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CONTENTS.

	Page		Page
The Century—its Fruits and its Festival. I. General Progress.....	9	Special Pleading. <i>Sidney Lanier</i>	89
Up the Thames. Third Paper. ILLUST. <i>Edward C. Bruce</i> ..	21	The Atonement of Leam Dundas. Chaps. XVII.—XX. <i>Mrs. E. Lynn Linton</i> , author of <i>Patricia Kemball</i>	90
Lines written at Venice in October, 1865. <i>Frances Anne Kemble</i>	35	Famishing Portugal.....	111
Sketches of India. I. ILLUST..	37	At the Old Plantation. Two Papers.—I. <i>Robert Wilson</i> ..	118
Lady Arthur Eildon's Dying Letter. <i>The Author of "Blind-pits"</i>	52	Our Monthly Gossip.....	124
The House on the Beach. <i>Rebecca Harding Davis</i>	72	'76—The Kreuzschule—Varese—A State Governor in the Rôle of Enoch Arden—The Palatine Light.—NOTES.	
A Dead Love. <i>F. A. Hillard</i> ..	80	Literature of the Day.....	134
Gentilhomme and Gentleman. <i>G. Colmache</i>	81	Story's "Nero"—"Autobiography of Mrs. Fletcher."—BOOKS RECEIVED.	

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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

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I.—GENERAL PROGRESS.

THIS of ours is a conceited century. In intense self-consciousness it exceeds any of its late predecessors. Its activity in externally directed thought is accompanied by an almost corresponding use of introverted reflection. Its inheritance, and the additions it has made, can make or will make thereto, supply an ever-present theme. It delights to stand back from its work, like the painter from his easel, to scan the effect of each new touch—to note what has been done and to measure what remains. It is a great living and breathing entity, informed with the concrete life of three

generations of mankind the most alert and the most restless of all that have existed. This sensation of exceptional endowments is self-nourishing and ever-growing; and our little nook of time is coming to view all the paths of the past, broad or narrow, direct or interlacing, straight or obscure, as so many roads laid out and graded for the one purpose of leading straight to its gate. It sounds its own praises and celebrates itself at all opportunities. But with all this there is a wholesome recognition of responsibility. Nobility obliges, it is prompt to confess, and to act accordingly. It sees flaws in its

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place by the committee. The result was unanimity of the vote against acceptance of the qualification of the winners. Here, then, occurred the best illustration of the comprehension of the term by the moderns, for the "gentlemen," deeming that money *must* be a salvo to pride in the bosom of all whose quality

of gentleman remains unacknowledged, subscribed a handsome sum to be distributed amongst the disappointed crew. But here, again, the proof was given of the vague uncertainty of the term, for the crew of colliers were *gentlemen* enough to refuse the proffered gift with scorn.

G. COLMACHE.

SPECIAL PLEADING.

TIME, bring back my lord to me:
 Haste, haste! Lov'st not good company?
 Here's but a heart-break sandy waste
 'Twixt this and thee. Why, killing haste
 Were best, dear Time, for thee, for thee!

Oh, would that I might divine
 Thy name beyond the zodiac sign
 Wherefrom our times-to-come descend.
 He called thee *Sometime*. Change it, friend:
Now-time soundeth far more fine.

Sweet Sometime, fly fast to me:
 Poor Now-time sits in the Lonesome-tree
 And broods as gray as any dove,
 And calls, *When wilt thou come, O Love?*
 And pleads across the waste to thee.

Good Moment, that giv'st him me,
 Wast ever in love? Maybe, maybe
 Thou'lt be this heavenly velvet time
 When Day and Night as rhyme and rhyme
 Set lip to lip dusk-modestly;

Or haply some noon afar,
 —O life's top bud, mixt rose and star!
 How ever can thine utmost sweet
 Be star-consummate, rose-complete,
 Till thy rich reds full opened are?

Well, be it dusk-time or noon-time,
 I ask but one small, small boon, Time:
 Come thou in night, come thou in day,
 I care not, I care not: have thine own way,
 But only, but only, come soon, Time.

SIDNEY LANIER.