

## A DEUX TEMPS.

NORA PERRY.

Yes, this is our dance, this waltz from the Duchess:  
What is that you are saying?  
You thought I was playing  
You false, with the waltz, this dance from the Duchess?

You thought I had rather be sitting and talking  
With that little M'Manners  
There, under the banners  
Or it may be, perhaps, in the corridors walking

Instead of remembering this dance here with you, sir  
This dance from the Duchess,  
The lovely Grand Duchess,  
The sweetest *deux temps*? Ah! if you knew it sir.

How I dote on the Duchess, with its gliding and sliding  
Soft measure, for measure,  
You'd know from such pleasure,  
My feet would never go straying or hiding.

What is that?—you might have known it was merely  
This special sweet measure,  
The dance, not the pleasure  
Of dancing with you here? Well, really, you've nearly

Persuaded me, Sir, that such was the reason;  
And I'm sure I would fain, Sir,  
If you go on in this strain, Sir,  
Walk and talk with M'Manners to the end of the season.

And to the end of my life, too, perhaps is my meaning  
Well, no; for M'Manners  
There, under the banners,  
Just when we encountered you waiting and leaning

Against the bay-window, had confessed a relation  
I guessed days ago—  
His engagement, you know  
To that little—Now, Harry, don't kiss me before all  
creation.

## FRESH AIR FOR CITY CHILDREN.

One of the pleasantest and most beneficent of charities is that which goes by the name of the "Tribune Fresh-Air Fund," by means of which hundreds of the poor children of New York are sent into the country and placed for a fortnight in healthful homes among the farmers. One of our artists, Mr. ROGERS, accompanied a band of these little waifs to the shores of Lake Champlain, and some of the incidents of the trip, and of their first experiences of country life, will be found depicted in his sketches on page 85.

Many of the children had never seen the country, and their delight as they passed up the Hudson in the steambot *City of Troy* was indescribable. "Oh, look there's trees—green trees!" shouted a pale-faced lad of ten as he pointed across the deck towards the Jersey hills, which never looked more beautiful and inviting. His discovery was warmly appreciated and following his lead, fifty children ran to look at the trees which were "so pretty." From this time the party were about evenly divided, some gazing with rapture on the hills and rocks which foreshadow the Palisades, while the rest still watched with sorrow the smoking city from which many of them were being separated for the first time.

The trip up the river was enlivened by a concert by the children, which afforded pleasant entertainment to the other passengers, and moved a gentleman from Columbus, Ohio, who remembered the hard struggle of his own boyhood, to contribute twenty-five dollars to the fund. Each of the children carried a bundle containing clothing and something to eat, and all guarded their packages in the most careful manner. Although wild with excitement, they behaved in a very orderly manner, under the superintendance of the Rev. WILLARD PARSONS and his four assistants.

At Troy the children were treated by Mr. SHEPPARD TAPPAN to a substantial breakfast at one of the hotels, and then left the city for Plattsburgh, under the care of Mr. C. J. TREADWELL. At that place the ninety-six children composing the party were distributed among the farmers who had invited them to spend a fortnight at their homes. All were wild with their new life, and eager to take part in country work, and to watch some of them one would think that digging potatoes and hoeing corn was the most enviable lot in life. One lad, whose picture is given, was so taken with a family of kittens that he packed them all into a carpet bag, with the intention of bringing them to New York.

Money can not be better expended than in sending the poor children of the city into the country, even for a brief vacation, and it is to be hoped that the contributions to the *Tribune* Fresh-air Fund will pour in with increasing liberality.

## THE WIFE OF LINCOLN.

The death of Mrs. Mary Todd Lincoln, the widow of the late President Lincoln, will revive in the minds of many, sad recollections of the epoch in American history which was closed by the assassination of one of the wisest and best-beloved of American statesmen. The unhappy lady who has just died was the chosen companion and the devoted wife of Abraham Lincoln. More than that, she shared with him, not only his triumphs and his ambitions, but his early privations and disappointments. Men count it a great and an honorable thing to have been favored with the friendship and intimacy of Lincoln. He is, and ever will be, a historical character. To be able to reflect, even in a remote degree, any of the brilliance with which history will gild his name, is no common pri-

vilage. If this is true of a few men, how much more worthy of respect and veneration are the memory and the reputation of her who was Lincoln's early love, and the steadfast and implicitly-trusted partner of his life. Censorious newspaper critics seem to have forgotten this, in their heartless remarks concerning Mrs. Lincoln's doings and characteristics. While professing the utmost veneration for the memory of Lincoln, they have thoughtlessly spoken ill of her whose reputation was, to the good and great President, as dear as the apple of his eye. It must be recorded, to the discredit of the American newspaper press, that its treatment of Mrs. Lincoln has been ungracious, and at times even brutal. This is said, of course, with certain honorable exceptions in view.

It was the ill fortune of Mrs. Lincoln that she embarked upon an unknown and dangerous sea, when she left the quiet retirement of the Illinois capital for the city of Washington. Who could possibly have foreseen, in that hour of elation and triumph, how thickly strewn was her path with sorrows, griefs and calamities? Social distinction is dearer to most women than to most men, and Mrs. Lincoln saw before her a career such as the proudest woman in the land might have coveted for herself. She was to be the mistress of the White House, the cynosure of all eyes. Unfortunately, she was not fitted by training for a position so conspicuous as this. How many American women are thus equipped, it would be difficult to say. Probably their number is very few. And that post, during the civil war, was more trying than it had ever been before, or ever can be again. A violent and radical change had been made in the political character of the Administration. The personnel of the incoming Administration was bitterly unacceptable to the resident society of Washington. It became at once the custom of the people of that city to refer to the new inmates of the White House in terms of unmitigated contempt. There were malicious tales of Mr. Lincoln's habitual inebriation, and of his gross unfitness for the society of decent people. We do not recall these slanders now to show how completely time and history have dissipated them, but to remind the reader that the malevolent gossips who maligned the good Lincoln, did not spare his amiable wife. Unfortunately for poor human nature, there are always many men who prefer to believe the ill they hear of the prosperous and the eminent, rather than the good reported of them. Once set in motion, the wicked misrepresentations of Mrs. Lincoln's characteristics were long-lived. Perhaps it can hardly now be said of them that they have at last been laid in her grave.

During Lincoln's Administration, too, there was in Washington a profound distrust, on the part of the politicians and their hangers-on, of almost everybody who had free access to the President. It was an epoch of suspicion. The intense loyalty of loyal men often seemed to take no other shape than that of suspicion. They detected treason in everything. They thought that the air was filled with conspiracy, and the earth thickly laid with mines and death-traps. Absurdly enough, the wife of the President was not spared in this general panic. Born in the South, and with near relatives in the Rebel army, it was thought reasonable that she should become a spy upon her husband, and a channel of contraband information. Nobody seemed to stop to think that the triumph of the Rebel cause, which she was reputed to sympathize with, would have been the triumph of those who would have taken pleasure in the dishonor and death of "the usurper" and his family, and of all connected with him. Mrs. Lincoln was accused of thinking too highly of her place and its attendant honors. Yet, gossiping men were ready to believe that she would be willing to give up all these, yea, and her husband also, if the Confederacy could be established in Washington.

It was a sad and even tragic life that this unhappy lady led, from the day she first set foot in the White House until she went away a broken widow. Within the year, the well-beloved Willie died; within a few months, war's black shadow lay over all the land, and in almost every house sat mourners weeping for those who should come no more. The usual gaiety of the executive mansion was laid aside, and the triumphs and elation incident to a feminine sway in the historic mansion were indefinitely postponed. There is abundant evidence to prove that at this time, when Lincoln was bowed with grief at the great misfortune that had befallen the nation, and was weighed down with innumerable cares, he found in the bosom of his family his only solace. When somebody asked him to put aside a certain intimate friend, whose counsels were thought to influence him unduly, Lincoln said, bitterly, "Well, I suppose they will ask me to give up my wife and boys, next."

When he received a slip of paper informing him of his first nomination for the Presidency, he looked curiously at it for a moment, and then said, "There's a little woman down to our house who will be glad to see this. I'll go and show it to her." And he walked silently and swiftly homewards. Once, going out for a drive, in cold weather, in company with a friend, he was followed by his wife who entreated him to wear his gloves. On his saying that he had none, he was told to look in his pockets, and he pulled forth many pairs of gloves left there at odd times. Putting on one of these, he said, as he moved away, "Mother thinks a great deal of such conventionalities as this. It's lucky for me that she does, for I don't ever think."

When the blow fell, at last, and Lincoln was killed by an assassin, his wife was sitting by his side. Did it ever occur to any of the glib-tongued gossips who were so soon busy with heartless remarks upon Mrs. Lincoln's movements, that this was a fond and loving wife who sat there when the great man fell? A nation mourned him dead, as if each man had suffered a personal grief. This was a frail and tender-hearted woman, whose husband, the joy and pride of her life, had been smitten to death by her side. It was an awful experience. No wonder that she rallied slowly from the frightful shock, and that her reason became permanently affected during the succeeding months of agony. She was never fully sane after that hideous tragedy. This sufficiently accounts for all that is incomprehensible, on any other grounds, in her subsequent career. Naturally of a sympathetic, generous, and affectionate disposition, her vagaries took the form of dread of poverty, suspicion of her family, and repining over her lonely and neglected condition. The death of "Tad," the favorite companion and solace of her declining years, was the last drop in an overflowing cup.

But all is over now. The long career of darkness and sorrow is closed. The charitable mantle of the grave covers the mortal form of the wife of the greatest of American Presidents.

## THE AUGUST MAGAZINES.

ST. NICHOLAS.—In the August number.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen tells "How Burt went Whale-hunting" in Norway; Miss Loretta P. Hale, of "Mrs. Peterkin in Egypt"; David Ker, the *Times* correspondent, contributes "Hassan's Water-melon," a Turkish tale; an amusing poem is "The Punjabs of Siam"; and James Baldwin continues the "Stories from the Northern Myths," with an account of "How Siegfried Returned to Isenstein," accompanied by a powerful, full-page picture by Blum.

Then, with "A Visit to the Home of Sir Walter Scott," are a number of new interior views of Abbotsford, engraved from photographs. Paul Fort's story, "The Mysterious Barrel," contains some capital yarns by an old sea captain. "How a Hoosier Boy Saw the Tower of Pisa," is not only interesting and exciting, but true. "The Cloister of the Seven Gates" is an old-time story of the Servian kings, and "Summer Days at Lake George" bring us with a jump to America and to-day. Beside these, is a sailor-boy story of an American lad who went to Portugal and took part in a bull-fight.

THE CENTURY.—The first midsummer holiday number of *The Century Magazine*—the first under the new name—makes a strong appeal to popular favor, both with the excellence of its illustrations and the interest and timeliness of its text. The frontispiece is a portrait of Richard Wagner, engraved in a most charming and delicate style, by Mr. Cole, of whom the public has come to expect only the best of work. An interesting paper, by Mr. John R. C. Hassard, the well-known musical critic of the New York "Tribune" tells "How Wagner makes Operas," an exposition which comes appropriately before the approaching Wagner festival at Bayreuth. "The Personal History of Garibaldi" is succinctly told by Mr. Bianciardi, and there is a portrait of him in his vigor, which tallies with the boldness of his exploits. The sporting article is "Steam-yachting in America," by S. G. W. Benjamin, author of "The Evolution of the American Yacht," in the last number. A large portion of both text and cuts is devoted to a detailed description of Mr. J. G. Bennett's new yacht *Namouna*, of which there are some excellent drawings. Another timely feature, in view of the expected rush to Montana next year, on the completion of the Northern Pacific, is Mr. E. V. Smalley's entertaining paper on "The New North-west," the first of a series which is to treat of the region along the railway from Fargo to the Cascades of the Columbia. The ground covered in the first paper is the Dakota wheat belt, the (so-called) Bad Lands and the Yellowstone country. Mr. Smalley writes graphically and mainly from the investor's point of view, giving account of natural resources, society, topography, climate, etc. An amusing brochure is "The Lambs," a metrical satire on Wall street swindles (on the model of a Greek tragedy), written by Robert Grant, author of "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," with choral songs by "bulls," "bears," and "shorn lambs."

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for August is a brilliant Number. We note especially two bright Summer articles. "Some Western Resorts," by John A. Butler, and "The Cruise of the 'Nameless,'" by Barnet Phillips. Col. T. W. Higginson contributes "The First Americans." Mr. Lathrop and his fourth paper of "Spanish Vistas," in which he introduces his readers to Andalusian delights and the splendors of the Alhambra. "Some Worthies of Old Norwich" (Sir Thomas Browne, Lord Nelson, John and Mrs. Opie, Mrs. Barbauld, Harriet Martineau, Sir William Beechey, Elizabeth Fry, and old John Crome) are treated by Miss Alice R. Hobbs in an interesting article, illustrated by views and portraits. George M. Dawson contributes an entertaining sketch of the Queen Charlotte Islands and their native inhabitants, the Haida Indians, with illustrations. T. E. Prendergast contributes an article on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and a very important article relating to the

perils of navigation in the North Atlantic—icebergs and fog—is contributed by J. W. Shackford, Captain of the *Illinois*. The Number contains three strong short stories: "A Rebel," by Julian Hawthorne; "Laquelle," by Mrs. Z. B. Gustafson; and "A St. Augustine Episode," by Miss A. R. MACFARLANE. Poems are contributed by Edgar Fawcett and William Winter.

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

Far away in the North-West, as far beyond St. Paul as St. Paul is beyond Chicago, stands Winnipeg, the capital of Manitoba, and the gateway of a new realm about to jump from its present state of reckless prairies, as yet almost devoid of settlement, to the condition of our most prosperous Western States. Here, bounded on the south by Dakota and Montana, west by the Rocky Mountains, north and east by the great Peace River and the chain of lakes and rivers that stretch from Lake Athabasca to Winnipeg, lies a vast extent of country, estimated to contain 300,000,000 acres, or enough to make eight such states as Iowa or Illinois. Not all of it is fertile, it is true, yet it may be safely said that two-thirds of it are available for settlement and cultivation.

In fact, the extent of available land in these new countries is apt to be underestimated, for if the traveller does not see prairies waist deep in the richest grass, he is apt to set them down as barren lands; and if he crosses a marsh he at once stamps it as land too wet for cultivation. Those, however, who remember the early days of Illinois and Iowa have seen lands then passed by as worthless swamps now held at high prices as the best of meadow-land. This is a land of rolling prairies and table-lands, watered by navigable rivers, and not devoid of timber.

Its climate is hardly such as one would select for a lazy man's paradise, for the winters are long and cold, and the summers short and fiercely hot, though their shortness is in some measure compensated by the great length of the midsummer days. Nevertheless, it is a land where wheat and many other grains and root crops attain their fullest perfection, and is well fitted to be the home of a vigorous and healthy race. Manitoba, of which we hear so much now, is but the merest fraction of this territory, and, lying in the southeast corner, is as yet the only part accessible by rail....

Over this vast region, and indeed all that lies between it and the Arctic Ocean, for two hundred years, the Hudson Bay Company exercised territorial rights. Till within a few years it was practically unknown except as a preserve of fur-bearing animals; and prior to 1870 it was hard to find any information as to its material resources or its value. The Company discouraged every attempt that threatened to interfere with the fur-bearing animals or the Indians who trapped them; still it became known that some of this vast region was not utterly worthless for other purposes; the soil looked deep and rich in many places, and in the western part the buffalo found a winter subsistence, for the snows were seldom deep, and in the pure dry air and hot autumnal sun the grasses, instead of withering, dried into natural hay. The early explorers, too, had brought back reports of noble rivers, of fertile prairies, of great beds of coal, of belts of fine timber. But what cared the Company for these? The rivers, it is true, were valuable as being the homes of the otter, the mink, and other fur-bearing animals, and furnished fish for their employees, and highways for their canoes. For the rest they had no use. At last, in 1870, seeing that they could no longer exclude the world from these fertile regions, the Hudson Bay Company sold their territorial rights to Canada, which now began to see its way to a railroad across the continent, to link the colonies from Nova Scotia to British Columbia....

Now it is evident that the growth of this region will be rapid, probably more rapid, indeed, than that of the Western States that lie beyond the lakes; for in them there had been a slow but steady increase of population from a comparatively early day, and when the railroads began to gridiron the country from the great lakes to the Rocky Mountains, the States east of the Missouri already possessed a considerable population.

In the new North-West, however, we see a land that has remained isolated from the rest of the world, untouched except by the Indian or the trapper, suddenly thrown open for settlement, and on terms as liberal as those offered by our Government or land-grant railroads.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad is already completed 150 miles west of Winnipeg, which is already connected with the North-Western railroads of the States, and it is hoped, not without reason, that another 500 miles will be completed toward the mountains the present year. To build two or even three miles a day across such a country as this division traverses would be no extraordinary feat in modern railroading. Branches, too, north and south, will be rapidly constructed, not to accommodate existing traffic, but to create it. Now it seems as if nothing short of some financial panic, some gross blundering or stupidity, could delay the construction of the railroad, or check the flood of immigration that must surely pour in.

Here we shall have a chance to see how Canadian enterprise compares with that of the States. The Northern Pacific Railway has its agents far and wide trying to induce settlers to purchase its lands and furnish traffic for its lines. The two railroads are not far apart, and the Canadians have quite as good, if not better, lands to offer.