

which my loyalty compels me to make. I would gladly shed the last drops of my blood in his service; but I do not feel strong enough to sacrifice my happiness."

"And this noble Demoiselle d'Erlanges—where is she?" said Henry III., after a moment's pause.

"Here, sire—near your majesty."

"Let this marvel approach," said the king, in a tone of irony.

At this command, and with her face suffused with blushes, Diane tremblingly advanced towards the king, who contemplated her for some little time in silence.

"Madame," he said at length, "your hand."

Then detaching from his collar a ring of enormous value, he placed it upon one of Diane's fingers, adding—"Madame, be good enough to leave to me the care of your wedding presents. Approach also, marquise."

Henry III. took Raoul's hand and placed that of Diane within it; then, after gazing for a few moments on the kneeling couple, he moved away murmuring:

"Poor kings!—so envied, yet so much to be pitied!"

THE END.

## A SUMMER NOON.

A dell knee-deep with flower-sprinkled grass, Grand, stately beeches, on whose silvery bark, Deep-cut are lovers' names; tall feathery ferns, Wherein the rabbit crouches—nodding cups Of myriad harebells, wealth of orchid-blossoms, Lie 'neath the warm glow of a summer noon. The lazy sun-gold flickers on the leaves, And in the blackthorn-thicket, voiceless, mute, Couches the blackbird, resting until eve, When he again may tune his mellow pipe.

Nature is hushed, and her siesta takes. Beneath the ardent sun-rays—all is still! The wearied waggoner—his face on arm— Lies slumbering on the hay-cart, moments brief Of swift forgetfulness, quick-snatched from toil, And doubly sweet the theft. The crickets rest Amid the ripening wheat; the grasshopper Has ceased his amorous chirp; the very reeds Scarce care to bend them in the river breeze, For all creation seeks a brief sweet rest.

Drowsily in the passion-flowers hum Crown-banded bees, and on the unripe peach Marauder-wasps settle in pirate swarms, Eager for plunder. From the green leaves peep The ripening nectarines and apricots; The jargonelle hangs reddening on the wall, And the first purple hue of lusciousness Tinges the mellowing plum; the sovereign quince Is burdened with her treasures; yellowing globes Of apples bend the laden orchard boughs Low to the rank, tall grass; rich mulberries Color space, and the green hazel-nuts Begin to change to russet, bounteous gifts Of God-directed nature unto man!

All The Year Round.

## A BALLOON RETROSPECT.

A LETTER OF 1940 TO BE READ IN 1873.

NEW YORK, July 21, 1940.

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—It is now more than fifty years since the sun began to arise in the west; in other words, since that memorable time when the earth stood still for days together, when in the long darkness which reigned throughout the hemisphere men's hearts failed them because of fear, and thousands died from fright alone. Ah! well I remember it all, as distinctly as though it were an affair of last week.

No fact is more fully admitted now than that of the existence of an upper air current moving around the globe. When you and I embarked on the mammoth "Graphic" last year, in London, with seventeen hundred passengers on board, not a soul was there who did not know of the existence of this current, and who did not trust with certainty that it would land the great aerial ship in New York within forty-eight hours. This westward current swept eastward when I was a lad. Nor was it generally known that such a current existed. It was believed in by the first aeronaut who crossed the Atlantic, Mr. Wise; but scientific men, prior to that period, had not generally adopted it. They could give no satisfactory reason for the revolution of the earth upon its axis. But that first transatlantic voyage settled the question, and the construction of vast air-ships, and the establishment of a regular line of them around the world, was but the work of a few years. They were not so large then as now, for no ship, prior to the change of the current, carried more than 1,200 people, and you remember that the *Monarch* brought over 3,500 on one of her trips last summer. In fact, there were not many improvements in aerial navigation during the first twenty years of which I speak. The electro-magnetic engine which has for many years taken the place of steam, and which propels the great air-ships to Europe against the current in four days, was not then thought of. Nor could gas be generated from the atmosphere during a voyage.

I said it was fifty years ago. Let me see.

Yes, fifty years one week from to-day. I was then engaged as night editor on *The Daily Graphic*. It must have been between twelve and one o'clock at night, while running over the contents of the despatches, my eye fell on something like the following dated at Boston:

"Word comes from the Cambridge Observatory that there are indications of a fearful calamity about to befall our world. No further particulars received."

I paid little heed to the despatch, but in half an hour came the following:

"A terrible fate hourly awaits our globe and its inhabitants! The diurnal motion of the earth is ceasing; it grows less and less each moment. No sun will rise in the morning."

Within a half hour similar messages came from the different observatories of the country. The news was carried to the street and through the city. Two hundred guns were fired at the Battery, the bells were rung, and before three o'clock everybody was awake and out of doors. But no great change was manifest to people who were ignorant of the true position of the planets and stars. In the meantime, despatches came thick and fast from London, Dresden, Pekin, and evidently there was a reign of terror everywhere. In Pekin it was broad day and the sun was standing still. We issued an *Extra Graphic* at four o'clock in the morning, and sold a hundred thousand copies. The multitude on the street declared that the sun would rise as usual; but, when they saw there was no indication of dawn, no ray of light in the east, they went wild with despair. It was a fearful sight indeed. Towards eight o'clock there were indications of a reign of lawlessness, and the Mayor issued a proclamation to the effect that any man found committing an act of depredation might be shot down by the nearest observer. Cannon and soldiers were placed in many localities, and no serious trouble occurred. Indeed, thousands of the worst characters were found in and around the churches, perfectly panic-stricken, on their knees in prayer. Every drinking saloon was ordered to be closed up, but the order was scarcely necessary, as the liquor dealers seemed more terrified than any other class. The proprietors of one of the largest wholesale establishments, at eight o'clock, went deliberately at work and stove in the head of every cask on his premises, and then rushed down to Trinity Church. People all at once became astonishingly liberal, and gave away their money as though it had been but drops. At A. T. Stewart's, and hundreds of other places, bills were posted up inviting employes to call at the office as usual on Saturday night for their pay. The horse railroads and steamboats carried everybody free. There was but one notable exception, and that was the gas companies, who shut off their gas on the street at half-past eight, leaving the city in total darkness, and the officers declared that they must have some pledge of payment from the city ere they would light it again. But the Mayor immediately sent the Seventh Regiment to take possession of all the gas-works, and from that time these works have been owned and controlled by the city.

The first news of importance which came from Europe was a telegram, sent on the third day of the darkness, stating that a party of journalists were going up in one of the second-class ships, in hope of finding a current at a higher altitude. Later news came that the balloon, after attaining a height of about four miles, was seen to shoot rapidly westward. On the following afternoon this ship came down at Central Park station; and the captain stated that he had never witnessed such a gale. This was good news indeed. Many predicted that the earth would soon begin to move again, and that the long-wished-for sun would return. And so I hoped as I entered my state-room on board the "Donaldson," having been appointed by *The Daily Graphic* to accompany the London and New York journalists westward. We made San Francisco in fifteen hours, driven as by a hurricane. There we took on board several representatives of the press, and away we flew towards the light of day.

And what a wild scene there was on board when we shot into the broad daylight over a sea as calm as a mountain lake, past islands all glorious in sunshine, on, on, until we sighted the pagodas of Pekin and came down at the station. And here we heard the welcome news. Slowly the great world was again moving on her course. An Almighty Engineer, whom winds and waves obey, had reversed her motion, and slowly she was obeying his behest. And this is how the sun came to arise in the west. At some future time I may write you further particulars of our home voyage. How I saw London when the sun first gilded the spire of St. Paul's, after the long, long night, and how the people went wild with joy, and many other things which I have not now time to write.—*Daily Graphic*.

A COUNTRY newspaper commences an article with the following sage observation, "Few persons build a story and a half house who do not very soon regret that they had not made it two story." There is a great deal of morality and not a little philosophy in this remark. In the conduct of life there is nothing like starting out for enough. There is great good in trying for just a little more than we shall probably win. All men who have been successful have done this. Human achievement must always be something smaller than the best human aspiration. Try for a two story house, and you will at least get a story and a half, perhaps with a Mansard roof thrown in!

## TATTOOING, SAVAGE AND CIVILISED (2).

The practice of tattooing, or indelibly marking the skin with colored pigments, is very ancient, and has probably at some period or other been adopted by nearly every nation on the globe. In the south of Europe, Northern Africa, all over Asia, portions of America, and in Australia, New Zealand, and the numberless islands of the Pacific and Indian Oceans, has this practice been followed as an art in some period of their history; whilst among more civilised nations, it is not an uncommon custom in certain classes of the community, being adopted through motives of curiosity or to gratify some passing whim.

The operation is a troublesome and painful one, but in some countries it is fashionable, and is considered honorable, and what will not people undergo for the sake of vying with their neighbors in ornament and appearance?

The method of tattooing adopted in the present day amongst ourselves does not differ much from that used by barbarous tribes in remote ages, except in the kind of pigment used to produce the stain. In all cases, in order to produce a permanent result, it is necessary to remove the epidermis or outer skin—which is constantly changing, and is partly destroyed at every operation of washing—so as to expose the derma or true skin. This is a thin, delicate membrane, very fully supplied with fine blood-vessels, so that it is impossible to puncture it without causing bleeding; and any stain passing through this membrane will be permanent, and visible through the dry scales forming the epidermis.

The instrument most commonly used is made of three or four needles tied together, and fastened at the end of a piece of wood which forms a handle; but the point of a knife, or a surgeon's lancet, will do equally well. The device to be tattooed is drawn upon the skin, and then by a quick lateral motion, like a prick and a scratch combined, exactly as a surgeon performs the operation of vaccination, the outer skin is removed, and this is continued until the blood exudes over the whole of the surface operated upon. The coloring matter is then rubbed into the exposed skin, and passes partly through it into the delicate capillary vessels ruptured by the instrument. Indigo, Indian ink, and gunpowder are the substances chiefly employed by modern tattooers; but various colored earths are still used in some countries, and probably were entirely used among savage tribes—where tattooing was employed for ornament and as a mark of rank and position—before their discovery by Europeans.

After the operation is performed, the parts become inflamed and swollen, and are very painful for some days; the amount of inflammation depending upon the area of skin operated upon, and the extent to which the operation is carried. It ought to be stopped immediately blood is drawn by the needles, so that the pigment injected may remain in the fine veins, and not be drawn into the general circulation. As soon as the inflammation has subsided, and the outer skin has again grown over the place, the design tattooed is shown in permanent color on the surface of the body, the hue varying from a greenish blue to black, according to the pigment used; and this, if properly performed, will remain distinct during life, becoming very slightly fainter through lapse of time.

We have spoken of tattooing as an art, and this it undoubtedly is among certain nations and tribes, especially in New Zealand and some of the South-Sea Islands. In many cases the whole of the face is covered with well-drawn symmetrical figures; in others nearly the entire body is thus operated on. Darwin, in his *Voyage round the World*, informs us that at Tahiti he found "most of the men tattooed, and the ornaments follow the curvature of the body so gracefully that they have a very elegant effect. One common pattern, varying in its details, is somewhat like the crown of a palm-tree. It springs from the central line of the back, and gracefully curls round both sides. The simile may be a fanciful one, but I thought the body of a man thus ornamented was like the trunk of a noble tree embraced by a delicate creeper. Many of the elder people had their feet covered with small figures so as to resemble a sock. This fashion, however, has partly gone by, and has been succeeded by others. Here, although fashion is far from immutable, every one must abide by that prevailing in his youth. An old man has thus his age for ever stamped upon his body, and he cannot assume the airs of a young dandy. The women are tattooed in the same manner as the men, and very commonly on their fingers.

M. de Bougainville, writing of Tahiti, says: "Both sexes have a custom of staining their bodies, which they call tattooing; and both men and women have the hinder parts of their thighs and loins marked very thick with black lines in various forms. These marks are made by striking the teeth of an instrument, somewhat like a comb, just through the skin, and rubbing into the punctures a kind of paste made of soot and oil, which leaves an indelible stain."

The same kind of instrument is used by the New Zealanders, most of the South-Sea Islanders, and also by the Chinese and Japanese at the present day. This art is practised as a profession among these barbarous tribes as painting and other decorative arts are in civilised communities, and operators travel about the country for this purpose. Mr. Darwin, in the charming *Voyage* from which we have already quoted, tells us that in New Zealand the wives of the missionaries tried to persuade the native women not to be tattooed, "but a famous oper-

ator having arrived from the south, they said, 'We really must just have a few lines on our lips; else when we grow old our lips will shrivel, and we shall be so very ugly.' There is not nearly so much tattooing as formerly; but as it is a badge of distinction between the chief and the slave, it will probably long be practised. So soon does any train of ideas become habitual, that the missionaries told me that even in their eyes a plain face looked mean, and like that of a New Zealand gentleman."

The degree of rank of a New Zealand chief is indicated by the greater or less surface of skin covered by these indelible marks, and they give to a chief of position a most forbidding and ferocious aspect. When the face is covered, the lines are made to follow the curves of the features, and are thus symmetrical, although complicated; and the play of the muscles being hidden, and in some cases the superficial muscles being perhaps destroyed by the operation, an air of rigid inflexibility is given to the countenance, which serves to increase their otherwise savage and barbarous appearance.

Among some tribes, too, tattooing is the method of recording prizes for agility in running or dexterity in the chase, as well as for warlike exploits, and these, in some islands of the North Pacific and Chinese Seas, take the form of fantastical figures of flowers, trees, and animals. The same method is also adopted by some tribes of North American Indians, to distinguish those who are eminent for bravery or other qualifications, every instance of heroism being in this way marked by some appropriate ornament.

In Morocco, too, it was formerly the practice for the women, "to add to their beauty, to imprint on their face, neck, and almost every part of their body representations of flowers and other figures," but tattooing among the Moors is now almost entirely obsolete.

In China and Japan tattooing has reached a high state of perfection, though here as in other civilised countries it is not used—or very rarely—as an adornment to those parts of the body usually exposed to view, but rather as a matter of curiosity on parts covered by clothing. There are some exceptions to this rule however. In the island of Saghalien, for instance, it is very common to tattoo the upper lip all over of a blue color. The Japanese, by the use of different colored clays and other pigments, produce pictures of animals and portraits in the natural hues, with tints and shadings of color which are quite artistic in character. Many of the operators have a considerable number of designs, by which means they stamp rather than draw the figures, in the same way as the South-Sea Islanders.

In our own country tattooing has for a long time been commonly practised among certain classes of people, chiefly the poorer, and such as are branded together in large numbers, and are at certain times cut off from intercourse with society. That such freaks of folly are not confined to these classes, however, is fully shown by the evidence given in that *cause célèbre* which has, during the past two years, given rise to so much excitement in this country, so that "the tattoo marks" has now become "familiar in our mouths as household words." It is, however, among our sailors, "navvies," and, strange to say, among our thieves, that we must now look for examples of civilised (?) tattooing.

It is, perhaps, not much to be wondered at that seamen, confined in numbers to a very limited area and often thrown upon their own resources for a considerable portion of their time, should find some relief for their pent up energies in tattooing each other.

In some cases, the most elaborate or the most fantastic designs are faintly traced, and with the help of a few needles and a little indigo are indelibly fixed on the skin of the far who patiently submits to this species of torture. We have seen on the breast of a bronzed and stalwart seaman in Her Majesty's service, in fine dark blue etching, a full-rigged three-decker, with her port-holes, guns, masts, spars, and rigging, correctly drawn, while a somewhat disproportionate cable from the same ship passed over his shoulder and down his broad back, where she was securely anchored. The exuberant spirit of our sailors occasionally finds vent in this way in the most extravagant and ridiculous ideas; but perhaps the commonest "tattoo marks" they indulge in are a ring round the finger and round the wrist, and the favorite anchor on the fore-arm. One or other of these is almost universal.

Jack is also very fond of imprinting the name of his ship on his breast; or if he has the luck to have been in an engagement, he is sure to record the same on his flesh, much in the same way as an Alpine traveller records the ascent of snowy mountain peaks on his Alpenstock.

The arrival of an English ship in Japanese waters is a windfall for the native artist. In spite of remonstrances and threats of punishment from their superior officers, the young midshipmen, and those sailors whose good fortune it is to obtain leave to go ashore, usually return with a well executed portrait of some fair member of the softer sex imprinted on the arm or elsewhere, which will remain with them during life, often to their great regret in after-years, however proud they may be of their achievement before the novelty has worn away. Many sailors are not satisfied with one figure, but have their arms and sometimes the chest more or less covered.

The custom of tattooing is very common among navvies engaged on large railway works, reservoirs, and other undertakings, especially in remote country districts. It does not prevail, however, to so large an extent in this class of