

heart, oh noble and generous soul! She is yours
thenceforward through time and eternity!

* * * * *

The band are playing that very waltz—*Le Désir*—and the rose-lights stream the same pink radiance through the hall, and the great rooms within are all abloom like a flower-garden with the brightest blossoms of womanhood.

Under a window-awning two or three talkers stand looking in upon the brilliant scene.

"Who's that with Mrs. Meyer?" one asks.

Drake, who knows every body, answers,

"That? Oh, that's Professor E——. Thought you knew *him*?"

"What, Leeds's great gun?"

"Any body's great gun. Professor E—— is one of the *somebodies*."

"What's become of Leeds? He ought to be here to-night."

"Oh, Leeds is off to Paris on some scientific mission. Don't you read the papers?"

"Not very carefully, I must confess. But you know I've been away out of the reach of papers. So Leeds is as popular as ever. How he did admire Mrs. Meyer! Seems to me he ought to have had her instead of Meyer. Meyer's a good fellow, but you never hear any thing from him. A commonplace sort of a person, while Mrs. Meyer is really uncommon. The finest conversationalist I know."

"Yes, of course Leeds ought to have had her.

I always said so. Leeds is just the man for her—congenial tastes, and all that sort of thing," Drake returned, triumphantly.

"There you go, Drake, with your congenial tastes, etc., and you are half wrong, as usual. Sometimes, when both parties are similarly endowed, there is too much of 'all that sort of thing;' and if they don't bore each other they are sure to quarrel. That's the way. What a woman like Mrs. Meyer needs is appreciation, and she's got it. You don't know any thing about Meyer. Meyer is a *MAN*! and that's what not half of us can say." And Matt Dunn, after relieving his mind in this energetic manner, went in and joined the dancers, while Drake went on with his theories unconvinced. So the world goes.

But still the band plays *Le Désir*, and a sweet voice says to a gentleman,

"Why don't you dance, Robert?"

"Because I am waiting for Mrs. Meyer, Kate. Will she favor me?" and he put out his hand. And down the elastic floor they joined the waltzers, and the soft lace floated out its mazy clouds, and the soft hair fluttered its pennon of curls, and the soft hand lay like a little bird in the larger hand. Almost the picture of two years ago; but the meaning changes with one of the waltzers—not one of the world's changes, but the heart's.

And still the band plays *Le Désir*.

A PSALM OF THE UNION.

I.

GOD of the Free! upon thy breath
Our Flag is for the Right unrolled;
Still broad and brave as when its stars
First crowned the hallowed time of old:
For Honor still their folds shall fly,
For Duty still their glories burn,
Where Truth, Religion, Freedom guard
The patriot's sword and martyr's urn.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

II.

How glorious is our mission here!
Heirs of a virgin world are we;
The chartered lords whose lightnings tame
The rocky mount and roaring sea:
We march, and Nature's giants own
The fetters of our mighty cars;
We look, and lo! a continent
Is crouched beneath the Stripes and Stars!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!
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III.

No tyrant's impious step is ours;
No lust of power on nations rolled:
Our Flag—for friends a starry sky,
For foes a tempest every fold!
Oh! thus we'll keep our nation's life,
Nor fear the bolt by despots hurled:
The blood of all the world is here,
And they who strike us, strike the world.
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

IV.

God of the Free! our Nation bless
In its strong manhood as its birth;
And make its life a Star of Hope
For all the struggling of the Earth:
Thou gav'st the glorious Past to us;
Oh! let our Present burn as bright,
And o'er the mighty Future cast
Truth's, Honor's, Freedom's holy light!
Then shout beside thine oak, O North!
O South! wave answer with thy palm;
And in our Union's heritage
Together lift the Nation's psalm!

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP.

BY W. M. THACKERAY.



CHAPTER XXIII.

IN WHICH WE STILL HOVER ABOUT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

THE describer and biographer of my friend Mr. Philip Firmin has tried to extenuate nothing; and, I hope, has set down naught in malice. If Philip's boots had holes in them, I have written that he had holes in his boots. If he had a red beard, there it is red in this story. I might have oiled it with a tinge of brown, and painted it a rich auburn. Toward modest people he was very gentle and tender; but I must own that in general society he was not always an agreeable companion. He was often haughty and arrogant: he was impatient of old stories: he was intolerant of commonplaces. Mrs. Baynes's anecdotes of her garrison experiences in India and Europe got a very impatient hearing from Mr. Philip; and though little Charlotte gently remonstrated with him, saying, "Do, do let mamma tell her story out; and don't turn away and talk about something else in the midst of it; and don't tell her you have heard the story before, you rude man! If she is not pleased with you she is angry with me, and I have to suffer when you are gone away"—Miss Charlotte did not say how much she had to suffer when Philip was absent; how constantly her mother found fault with him; what

a sad life, in consequence of her attachment to him, the young maiden had to lead; and I fear that clumsy Philip, in his selfish thoughtlessness, did not take enough count of the sufferings which his behavior brought on the girl. You see I am acknowledging that there were many faults on his side, which, perhaps, may in some degree excuse or account for those which Mrs. General Baynes certainly committed toward him. She did not love Philip naturally; and do you suppose she loved him because she was under great obligations to him? Do you love your creditor because you owe him more than you can ever pay? If I never paid my tailor, should I be on good terms with him? I might go on ordering suits of clothes from now to the year nineteen hundred; but I should hate him worse year after year. I should find fault with his cut and his cloth: I dare say I should end by thinking his bills extortionate, though I never paid them. Kindness is very indigestible. It disagrees with very proud stomachs. I wonder was that traveler who fell among the thieves grateful afterward to the Samaritan who rescued him? He gave money certainly; but he didn't miss it. The religious opinions of Samaritans are lamentably heterodox. O brother! may we help the fallen still though they never pay us, and may we lend without exacting the usury of gratitude!

Of this I am determined, that whenever I go courting again I will not pay my addresses to my dear creature—day after day, and from year's end to year's end, very likely, with the dear girl's mother, father, and half a dozen young brothers and sisters in the room. I shall begin by being civil to the old lady, of course. She is flattered at first by having a young fellow coming courting to her daughter. She calls me "dear Edward;" works me a pair of braces; writes to mamma and sisters, and so forth. Old gentleman says, "Brown, my boy"—(I am here fondly imagining myself to be a young fellow named Edward Brown, attached, let us say, to Miss Kate Thompson)—Thompson, I say, says, "Brown, my boy, come to dinner at seven. Cover laid for you always;" and of course, delicious thought! that cover is by dearest Kate's side. But the dinner is bad sometimes. Sometimes I come late. Sometimes things are going badly in the city. Sometimes Mrs. Thompson is out of humor—she always thought Kate might have done better.

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