

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

(From the German of Heine.)

BY NED P. MAH.

Upon the far horizon
Mirage like, through the gloom
The city's towers and turrets
Through the evening twilight loom.

A rainy wind gust ruffles
The sombre surface grove.
As the boatman, in dreary cadence
Rows o'er the watery way.

And the sun springs up once more
Shining the earth above
To mark the spot more plainly
Whereon I lost my love.

I give thee greeting, city
Of mysteries untold,
That once within thy mighty walls
My darling didst enfold.

Tell me, ye gates and turrets
Where is my darling gone?
To your care she was entrusted
Ye are handmen every one.

Guileless I hold the turrets
They could not stir nor heed
The loved one, with goods and chattels
Leave town with secret speed.

But the gates let pass my darling
And still her secret hide—
With wanton gait when fond fools fly
Some wanton gate stands wide.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY CHARLES READE.

Author of "Foul Play," "Griffith Grant,"
"Hard Cash," etc.

On a certain day in the year 1819, Mr. Chitty, an attorney in Shaftesbury, was leaving his office for the day, when he was met at the door by a respectable woman and a chubby-faced boy with a bright eye. He knew the woman slightly—a widow that kept a small stationer's shop in the town. She opened her business at once. "Oh, Mr. Chitty, I have brought you my Robert; he gives me no peace, his heart is set on being in a lawyer's office. But there! I have not got the money to apprentice him. Only we thought perhaps you could find some place or other for him, if it was ever so small." Then she broke off, and looked appealingly, and the boy's cheeks and eyes were fired with expectation.

Most country towns at that time possessed two solicitors that might be called types: the old established man, whose firm for generations had done the pacific and lucrative business—wills, settlements, partnerships, mortgages, etc.—and the sharp practitioner, who was the abler of the two at litigation, and had to shake the plum-tree instead of sitting under it and opening his mouth for windfalls. Mr. Chitty was No. 2.

But these sharp practitioners are very apt to be good-natured, and so, looking at the pleading widow and the beaming boy, he felt disposed to oblige them, and rather sorry he could not. He said his was a small office, and he had no clerk's place vacant; "and indeed if I had, he is too young—why, he is a mere child."

"I am twelve next to and so," said the boy, giving the month and the day.

"You don't look it, then," said Mr. Chitty, incredulously.

"Indeed but he is, sir," said the widow; "he never looked his age, and writes a beautiful hand."

"But I tell you I have no vacancy," said Mr. Chitty, turning dogged.

"Well, thank you, sir, all the same," said the widow, with the patience of her sex. "Come, Robert, we mustn't detain the gentleman."

So they turned away with disappointment marked on their faces, the boy's especially.

Then Mr. Chitty said, in a hesitating way, "To be sure, there is a vacancy, but it is not the sort of thing for you."

"What is it, sir?" asked the widow.

"Well, we want an office-boy."

"An office-boy! What do you say, Robert? I suppose it is a beginning, sir. What will he have to do?"

"Why, sweep the office, run errands, carry papers; and that is not what he is after. Look at him—he has got that eye fixed on a counsellor's wig, you may depend; and sweeping a country attorney's office is not the stepping-stone to that." He added, warily, "At least there is no precedent reported."

"La, no, sir," said the widow; "he only wants to turn an honest penny, and be among law papers."

"Ay, ay; to write 'em and sell 'em, but not to dust 'em."

"For that matter, sir, I believe he'd rather be the dust itself in your office than bide at home with me."

Here she turned angry with her offspring for half a moment.

"And so I would," said young master, stoutly, indorsing his mother's hyperbole very boldly, though his own mind was not of that kind which originates metaphors, similes, and engines of inaccuracy in general.

"Then I say no more," observed Mr. Chitty; "only mind, it is half a crown a week—that is all."

The terms were, accepted, and Master Robert entered on his humble duties. He was steady, persevering and pushing. In less than two years he got promoted to be a copying clerk. From this in due course he became a superior clerk. He studied, pushed, and persevered, till at last he became a fair practical lawyer, and Mr. Chitty's head clerk. And so much for Perseverance.

He remained some years in this position, trusted by his employers, and respected too; for besides his special gifts as a law clerk, he was strict in morals, and religious without parade.

In those days country attorneys could not fly to the metropolis and back to dinner. They relied much on London attorneys, their agents. Lawyer Chitty's agent was Mr. Bishop, a judge's clerk; but in those days a judge's clerk had an insufficient stipend, and was allowed to eke it out by private practice. Mr. Bishop was agent to several country attorneys.

Well, Chitty had a heavy case coming on at the assizes, and asked Bishop to come down, for once in a way, and help him in person. Bishop did so, and in working the case, was delighted with Chitty's managing clerk. Before leaving he told Mr. Chitty he sadly wanted a managing clerk he could rely on. Would he oblige him, and part with this young man? Chitty made rather a wry face, and said that young man was a pearl. "I don't know what I should do without him; why, he is my *alter ego*." However, he ended by saying generously that he would not stand in the young man's way.

Then they had the clerk in, and put the question to him.

"Sir," said he, "it is the ambition of my heart to go London."

Twenty-four hours after that our humble hero was installed in Mr. Bishop's office, directing a large business in town and country. He filled that situation for many years, and got to be well known in the legal profession. A brother of mine, who for many years was one of a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn Fields, remembers him well at this period, by meeting him sometimes in his own chambers and sometimes in judges' chambers. My brother says he could not help noticing him, for he bristled with intelligence, and knew a deal of law, though he looked only a boy.

The best of the joke is that this clerk afterwards turned out to be four years older than that solicitor who took him for a boy.

He was now amongst books as well as law, and studied closely the principles of law whilst the practice was sharpening him. He was much in the courts, and every case there cited in argument or judgment he hunted out in the books, and digested it, together with its application in practice by the living judge, who had quoted, received, or evaded it.

He was a Baptist, and lodged with a Baptist minister and his two daughters. He fell in love with one of them, proposed to her and was accepted. The couple were married without pomp, and after the ceremony the good minister took them aside and said: "I have only two hundred pounds in the world. I have saved it, a little at a time, for my two daughters. Here is your share, my children." Then he gave his daughter one hundred pounds, and she handed it to the bridegroom on the spot. The good minister smiled approval, and they sat down to what fine folks call breakfast, but they called it dinner; and it was.

After dinner and the usual ceremonies, the bridegroom rose and surprised them a little. He said: "I am sorry to leave you, but I have a particular business to attend to. It will take me just an hour."

Of course there was a look or two interchanged, especially by every female there present; but the confidence in him was too great to be disturbed, and this was his first eccentricity.

He left them, went to Gray's Inn, put down his name as a student for the bar, paid away his wife's dowry in the fees, and returned within the hour.

Next day the married clerk was at the office as usual, and entered on a twofold life. He worked as a clerk till five; dined in the hall of Gray's Inn as a sucking barrister, and studied hard at night. This was followed by a still stronger example of duplicate existence, and one without a parallel in my reading and experience: he became a writer, and produced a masterpiece, which as regarded the practice of our courts became at once the manual of attorneys, counsel and judges. The author, though his book was entitled "practice," showed some qualities of a jurist, and corrected soberly but firmly unscientific legislature and judicial blunders.

So here was a student of Gray's Inn, supposed to be picking up in that Inn a small smattering of law, yet, to diversify his crude studies, instructing mature counsel, and correcting the judges themselves, whose chambers he attended daily, cap in hand, as an attorney's clerk. There's an intellectual hotch-potch for you. All this did not qualify him to be a barrister; but years and dinners did. After some weary years he took the oaths at Westminster, and vacated by that act his place in Bishop's office, salary included, and was a pauper—for an afternoon. But work that has been long and tediously prepared can be executed quickly, and adverse circumstances, when Perseverance conquers them, turn round and become allies.

The ex-clerk and young barrister had ploughed and sowed with such pain and labor that he reaped with comparative ease. Half the manag-

ing clerks in London knew him and believed in him. They had the ear of their employers, and brought him pleadings to draw and motions to make. His book, too, brought him clients; and he was soon in full career as a junior counsel and special pleader. Senior counsel soon found that they could rely upon his zeal, accuracy and learning. They began to request that he might be retained with them in difficult cases, and he became first junior counsel at the bar; and so much for Perseverance.

Time rolled its ceaseless course, and a silk gown was at his disposal. Now a popular junior counsel not always afford to take silk, as they call it. Indeed, if he is learned and not eloquent he may ruin himself by the change. But the remarkable man whose career I am epitomizing did not hesitate; he still pushed onward. And so one morning the Lord Chancellor sat for an hour in the Queen's Bench, and Mr. Robert Lush was appointed one of her Majesty's Counsel, learned in the law, and then and there, by the Chancellor's invitation, stepped out from among the juniors, and took his seat within the bar. So much for Perseverance.

From this point the outline of his career is known to everybody. He was appointed in 1865 one of the judges of the Queen's Bench, and after sitting in that court some years, was promoted to be a Lord Justice of Appeal. A few days ago he died, lamented and revered by the legal profession, which is very critical, and does not bestow its respect highly.

I knew him only as Queen's Counsel. I had him against me once, but oftener for me, because my brother thought him even then the best lawyer and the most zealous at the bar, and always retained him if he could. During the period I knew him personally Mr. Lush had still a plump unwrinkled cheek and a singularly bright eye. His voice was full, mellow and penetrating; it filled the court without apparent effort, and accorded well with his style of eloquence, which was what Cicero calls the *temperatum genus loquendi*.

Reasoning carried to perfection is one of the fine arts. An argument by Lush enchained the ear and charmed the understanding. He began at the beginning, and each succeeding topic was articulated and disposed of, and succeeded by its right successor, in language so fit and order so lucid that he rooted and grew conviction in the mind—*tantum series nequarumque potent*.

I never heard him at Nisi Prius, but should think he could do nothing ill, yet would be greater at convincing judges than at persuading juries right or wrong; for at this pastime he would have had to escape from the force of his own understanding, whereas I have known counsel, blatant and admired, whom native and flippant fluency have secured against that difficulty.

He was affable to clients, and I had more than one conversation with him, very interesting to me; but to intrude these would be egotistical, and disturb the just proportions of this short notice. I hope some lawyer who knew him well as counsel and judge will give us his distinctive features, if it is only to correct those vague and colorless notices of him that have appeared.

This is due to the legal profession. But after all, his early career interests a much wider circle. We can not all be judges, but we can all do great things by the perseverance which from an office-boy made this man a clerk, a counsel and a judge. Do but measure the difficulties he overcame in his business with the difficulty of rising in any art, profession, or honorable walk, and down with despondency's whine and the groans of self-deceiving laziness! You who have youth and health, never you quail at "those twin jailers of the daring heart, low birth and iron fortune."

See what becomes of those two bugbears when the stout champion SINGLE-HEART and the giant PERSEVERANCE take them by the throat.

Why, the very year those chilling lines were first given to the public by Bulwer and Macready, Robert Lush paid his wife's dowry away to Gray's Inn in fees, and never whined, nor doubted, nor looked right nor left, but went straight on—and prevailed.

Genius and talent may have their bounds, but to the power of single-hearted Perseverance there is no known limits.

Non omnis mortuus est—the departed judge still teaches from his tomb; his dicta will outlive him in our English courts; his gesta are for mankind. Such an instance of single-heartedness, perseverance, and proportionate success in spite of odds is not for one narrow island, but the globe. An old man sends it to the young in both hemispheres with this comment: If difficulties lie in the way, never shirk them, but think of Robert Lush and trample on them. If impossibilities encounter you, up hearts and at 'em.

One thing more to those who would copy Robert Lush in all essentials. Though imprudently from infancy with an honorable ambition, he remembered his Creator in the days of his youth; nor did he forget Him when the world poured its honors on him, and those insidious temptations of Prosperity which have hurt the soul far oftener than "low birth and iron fortune." He flourished in a skeptical age, yet he lived and died fearing God.

USELESS FRIGHT.—To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle RHEA will shortly produce a drama adapted from the French by Mr. Charles E. Roche, a Canadian journalist.

BOB MACK, the famous "rooster man," now with Callender's Minstrels, is far gone with consumption, and at times cannot do his act.

DURING Maggie Mitchell's Baltimore engagement she was presented with a handsome group of pictures of herself in different characters.

W. R. DEUTSCH, known in New York City some years ago as a dabbler in theatrical enterprises, and later in Paris as a successful gambler, has lost every penny of his winnings at bacarat in that metropolis.

THE Hess Opera Company denoted all the receipts of their regular Wednesday matinee performance in New Orleans for the benefit of the actors' fund, and at fifty and twenty-five cent prices the gross was \$384.25.

PRIOR to sailing for England on Tuesday, Adelina Patti signed an engagement with Col. Mapleson for next season in America. There will be hot competition between the Col. and Abbey during the coming opera season.

THERE promises to be a jolly row in the George Edgar Company as to who is to be the leading lady. Sara Jewett and Henrietta Vaders are both engaged for the position, and the former is not likely to give up her right to the latter.

MARY ANDERSON will sail for Europe in May, and will visit France, Germany and Italy prior to opening her engagement in London Sept. 1st. Miss Anderson will be accompanied by her mother, brother and stepfather.

ROBERT MCWADE of "Rip Van Winkle" fame, is a native of Canada, and was brought up in Buffalo. He wears the Phil Kearney cross of honor for valor displayed at Fair Oaks, Malvern, the Siege of Yorktown, Richmond, and the Seven Days' battle.

THE Baltimore *Sun*, in discussing Minnie Palmer says: "The little actress is so bright, so dashing and so winsome that it is little wonder that she has become one of the acknowledged queens of the comedy stage, and has won triumphs wherever she has been seen. She has always been an especial favorite in Baltimore, which is proud to claim at least a part ownership in her, and she never comes here without receiving an ovation."

"JIMMY" MORRISSEY the other night grew confidential with a party of friends over a bottle of wine at the Brunwick. After discussing operas, horses, men, women and things, the conversation turned on love. Morrissey got off something about a kiss. "What is a kiss?" said one of the party. "A kiss," replied Jimmy, "is a kiss is the overture to the opera of love." Jimmy was asked to enlighten the company on the opera itself, but the subject recalled too many tender memories and his feelings overcame him at this point. Here the curtain falls.

HUMOROUS.

UNEASY lies the head that has no crown.

A WATCH, like faith, is comparatively worthless without works.

THE mosquito as a public singer draws well, but never gives satisfaction.

"I am going to turn over a new leaf," as the caterpillar remarked when he had successfully ruined the one he was on.

WHAT is the difference between the passing of a full-dressed lady and an emaciated grub? One is a flutter-by and the other is a butterfly.

SHOULD music be sold by the chord? Drum music might be sold by the pound. And bad music is very often given away by the choir.

THE mill owner who turned the fire hose upon some of his disorderly employees explained his conduct by saying he was only washing his hands.

"LOVE for the dead should not cramp our duty to the living," remarked the enthusiastic angler, as he sat down to a mess of trout, the result of his own prowess.

MRS. SPAGGINS was boasting of her new house. The windows, she said, were stained. "That's too bad; but won't turpentine or benzine wash it off?" asked the good Mrs. Oldboy.

SUMMER boarders that have been assigned to the top floor of old-fashioned farm-houses for a term of weeks unite in the opinion that such buildings are erected on the principle of hide-roast attics.

WORTH her weight in gold "is not the most complimentary thing that can be said about a woman, as she would have to weigh 300 pounds to bring her value up to \$100,000.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Edith to her doll, "I do wish you would sit still. I never saw such an uneasy thing in my life. Why don't you act like grown people and be still and stupid for awhile."

ANN ELIZA writes to ask why a poor man invariably keeps dogs. We have not given the question much consideration, but we have concluded that a poor man supports a dog to keep "the wolf from the door."

"MR. JONES, I think I will have to raise your board," said a One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth street boarding-house keeper to a gentleman whose appetite seemed to increase every day. "Ah, I thank you very much for your kindness in raising my board. I have been unable to raise it myself for some time."

MAKING him feel at home: Infant Terrible—"O, papa, do ask Mr. Gobemonche to swallow his napkin. Guest (smilingly)—"Why do you wish me to do that, Miss Alice?" Alice (earnestly)—"O, because mamma says you will swallow anything."

MUCH interest is felt in the promised presence and speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Westminster Aquarium, in connection with the opening of the National Liberal Club. All sorts of rumors are going about—one that Mr. Gladstone will announce his intention to finally retire from the heated atmosphere of the House of Commons. Against this is the recent deliverance—apparently inspired—of the Premier's son, who declares that his father does not intend poaching upon Lord Granville's preserves. Is there any chance of the son retiring? Would he consent to go to the Upper House and shelve himself for his country's good?