



HOURS AT HOME:

Popular Monthly,

OF

INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

EDITED BY

J. M. SHERWOOD.

UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA

VOLUME VIII.

November, 1868, to April, 1869.

New-York:

CHARLES SCRIBNER & CO.,

654 Broadway.



APZ
H8
v. 8
★ ★

TO VIRU
AIRSOTLAD

THE NEW YORK PRINTING COMPANY,
81, 83, and 85 Centre St.,
NEW YORK.

INDEX.

POETRY.	PAGE	H.	PAGE
The Duration of Bliss,	12	Headley, J. T. Planchette at the Confessional,	346
Autumn Days,	42	Hinsdale, Mrs. Grace Webster. Listening to the Sea, 63; The Sleeping Earth, 270; The Untrodden Path, 564.	
Listening to the Sea,	66	Hooper, William R. The Post-Office,	54
The Rivulet,	108	Hunt, Mrs. H. The Speaking Bird, The Sing- ing Tree, and The Yellow Water, 50; My Tenants, 238; Christmas Night in St. Peter's, 505.	
Christ in Glory,	124	J.	
Evening at Cape May,	146	Johnson, Francis. Translations. My Acquaint- ance with Bulwer, 53; An Interview with the Emperor of Russia, 155; A Chat with Berryer, 248; The Reformer of Education: Pestalozzi, 548.	
My Tenants,	238	Johnson, Hannah More. The Duration of Bliss,	12
The Sleeping Earth,	270	Johnson, J. A., U. S. Consul-General of Syria. No. I. The Fountains of Syria, 30; No. II. From Beirút to Sidon, etc., 506.	
The Morning Star,	279	M.	
Ruth and Naomi,	309	Manning, Miss, Author of "Mary Powell." Motherless Girls: A Story of the Last Cen- tury,	13, 109, 254, 311, 430, 514
I Shall be Satisfied,	328	P.	
The Sea. By One on Shore,	515	Pollard, Josephine. The Rivulet, 108; My Angels, 464.	
Sad Memories,	446	Porter, Noah. Books and Reading; or, What Books Shall I Read and How Shall I Read Them? No. I. Introductory, 101; No. II. What is a Book and What is it to Read? 293; No. III. How to Read with Interest and Effect, 398; No. IV. Their Influence on the Opinions and Principles, 497.	
My Angels,	464	Porter, Thomas C. Translation of Christ in Glory,	124
Christmas-Night in St. Peter's,	505	Prichard, Sarah J. Christopher Kroy: A Story of New York Life,	64, 161, 336, 456, 554
Memory Bells,	547	R.	
The Untrodden Path,	564	Roosa, Dr. D. B. St. John. The Human Eyes Again,	264
AUTHORS.		S.	
Alexander, H. C. The Sea, by One on Shore, ..	415	Schuyler, Eugene. Translation of Count Tolstoi. Before Sevastopol,	328, 416, 526
Austin, Mrs. Jane G. Sackcloth under Velvet, ..	238	Seelye, J. H. Punishment: its Meaning and Ground,	565
B.		Sherwood, John D. Lost in the Desert,	408
Bacon, George B. Our Chinese Neighbors, 4; Some Chinese Pictures, 271.		Spear, Samuel T. The Unfinished Scene, 43; Spiritual Problems, 531.	
Benjamin, S. G. W. A South American States- man,	119	Spencer, Carl. I Shall be Satisfied,	328
Brown, Mrs. Helen E. Sad Memories,	446		
Brown, Helen. The Morning Star,	279		
Bulkley, C. H. A. Autumn Days,	42		
Bushnell, Horace. Progress,	197		
C.			
Claude Iria. Memory Bells,	547		
Curtis, A. J. The Story of the Fountain of Happy Water,	23		
D.			
De Vere, M. S. A Grain of Sand, 126; Tally- Ho! (A Portrait.) 423.			
E.			
Evans, E. P. Bab and Babism, 210; Bismarck, 485.			
F.			
Fisher, George P. Glimpses of Old Authors: Lord Bacon and the Novum Organum, 322; The New Life of Raleigh, 452.			
G.			
Glyndon, Howard. Ruth and Naomi,	309		
Greenwood, James, Author of "Lambeth Ca- sual." The London Money Market,	147		

M79932

T.		J.	
Talmadge, T. De Witt. Hobbies,.....	PAGE 131	Juvenile Delinquents,.....	PAGE 480
Tarbox, I. N. Evening at Cape May,.....	146		
Tolstoi, Count Leo. Before Sevastopol in May, 1855,.....	328, 416, 526	K.	
Towle, G. M. French Marriages, 83; A Day among the Vineyards, 442.		Katrina Illustrated,.....	289
W.		L.	
Webb, Charles H. Children and their Sayings, .	167	Lange's Commentary,.....	96
Wells, William. Emile de Girardin,.....	389	Leisure Moments,.....	88, 185, 280, 379, 467, 576
Wines, E. C. Present State of the Prison Ques- tion in the United States,.....	539	Literature of the Day,.....	96, 191, 287, 385, 476, 583
Wilson, J. Grant. Two Veterans,.....	465	London Money Market, The,.....	147
Y.		Lost in the Desert,.....	408
Youngs, Miss, Author of "The Heir of Red- clyffe." The Chaplet of Pearls, 78, 175, 222, 336		M.	
SUBJECTS.		Marriages, French,.....	23
Abbott's Life and Teachings of Christ,.....	479	Memory Bells,.....	547
A Grain of Sand,.....	126	Motherless Girls. Chaps. I.-IV., 13; Chaps. V. -VIII., 109; Chaps. IX.-XI., 254; Chaps. XII.-XIV., 311; Chaps. XV.-XVII., 430; Chaps. XVIII.-XX., 514.	
B.		McClintock's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, .	289
Bab and Babism,.....	210	P.	
Bacon, Lord, and the Novum Organum,.....	323	Pestalozzi, The Reformer of Education,.....	548
Berryer, M. A Chat with,.....	248	Pictorial Periodical Literature, Our,.....	387
Bismarck,.....	485	Planchette at the Confessional,.....	346
Books and Authors Abroad, 92, 188, 284, 381, 473, 580		Post-Office, The,.....	56
Books and Reading, No. I. Introductory, 101; No. II, What is a Book and What is it to Read? 293; No. III, How to Read with Interest and Effect, 393; No. IV., Their In- fluence on the Opinions and Principles, 497.		Present State of the Prison Question in the United States,.....	539
Bulwer, My Acquaintance with,.....	56	Progress,.....	197
C.		Punishment: its Meaning and Ground,.....	565
Chinese Pictures, Some,.....	271	R.	
Chinese, Our Neighbors, The,.....	5	Raleigh, The New Life of,.....	452
Christmas Night in St. Peter's,.....	505	Revelation of Law in Scripture, The,.....	479
Christopher Kroy. Chaps. I.-II., 64; Chaps. III.-IV., 161; Chaps. V.-VII., 336; Chaps. VIII.-X., 456; Chaps. XI.-XII., 554.		Russia, Emperor of, An Interview with the,....	126
Children and their Sayings,.....	167	S.	
Christ in Song,.....	291, 477	Sackcloth under Velvet,.....	238
College Minstrels, Our,.....	141	Schleiermacher, Reminiscences of,.....	447
D.		Sevastopol in May, 1855,.....	328, 416, 526
De Pressensé on Christ,.....	287	Smith's Dictionary of the Bible,.....	97
E.		Spiritual Problems,.....	531
Emile de Girardin,.....	289	Statesman, A South American,.....	119
Eyes, Human, Again,.....	264	Squier's Being of God, etc.,.....	481
G.		Syria, The Fountains of,.....	301
Glimpses of Old Authors,.....	322	Syrian Rambles No. I., 301; No. II., 506.	
H.		T.	
Halleck's Life and Poems,.....	478	Tally-Ho! (A Portrait),.....	423
Hobbies,.....	131	The Chaplet of Pearls. Chaps. XXXIII.-XXXV., 78; Chaps. XXXVI.-XXXVIII., 175; Chaps. XXXIX.-XL., 222; Chaps. XLI.-XLIV., Concluded, 336.	
Hopkins's Law of Love,.....	476	The Gates Ajar,.....	385
I.		The Reformer of Education: Henry Pestalozzi, The Speaking Bird, The Singing Tree, and The Yellow Water,.....	548
Illustrated Library of Wonders,.....	480	The Story of the Fountain of Happy Water,...	50
Invasion of the Crimea,.....	98	The Unfinished Scene,.....	23
J.		Two Veterans,.....	465
K.		V.	
L.		Vineyards, A Day Among the,.....	443
M.		W.	
N.		What Answer,.....	99

HOURS AT HOME ;

A POPULAR

MONTHLY OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

VOL. VIII.

MARCH, 1869.

No. 5.

EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

Among the notabilities of Paris none shine just now more conspicuously than the celebrated journalist and publicist whose name heads this article. For forty years, indeed, Emile de Girardin has commanded the attention not only of Paris but of all France. The most mercurial of this mercurial race, he is ever most at home in the midst of danger and excitement, and when the latter rules the hour in Paris, Girardin is in his element. In his long career he has usually been in the opposition, and has found his greatest pleasure in thrusting thorns into the side of the government. He was a devoted friend of Louis Bonaparte as long as the latter was out of power, and claims the honor of having been the first to nominate him for the Presidency of the new French Republic. Louis used him as a stepping-stone to position, but when this was gained, soon discarded him on account of his excitable nature and thirst for innovations.

Girardin, not being able to rule, determined to ruin, and the boldness with which he attacks the Emperor, and reads to him his daily lessons, has been the delight of French radicals, and a model for journalists whose training in audacity is still incomplete.

The Emperor's recent unexampled attacks on the press have banded against him nearly all the journalists of Paris,

except the few who are in the pay of Church or State, and thus Girardin finds himself fighting with a host that have frequently opposed him, but of all of these none are more prominent than he. Thus, more than ever, he is just now conspicuous, and being in the fore-front of a battle that may result in the overthrow of the present dynasty, it is a matter of no little interest to trace his remarkable career. In this we are aided by the recent revelations of the German publicist Lanfer, whose intimate acquaintance with Girardin's history gives to his story the charm of romance.

We thought Girardin in the plenitude of his power, when we saw him some twenty years ago contending for Louis Bonaparte against Cavaignac with such acrimony, vigor, and effect, that the brave republican general felt himself forced to consign the editor to prison, and his journal to suspension, in order to maintain the peace of the capital. But he had then been fighting somebody in this same style for twenty years, and thus he has wielded his pen, more dangerous than the sword, ever since.

He began life by fighting his own father for the privilege of bearing his name. He was the illegitimate son of a nobleman, Count Girardin, a name of power and influence in France. In childhood he bore the name of his mother, a

VOL. VIII.—25

of horsemen were among them—that the baggage was piled up in a heap, and our fellow-travelers seated upon it, or held in custody by the dismounted horsemen, many of whom seemed to form a sort of cordon around them. My past life—my friends—my probable execution and certain robbery—marched in rapid procession, at double quick step, through my mind.

Like unto two persons clothed in long white shrouds walking up to the ugly cross-piece with a rope dangling from its centre, so walked the Englishman and myself towards the suspicious group. The swart faces that we could at last faintly descry—the silence observed by our comrades and their position in the middle of the strange party—were ominous. Nor was this grim silence broken, nor any demonstration of pleasure exhibited as we neared the spot. As we walked up, and the grave informal circle of dismounted horsemen opened to let us in, our delighted eyes glanced at once over our companions seated upon the piled

baggage, quietly smoking, and among them the conspicuous and stately figure of the chief of the military detachment whom we had met the day before in pursuit of the horse-thieves.

“Howadji travelers,” said he, rising with great native dignity and turning towards our comrades, “Allah has restored to you your lost companions. I bless Him and congratulate you.” Then turning towards us he continued: “Allah has permitted us to witness this happy reunion. Blessed be Allah! We were returning from our pursuit of the horse-robbers when we overtook here your distressed friends and were about to set out with them to sweep the desert to find you, when, Allah be praised, we descried you. We have waited your coming. Now our presence would be an embarrassment. Howadji all, *Salaam and salaamat.*”

The fifteen leaped their fine Arabs and were soon but a vague cloud through the enfolding shadows of night.

THE SEA: BY ONE ON SHORE.

I.

There is a music of the waves—
A laughter of the sea—
Might woo the sternest heart, methinks,
To sweet tranquillity.

II.

There is a royal mirthfulness
About yon bursting tide;
The frothing breakers roll in joy
And sparkle as they glide.

III.

There is a glory of the mind
Upon yon azure main;
Forgotten bards glance through the foam
And smite their harps again.

IV.

Blind Homer felt thine ancient scorn,
And Maro knew thy charm
When rosy zephyrs stilled thy rage
Or soothed thy wild alarm.

V.

Sing on, sing on thine anthem proud,
Fair and translucent sea;
Thy woe is changed to pleasance now,
Thy furor turned to glee!

VI.

The morning hath its pageantry,
Which may our hearts arouse;
The green wave ruffling in the wind,
The breaker's gay carouse.

VII.

Or if the sun's first saffron beam
A slumbering sea illumine,
The heaving ocean breathes in smiles,
Like sculpture on a tomb.

VIII.

Think not this gracious trance is death;
Where glory streaks the skies:
The dancing waves shall leap once more,
When God shall bid them rise.

IX.

And when the lucid heavens pour
The noon's majestic calm,
And tropic odors from the line
Have filled the air with balm;

X.

Or when along the ragged shore
The billows break afar,
And high above the reddening wave
There gleams the evening star;

XI.

Or when on 'Night's bedizened brow
Arcturus shineth fair,
And in dark gulfs of silence glows
Sad Cassiopeia's Chair;

XII.

Or when through lattices of cloud
The Harvest Moon grows round,
And squanders gold upon the sea,
And silver on the ground :

XIII.

Ah then we dream once more the dreams
The old-time minstrels sang;
How from the sparkling salt sea-foam
Bright Ariadne sprang ;

XIV.

And how, above retreating waves
His locks the sea-god rears ;
And to the tale of Ilium
Fond Dido lends her tears.

XV.

How well these songs of olden bards
With history agree,
Which tells the joy of wandering Greeks
Who cried—"The Seal the Seal !"

XVI.

But other thoughts oft overwhelm the soul
That meditates on thee—
Nor can thy ever-flowing tide
Wash out thy treachery !

XVII.

How has thy strand been strewed with
death ;
Destroyer of the brave ;

How many argosies are hid
'Neath thy deceitful wave !

XVIII.

How hast thou swept the works of man ;
What blessedness shall be,
When with new heavens and new earth
There shall be no new sea !

XIX.

Sing on, sing on thine olden song,
Sing on, relentless main ;
For ever though thy tide recede
Thy tide shall turn again !

XX.

Or ere through heaven's sapphire vault
The new-found tidings ran,
That in cool vales of paradise
Walked the last wonder—Man,

XXI.

Bounds had been set thy infant wrath
That else had all dismayed,
"Thus far—no farther shalt thou go,
Here be thy proud waves stayed."

XXII.

Apt image of the restless soul,
Type of eternity—
Unfathomed, limitless, the same,
Thou ever-changing sea :

XXIII.

When powers, dominions, thrones shall fall
And waxing moons grow wan,
Through all the ages yet to be,
Thy tide shall still roll on !

SEVASTOPOL IN MAY, 1855.

(Continued.)

VI.

"AND where, where is my master now?" said Nikita, drawling his words and still a little drunk. "How I love that master of mine I myself don't know—I love him so much, that if, God forbid, they should kill him in this sinful affair, that, do you believe, aunty, after that I myself don't know what I would do with myself—God knows. He is such a master in one word! To change him for those that play cards there? that—phoo!" concluded Nikita, pointing to the lighted windows of his master's room, in which during the absence of the sub-captain the yunker Zhoadtchesky had given a small carouse,

in honor of his receiving a cross, to Lieut. Ugrovitch and Captain Nepchicetsky, who was sick with a catarrh.

"The stars are flying about!" the little girl looking up at the sky broke the silence which followed the words of Nikita. "See, there is another rolling around. What is that for, mammy?"

"They will beat our house quite down," the old woman said, sighing, without answering her daughter's question.

"And when we went there to-day with uncle," continued the little girl in a musical voice, "such a big cannon-ball lay in the room by the side of the cupboard! It had fallen into the room and