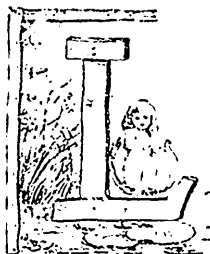


## "THE AFTER GLOW."

"This head hath its coronal,  
The fulness of his bliss he shows."



LOOK at him, the dear old soul! Some veteran, garret-dwelling, favorite of the "Sisters Nine." Genius, ay! and even talent too, in these latter ages, continue to live on the heights, but not the Golden Summits of classic realms and times, our attics and our 9th flats are heights, though, all the same. This lover of the beautiful looks like a German, as we conceive the grand old Sebastian Bach: does he not? The skull-cap; the ample waist-coat, buttons and all; the ample upper-garment, to say nothing of the knee breeches under the table and the buckled shoes to match. The nose with a healthy glow at the point (?). By this sign we know he is not an extremist, he is a brotherly man, in fact, he bears the family resemblance, unmistakable proof, that grand-pa Noah was the father of all anti-diluvians, who, naturally, are averse to water without "a stick in it." Total abstinence is one

thing and moderate habitual sustaining of the inner glow by the essence of hops or of grapes is another. We won't call our genial artist to an account for the radiance of his central feature. The smile on that good face could not be so fascinating, so guileless, were all his enjoyments drawn from a mug. He may love and need his *lager* but he loves his music more and that is well.

Play on old man! would that those symphonies you evoke from that charmed instrument could keep the smile forever on your face; would its sound could go out to every one, and make all brooding faces serene, all hearts lighter. Cheer your soul, sweet player, with those far reaching melodies, live over the good old times (all *old* times look so good in the afterglow). Forget in the playing, that life has not kept all its promises, forget "the glory and the dream that lured thee on." Live only in the 'sweet possibility' of forgetting that

"Shadows of the prison house  
Began to close upon you  
When you were yet a boy."

---

"The hearts of men throb faster than of yore!  
We measure time by centuries no more:  
Life, that but loitered, in ages gone,  
Now winged with haste, and eager-eyed, speeds on."

