNING ON ROTTEN ROW.

There's an hour between breakfast and luncheon that's known as "the beauties' hour," and on this particular morning the hour is a very pleasant one. The sun is shining brightly, the leaves are fresh and green, and society is sauntering up and down preparatory to that meal which is said by—was it Brillat-Savarin, to be an insult to one's breakfast and an injury to one's dinner. At first the sight is almost dazzled by the brilliancy of the complexions and the costumes. Till lately such bright tints were reserved for evening wear. Here, for instance, is a flash of yellow gleaming under a red parasol—yellow gown, yellow gloves, yellow bonnet, and such pink cheeks! The eye is grateful for the cool grays in the dress of a lady who walks directly behind, but it is almost immediately startled again by the sight of two sisters dressed alike in a crude shade of loud-toned violet, edged and frilled with what the wearers probably call lace! But what heresy is this? Looking at the faces of the violet-clad one, I find that they are two of the beauties of the day. As I have mentioned no names, I may, perhaps, be allowed to remark that they would be ever so much prettier if they looked a little more good-humored.

Who is this tall and lovely woman, whose graceful figure is arrayed in black draperies, and on whose arm a gray-haired man leans heavily? It is Lady Dudley and the earl, her husband.

Sombre as are her garments, her stately gait, accommodated as it is to the lingering footsteps of her companion, attracts every eye, and all too soon does she disappear in the crowd.

What lovely hair! It is brown, with a rich dash of yellow-red in it. Surmounted by a garland of red berries, it forms an exquisite frame for the face of the beautiful Miss Pulleyn. Immediately after come the four Misses Cross, and half-a-dozen other pretty faces. But why do they not look happier? Young, lovely, bepraised, photographed, paragrafed—why those sullen looks? Is there too much competition in the running for the Apple of Paris? Perhaps it is that since Paris took to business as a photographer he has become more *difficile*, and has had his commercial instincts so well developed as rather to interfere with his critical acumen. Ah! this is better. A slight figure, all in brown, with a new and uncommon arrangement of braid upon the front of her dress, a most graceful gait, a happy face, the most expressive eyes in England—Mrs. Langtry! Her dress is, as usual, simple and quiet, subdued in coloring, and follows the outline of the figure with accuracy. That she is superior to the petty jealousy from which a less beautiful woman might suffer is proved by the fact that she is accompanied by a very pretty girl, and as the two smile and chatter to each other and to those with them, the place seems the brighter for the presence of such beauty and mirth.

But, ah me! How that bright light puts out the lesser luminaries! How the other women suffer from the propinquity! Long noses seem to grow longer—sharp ones sharper; complexions fade; eyes that seemed bright enough a moment ago are nowhere now. And how terrible, after those harmonious brown folds, is that costume with alternate rows of red and black, making the wearer look as though she had been marked out in doses like a medicine bottle.

A waist in red velvet! Such a waist! A wasp would be ashamed to own it. The whole costume is red velvet and red silk; but, small as the waist is, it obtrudes itself upon the notice, and the eyes fail to get so far as the face. Shade of Hygeia and the Venus de Milo! can such waists be, and not overcome us like a summer's cloud? It measures about sixteen inches in circumference!

And now another beauty appears on the scene quite a head over every woman there, of regal carriage and queenly air, all in black, with a knot of crimson in her small, close bonnet. Lady Lonsdale moves past with the unconscious air of one who breathes the atmosphere of admiration wherever she goes. The row of eligibles and detrimentials, who lean against the rails in various attitudes expressive of exhaustion and tight boots, becomes slightly animated as the beautiful countess goes by, and one or two among them, especially the small men, look as though they had at last found a moment's rest from their chronic enemy—*ennui*.

And here a figure well-known in the Row passes our chair. A man in the prime of life, in clothes of rough texture, a strange contrast to the *jeunesse dorée* of the shining hats, neat umbrellas, broadcloth coats and pointed boots; he looks earnestly and intently into every woman's face, with a wistful gaze in which hope and despair are curiously mingled. There he is, day after day, the tragedy in his eyes jostling the comedy that surrounds him. Poor fellow! He lost his wife some years ago. Better not ask how. If she had simply died he would have grieved for her and got over it. But now he is mad; harmless, of course, and with only that eager agony of watching in his eyes to distinguish him from others of his class.

But, hark! The sound of music—military music—that every woman loves, from the duchess to the dairymaid. It is a pretty sight, when all the riders congregate at the points of junction, of the ride and the drive, to see a detachment of the Horse Guards ride past on their beautiful black horses. The band, mounted on their grays, are playing an inspiring march, their instruments glittering in the sun. Full of life, movement, and color is the scene. A four-in-hand is drawn up at the corner with a team of splendid grays, a lady with a red parasol on the roof.

And now the riders scatter again. Of all becoming garments, surely a riding-habit is the most telling. Perfectly plain and simply made, as they are worn now, with a strip of snowy collar round the white throat, and two rows of buttons fastening them up the front, they set off the figure to perfection. They make the best of a good figure and the worst of a bad one—witness this fat little woman coming ambling along with a shower of small corkscrew ringlets falling at the back of her neck.

There goes a girl with such a splendid seat on her beautiful dark brown mare, that it is a pleasure to watch her. As a rule, the girls in the Row do not ride particularly well. They manage to look at their ease on horseback while at a walk; but though they probably feel perfectly at home in a canter or at a trot, they shake and tumble about in a style that would be the despair of any riding-master. A tall Irish horse, that looks a good goer, every inch of him, carries a tiny little lady, whose glossy chestnut hair shines in the sun. She is one of the few who manage to make the present very short habit—excellent for hunting—look graceful. Occasionally, a glimpse of the neatest possible little riding boot appears from under its folds, but there are certain tokens of design about the movement which prove how thoroughly this very small lady is mistress of the situation and of her horse.

The crowd begins to thin. Those splendid Arabs that have stood waiting so long and so impatiently at the corner, at last receive their light freight and spin through the gate. The brown, braided beauty disappears through the same gate in the direction of luncheon, and at half-past two the Park is a desert.

THE FAME OF BYRON.

A STATUE TO THE POET RAISED IN LONDON.

Byron has at last received the honour, such as it is, of a statue in London. His effigy will henceforth take its place among the miscellaneous collection of royal, military and high political personages who have managed to climb upon pedestals in our streets. He will certainly find few congenial neighbours. The various members of the Hanoverian dynasty will be apt to look askance at the author of the "Vision of Judgment." The Duke of Wellington, upon his absurd perch, would turn up with high disdain his nose if his brain of bronze could remember certain passages in "Don Juan," and know that he is to be the neighbour of the poet who could find no more complimentary title for him than "the best of cut-throats." When we were engaged in discussing Cromwell's claims to a statue it was felt that he would be an awkward pendant to Charles I. It may be doubted whether Byron is not as incongruous an addition to the ordinary idols of a nation's gratitude. Nobody ever said harder words about the true value of that kind of fame which generally entitles a man to such posthumous homage. We may be glad that literary animosities, however keen they may be for the moment, seem to die out more rapidly than those which gather round the heroes of active life. There would still be a difficulty in paying such a tribute to the memory of any political rebel, however freely we might recognize the purity of its motives. But we can all join in showing respect to one who belonged primarily to the literary class, though half a century ago his name was the symbol to all good Tories of the diabolical element in the general arrangement of the universe.

Indeed, we may hope that we are far enough removed from the passions of Byron's time to come as nearly to an understanding of his intrinsic value as we are ever likely to come. His fame has gone through the usual oscillations. He had his period of excessive popularity; it was followed by a reaction, in which people took the trouble to demonstrate that many inferior ingredients entered into his poetry, and tried to demolish his reputation to make room for his rivals and successors. The day has perhaps come at which these vexatious controversies may be dropped. It is rather a childish amusement to classify poets in order of merit, as though they were candidates in a competitive examination. We need not try to decide by how many marks Byron was superior or inferior to Shelley or Wordsworth. It is, of course, clear that if a poet is to be judged by what may roughly be called his purely artistic qualities, by the exquisite polish and delicacy of his language, by the subtlety with which he can interpret the finer emotions, by his command of the more elaborate harmonies of musical verse, Byron must descend to a comparatively low place. He cannot rise to the ethereal heights where Shelley was at home, nor emulate the mystical sublimity of Wordsworth, nor attain a great many other excellences characteristic of many other poets. The tissue of his verse is comparatively coarse and slipshod; he descends to common-places, to rant, to conscious affectation, and addresses the vulgar many instead of the select few. If one chooses to express these undeniable truths by saying that he was no poet, the case may be fully made out by simply adopting a corresponding definition of poetry. Byron, let us agree, was no poet. The question remains, what, then, was he? And the answer, whatever it may be, will certainly have to include the fact that he was the man who, of all Englishmen in his generation, made the deepest mark upon the world at large. If Shelley had been drowned at Oxford; if Keats had spent his short life in compounding pills instead of writing poetry; if Wordsworth had drunk himself to death at Cambridge, English literature would have suffered cruel losses; but nothing would have been lost which greatly impressed the Continental races. Byron shares with Scott alone among the English writers of the age the glory of a cosmopolitan reputation, and it is a great achievement to have produced a visible impression upon the mind of the world at large, whatever name we may give to the means by which it was produced.

THE "TIMES."

The daily newspaper which stands unmisstakably at the head of its kind, and has a reputation commensurate with the spread of the English language throughout the world, first saw the light in 1785, when it was started by Mr. John Walter, grandfather of the present proprietor, under the title of the *Daily Universal Register*—a title which it retained until January 1, 1788, when it appeared under its present designation. At this period, as it had been for some time previously, and as it was for some time after, the *Times* was "set up" on the logographic principle, that is to say, the type consisted of whole words or portions of words, instead of single or double letters as at present.

The price of the paper was, as now, threepence, and there was no leading articles or reviews, though there were dramatic criticisms, and though the intelligence was fairly well arranged. The number of advertisements in the first number of the *Times* was fifty-seven; the small beginning of an advertising connection such as no other journal has ever equalled or approached. In 1803 John Walter the younger succeeded his father in the management, and in or about 1812 appointed Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Stoddart to the editorship—a post which he retained only till 1816, when he was dismissed on account of the rabidity of his attacks on Napoleon I., and, in revenge, started a paper in opposition to the *Times*, called the *New Times*, which expired after an existence of ten or eleven years. The next editor was Thomas Barnes, under whom the paper largely increased in influence and circulation. Before his appointment, however, a change had taken place in the mode of production of the *Times*, which was destined to have the most notable effect upon the future, not only of that journal itself, but on the whole newspaper press. Up to November 28, 1814, the paper had been printed by hand-presses, which turned out at the most 450 copies an hour. The issue for the 29th of the same month was brought out by means of the König printing-machine, and was the first ever produced by the agency of steam. Even then the production did not exceed 1,100 copies an hour; but the König press was soon superseded by that of Applegarth and Cowper; the latter eventually gave way to Hoe's; and the Walter press now turns out impressions at the remarkable rate of 12,000 an hour. Eight of these machines being employed in the printing of the *Times*, it is now produced at the rate of 96,000 copies an hour. It was 1834 or thereabouts that the *Times* began its system of special expresses for the collection of intelligence in this country—an arrangement which was supplemented by the appointment of special correspondents in every capital. This was before the days of telegraphs and railways.

One great feature of the *Times*—that in which it is quite unrivalled—is the number and value of its advertisements, which on one day in 1861 amounted to over 4,000, whilst in 1871 the revenue from them was as much, it is said, as £5,000 weekly. What it is now it would be impossible to say, but the sum total for the year must be something almost incredible. The circulation of the *Times* so far back as 1843 was only 10,000 copies; this rose in 1854 to over 50,000, and in 1860 to over 60,000. On single occasions it has been enormous. At the opening of the Exhibition in 1862 it was 88,000; on the arrival of the Princess Alexandra in London it was 98,000; at her marriage it was 110,000. But these numbers were of course phenomenal. Thomas Barnes was succeeded in the editorship of the *Times* by John Thaddeus Delane in 1841, who in 1878 (the year previous to his death) was succeeded by Professor Thomas Chenerly. The literary contributors are, it is well known, drawn from the leading writers of the day.

Now.—Nearly all the mental troubles that do not directly spring from organic disease are distinctly traceable to the effects of morbid imagining, and nearly all the disorderly mental processes of this class consist in unwisely "looking forward" or "looking back." Hope feeds on the future, and despair is poisoned by the dread of it. The misery of regret and disappointment is a creature of the past. The secret of health of mind and moral integrity consists in taking so firm a footing in the present that the mental equilibrium may not be easily disturbed. There is no need to ignore the lessons of the past, or to disregard the objects and obligations of the future; but it should not be forgotten that human life, with its opportunities, its duties, and its responsibilities, is an affair of now.

HUMOROUS.

FORCED politeness—Bowing to necessity.

WHEN a man draws an inference he should draw it mild.

AN apple threw the first man. Since then it has sorter let the business out to the banana.

THE Arab who invented alcohol died 900 years ago, but his spirit still lives.

BREVITY may be the soul of wit, but it is very far from being the soul of truth.

PASSIONS are likened best to floods and streams. The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb.

"GIVE credit to whom credit is due." This is an old saying, but as for us we prefer the cash.

OF course croquet is a gambling game. Don't you know you can't play it without putting up stakes?

AN exchange wishes to know if sugar is extracted from dead beats. No, sir; dead beats have no "sugar."

THE Spanish army has 589 generals in active service, and can call in about 1,000 who are on half pay at fifteen days' notice.

IT is said that one glass of plain soda water costs one tenth of a cent, and yet it makes as much splutter and noise as a glass of champagne.

A TALKATIVE barber, about to cut a gentleman's hair, asked how he would have it done. "If possible, in silence," said the gentleman.

A KNOWLEDGE of cooking is not essential to the happiness of a bride and groom, but it is a handy thing to fall back on after the honeymoon.

WHAT the world is in need of is fewer men of an inquisitive turn of mind—men who are contented with looking at a buzz saw without a desire to feel of it with their fingers.