

THE SONG OF DON MERAOGO.

BY ELSIE MORTON.

Should you ask me whence this story,
Whence this legend or tradition,
I should answer, I should tell you:—
From the far, far Western country,
Near the wide, wide ocean,
From the mountains, moors, and fenlands
Of the peaceful, calm Pacific.”
In the land of fruit and blossom,
In the land of wine and plenty,
In the land of milk and honey,
Dwelt an ancient, high-born noble—
Lived the Spaniard, Don Meraogo,
In the land of gold and wonder,
In the Alta California.
With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward was this Guadaluena,
With her moods of shade and sunshine—
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river,
And as musical as laughter.
Now this maiden, still a lassie,
Lovers had she had and handsome,
Tall of form and fair of feature,
And she gave them all a welcome,
Sweetly smiled upon them all;
But at last there came a suitor
Grand and rich, of high degree;
He came to see the lovely maiden,
See her black eyes like the raven,
See her softly curling hair;
Came to hear the low-toned music
Of her light guitar.
Often he came and long he tarried,
Wooing her with all his might,
In the morning, at the noontide,
In the evening, and at night.
But the father, Don Meraogo,
Looked upon him with a frown,
Frowning did he look at him,
Looked him in the eye and long;
Then he talked in harsh Castilian,
And he vowed an awful vow,
Talked of war, and “Guerra!” shouted,
Shouted “Guerra al enemigo!”
He would fight with him a duel
With his keen Toledo blade;
Long and deadly should they combat,
Like the cavaliers of Spain.
Then a challenge he did send him,
Challenged him to fight at noon.
Him to fight a duel challenged,
At the next new moon.
On the margin of the ocean—
On the long and sandy shore—
There they met for mortal combat,
Until one life should be o'er.
Don Meraogo never won,
Drew his light, tempered steel;
Classic poses took upon him,
And then made his victim reel.
Senor Castro! Senor Castro!
You have run your mortal race;
Never more will Guadaluena
Gaze upon your still cold face!
Backward to the old San Carmel,
To the mission of the Fathers,
Went a broken-hearted woman,
Went the soft-voiced senorita.
In the Carmelite convent
Dwelt she there a sad-eyed nun;
Coarse her garb and hard her pillow,
Never looked she on the sun.
In the cloister, dark and dreary,
Prayed she there without repose;
Eve till dawn, from dawn till evening,
Worked she there till life's sad close.

TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

BY THOMAS COLQUITT.

Louis Calvert was fifty years old—gray
and aged beyond his years—the night he
sat alone by the bedside of his dead wife.
The dark, gray shadow of long repressed
sorrow which rested upon his face was also
set in the face of the dead woman.

For twenty years he had carried a dead
heart within his breast—a heart dead to
every sentiment of love, hope or aspiration;
dead to all feeling but a terrible sense of
having loved and lost. A deadly, unavailing
regret. The wife, upon whose pale
face—still beautiful even in death, though
wearing upon it that ineffaceable impress of
silent woe—he often looks, had, on their
wedding day, unconsciously dealt the blow
which struck all hope and light and joy
from his life forever.

But she never knew it.

She never knew what it had been that so
suddenly changed the eager, hopeful, demo-
nstrative lover of the morning into the
calm, grave husband of the evening. A
cloud had suddenly passed over the sun,
and the eclipse was to darken all their lives.
For a long time the young wife hoped he
would, after a while, become his old cheerful,
affectionate self again, but it was not
to be—never again. It was evident that
he often attempted to shake off the heavy
fetters of despair, but always vainly. At
these times the efforts of his beautiful and
affectionate wife made to cheer him and
make him forget his sorrow only seemed in
some vague way, she could not understand
how, to pain him.

He was a good husband—always kind,
affectionate, and faithful, but in every
look, or word, or gesture the loving wife
instinctively felt a reproach, a repulse. In
his saddened voice, in his saddened eyes,
in his calm, cold devotion she always de-
tected the mournful refrain of something
lost. “A glory and a gladness had passed
from the earth.” It saddened her early
married life; and as she grew older the
shadow Fate had thrown across his life fell
more deeply still upon her, until the
bright, beautiful girl whom he had married
twenty years ago had long been a listless,
silent companion to the silent, hopeless
man whose life she had so innocently and
unknowingly blighted.

To-night, while sitting beside the bed on
which she lies with closed eyes and death-
cold lips, he has finished reading her letter
which caused all their woes. As he reads
he gasps, grows deadly pale and trembles
violently. Then, rising, crosses softly to
her side and kisses her lips, her cheeks, her
eyes; caresses the cold, senseless form far
more tenderly than he had ever done the
living, miserable woman all the many years
of their married life; utters lovingly to the
ear, forever deaf words of endearment
they so long hungered to hear, and which
but a few short hours ago would have made
the poor, broken-hearted woman supremely
happy, even in death.

On their wedding morning, twenty years
ago, he had carelessly read the first lines of
that letter down to where the sheet was fold-
ed, as it lay on the table before him, and had
turned away dizzy and heart-sick, believing
himself an unloved husband. He could
only fear that she had been persuaded by
others to wed him while she loved another,
or that she was a fair, false-hearted woman
who married him for his wealth. So indel-
ibly was this terrible fear stamped upon
his heart and brain at that unhappy mo-
ment that all these years of love and affection,
of tender, wifely devotion, had been
unable to erase or lighten it. A woman
who could practice such deception could
dissemble a lifetime if necessary to conceal
her duplicity. So he had reasoned.

Many times the letter had fallen beneath
his eyes, among other papers, but he had
turned from it with pain and disgust. It
was the serpent that had stung him, and he
was too proud and honorable to caress the
witness of his betrayal. It was a letter
written by his betrothed, only a few days
before they were married, to an elder sister.
In her haste she had blotted and spoiled it
and laid it aside, never dreaming that the
dark, girlish, blotted letter would blot and
darken their lives forever.

To-night he has unfolded the faded,

blotted sheet, and read the lines below the
folded.

“Oh, my God! my God!” he cries in pit-
ous, heart-broken tones, “if I had only
read it all!”

It was too late. Far behind him in the
misty haze of memory lay the years his
hasty, impulsive pride had made miserable.
Before him lay the true, devoted, loving
wife his coldness had slain.

As he holds the old, blotted, time-worn
letter between his trembling hands, the
long, dreary years roll back, and she is
again the perfect bride full of youth and
hope, who gave her fair self to him. The
time which has seemed an eternity in passing,
so heavily weighted was it with bitter,
hopeless sorrow, vanishes in a moment,
and he sees her again, a radiant vision of
girlish loveliness, as he tells his story of
love and listens to her tender replies.
Again he raises her blushing face and kisses
her perfect lips; and again he crosses to the
bedside and kisses the cold lips which wear
in death the drawn expression of mute,
hopeless misery.

This letter conjures up strange memories
to the lonely man sitting there in that dim
light beside the shrouded figure. It is the
magic wand which brings the past years with
them dead before his view.

He beholds himself again, a young graduate
of a celebrated law college, eager to
enter upon his career—which, with the
confidence of youth and inexperience, he means
shall be one continued success; a steady,
unbroken progress onward and upward.
And it was even so for years. Success,
wealth, and honors came rapidly, but only to
fan the flame of his unbounded ambition.

Then he met Alice. Ah, how well he
remembers that long-ago afternoon! It
was a balmy spring, and the drowsy little
village seemed half asleep. He was returning
from the postoffice and met her on the
street. Their eyes met but for an instant
and he passed on, only to turn and gaze
after her thoughtfully. That chance meeting
changed all his after life. The dusty
village street, the narrow crossing, the tall
sycamore on one side, and the spreading
mulberry on the other, beneath whose
shades they met—he sees them all. And
again he sees Alice's dark eyes and sweet
face which seemed that day to possess a
“subtle spell of power, that ever to his life
has clung,” and still rests in the closed
eyes of the shrouded figure before him.
Again he meets her and feels the wild,
strange throbbing of his heart as her dark
eyes rest upon him. Again he sees the
blooming fruit trees on the left in the lawyer's
orchard, and hears on his right the
stolidic hum of bees in the doctor's
flower-garden; sees again the long, narrow
street bordered with shade trees which
began on past the hotel and red-brick court
house; behind him, down to the
railway station on the river bank. Then
memory reviews everything until his happy
wedding morn. He, with his old habit, in-
voluntarily shudders as he recalls it to mind,
but looking again at the letter he says,
“No, no; I was in the wrong all the time.
God bless her, and pity me!”

After their first meeting he returned to
his office apparently a different man. A
new power had entered his life. To ambition—to the simple desire for power for
its own sake—was now joined love. He
would, he thought with a lover's extravagance,
be great and honorable that he might be
the more worthy of Alice. He would
win honors to share them with her. It was also
the grand passion-dream of a man's first
love.

He came to know her, to worship her.
Calm, grave, self-possessed, and successful
in all contests with men, he was a humble,
awkward bungler in his love affairs. Cer-
tainly, with Alice he always appeared at his
worst. It was the remembrance of this
that caused him to so readily accept the
false meaning of the first few lines of that
foolish and really harmless note. It was also
this self-distrust that blighted her life and his
own.

A large group picture, in which both he
and she appear, hangs against the wall. It
represents the Sunday-school class which
he joined, that he might be near her each
Sabbath. With the natural timidity of
lovers, they are far apart in the picture, but he
has had the artist to copy and enlarge their
two faces in a single picture, which also
hangs before him. All these years the
happy love-light in these trusting, hopeful
faces has been a reproach to him; now it is
his self-distrust that blighted her life and his
own.

He came to know her, to worship her.
Calm, grave, self-possessed, and successful
in all contests with men, he was a humble,
awkward bungler in his love affairs. Cer-
tainly, with Alice he always appeared at his
worst. It was the remembrance of this
that caused him to so readily accept the
false meaning of the first few lines of that
foolish and really harmless note. It was also
this self-distrust that blighted her life and his
own.

He walks rapidly to and fro across the
narrow room, restless beneath his load of
seemingly unendurable sorrow and regret.
At each turn he pauses opposite the door to
gaze with a curious expression upon a happy
throng in the room beyond, who, in his
presence, wear sad faces, and speak in sub-
dued tones, but are now apparently having an
extremely pleasant time with wine,
cards, gossip, and love-making. He stands
again before the pictures for a long, long
while, then returns to the bedside, and
stands with bowed head and clasped hands
gazing upon the dead. Seating himself at the
lamp, he again reads the letter slowly and
carefully. It was short, and ran thus:

“My DEAR SISTER: I am very sorry you are
opposed to my marriage with Mr. Calvert. I
know, as you say, that he is several years older
than I am, and that our acquaintance has been
very short—but you do not understand me. I
do not love Mr. Calvert—”

At this point the letter had been folded,
and he, on that long ago morn, had read
only so far. Now he unfolded the sheet and
read on:

“I do not love Mr. Calvert simply for his
wealth and position, but for himself alone, and
because I know he loves me and will make me
happy. I love him dearly, and will be happy
to become his wife,” etc., etc.

It was a most affectionate letter, and the
strong man's heart broke as he thought how
he had wronged and slain her with his
coldness and cruelty. When the “mourners”
in the next room, after a night's dissipation,
came into the chamber of death the next
morning, calm and still beside the deathbed,
his head resting on his wife's pillow,
his face close to hers and her hand clasped
in his, sat Louis Calvert—dead.—*Chicago
Lester*.

The result we all know.

Gen. Grant, when he became Presi-
dent, had desired to have his brother-
in-law, Gen. Frederick Dent, as his
Private Secretary, but the prominent
Republican Congressman objected, say-
ing: “Dent has a good heart, General,
and would be faithful, but he can't
keep a secret five minutes.” Young
Robert Douglas, a son of the “Little
Giant,” was then taken up, but he was
not equal to the position, and the
President fell back upon Capt. Horace
Porter, one of his military aids. He
was a graduate of West Point, the son
of a Pennsylvania Governor, well educated,
well informed, and noted for his
reticence, which appeared to be ex-
pressed upon his face. There seemed
always to be the look upon it which a
secret long kept wears there at last,
the look not like guilt, yet not frank,
the look of avoidance, the habit of di-
gression in talk from the large and im-
mediate to the trivial, a coldness and

It has been lately asserted in scientific
circles that the idea that mammals
had passed through a period of
aquatic growth, as shown by the exist-
ence of the whale, should be exactly re-
versed. That is, the anatomy of the
whale has been found to show that at
one time it was a four-footed beast. It
retains evidence of having had at one
time a hairy covering, while it also re-
tains sets of rudimentary teeth charac-
teristic of a land animal rather than a
marine one. These teeth vanish at an
early period of the whale's life, often
even before it is born.

REMINISCENCES OF PUBLIC MEN.

BY BEN: PERLEY POORE.

The nomination of Andrew Johnson
as Vice President at the National Re-
publican Convention held at Baltimore
in 1854, was the work of William H.
Seward, who helped thus to secure
Southern support for himself in 1868,
when he expected to succeed Mr. Lin-
coln. The New York delegation, how-
ever, was not subservient, and at a
caucus held by its members on the 6th
of June there was an animated discussion,
some of the delegates not wanting to
throw Mr. Hamlin overboard, while
others favored the nomination of Mr.
Dickinson, and the friends of Seward
advocated the nomination of Johnson.
On the first informal ballot there were
16 votes for Dickinson, 28 for Hamlin,
6 for Tremaine and 8 for Johnson. The
six votes for Mr. Tremaine were in fact
votes for Mr. Dickinson, and some of
the eight votes for Mr. Johnson were
also votes finally thrown for Mr. Dick-
inson. After the informal ballot the
caucus adjourned to the next day, when
the contest was continued. A ballot
was finally ordered, and Mr. Raymond
nominated Andrew Johnson as the can-
didate of the delegation. When the
vote came in it stood: Dickinson, 29;
Johnson, 30; Hamlin, 7; and before it
was announced two more votes were
obtained for Johnson. Mr. Raymond
obtained one of these, and Preston
King the other, although Mr. King
himself did not vote in caucus for Mr.
Johnson. The vote as announced was
32 for Johnson, 28 for Dickinson and 6
for Hamlin. It was then, on motion of
Mr. Raymond, I think, ordered that
the Chairman report the vote as it stood
to the convention as the vote of the
State, and the caucus adjourned.

After the adjournment the tide seemed
to set strongly for Mr. Dickinson, so
much so that on the evening of the 7th
of June the nomination was deemed certain.
The Dickinson men were jubilant and
the Johnson men despondent. Mr.
Weed sought to escape defeat by sug-
gesting other names in the place of
Johnson, and spoke of Hancock, of
Holt, but left that night for New York
expecting that Mr. Dickinson would re-
ceive the nomination. Such was also
the expectation of Senator Morgan
when he went to Washington on that
day.

After the departure of Mr. Weed and
Senator Morgan, some of the
friends of Mr. Johnson began to con-
sider the propriety of throwing the
whole vote of the State for Mr. Dick-
inson. The delegation became heated,
and the talk between the members as they
met about the hotels was far from
conciliatory.

On the following morning the an-
nouncement was made that Massachusetts
had determined to present General
Butler as a candidate for Vice Presi-
dent, and some of the political men of
New York at once advocated taking up
Butler in place of Johnson as a way of
avoiding the defeat which seemed im-
pending. This new phase of the con-
test led to a consultation between Mr.
Raymond, Mr. Stranahan, and one or
two others, which resulted in calling
together all the friends of Mr. Johnson
who could be found on a short notice,
to prevent, if possible, any break in the
Johnson vote. This meeting was held
in Mr. Stranahan's room, was addressed
by him, by Mr. Wakeman, by Mr.
Robertson, and others, and resulted in
the determination to hold firmly to Mr.
Johnson, at least till a recess in the
convention. This meeting adjourned
only just in time to reach the conven-
tion at its opening on that day.

After the convention opened for that
day, the influence of New York was first
felt upon the question of admitting the
delegates from Tennessee. Preston
King moved their admission as an
amendment to the report of the Com-
mittee on Credentials, and displayed
great judgment in getting his proposi-
tion before the House, for, owing to
objections to the competency of Mr.
Dennison, of Ohio, as a presiding offi-
cer, the convention was in the greatest
confusion from the beginning to the end.
Mr. King's proposition, in point of
fact, was once voted down in the
hubub, but no one seemed to know it,
and through the courage of the mover
it was again presented. The Tennessee
delegation was then admitted, and the
New York friends of Mr. Johnson,
for the first time in two days, began to
search for a spy supposed to be in hiding.
At the door of Morton's room stood Romeo,
with drawn sword, insisting that no one
should go in there. It seemed as if
trouble were about to ensue, when
Morton said that if they would let him
go into the room for five minutes he
would take a solemn oath that no one
should leave the room; indeed, they
could not. The soldiers were gentle-
men and believed him. He went in,
and in a very few minutes the door was
opened and the men fled in one by one;
there on the bed, completely covered
by a sheet, so that only the outlines of
a form were visible, was somebody.

The impulse of the first soldier was to
draw back the sheet and look at the
face—but Morton's hand stopped him
and he said: “Gentlemen, I will prove
to you conclusively that this is not a
spy or a man, but you shall not see the
face.” Then, going to the foot of the
bed, he rolled up the sheet until there
was displayed, to just above the ankles,
the most beautiful feet you can imagine.
There was utter stillness, and then the
soldiers marched out one by one, each
raising his cap as he passed the bed.
Now, wasn't it hard for her to
keep still all that time? And wasn't
it clever in Morton? Some time after
the meeting was adjourned, the
New York delegation was then admitted.
The result we all know.

Gen. Grant, when he became Presi-
dent, had desired to have his brother-
in-law, Gen. Frederick Dent, as his
Private Secretary, but the prominent
Republican Congressman objected, say-
ing: “Dent has a good heart, General,
and would be faithful, but he can't
keep a secret five minutes.” Young
Robert Douglas, a son of the “Little
Giant,” was then taken up, but he was
not equal to the position, and the
President fell back upon Capt. Horace
Porter, one of his military aids. He
was a graduate of West Point, the son
of a Pennsylvania Governor, well educated,
well informed, and noted for his
reticence, which appeared to be ex-
pressed upon his face. There seemed
always to be the look upon it which a
secret long kept wears there at last,
the look not like guilt, yet not frank,
the look of avoidance, the habit of di-
gression in talk from the large and im-
mediate to the trivial, a coldness and

distance which was no part of his warm
temperament. Rawlins, and the old
neighbors and servitors of Grant, began
to feel the cold, clocklike con-
stancy of this young captain, so un-
social compared with their Western
candor and public spirit, and some of
the worser feelings of Rawlins' later
days were associated with this still
young safe deposit company who had
replaced him in Grant's martial con-
fidence. Porter had steadily grown,
somewhat as Gen. Hamilton grew, upon
the envious admiration of his older
rivals in Washington's admiration, ex-
cept that Hamilton had genius, while
others favored the nomination of Porter
as his reticence. His associate, Capt.
Babcock—they were both made gen-
erals—got into trouble through his con-
nection with San Domingo, the New
York bonded warehouse and the St.
Louis whisky ring; but he had
amassed a large estate before he was
drowned in 1854. Gen. Porter got him-
self “rotated” from the White House
into the Vice Presidency of the Pull-
man Car Company, and it is understood
that he is wealthy. As an after-dinner
speaker he has few equals and no su-
perior on this continent.

A ROMANCE OF