

know that the industrial system of the South will be overturned, and that the freed slaves will flock *en masse* to the North and intermarry among our whites, and "confusion worse confounded" be to pay? So the poor Abolitionists were expected, not only to destroy that deadly institution, but to furnish a perfect industrial system for the South and provide white wives for all the colored individuals who might have a taste that way. But the Abolitionists, glory to their heads as well as their hearts, kept hewing away, saying, "Stand from under, gentlemen; this tree is coming down; if you want to step in after it is down and cut up the wood and clear away the brush, that is your privilege." How wisdom is justified of her children!

We see and hear the same thing in the present agitation on the subject of dress reform. Certain godly, rational women are striving to free themselves and their sisters from the follies and iniquities of the prevailing styles of dress. The reformers are assailed with the old cry of "negative work" and a demand for substitution. Give us the beautiful, something as beautiful as the prevailing fashion, assuming that the prevailing fashion is altogether beautiful, and that the reformer is bound, not only to secure health, freedom, ease, but all the assumed elegance of the latest thing from Paris. Now, if any one wishes to see what Madame Convention has called beautiful, let him turn to the fashions of the past thirty years. Behold this creature in crinoline that would block solidly a church aisle (I have seen it), and in a towering head-thing whose advanced "poke" "knocked out a star in heaven at every step," with a waist the girth of a man's fist, standing there, a sight for gods and men, and crying defiantly to all the reformers: "Don't bring your horrid, ugly, healthy dresses to me! I must have, I will have, something beautiful—just as beautiful as—as—what I have on now." And she rolls her eyes complacently over the vast expanse of dry-

goods that wiggles and sways about her like a captive balloon. This same imperious lady to-day, with a quarter of a yard of her dress trailing in the filth of the street, her shoulders piled with cape on cape, her head surmounted with a vast mass of pointed, waving, fluttering things, so that her neck is annihilated and her face buried in more than Rembrandt shadow, is still defying the reformers and crying as stoutly as ever for the beautiful—"just as beautiful as the prevailing mode."

The poor temperance reformers are hounded by the same cry. If you destroy the saloon, what will you put in the place of it? Nothing, gentlemen conservatives—absolutely nothing. If I kill a rattlesnake, I am in no fever to make his place good in the general economy of nature. The saloon is just as deadly a foe in the moral world. Believe me, my brother temperance reformers, our sole business is to kill that snake. This maudlin plea that workmen must have some refuge from their miserable homes breaks down the moment you think of the women and children in those same miserable homes. If we address ourselves to any phase of this problem, it will not be to furnish places to draw off the men by themselves, but to make the homes places where the entire family can live in normal decency and comfort. The saloon is always and everywhere the deadly foe of the home. It would be poor business for reformers to replace it by some device which perpetuates one of its worst features—the tolling away of the men of the family to a life of separate masculine amusement and indulgence.

When our dear Saint Whittier advised us to "early identify ourselves with some righteous, unpopular cause," he had no idea of commending to us the general oversight and running of all creation. It is more likely that he had in mind the words of the great Apostle, "This one thing I do."



"All Hail!"

By Charles R. Burke

*As when, across the dreary waste,
The wingèd messenger of peace
Sped on her way, in joyful haste,
To hail a sunken world's release,*

*So, Easter Angels, pure and bright,
Your message bear to waiting ears—
The Lord is risen! In Easter light
A new-created world appears.*

*O queenly Lily, bend your head!
The King of kings, your Maker, praise;
And Primrose, from your lowly bed
To Him your grateful glances raise;
Glad Eagle, mounting toward the Throne,
Praise Him with wings that never tire;
And Sparrow, on the housetop lone,
In your humility aspire.*

*The Lord is risen! And Heaven to Earth
In lowly condescension bends.*

*The Lord is risen! In His new birth
The weary world to Heaven ascends.*

*The Lord is risen! Blot from your heart
Old memories of sin and wrong.*

*The Lord is risen! Take now your part
In His eternal Easter song.*



The Organist

Alphonse Daudet's First Tale

Translated by Juliette Rathbone Thomas

The other day (says "Les Annales," the French periodical from which the following story is translated), while ransacking the National Library, we discovered, in an old file of the "Figaro" of 1860, a delicious fantasia of Alphonse Daudet, which has never, so far as we know, been reprinted. The little story is as dainty and delicate as the most famous of the "Letters from My Mill." We are happy to be able to offer it under the guise of a literary New Year's gift to our readers, and we fancy that Alphonse Daudet himself will not be averse to reading it again.

On this auspicious Christmas Day all the bells are pealing, and all the streets are in holiday attire. The bells of Saint-Eloy are jangling like mad. Ding! dang! boom! they scatter their heavy notes in every direction. It is three o'clock in the afternoon. Vespers are about to begin. The great steps of the church are covered with hooded women, poor people in rags, young girls swathed in furs, rich fathers with rotund forms; noses are red, teeth chatter, feet slip on the glittering, uneven steps. Under the church porch the Swiss struts proudly, calves to the wind, halted at rest, a belt on his breast. Inside, the edifice is full, the choir illumined, the chandeliers are lowered and filled with candles, the choristers are at their desks, the church-wardens in their stalls, the choir children, the canons, the faithful, all the world, are in their places. Why, then, does the service not begin?

Over the wide street, partly covered with snow, swept by the wind which whistles like an organ-pipe, a little man is running towards the church; a little man in a green redingote, thin, tight-waisted, a blue copy-book under his arm. It is the organist. With nose swollen and red as a radish, he runs, blowing his chilled fingers; he mounts the staircase two steps at a time; it is all his poor little limbs are equal to. For the first time in fifteen years, he is not at his organ at the accustomed hour; he had waited to recopy the last march for the "Battle of Austerlitz," a great *morceau* that he had composed expressly for Christmas Day. *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* What will they think of it? Under the porch he bows low to the Swiss, who bristles up, frowns, sets his mouth scornfully, and contents himself with inclining his plumed head. The trembling organist enters the church, his head bent like a culprit's; the crowd part to allow him to reach the gallery. As he mounts the stairs at full speed, a noise like thunder shakes the walls. Ah! irony of fate! they have commenced without him! The clergy, the choristers, the ophicleide, and the serpent are intoning the *Dixit Dominus*, with no organ to accompany them. What a catastrophe! All eyes are turned toward the gallery; the canons fidget in their places; *monsieur le curé* coughs fit to break the windows. The unhappy organist is beside himself! The blower! Where is the blower? Asleep on the stool; he wakens, grumbling, and works the bellows like a pump. The little man in a green coat passes his swollen fingers over the icy keyboard. Perched on his high *tabouret*, you would have said that a squirrel squatted on a limb.

Calm being at length restored, the awakened blower attends to his office decently; the organist has warmed his fingers in the fire of semiquavers.

"Good!" said he; "now I can play them my 'Battle of Austerlitz,' which is an imitative symphony, after the 'Desert' of Felicien David: one hears in it the sun—the great, red, rising sun; the neighing, frightened horses; the cannon and thunder, cavalry charges and platoon-firing, the death-rattle of the wounded, and the voice of the Emperor."

What labor the great work has cost! what fatigue! what sleepless nights! And just now it disturbed the solemnity of the holy day for its unhappy composer, by retarding his arrival some ten minutes. However, the moment of compensation has come at last.

"Attention, monsieur blower! and you, my fingers, do your duty bravely."

"The sun rises; the Emperor advances over the knoll!"

—Here a violent stroke of the bell sounds at the back of the choir. In church parlance, that stroke is to say:

"Monsieur organist, enough of that sort of music, if you please."

The organist shudders, thinking he has misunderstood; doubtless the tinkling was in his ears. He continues, leaning on the keyboard:

"The Emperor mounts a white horse, holding a field-glass in his hand—"

"Drin, d'lin, drin, d'lin, drin!"

This time it is undoubtedly the bell; the bell is vexed, and says, in its sharpest tone, "Shut up, wretch of an organist!"

Nevertheless, the organist continues: "The Emperor's white horse rears; a light illumines the heavens."

Here the bell contains itself no longer, and shakes like an epileptic. The organist tries to stop. But his fingers continue in spite of himself. Terrible duel! The bell shrieks: "Enough! enough!" The fingers respond: "More! more!"

The congregation is electrified; the blower trembles in every limb; at last, after one final effort, the man in the green coat stops, desperate, leans his head on the keyboard, and allows the Emperor to view the battle alone.

Vespers are over, the crowd retires noisily, chairs fall, people greet each other and talk in undertones; they extinguish the tapers, the church is emptied, and the organist descends, mournfully carrying the famous "Battle of Austerlitz" under his arm. He dare not pass the sacristy, and asks himself, with tears in his eyes, what to think of such a chapter of accidents. Twice in fault on the same day: arrived ten minutes late, and deaf to the orders of the choir! In the middle of the church he encounters the verger, who says to him, with a wicked smile, as he raises the chandeliers:

"Eh bien! Monsieur Anselme, so our little composition did not take! Monsieur le curé did not appear greatly pleased."

The organist retreats blushing. A little further on he finds himself face to face with the Swiss, in the act of unbuckling his belt and brushing the fustian breeches for which he had exchanged his crimson small-clothes.

"He! he! Papa Anselme, seems to me we are growing old; our fingers keep going, but what about our limbs and our ears?"

The organist hangs his head to hide his moist eyes, clasps his beloved manuscript under his arm, and says, as he descends the staircase:

"Oh! what an unhappy existence is mine! what martyrdom for a soul, and for the fingers of an artist—to be at the beck and call of all these people! The back always bent, the cap always in the hand, the glance always earthward! I must take the advice of a foolish Swiss, of an imbecile beadle, of an idiot ophicleide; solicit the protection of great and small, of church-warden and sacristan, of factor and the hirer of chairs, of him who lights and of him who extinguishes; my inspiration must be at the service of a tyrannous bell; and in return for so many pains, what meager salaries, what wretched appointments! Scarcely can one make two ends meet. If only I could give lessons in the city; but no! only religious houses are open to me; and if they knew I had other pupils I would be lost. Added to this, my poor coat is out of season; I have nothing for cold weather; my piano is worn out, and my shoes as well. B'rr! What dog-days!"

And while our hero walks, scolding, it freezes hard as a stone; the north wind blows, and cruelly lashes in their slight cloth-covering the slender and shivering limbs of the poor organist.

