

"During the whole time of the pursuit of Booth we waited, in a dreadful state of suspense, the end. A thousand rumors were flung about, and people seemed nearly crazed with all the startling events that followed so rapidly each other in succession.

"In all these hours Bessie Hale kept in her room, and none but her mother and physician were admitted to see her.

"A day or two after the assassination—a never-to-be-forgotten day—the report came substantiated, that John Wilkes Booth had been captured and was being brought back to Washington. It was told Bessie, and she came into my room in a fearful state of excitement, and the proud, haughty, cold woman seemed to have lost all control over herself.

"I did the best I could to calm her, and finally succeeded. She wrote a letter to Booth telling him she loved him, and concluded by saying she would marry him even at the foot of the scaffold. At last the news came of his capture and death, and finally all Washington turned out to view the remains, though but few men were allowed to look upon the corpse. On the 27th of April, a small boat received the remains of the actor, and they carried the body off into the darkness, and from that darkness it will never return.

"Robert Lincoln never met Bessie Hale afterward, but, ere long, married a daughter of Senator Harlan of Iowa.

"Bessie never recovered from the shock. The shadows of the past, full of mingled sweat and pain, and of ecstatic dreams and abhorred reminiscences, left their imprint on mind and brain and, like one touched by Ithuriel's spear, she shivered, cowered and changed in an hour from a happy, radiant maiden into a sad, silent woman, who lived in a live world while she herself was dead. The senator carried her to Europe, hoping the change of scene would make her forget the past. Vain faith! I saw her years ago, and the fair, sweet, though pain-drawn face, the hollow eyes, the sad patient smile, haunt me like a dream."

"But, Mrs. Temple, I said, 'that was years ago. What has become of her now? I saw a marriage of Miss Hale announced in the papers a few days ago. Was it Booth's Bessie Hale?'"

"Yes," she said, "it was. But if I were to write her future life, do you know what I would denominate it?"

"I cannot tell."

"I would call it 'A DEAD WOMAN'S LIFE.'"

BEACONSFIELD.

A few weeks ago, we published an appreciation of this extraordinary man, who is now the centre of the world's attraction, from the columns of the Radical journal, the *London Spectator*. An English friend, lover of fair play, has shown us the following able paper from the Conservative *Manchester Courier*, which we willingly reproduce and commend to the thoughtful consideration of our readers.

It would be difficult to mention an English Minister of modern times who was ever subjected to more systematic attack, more unsparring censure, more venomous criticism than Lord Beaconsfield has experienced throughout the last two years. One has to go back to the days of Walpole to find parallels for such prolonged bitterness, such profound malignity. It has not been considered sufficient by the enemies of the Prime Minister to attack his administrative acts on their results. On that ground he would be safe enough, and they know it well. All manner of motives have accordingly been attributed to him—motives generally based on the assumption that he cared not what means he employed to obtain the cherished purposes of his heart. It is a mistake, however. These atrabilious censors altogether deny that the object of their hatred ever had an organ of the sort. The Lord Beaconsfield evolved from their virtuous inner consciousness is "superhuman" altogether; quite "unspeakable," in fact, like his supposed protégés, the Turks. The portrait offered to the people of England as an exact likeness of the statesman who, with Prince Bismarck, may be said to divide the wonder and the admiration of the civilized world, is that of an unscrupulous Machiavel for ever scheming and plotting for the advancement of two objects. And these ambitions of his, what are they? The first is self-aggrandisement; the second, the good of the party which, by long years of patient endeavour, he at last organized to victory. These are the broad heads of the indictment; that Lord Beaconsfield has subordinated all his duties, responsibilities, and principles to self-interest and party advancement. Let us look at these charges by the light of facts, with as impartial minds as natural indignation at baseless calumnies will admit of. Lord Beaconsfield has been influenced by personal ambition. Very possibly; my experience of mankind is pretty wide and varied, but I never knew anyone worth his salt who did not strive to reach as near as might be the topmost rung of his own particular ladder in life. I therefore grant this much of the indictment, namely, that Lord Beaconsfield, feeling what was in him, and seeing how all things are possible in this land of freedom to genius, coupled with dauntless resolution and invincible determination, braced himself up for great achievements. But it will be said that he sacrificed principle, forsook the path of duty, and put all scruples aside on his upward course. Where is the proof of these alleged evolutions of inherent dishonesty? I have read all the pamphlets, books, and articles—it was desperately unpleas-

ant work—which have been written by the Prime Minister's detractors, without finding the least proof, or even shadow of proof, that he ever subordinated the good of the State or the welfare of his party to the promotion of private ends. The charge seems to be absolutely groundless, an unwholesome fungus that has sprouted from corrupt imaginations under the heating influence of envy. No one, I believe, has ever charged my friend the late George Moore, that most estimable of merchants, with an absorbing desire of self-aggrandisement at any cost, and yet a very close parallel may be drawn between his career and that of Lord Beaconsfield, allowing for the very different walks in life they respectively followed. Mr. Moore always kept in view two main objects, his firm's prosperity, and philanthropic work generally. Lord Beaconsfield has also from the first concentrated his attention on the strengthening of his firm—the Conservative party—and on that sphere of philanthropic labour which is comprised in doing good to one's country and its inhabitants. Mr. Moore pursuing these ends, found gain and fortune fall upon him; Lord Beaconsfield following a similar course, has met with similar rewards. Why, then, should the shrewd party leader and patriotic statesman be vilified any more than the successful merchant and generous philanthropist? Very possibly both men were partly actuated by personal ambition during their struggles to reach eminence, but I hold that Lord Beaconsfield has never shown himself one whit more anxious to advance his private ends than George Moore was himself. And I take it that the most malignant detractor of the kind-hearted merchant prince—even he was made the subject of calumny—will venture to advance that charge against him. Rewards fall to hard workers, even when very different objects have been primarily striven for. Thus Livingstone earned undying fame as a geographical discoverer through his self-sacrificing zeal as a missionary. The charge of self-seeking is so clearly false in Lord Beaconsfield's case, so completely refuted by the whole conduct of his public life, that the viperous brood feel compelled to strengthen it by the loud assertion that the interests of the country have been systematically subordinated by him to the purposes of party.

Again, let us divest our minds of indignation, if that may be, and look closely into this accusation with a sincere desire to reach the truth. Lord Beaconsfield has done an immensity for the Conservative party; that is true, and his followers gratefully recognize the obligations they are under to their distinguished leader and organizer. Now that the party is in power, with a strong parliamentary majority, and with a conviction that if a general election happens this year—as happen it may—this majority will be largely increased, one is apt to forget the inexhaustible patience, the enduring fortitude, the ceaseless energy, and unquenchable hope of the man to whom Conservatism is chiefly indebted for its present proud position. Why, it seems only the other day when we used to laugh at the idea of a return to power within any reasonable period, and there was a current joke among us about Mr. Disraeli's belief in the good time coming. We could see no light ahead, and because his eyes were clearer, his guidance surer, we made merry about people who place faith in Will-o'-Wisp. All this seems to have happened but yesterday, and yet here we are, firmly established in power, with the "great Liberal party," which was to have lasted forever, broke up into antagonistic sections, and not daring to challenge a division on any great question with which the Ministry is identified. Yes, truly, Lord Beaconsfield has deserved well of his party, for never did political leader achieve more astounding results in face of adverse circumstances. But this charge of sacrificing all other considerations in order to increase the strength of his side—what proof is there? I know not; being a Conservative, I am necessarily "stupid," and cannot see matters that are clear to those *illuminati*, the Liberals. But there is this advantage to short-sighted folks like myself: they sometimes see things close at hand which are overlooked by the long-sighted. What do I see then with this dim vision of mine in regard to Lord Beaconsfield's alleged subordination of patriotism to party? I see him to begin with, driving the head of the House of Thynne into revolt, because he would not alter the foreign policy of this country, so as to suit the views of a certain religious propaganda. Next I see him parting with a minister colleague of high ability, great popularity, and extensive electoral influence, sooner than allow England to bow the neck, however slightly, to foreign domination. Then I see him sorrowfully sundering the long enduring ties, personal as well as political, that bound him to the puissant House of Stanley—a sacrifice, the full weight of which will probably never be known until a tomb in Westminster closes the career of the foremost statesman of modern times. Finally, I see him bitterly attacked by that great Conservative bulwark, the Duke of Rutland—him, the very man who is said to fish for dukes with party hooks. Thus, then, the supposed unscrupulous politician, the deft wire puller whose whole career has been devoted to the attainment of petty party success—this very man I find to have quite recently lost for his party the support of four great Conservative chieftains, because it could only be retained by what he considered, rightly or wrongly, the humiliation of the country. It matters not, in this connection, whether the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield has been wise or foolish, good or bad. I hold it to have been and to be eminently sagacious, eminently beneficial. This,

however, is a matter of opinion, and I am acquainted with several honest people who conscientiously take the opposite view. No question of that sort is at stake in the point I have just raised. It is, whether Lord Beaconsfield can be really so inordinately absorbed by a lust for party and personal aggrandisement, when he is found deliberately sacrificing connection of the highest political and social influence for no other object than what he considers to be the honour of the country. In other men, this would be judged the highest form of patriotism; why then, in the name of common justice, is an equal measure of justice kept back from the Prime Minister? Kept back indeed! Would that his enemies contented themselves with thrusting their venomous tongues into their cheeks in silence. But what has been heard throughout England for many months past? All manner of baseless calumnies, every sort of damaging falsehood that could be created out of the gossip of the gutter. The other Ministers have either been patted on the back occasionally or cast contemptuously aside as mere supporters. It was Lord Beaconsfield who had determined to plunge England into an unnecessary and wicked war to gratify his personal spite to the Czar and to appease the insatiable cravings of his own vanity and ambition. It was Lord Beaconsfield who had laid a deep plot to juggle away the Constitution by incessantly stretching the prerogatives of the Crown. It was Lord Beaconsfield who loved the unrighteous Turk and would like to see the integrity of the Turkish Empire preserved, even at the cost of incalculable suffering and wrong to the Christian races of Eastern Europe. It was Lord Beaconsfield who—but, there, I am tired and sick of going through the lying list. Let those who wish to inform their minds as to the enormities laid to Lord Beaconsfield's account during the last eighteen months or so, resort to the back files of the Liberal press, and there they will find this great patriot and statesman pilloried day by day by unscrupulous knaves for the edification and amusement of unreasoning fools. But the hour of revenge is at hand; the moment of triumph draws nigh, when the name of Beaconsfield will be echoed through Europe, nay, through the whole world, as that of the man who gave back to England the prestige and authority which had gradually slipped out of her hands under the ignoble rule of truckling, nerveless Governments. What will become of the oft-repeated assertions about Lord Beaconsfield's desire to plunge that country into war, when it is seen by his straightforwardness and resolution the world has secured a just and durable peace? What will become of the empty chatter about unconstitutional proceedings when the fact then stands forth that the greatest English Prime Minister of modern times has succeeded in defining the exact limitation of authority possessed both by the Crown and Parliament under our ancient Constitution? What will be said about his alleged affection for "the unspeakable one" when the world sees England coming forward at the Congress as the defender of the provinces to be enfranchised, against the domination of Russia, and as the Champion of Hellas, the destined heir of Stamboul? The hour is close at hand when the clouds of calumny that have whirled around Lord Beaconsfield will be blown sheer away into the limbo appointed for malarious vapours, and then England will recognize the full value of the old servant who has done her work so faithfully and so thoroughly, amid a very deluge of miscellaneous garbage. It will be a bad time for the malignants then; a parlous bad time. For may it not be that Lord Beaconsfield will repay them for their unscrupulous efforts to drag him down, by turning his unbounded popularity to account for the permanent advantage of his party? Were he to dissolve Parliament and go to the country immediately after the termination of the coming Congress's deliberations, Lord Beaconsfield would do that very thing the fear of which has really lain at the root of half the calumnies that have been heaped on his name.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

MANY girls have no mind to speak of, and yet they are continually talking about giving somebody a piece of it.

THE wolf, says a Russian proverb, changes its hair every year. The young lady of the period does better; she changes hers every afternoon.

NOW is the season when a fond-hearted parent is called upon for a fifty-dollar dress for his daughter who is to read a fifty-cent essay at close of school.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw stones at a hen, but she can pack more articles into a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

A SCHOOL-TEACHER at Easthampton, Mass., tried to thrash the whole school at once, instead of taking a dozen at a time. Among his other damages are twenty-seven bites.

A LITTLE girl wanted more buttered toast, but was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her sick. "Well," said she, "give me anuzzer piece and send for the doctor."

A LITTLE six-year-old came to her grandfather the other day, with a trouble weighing on her mind. "Aunt says the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "Because I have been looking in the Bible, and found that the moon was made before the cows."

"Are the children safe?" says the *Christian Union*. Quite safe, we assure you. They are up in the garret playing hotel fire. Jimmie is the clerk, and is trying to slide down the water-pipe to the ground. Willie is a guest, hanging to the window-sill, and waiting for the flames to reach his hands before he tries to drop to the shed roof, two stories below; and Tom is an heroic fireman, and has tied his fishing-line around the baby's body and is letting it down to the ground. Oh, yes, the children are all right. Just finish your call, and don't fret about the children.

LITERARY.

CHARLES READE claims to have forgotten the names of his early books. In which he resembles most of their readers.

BRYANT wrote "Thanatopsis" at eighteen, Dickens wrote "Pickwick" at twenty-two, and Bulwer wrote "Pelham" at the same age.

SIR THOMAS URQUHART, the translator of "Rabelais," had twenty-five brothers and eleven sisters, all of whom were living at the same time.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER is going to publish, in London, next September, a new volume of poems, to be called *Songs of Far Away Lands*. The volume will be one of some magnitude, and is dedicated to Lord Houghton.

HYGIENIC.

ITALIAN physicians give a solution of chloral in glycerine for diphtheria.

BROMIDE of quinine is said to be a better hypnotic than bromide of potassium.

COMMON baking soda—the bicarbonate—has been found to cure burns or scalds, affording immediate relief when promptly applied. For a dry burn the soda should be made into paste with water. For a scald or wet burned surface the powdered soda (or borax will do as well) should be dusted on.

A RECENT London letter to the *Medical Times* gives an interesting abstract of a lecture by Dr. Alfred Carpenter on "Alcoholic Drinks as Diet, as Medicines, and as Poisons." The lecturer considered that alcohol in any of its forms may be a good medicine, "but it is a bad diet, and that its action as a poison is visible among all ranks of society." He summed up its effects very strikingly in saying that "work which is kept going by continuous doses of alcohol always ends in a break down. If it is taken for the purpose of increasing muscular exertion, ultimately there is greater loss of muscular power, as all athletes know. If mental exertions are kept going by alcohol, there is a mental break down, as the lunatic asylums testify."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE piano recitals of Von Bulow in Paris have not all been financial successes.

AMONG the compositions of Rossini sold in MS. recently, was a Requiem for a mother-in-law.

VICTORIEN SARDOU is said to have nearly completed a new play for the Boston Theatre.

IT is a mistake to suppose that theatres flourish in London more than in New York. Most of the managers there are, or have been, bankrupt, and the attendance on an average is smaller than in New York.

WHILE sopranos seeking positions in America are said to be as abundant as summer leaves, good contraltos are few and far between. There is no sweeter church music than that which is often rendered by the rich, sympathetic, mellow voices possessed by those who belong to the last-named school.

HERMANN LINDE, the German actor, says that a truly pious veneration for Shakespeare's works would restore the man-actors in certain of the great female characters, for which it is almost impossible to obtain actresses of sufficient power. *Lady Macbeth* he considers a much more heroic part than *Macbeth* himself, and does not believe that any woman has ever played it adequately.

WOMEN first appeared on the stage in England in 1661. The event is recorded in "Pepy's Diary," February 12. "By water to Salisbury Court play-house, where, not liking to sit, we went out again, and by coach to the theatre, and there saw 'The Scornful Lady,' now done by a woman, which makes the play much better than ever it did to me." The woman who played on that occasion was Mrs. Marshall.

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Old bachelors who never smoke.

People who will suffer from indigestion, constipation, and torpid liver, or "billsiness," when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets are known to be reliable and speedy remedies for these diseases.

Old maids who do not love cats.

People who have catarrh, annoying and disgusting every one around them, when Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is known to be a potent remedy for this disease.

Women who do not love babies.

Women who will suffer from all those painful diseases to which the sex is heir, when Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is admitted by every lady who uses it to be an efficient remedy for these maladies.

People who believe their progenitors were apes.

People who will read about "Helen's Babies," and "That Husband of Mine," and "That Wife of Mine," and "That Mother-in-law of Mine," and "That Son-in-law of Mine," and yet fail to read about themselves in "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser."

Christians quarreling with each other on their way to Heaven.

People who will seek health at fashionable watering places, smothering at Saratoga or Long Branch, or sacrificing themselves to "Graham diet" at water Cures and Health Institutes, when the magnificent Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, offers all the elegant comforts of the finest hotels combined with the best sanitary advantages,—Russian, Turkish, and plunge baths, gymnasium, etc.,—and is situated in and near some of the finest natural scenery in the Empire State.

The most peculiar of all are the people who read these paragraphs and fail to profit by them.