

MY SPRINGS.

In the heart of the Hills of Life, I know
Two springs that, with unbroken flow,
Forever pour their lucid streams
Into my soul's far Lake of Dreams.

Not larger than two eyes, they lie
Beneath the many-changing sky,
And mirror all of life and time,
Serene and dainty pantomime!

Shot through with lights of stars and dawns,
And shadowed sweet by ferns and fawns,
Though heaven and earth together vie
Their shining depths to sanctify.

Always, when the large form of Love
Is hid by storms that rage above,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Love in its very verity.

Always, when Faith with its stifling stress
Of grief hath died in bitterness,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Faith that smiles immortally!

Always, when Charity and Hope,
In darkness bounden, feebly grope,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A Light that sets my captives free.

Always, when Art on perverse wing
Flies where I cannot hear him sing,
I gaze in my two springs and see
A charm that brings him back to me.

When Labor faints and Glory fails,
And e'er Reward in sighs exhales,
I gaze in my two springs and see
Attainment full and heavenly.

O Love! O Wife! thine eyes are they—
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial streams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams.

Oval and large and passion-pure,
And gray and wise and honor-sure;
Soft as a dying violet-breath,
Yet calmly unafraid of death:

Throughed, like two dove-cotes of gray doves,
With wife's and mother's and poor folk's love
And home-loves and high glory-loves
And science-loves and story-loves.

And loves for all that God and man
In art and nature make or plan;
And loves (no less) for spidery lace
And broderies and supple grace.

And diamonds, and the whole sweet round
Of little that large life compound,
And loves for God and God's bare truth,
And loves for Magdalen and Ruth:

Dear eyes, dear eyes! and rare, complete—
Being heavenly sweet and earthly sweet,—
I marvel that God made you mine,
For, when He frowns, 'tis then ye shine!

SIDNEY LANIER.

SO LIKE THE PRINCE.

I.

While I was staying at Ludwigstein some three or four summers ago, the Prince arrived in his own territory, to remain a few months, for the hunting season, and brought with him a very noticeable valet—a youth of singularly fine appearance and possessed of a somewhat winning and polished manner: no one knew where he had found him.

Such was the dearth of change in Ludwigstein, that even the new valet created a sensation; indeed, so much so, that when this same valet appeared with his Prince outside the palace grounds, the people for a time looked at the valet even more than at the master.

The Prince was perhaps a little imprudent in introducing this young man into his household, valet though he was; for, to tell truth, he bore a striking resemblance to his master; but his Serene Highness was given to doing things after his own fashion, never concerning himself, or even thinking for a moment, what others might think or say. Being the greater part of his time away from home enjoying life in foreign cities of pleasure, he forgot that there was an opinion in Ludwigstein: wherefore did the folk of that little place open their eyes the wider, as is their wont when one greater looks with indifference over their heads,—not that it appeared that the likeness between master and valet had been observed by the former, though so evident to the rest of the world.

The fact is, that the Prince hated the place, and, confounding the people with it, hated them. It is a sleepy, stupid town, dusty in sunshine, and muddy after rain; its town council, which thinks itself metropolitan, is poor and primitive, and has not yet conquered the pride it takes in handing all its revenues over to the Prince, who, on his part, well acquainted with all the modern improvements, has failed hitherto in introducing any of them into the capital. Indeed, the Serene Highness, observant of Russian maxims in these days unfavorable to Princes, did his best to withhold from them the new ideas, lest they should come to know of the great cauldron of conspiracy now simmering, and which he cordially hoped would soon boil over and scald the disaffected, each according to his deserts. For the rest, the Prince, who had weighed these three things in the general scale, hoped that all would continue to be for the best, leaving him to have his own way at home and abroad, and his subjects theirs as heretofore.

It might be fairly inferred that the people of Ludwigstein knew pretty well all about their Prince, seeing that he ruled over so small a realm, and that the distance between him and his lowest subject was by no means equal to that between the Czar of all the Russias and his serfs. But their knowledge of the Prince and his move-

ments was very slight, and the less authentic, being gossip which had filtered from the stable and kitchen through the instrumentality of kitchen-maids and grooms; for the Prince was away the greater part of the year, and came only to the home-palace to hunt the boar.

I remember when for the first time I visited the little town in which this palace stands, how, as everything was shown to me, it was introduced with the whispered word "princely," just as it might be "ducal" at Weimar, or "royal" at Berlin; it was the princely stable, the princely farm, the princely park, the princely palace—as if the Prince himself were in the midst of them, though as little seen as his fish in the princely ponds, or his face in the princely mirrors of the chateau.

The royal suite had returned to Ludwigstein three days before the inhabitants had a sight of the new valet, and on this occasion he was seated behind the Prince as the carriage drove through the town to a favorite pavilion in the neighborhood. People were struck with his resemblance to the prince. And not they alone; for the same idea was in vogue among the lords and ladies of the court.

As time went on, it was seen by the courtiers at the chateau that the new valet was rapidly gaining the Prince's favour. They made a pleasantry of the dexterous way in which the new valet anticipated the wishes of his master, and saw how, in place of the menial duties of his situation, he was set to the performance of higher ones; for his Serene Highness had more than once dictated letters to him and had caused them to be issued in the valet's handwriting. Besides all this, the Prince had put into his hands a batch of accounts to examine, and had deputed him to pay out certain moneys. These duties, as if they had been contrary to court etiquette, were, for want of better, made topics of conversation between the chancellor and the mistress of the robes, and the chamberlain and the ladies-in-waiting. But, playfully as this matter was treated by them, there was something like disquietude among the courtiers, who cannot think with complacency of a favorite, even though he may belong to the domestic class.

Meantime the valet himself maintained a demeanour respectful rather than servile towards all, without distinction, as if he scarcely belonged to the household; which, from the courtier's point of view, if not impertinent, was irritating in the highest degree.

At this time Herr Harman, the valet, liked no society so well as his own; and when he had disposed of his other duties, he would betake himself to his master's dressing-room, and, whatever his motive may have been, was never so happy as when determining the point of how he looked in his master's clothes. It is astonishing how great a portion of his time he spent, while his master was hunting the boar, in trying on now a gold lace coat and now a wig; for the Prince, being a little bald, possessed a wealth of perukes. On these occasions, Herr Harman was very serious; and when he stood before the mirror to survey himself, he would assume an elevated air, conscious of the likeness he bore to the Prince: "This is Herr Harman who stands outside the mirror; but that is the Prince within it."

Though, like an actor, he was in this way continually performing his own high part and encouraging his aspirations, he began to assure himself that he must not long remain a servant, but must take his place nearer to the Prince whom he so much resembled.

All this, however, was a secret between him and the mirror.

Nevertheless, he felt difficulty in concealing from others when among them that the Prince's clock was on his shoulders. Meantime the Prince found him more and more useful, now entrusting him with duties which pertained rather to the steward, and now employing him in the work of a secretary, until at last he became both, to the great dissatisfaction of those who already held those offices.

In this way, while more than a year had passed, the Prince had as usual been on visits to other courts; and, in the character of the foreign count, had visited Paris and London, taking with him a portion of his suite and the invaluable Harman.

The latter during the travels had shown a new character; he was a perfect linguist, and the effectiveness with which he made use of his talent was strikingly exhibited in Paris, at the Hôtel des Grands Seigneurs, where, discussing an important overcharge in the bill, he entered into the matter with the manager of the hotel in the Prince's presence, with so much fluency and tact as to lead to a considerable reduction in the charges.

One afternoon the court was amazed at learning that Herr Harman had been appointed the Prince's secretary, and had been entrusted with the management of the royal estates, a large part of which was the public revenue. When the chamberlain whispered the fact to his brother-courtiers, the announcement was received superciliously; but the ladies were more indignant. Fortunately for the new secretary, he was on the point of departing on a financial mission for the Prince, and so avoided the resentment that awaited him throughout the household.

Now that such a change had been made in his position, Herr Harman naturally came into more familiar contact with his master. Among his manifold duties, it was a part of the morning's business to retail the latest news to the Prince when the latter was disposed to listen, which led Herr Harman to make an assiduous study of the journals.

"There has been an attempt to assassinate the Grand Duke of Saxe-Waldeck, Monseigneur," he said one morning, as his Serene Highness entered the library.

"Thou loving God!" said the Prince; "why, the Saxe-Waldeck have been six hundred years on the throne!"

"Fortunately the assassin entirely failed, wounding only some of the attendants, your Highness," said Harman.

"Thou loving God!" said the Prince; "the man who attempts the life of a ruler is worse than a sovereign who cuts to pieces a whole nation."

Herr Harman was so elated at becoming the Prince's secretary that he began to spend money like a minister; he became extravagant though he tried to hide it, but none could fail to perceive that his dress was most costly.

One day, when the Prince was out hunting, Herr Harman strolled into the town, and, as he passed the barracks, to his surprise the guard presented arms. He did not show his astonishment, but returned a salute. He had been mistaken for the Prince, a circumstance which suggested to him how easily he might play a royal part, bearing as he did his prince's likeness on his face. On a similar opportunity he paid a visit to the market-place, and on his appearance there the busy throng suspended its bargainings, all whispering, "The Prince, the Prince!"

All these impressions accompanied him on a mission to Paris; they were not to be easily forgotten.

It was not known at the court until after the secretary had left that the Prince had made him Herr von Harman, and decorated him with the order and ribbon of Saint Hermann; the secretary not only made the most of this on his travels, but even insinuated that he was traveling *incognito*, as though he were actually the Prince that he would like to have been.

Herr von Harman's mission to Paris was soon completed, but not without showing him how easy a matter it would be to personate the Prince for whom he was mistaken by more than one person in high places; particularly when, to render the resemblance more striking, he donned the Prince's wig, with which he had provided himself, and wore a dress after the fashion of that which His Serene Highness had worn on his travels. This mistaken identity put new ideas into his head: he loved pleasure and independence; the servility necessary to be observed at court was irksome to him; he had gambled and lost money, and, to crown all, he had left Ludwigstein deeply involved in debt. Taking all these things into his consideration, he was not long in determining to visit London and there do a stroke of business on his own account.

II.

The London season was at its full. The streets were crammed, and, though August had set in, the hotels were crowded with visitors. But while most people were looking for the country, there was one, Herr von Harman, who, to his extreme delight, was paying a new visit to this metropolis, his face, already bronzed, presenting a contrast to the over-worked inhabitants who were becoming more and more bleached through the dissipations of the town. The Prince's secretary had arrived *en grand seigneur* at Ling's Hotel, where he stayed in that strict incognito which is generally assumed to conceal a higher rank, but in his case to hide a lower one.

There was a resort, in the neighborhood of Leicester Square, for foreigners also somewhat incognito, but in an unfavorable sense, and this was called the "Hôtel des Châteaux en Espagne," where the new arrival at Ling's Hotel was speedily buzzed about. The Prince of Ludwigstein was in London! The *habitués* of this place met as usual in a back parlour allotted to their special use, discussed the questions nearest their hearts with their usual fervor, drank their Lager-Bier, ate their sauer-kraut and schinken. They too had the tired look as of a gay season, but it was in them due to untiring ardor in a luckless cause. It was a motley company. Men of all nationalities, but with one aim—the downfall of kings. The conspirators numbered between fifteen and twenty, and sometimes more when foreign members arrived on some mission of moment. The conversation was always noisy when unimportant, but on occasions when news of uncommon interest reached them, their debates were confined to impassioned whispers, and the president had no easy task. In the midst of all this tumult, if the hissing of snakes can be called such, how little, if at all, any one of these anarchists saw their own meeting as symbolizing the principles of anarchy which governed them.

The president was a Monsieur Lucien Raquonart, a Genevese of gaunt and bony aspect; he had a massive countenance, which being beardless, and surmounted by black curly hair, gave free scope to the expression of eyes dark, fierce, and rebellious. On his right was a little spare man who looked as if society had not dropped him without giving him a farewell squeeze; everything about him was pinched, and he quivered as with a chilly recollection of that last *poignée de main*; but, little as he was, he seemed full to choking of some great resentment. He had a small grey beard; his eyes were rat-like, and busied themselves in taking note of the proceedings, now and then looking up at the door as if he had had more than one unequal contest with a policeman.

In front, grouped round a number of little tables, were the several members of the Association. All these were occupied in earnest discussion, and only ceased talking the minute before Monsieur Raquonart, or some other of the

company, "had the word." The president had risen to speak, and the little spare man claimed silence by repeatedly bringing a heavy letter-weight sharply down upon his desk, as though he were putting conspiracy up to auction. The chattering came to an end, though gesticulation for a time continued. The president then began to review the progress recently made by the Association, dwelling with Nihilistic triumph on its late successes in Little Russia, Germany, and Spain; after much treason, concluding his discourse by painting the future enterprises of the Association in red colors, and then the Republic!

As his speech ended, of course there was a burst of applause. The president did not sit down on this recognition of his eloquence, but, passing his long fingers through his hair, he bent forward and said in suppressed tones:—

"Citizens, I have not done yet. The words I have just spoken were an essential preliminary to this evening's business. I have a matter of the utmost importance to bring before you—a matter which must be gone into and decided upon without delay. I have this afternoon received special information from our agent Darjaux that the miscreant, Ludwig of Ludwigstein, is in this capital. He was seen to-day at Warog's, the bankers, negotiating a loan for his own private uses. He is staying at Ling's Hotel. Citizens," said Monsieur Raquonart, leaning forward and bringing his open hand sideways down on the table, as though improvising a guillotine,—"Citizens, there must be no half-measures. I propose, therefore, that we go through the forms that all of us have given allegiance to, and to-morrow, at an opportune time and an opportune place, another triumph be added to the triumphs of history."

Upon this the company rose and cried in an undertone: "Vive la Commune! Vive le Socialisme! Vive l'Internationale!" Then the little spare man got down from his seat, went up to a closet, unlocked it and took out a square box. The lights were lowered, leaving the room almost in darkness. The box was handed round and the members, one by one, took out the lots. When all had done this, including the President and his neighbor, the lights were raised; they seemed to bring a new expression to every face except Raquonart's, over whose features the shadow of a moment before still seemed to linger; immediately after, however, it was succeeded by a light of its own; his teeth glittered as he almost hissed: "A la bonne heure!"

On the following day the metropolis was thrown into a state of consternation. An event happened which made every one ask every one else if he had heard it, which made newspaper reporters run and write, and news-boys cry with the voices of men; the town seemed short of breath.

At about half-past seven in the evening, just as it was getting dusk, and people were driving home from the Row to dinner, a man suddenly vaulted into the middle of the road in that quieter part of the park near Kensington, and, holding a pistol in his hand, discharged it at the occupant of an open carriage which was then passing. The reporters said that the victim was no less a personage than His Serene Highness Prince Ludwig von Ludwigstein. As is usual in London, it was not long before a small crowd of persons collected round the vehicle, not in time, however, to assist in the arrest of the assassin, who had made his escape through the trees. As the servants and some of the crowd pressed forward to lend their assistance, they found that the occupant of the carriage had been badly shot in the face.

The authorities set the usual inquiries on foot, having a clue to the culprit's identity in the evidence given by the footman, who described him as a man with black hair, fierce dark eyes, and a white and beardless face.

That night His Serene Highness Prince Ludwigstein slept in royal repose in his Schloss at Ludwigstein; wherefore Monsieur Lucien Raquonart and his confrères had not added a new triumph to the triumphs of history.

Poor Herr von Harman recovered, but with the loss of all that resemblance to the Prince which had contributed so largely to his happiness and his misfortune.

A. EDMOND HAKE.

HUMOROUS.

NEVER insult a milkman by asking him what watering place he is going to this summer.

THE spectacle of a lot of bald-headed men in bathing is said to resemble an animated game of billiards.

DURING a military parade recently a young man in the ranks tried to bow to three girls at once, and broke his neck.

A SINGULAR individual has started a queer sort of a restaurant. He advertises "Ladies' costumes for dinner and breakfast."

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The lover musingly, fondly said;
"And yet it forms a halo fair
To-night above her sacred head!"

"Only a tress of a woman's hair!"
The maiden smiling, sweetly said,
And laid it on the back of a chair
And went to bed!

NICE is to air some new musical compositions during the winter season. Amongst other items will be an op-retto called *Parti Carré*, by M. de Lajarte, a composer of promise.