

## THE LAST DEPARTURE—ALONE.

"Je mourrai seul."—*Pascal.*

The silent chariot standeth at the door.  
The house is hushed and still from roof to floor.  
None heard the sound of its mysterious wheels.  
Yet each its presence feels.

No champing bit, nor tramp of pawing feet.  
All dark and silent up and down the street.  
And yet thou may'st not keep it waiting there  
For one last kiss or prayer.

Thy words, with some strange Other interchanged.  
Strike cold across us like loved eyes estranged.  
With things that are not fraught: our things that are  
Fade like a sun-struck star.

And thou too weak and agonized to lift  
The cup to quench thy dying thirst, or shift  
Thy pillow, now without our help must rise.  
Nor wait our ministrations.

Thou, loved and cherished, must go forth alone.  
None see thee fondly to the door, not one:  
No head is turned to see thee go; we stay  
Where thou art not, and pray.

No panel bars thy white, resistless feet.  
Our walls are mist to thee; out in the street  
It waits, it waits for thee, for thee alone:  
"Arise, for thou art gone!"

Alone, alone, upon thy awful way!  
Do any show thee kindness? Any stay  
Thy heart? Or does the silent chariot  
Whisper, "Be of good cheer?"

We know not. None may follow thee afar  
None hear the sound of thy departing car.  
Only vast silence like a strong, black sea  
Rolls in 'twixt us and thee.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

## THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

"For sale: One family ghost, with big bones and plenty of them—spiritual outfit complete! Answers to the name of Joel Cardeck, and can be seen any midnight on the Boxleigh hedge-road with the head tucked under its arms, and—what did you say it was doing last night, George, dear?"

"Pointing at its throat like this," illustrates young George, placidly, "and moaning—so—like a dog tied."

"I don't see what more could be expected of any ancestor," goes on Anne, practically. "And as the public ought to be pretty tired by this time of misty maidens in Swiss muslin and feathers, and moldy old male spirits who do nothing but prow around and smell bad, I should think our enterprising Joel might bring his weight in gold, and if only there were chains—you are dead sure you heard no phantom chains, whose clanking melody sounded like the laughter of fiends in hellish glee, George, dear?"

"It might have been only bones," ventures George, cautiously, "but it sounded like chains, rusty ones, all over blood, and the smell was just—brimstone!"

"Young people," I observed, imposingly, "if you really appreciated the disastrous condition of the House of Cardeck, you would not—"

"Spare us!" implores Anne, who is lying in a pink gingham heap under the willows, with her arms doubled like a jack knife over her eyes. "We have had Geoffrey Cardeck with our daily bread now, until I am absolutely pining for him to take us by the back of our necks and fling us out, by way of a pleasant change. Ain't you, George, dear?"

"I won't have any meddling with my neck, though," announces the young heathen, who is sprawled out on a crust of bank, with his brown legs dangling over the spring stream.

"We are not a pack of thieves, I hope, in spite of our looks," continues my sister, in most objectionably virtuous tones. "And if Boxleigh really and truly does belong to the interloping Geof—"

"Boxleigh does not belong to Geoffrey Cardeck," I cry, in a gust of contradiction, "merely because the will is missing—"

"But there was no will, Janet; remember how suddenly poor Uncle Joe was called away—"

"Don't tell me! Do you suppose for one minute that Uncle Joe was the sort of a man to willfully die of vertigo, and then go to heaven in cold blood before protecting us from want, when he knew that Geoffrey Cardeck would be down on us like a hawk—"

"All right," assents my sister, rising and stretching her long young arms; "have it your own way, lady; only, as I helped to ransack the house from garret to cellar and then clean back again, you will have to excuse me for keeping my opinion for my pains. I tell you, Janet, we might as well make up our minds to be grateful to Geoffrey Cardeck for allowing us to live here these last two years—unless we can auction off George's ghost and buy the old place in."

That is just like Anne, winding up our daily arguments with a distracting sort of cruelty that makes me long beyond all things to shake her hard!

"And I tell you," I exclaim, savagely, "that I mean to fight his right here every step of the way. You submit. I do not. Alone as I am, without one friend—"

"Dar's a big white yangel by yo' side a flo't'n.  
N' he's wings am de colah ob de dawn."

"Uncle Gab'l must think himself a real born robin," laughs Anne, gayly, as the three of us turn to watch him shuffling down the thread of path that winds from a cabin on the hill top to the spring:

"N' ef you'm got a burd'n you' a tired ob a tot'n.  
Des you drap it 'n He'll ketch it sho's you bawn—  
—hi!"

"Maw'nin', chil'n, maw'nin'!" Pears ter me dis yar spring an' des' de cooles' spot on de whole fahm—pears ter me so.  
A gaunt, shriveled old creature, with a face as brown as a cocoanut and a temper as sweet as its milk, flapping trousers of faded blue cotton, and a wilted shirt as white as a curd—that is Uncle Gab'l as he sets his tub on the shady stones and dips his gourd in the spring.

"Uncle Gab'l," straightaway begins Anne, with malice aforethought—I see it in her eyes. "Do you believe Georgie saw the ghost last night, do you?"

"A chile dat trows stones at de frawg dat keeps the spring sweet," he answers, slowly, fishing from the patched depths of his pocket a gorgeous thing in bandanas, with which he mops his face, "am gwine ter see wus'n goeses, fo' he's done; you heah me?"

"Of course, you have seen it," she goes on, suggestively, for Anne dearly loves to wheedle the old soul out of his stock of stories.

"Des es plain's I see you all chilern' sartin' heah—down in dat clump o' cedars by de bresh fence—now des watch dat 'dichus frawg, hoppin' so oneasy like, same's ef I was'n ole frens wib ebry spot on his back. I clar ter de Lawd, Marse (Gawge, honey—"

"Oh, Uncle Gab'l," comes the pathetic interruption, "do give the thing time to get over its jumps, and tell us about the ghost; please, do!"

"It takes a monsus long time, chile," he says, uneasily. "N' de ole 'oman's a waitin' twel I fotches her de water. Yo' Aunt Ria's done got mos' p'tic'lar wib yo' po' Uncle Gab'l, chil'n cawse he's so ole dat she cawn't trus'n him out'n her sight—dead cawn't she."

He seems rather proud of this disastrous state of affairs, and in spite of Anne's protests, pours gourd after gourd of water in his tub till it trickles down its cool, dark sides; then swinging it to his head with a mighty grunt is tottering up the path again, when something in Anne's face—such a pretty face it is, with buttercup hair, and cheeks like the little pink flowers that grow in the wheat—prompts me to keep Aunt Ria waiting.

"Uncle Gab'l," I call after him, "I see your tobacco looks ready to cut—"

"Dead am it!" The dark face flashes into a chuckle as he turns it cautiously—tub and all—toward me. "Ise monsus feard Ise got de bes' crop o' baccas af any niggah clar roun'! Ise been 'lowin' to de Lawd dis long time dat de ole 'oman's hopes was sot on a two hoghead crap, and dat dar was debts 'nuf fur ter eat up es many ground leaves es He please Hoeser to gib me 'thout countin' de par o' shoes er piece we'm obleeged ter buy—'n spect'n He gwine ter heah my prar, Miss Janet, honey. I trus'n in His word, an' I turns de turkeys in de field regl'r ter eat de wurms—'n I spec'n de Lawd gwine ter heah ole Gab'l's prar!"

"I wish, then, you would pray for Boxleigh," I say, with laughing irreverence, and I am very properly ashamed of myself when he set his tub on the grass and answers, simply:

"I dus pray, honey, I prays hard 'n I sings. Look at me, chil'n," he goes on, turning around so that we can get the full benefit of the patches that make up his shabby outlines, "des' look at yo' ole Uncle Gab'l a standin' heah wib his wool mos' white 'n he's skin es black es pisin! You knows he cawn't read de Gawspel. You sees fo' yo' own se'f dat he goes bar' foot ob a Sunday in Saffmer time 'n dat he's chil'n 'n nuffin' but a passle ob rusty niggahs! Now whar would I be ef I didn't believe in prar? Don't I trus'n His promis' ter wash me whiter'n snow? Don't I know Ise gwine ter hab wings ob gold'n fadders 'n a yarp! Now, min' what I done tole you, ef so be de Lawd gwine ter take the time 'n trubble to shine up a wull's ole niggah critter widout a cent in he's pocket 'n owes fur de lan he libs on, why mout'n He do as much for fus' class white folks chil'ns like you'ns be—dat's de quesh'n I'm a axin' you, Miss Janet, honey, 'n now whars de answer ter match?"

Emphatically there is none! There is such a wealth of belief in his homely words, such a pathetic faith in the religion he has picked up in his simple ways, that I can say absolutely nothing!

"I guess grandpa used to pray hard," mentions Anne, with the most startling innocence, considering she knows, as well as the rest of the county, that Ignatius Cardeck was as wicked as mankind comes.

Uncle Gab'l, who has settled his tub on his head again, pauses, puts it back on the grass for the second time, and says, impressively:

"Mos folks sot'n in Marse Nace down fur a regular Bezebebn, but he had his pints 'n dey was good pints. Lawd! you all chil'n ain't seen nuf'n—you des er lib'd afo' de wah! Dem wus de times fur Boxleigh; you alls ain't up ter de tricks ob dis yar 'ceitful ole place, cawse Marse Joey was allus des es peaceful es a little chile. Gawd in Heben bless 'n! But when Marse Nace afore him settled hisself down ter his badness, he des' uster make his ole fahm as lively, chil'n, es a fox a racin' thro' de woods wib he heall's tail on fiah—now min' I'm a talk'n! I was to'n de ole 'oman des last night, dat ebry time I heah de squinch-owls a-hollerin' it allus sots me stedy'n ob de night Marse Nace got clar out'n he's senses 'n staked Missie Rose on de keard board—dars a wull's ole he squinch-owl up in de pines yander—"

I, even I, Janet Cardeck, with my vengeful heart and steady purpose, have so far forgotten

my wrongs for the minute that I watch as breathlessly as Anne while Uncle Gab'l stretches suspiciously towards the tub—takes a long drink from the brown gourd that bobs on its surface—and then, settling his old bones comfortably on the grass, goes on:

"Dat squinches pezactly like the squinch-owl dat squinched de night Marse Nace cussed de squinch-owl, pezactly! It wus des er 'bout dis time o' de yar, craps wus growin' mad all de same's weeds, 'n de sun come down hot 'n yaller on a pass'l o' black niggah critters Marse Nace called him own. Dar neber breved a Cardeck in my time, chil'n, dat eber raised a lash or sold a 'oman, 'n dar wus'n't a slave in Marse Nace's but what lub'd de ground he walked on, des de same's ole Gab'l lubs you all chil'ns heah. Well'm, de house wus chuck full o' town gen'l'm down fur de fish 'n an' de likes, 'n in de lot was a stranger put'n come from clar 'cross de seas somewhars, 'n de minute he sot'n hes eyes on little Missie Rose 'pears like he couldn't riz'm ol'n her, nowise—dats yo' maw I'm tolin you 'bout, chill'n, yo' own maw dat bawnded you. She wus'er purty little critter, like de posies in de gahden and de robins in de tree, 'n des es full of good es a Christmas stock'n, but she had her ways, mind you, 'n one o' 'em wuster up 'n hate dat English'rman wus'n a bush'l o' snakes. Bumby de gemmin' arx Marse Nace fur ter let he marry her. Marse Nace he laff'n say, 'All right'; Missie Rose she spunk up 'n say 'No!' Den 'long cum young Marse Gawge a ridin' to cote Missie Rose, an' she 'lows ter her paw dat she mean ter marry her cousin or die in de 'tempt—cose Marse Nace gib in lubin 'nuff arter dat, cawse dar waru't mor'n a top sile o' badness on hes heart, de roots wus all right, 'n he let dat English'rman huff he's se'f oil quick, now I tell you. But des er 'bout de time o' de wed'n heah he cum ridin' back es big es life, an'—its a fac I'm tolin' you, chil'n—Marse Nace he sot'n hisself down at dat 'ar keard bode'n—arter losin' ebry head o' niggah on de fahm 'Boxleigh in de barg'n—dat devil English'r say, so coax'n, put Missie Rose up, 'n mebbe he win 'em all back ag'n—see! Fes yo' granpaw look'd same's a thunder-clap souns den he cus'n cus'n de squinch-owl out'n de bushes he squinch 'n squinch—den Marse Nace threw de cawds on de table 'n holler out: 'I am de las' thing in Gawd's worl' dats lef' me, so—'"

"But he neber spiled he's mouf wib de rest ob it, honey, fur de black niggah critter dat was'er waitin' on de gem'n laid his paw on de keards and say:

"Marse Nace, honey, ain't you clean forgot me?"

"Get out'n my sight," bawls yo' granpaw, 'or I'll brain yer, do you heah?"

"Yes, Marse, I heah you," said that wud's critter, "but I cawn't stan' renn' 'n see little Missie Rose sot up wus'n a slave. When I sated yo' life on de Mississippy you gib me my freedom fur pay, but if dem paper's gwins ter stan' 'tween Missie Rose 'n shame, why—heah, I is, Marse Nace, honey, yo' own slave, safe 'n sound."

"Au', chill'n, dat fello he jump clar 'cross de roun' to de little drawer under the mantel whar Marse Nace lem his free papers stay, 'n he tored 'em up'n he flung de scraps on de flo'!"

"And did he play, and did he win?" cries Anne, in a gust of excitement.

"Did he win?" exclaimed the old creature, with a superior sort of chuckle. "Cose he wins! You all neber see de likes o' dat niggah fur luck, ef 'twor tree'n possums, or trappin' hars, or cotin, or anything—cose he win'd!"

"And what was his name?"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Hi, chil'n, dars da ole 'oman 'vitin up dis water shw sount me ter fetch—Comin', comin'!"

"But Uncle Gab'l, wait. Who was it—"

"Gab'l—Gab'l!"

"Don't get de ole man a hammin, chil'n, fur de Lawd's sake! De ole 'oman's a monsus tuff han' at a fus'n—comin' Ria, chile, comin'—comin'."

Dars a big, white yangel by yo' side a flo't'n, 'n he's wings am de color ob de dawn."

We are dawdling along the shady footpath to the house, when George, who has rolled out from his grassy nest and scampered off a good ten minutes before us, comes tearing back like mad with a square of white paper.

And just to think, with all my cleverness, I never once thought of the little drawer under the mantel!

My only comfort is that Anne did not either!

## MR. BEECHER'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

Henry Ward Beecher reached the end of his seventieth year on Sunday, June 24th, and the event was celebrated on the evening of the following day by a public celebration in the Brooklyn Academy of Music. The occasion was in every way a notable one. There was an immense audience, and the interior of the Academy was handsomely decorated. Streamers of red, white and blue stretched from a central point up among the files to every quarter of the stage below. Each box was adorned with the national colors and with a shield bearing the coat-of-arms of some State of the Union. The gallery front was wreathed with bunting and flags, and vases of plants swung from the balcony. On the stage was a rich floral display, a bed of blooming flowers, with lilies, roses and pinks in profusion that fairly obscured the central spot where Mr. Beecher and the speakers of the evening occupied seats. Flanking this display were pots of tall, nodding grasses that added to the

general beauty of the scene. The stage had been crowded with chairs, and they were occupied by men distinguished in nearly all the walks of life. The private boxes were filled with the ladies of Mr. Beecher's family and the wives and daughters of some of the committeemen.

Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall acted as presiding officer of the occasion, prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, and a number of congratulatory letters were read, among them being a characteristic one from O. W. Holmes. The addresses of the evening were then begun by Rev. Dr. Thomas Armitage. Near the close of his address he referred to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which called forth immense cheering, and the audience could not quieted until Mrs. Stowe, in response to this ovation, arose in her seat and bowed her acknowledgments. Addresses were also made by Rev. Robert Collyer, Rev. Justin D. Fulton, Mayor Low, and John Barry, M. P. for Wexford, Ireland. Dr. Hall then presented Mr. Beecher. The scene as he rose from his chair to address his friends and admirers was almost bewildering. The audience, which had been anxiously waiting for having the opportunity to express its feelings of regard, rose in a mass and gave way to a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm; women waved their handkerchiefs, men jumped upon their seats and waved their arms and all helped to make the applause enthusiastic and sweeping. Cheer upon cheer was given. Mr. Beecher stood apparently calm in the sea of welcome which rolled around him, and waited for it to subside. It partly died away, and then again broke out in redoubled force.

Mr. Beecher's address was in his happiest vein. He deprecated the commendatory tone of the previous speakers as to his agency in the progress of the age, and said: "All the way up from my childhood the world has been moving, and I have been moving simply because I was one of God's passengers. He was carrying the whole world along, and I could not afford to be held behind. But to suppose that I had anything to do with it, and that it sprang from my brain, genius, purpose, is almost blasphemy to my feelings." A little further on he said: "I accept, then, in some sort, this gathering, not as a testimony to me, but as a testimony to my Lord and my Saviour. Whatever fault has marred the symmetry of my life is my own, and whatever thing thing has helped you or helped other men is the Lord's, whose servant I am, and whose shoe-latches I am not worthy to unloose. I would not have you think that I take all the compliments to myself that have been uttered, and yet I do take that love that led you to exaggerate the truth and the measures and the proportions of praise. I love men so much that I like, above all other things in the world, to be loved."

He closed with warm words of greeting to all who shared in the testimonial to him, and dismissed the audience with the benediction.

PRESIDENT ELIOT ON PHYSICIANS.—From certain public discussions, says President Eliot, of Harvard, which have attracted popular attention during the past five months, it would be easy for hasty or ignorant people to infer that the medical profession was thoughtless of the poor, indifferent to their sufferings, and careless of their fate. I say that hasty or ill-formed persons might easily infer from recent discussions that the education and daily work of a physician tended to make him hard-hearted and irreverent toward common humanity, alive or dead. Let me bear my testimony that the facts are all the other way. I believe that the medical profession in these days, in city and country alike, renders more direct personal service to the poor and friendless, for clear love of doing good and of learning to do more good, than all the other professions put together. Who give daily services without recompense to sick and wounded poor people in thousands of hospitals and dispensaries all over the civilized world? Physicians and surgeons. The poorest and most friendless man in this city knows that if he meets with a serious accident or is attacked by a grave disease he is sure of the prompt services of the most skillful surgeons or physicians in the community as soon as he is carried to a hospital. Who care tenderly for friendless mothers, sick children and deserted infants, patiently exerting their best skill to save life, mitigate suffering and restore health? The physicians of lying-in-hospitals, children's hospitals and infant asylums. Who established in Boston those admirable nurseries for the babies of poor working women? It was young physicians not long out of the medical school. To whom does society owe it that every insane pauper is more humanely and rationally treated to-day than the king's daughter would have been, if insane, two centuries ago? Not immediately to the doctors of theology or of law, but to the doctors of medicine. Who has delivered modern society in great measures from those horrible plagues and pestilences, like the black death, the small-pox and the Asiatic cholera, which periodically desolated Europe, but a few generations ago? The Medical profession. This immense service has not been rendered for pecuniary rewards or to the rich and great alone, but freely to the poor and humble, and chiefly to them. Indeed, if there are any portions of modern society which have especial reason to be grateful to the medical profession for services already rendered, and to promote the advance of medical science and the improvement of medical education in the sure hope of still greater benefits to come, it is the poorer and less educated portions.