

Vol 1711 No 13



VIEW FROM PROSPECT ROCK, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

A DAUGHTER OF CLEOPATRA.

MANY a man of later days—and possibly many a woman—has asked the question: "What could there have been in that dusky, dark-browed Egyptian queen to enchain the fickle affections of Caesar and lead Antony on to his ruin and his death?" But look at the Wallachian girl, as she stands to-day in our picture, and find an answer to the question! For such a one as she, dusky and dark-browed as she is, another Antony might easily lose another world and be happy enough in the costly investment, even although the tendency of the time is to succumb entirely to the Anglo-Saxon type and taste, and what a graphic writer well designates as the "blonde un-combed order" of beauty. Michelet, the French philosopher, boldly asserts that the warmest love and the truest endurance lie with the dark-haired

and dark-eyed,—though many others hold a widely different opinion, and cling to the blonde and blue-eyed with quite equal tenacity and devotion. This fine picture is by John S. Davis, after Vernet-Le-compte, French medallist in 1846, 1863 and 1864.

DELAWARE WATER-GAP SCENERY.

We present, this month, three pictures of scenery at and about the Delaware Water Gap, in the opinion of many among the most thoroughly satisfactory of any similar range on the continent. The readers of *THE ALDINE*, and its corresponding clientele of art-lovers, are indebted, for these, to the capable pencil of Mr. J. D. Woodward, who has entered upon his task lovingly and with a full appreciation of his opportunity. The most important of the views is the "Delaware Water Gap, from the North;" the second

is "Mount Tammany, from Prospect Rock;" and the third is "A Spur of Mount Tammany." No *habitué* of this charming section but will be pleasantly reminded of enjoyable summer journeys, looking at the calm river of the first, with the children in the boats, the raft conveying the idea of the farther northward lumber interest, and the whole scene as beautiful as peaceful; while many who have never yet explored that near paradise of summer, may be induced to do so from the glimpses thus caught as at a distance. Not less instructed pleasure, meanwhile, will be found in the two other pictures, the one conveying a better idea than could otherwise be obtained of Mount Tammany, the grandeur of the two guardians of the pass, its ravines and the cloud and shadow effects with which it seems to be nearly always sporting,—and the other changing the world, as it were, with the aspects of moving and rising mist, among

the roast beef, I say, comes in for a much more honored place, on such occasions, than with us: the vegetables of the season are much less plentiful and various; and they lack two things, without which the character and morals of any nation can never quite rise to the height of general respect. They do not know how to make a *mince-pie* worthy of the name, nor, indeed, a fruit-pie of any description, that would not set an American housewife into laughing indignation; and they have no *cranberry-sauce* for the turkey! Now every one knows, however the absence of the mince-pies may be condoned, that the turkey was intended by a beneficent providence to be eaten with that special sauce;—so that the deficiency goes beyond expression. Let us pity them!—they are yet in the dark ages, in such regards; as they are, indeed, in nearly every arrangement for cooking; and in the preparation of every kind of dessert, except that inevitable and indigestible plum-pudding, slab and sobby enough to breed a dyspepsia with a single helping. They have no idea, in point of fact, of all that unhealthy (so they say) but very real delight, which lies in the flaky and melting preparations of the American baker's shop, any more than they have of the fruit and vegetable delicacies, canned and otherwise preserved, derived from the fields and orchards of the West.

But to go back once more to the Christmas Dinner, which will certainly grow unappetizing under so many desertions. There is one feature of it, or of the evening festivity corresponding, which can not be too highly commended—the practice of hanging over the door or table a sprig of the Druid mistletoe (an angular-jointed shrub, with leaves like the olive and white waxen berries at the joints), under which the kissing of *any one*, of whichever sex, is considered entirely excusable and rather meritorious than otherwise; and there is sometimes a bit of dessert, or, as they call it, "sweets," derivable from this pleasant practice, going far to induce forgetfulness even of mince-pies and cranberry-sauce! This shrub, a parasite, by the way, with the holly, the fir, the ivy and running-vines for wreathing, make up the principal "Christmas greens" for house decoration, as, minus the mistletoe and the ivy, and plus an infinite variety of evergreens, they supply the same place in America. House decorations, as a rule, are far inferior to ours; those of favorite churches, especially of the ritualistic or high-church order, are often very costly and elaborate.

The "Christmas Waits," proper, of the rural districts, have no place in London, at the present day, and when they appear they are of a very low order, merely giving an excuse for somewhat bolder beggary than that of the open street. They awake one, on Christmas morning, in various parts of the city, very early, and not too pleasantly—the average musical force being three or four, with a cracked clarinet, a worse-cracked violin, perhaps an antediluvian accordion or concertina, and voices so bad that when they attempt to sing, the recollection that "Christmas comes but once a year!" grows very pleasant and reassuring. The London "waits," now usually in rags and often shoeless, have no expectation of being invited into the house and regaled with food and drink in recognition of the service they have rendered the season: they play and moan away, poor souls!—under the window, hoping that here and there a penny may be thrown out to them, and often disappointed of any recognition whatever. They do not announce much "peace" on that portion of "earth," seeing that they come with horrible discord; and as to the "good will among men," I am afraid that they neither create nor receive it, in this degenerate latter half of the nineteenth century. Something very like them, by the way, haunts certain portions of London, all winter long, and especially when there is what they call a "hard frost," (*i. e.*, in American, a "freeze-up.") One of them, or two, or three, with or without some cracked or battered instrument, and always with a fractured voice and almost always in the very desolation of rags, may be seen, and heard, in the street at almost any hour of the day or night, begging through the medium of some doleful refrain, like

"We're all free out, and we're knocking about,
And we've got no work to do!"

Religious observances, at the churches, on Christmas Day, are universal, in London as here. I enjoyed the great privilege, on the Christmas under notice, of listening to good Dean Stanley's sermon, in Westminster Abbey, sitting within a few feet of the grave

of Dickens, in the pavement of that regal burial-place. The sermon of the handsome and genial Dean was a glorious one—informed with the very spirit of that "peace on earth" already quoted, and which formed his theme, as reproaching equally the wars and the domestic dissensions of the time; but somehow, because it was Christmas Day, my mind would go wandering, not only during the sermon but the noble choral service, to him who lay cold beneath that stone with the brass letters recording simply his name—deaf to the voice of the speaker, the chime of the grand old bells, and all the touching observances of that season he had so peculiarly made his own. And remembering at least this portion of his work, and its effect on the common heart of humanity, I could but utter above him, changing a single word, the beautiful aspiration of one of his truest characters: "Lord, keep his memory green!"

And I quoted him again, quite as fervently, two or three nights later, when seeing some of his Christmas characters come up in the very breathing flesh, in the playing of the "Christmas Carol" at one of the leading theatres. I saw, over again, the fearful lesson read to Scrooge, the miser, of the end that remained for the gripping and pitiless; I saw Bob Cratchit make a luxurious Christmas feast out of such scanty materials, because he *bagnated from within*; and I felt that the author had been uttering, from his heart, words that the whole world should be echoing as they fell from the lips of poor little Tiny Tim: "God bless us every one!"

But this brings me, naturally, to those theatrical performances of the season, with a brief glance at which my London Christmas must fade away into the past, like the day which has already joined the "years beyond the flood."

Unlike the American habit, again, there are no theatrical performances in London on Christmas Day or evening: the people would join the Lord Chamberlain in refusing to tolerate what they regard as such a desecration, just as they would if some one of the courts should hold a session on Good Friday. But the whole city, or at least the popular element in it, is standing, that day, like a hound held in leash, waiting to be let go; and every one of the theatres, not running some piece too profitable to allow of its being taken off, has a pantomime ready: the title oftenest taken from Mother Goose or some equally erudite authority—the end of it, after half a yard of other words, the more ridiculous the better, being "Harlequin" something or other. On the next night after Christmas, or the next week-day night if the festival has chanced to occur on Saturday—comes "Boxing Night," when all the theatres reopen, with the new or old attractions, the whole city going as mad over the affair as ever did the Venetians of old over the carnival. Everybody, below a certain rank in life, rushes to the theatre on that evening, as if there would never be another theatrical performance to the very end of time,—until twice the capacity of each house is the average limit of admissions, and three times its proper capacity no rarity.

Very many of the new pieces thus produced, except in the details of scenery, dresses, "legs" (lately), and blue-and-red-fire, are among the very worst imaginable. But my personal experiences, on the "Boxing Night" in question, were quite sufficient to demonstrate that the entertainment, as to character or interest, is nothing, and that the habit of going on that night is everything! On that occasion I nearly sacrificed my valuable life (valuable to *me*) in the effort to force my way into first one and then another of three leading houses—then succeeded in entering a fourth, in the gallery, and from thence saw "Boxing Night" within-doors, as I had already seen quite enough of it without.

Such a pack! It is simply impossible to describe it, or even to imagine it. The Old Bowery of New York, in the days of Tom Hamblin or on a J. R. Scott benefit-night, was nothing to it. The stalls and more costly boxes were fairly full of people of the better condition; but the two-shilling places were jammed; and the one-shilling—pit and gallery—were a seething and squirming mass of humanity, beginning with the shopmen and tradesmen classes, and running down to the lowest capable of raising the requisite coin—value, something less than a specie quarter of American money. Hard-faced workmen, with their wives and all the children they could manage to lug in with them; girls of every degree below the rank of gentility, with their "young men;" young women, unaccompanied, and yet many of them entirely respectable in their classes; foot-

men and coachmen with their female fellow-servants—of course both for the time in mufti; undetected members of the swell-mob, on the look-out for vic-tims; bumpkins from the country, wide-mouthed and haw-lawing; dog-fanciers and rat-catchers; and, to be brief, every class making up the lower-middle and lower strata of the community. Out of the perhaps three thousand people, at least five or six hundred children—many of them infants in arms, as the debarring of them would shut out the mothers and thus unforgivably outrage the Constitution. All the children unruly, many of them whimpering, and no small proportion bawling, amid slappings, and cuffs, and scolding orders that might as well have been addressed to the individual members of a basket of eels.

Amid this formidable mass, crowdings; pushings; unauthorized appropriations of seats, with the slight alterations following; interchanges of the not-too-delicate London street-wit; calls from one acquaintance to another, by name, at an inconvenient distance; tearings of clothes, and knockings off of hats, with those amiable remarks as to the past family and present standing of the aggressor, usually succeeding such accidents; cat-calls; slang directions hurled at the curtain and the tardy stage-management; imitations, with the mouth, of various wind-instruments; singings of short staves of popular airs, etc., etc. Add to these, twenty to thirty bar-maids, above stairs and below, except in the most exclusive portions of the house, calling out, in different keys of shrillness: "Any refreshments? Ale, beer, or lemonade?"—and handing over those potables to people in their seats, with the popping of corks, the clinking and breaking of glasses, and the expostulations of the non-buyers at having the beer or lemonade spilt over them: all these duly imagined and then multiplied by ten, may give a faint idea of the quiet paradise of a London theatre on "Boxing Night," before the commencement of the pantomime and between the acts, with fragmentary portions running through the performance.

It is by no means an eclectic scene, the one thus last presented, from the wondrous drama of a London Christmas; but there is certainly nothing in the people and the time, more forcibly recalling itself to remembrance; and there is one excuse for dwelling upon it at greater length than some of the preceding characteristics—that fewer Americans, probably, have looked upon that peculiar phase of London amusement, than upon anything else thus called into notice. Christmas, in something like its present shape, will no doubt linger in the great metropolis while the very stones of St. Paul's endure; and when it passes away, the last thing to disappear will almost certainly be "Boxing Night," with its crowds, its rough jollities, and its pantomimes founded on the most ridiculous trifles in the language.

—Henry Morford.

DEAD DAYS.

Our summers are but burial-places, where
We lay to rest the sweet days as they die, —
Softening their outline with love's rosemary,
And memory's lavender, and all of rare
Tokens to keep them fair.

Our winters are the vaults whose ice-fringed cells
Shut in still other coffin'd days, for whom,
When borne and left amid their frozen gloom,
White-surplised flakes (in place of lily-bells)
Tinkle their muffled knells.

We bury them, and sigh, with bowing head,
Submissive else: The tender days *must* go;
For they are earthly-born, and perish so:
Yet by what augury hath any said
That they are *wholly* dead?

The short, child-metred grave o'er which we yearn
Even yet, — the empty bird's-nest filled with snows, —
The leafless bough, — the spring that comes and goes, —
Teach resurrection lessons, each in turn,
Which we are quick to learn.

Our days die thus: — and we, — their lives withdrawn, —
Like other mourners, fall of faith's control,
Forgetful that each memory is the soul
Of a dead day, such as in summers gone,
'Mid rosemary sleeps on.

And when they meet us yonder, face to face,
After their resurrection, — shall we then
Hail them with greet and welcome once again,
Companions of our blessedness always, —
Dear, risen, deathless days?

—Margaret J. Preston.



A SPUR OF TAMMANY, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

the fine pine-trees of the section—always thoroughly enjoyable in a picture as well as in the reality.

It is a fact not too creditable to the body of American travelers, and worth setting down that the fault may be corrected—that the mountains of Pennsylvania are far less known and visited than many of the American ranges at much greater distance, and even less than many of the European ranges, while they may be said to vie in beauty with any others upon earth, and to have, in many sections, features of grandeur entitling them to eminent rank. Few passes on either continent are intrinsically finer than the break made by the Delaware, changing at that point from the narrow, rushing character of the Upper, to the broader calmness of the Lower, between the rugged Tammany and Blockhead, on the east, or New Jersey side, and Minsi (supposed to be abbreviated from "Minisink," on the Pennsylvania side. No finer view of a mountain range from a distance

can be caught anywhere in America, than that of the Gap Mountains at early evening, say from Manunkachunk, some miles away below on the Jersey side; and not even the Alps, at a corresponding hour, can boast of finer purples than gradually creep over that landscape in the evenings of autumn. And the glory by no means fades on a nearer approach; for there are glens and pools, and mossy ravines, in the heart of Minsi (much better known as Kittatinny), scarcely if at all to be equaled elsewhere, in any length of travel. "Venus' Bath" (often and improperly called "Diana's Bath") may challenge any similar combination of pool and grotto within the knowledge of the oldest traveler; and the ascent of the "Rebecca Water-Course," to the top of the mountain from the vicinity of the Kittatinny House, gives a sensation entirely alone of its kind; while scarcely less can be said of "Rebecca's Bath," beautiful little "Caldeno Falls," and many another resort of the Kittatinny,

only known to true nature-lovers, even of those who sojourn among the mountains of the Delaware.

Not only the nature-lover, by the way, has his scope for observation and thought at the Water Gap. The scientist has something to do, and is almost certain to do it, if he lingers there for any considerable period. He may not have quite decided how Niagara comes to be where it is—whether it was originally in the same place, or down at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; but he will find himself joining in the scientific speculations of the past half-century, as to whether the Water Gap was made so at Creation; whether it changed to be what it is, at the Flood; or whether some immense freshet broke through the barriers once standing across the way, and let out what had been the waters of an immense inland lake, to form the Lower Delaware and swell the volume of the Delaware Bay, one of the noblest estuaries of the whole Atlantic coast.

APPEAL WITH THE STORM.

"Crouch by your warm hearth-fire,
Curry your late bones nigher,
Ye weaker son of a weakly sire!
So spake old Storm as he shunned the door
With a rousing roar.
Huge was his grizzled form,
This mad old Storm!

"Hail to your warship, sir,
Set the whole world a-fire,—
And blow us back to the things that were;
I'll with ye all of Creation o'er."
And we passed the door:
"Now for it, arm-in-arm,
My mad old Storm!"

Out on the frozen ground,
Whizzing the rough road round,
In rhythmic stride to the wild-wind sound—
In whirling leaps to the tempest-tide:
"We are side by side,
Taking it arm-in-arm,
My mad old Storm!"

Crushing the mountain's crown,
Sweeping the valley down,
Among the steeples that peak the town,
Along the rivers by wood and plain:
"Tis together pain
Findeth us, arm-in-arm,
My mad old Storm!"

Felling the tall trees fast,
Tumbling all things we passed,
Men's houses, yea their gray tombs at last,
"Confusion curse the poor people's sleep,
Hurl their homes a-heep!"
Howled he—still arm-in-arm,
This mad old Storm!

Miles and more miles away,
Marching to meet the day,
"On, on, old Storm, for there's no delay—
Steer straight—you stagger and slack your speed,
To your steps give heed—
Hold to it, arm-in-arm,
My mad old Storm!"

"Howl!—why, your voice grows thin:
Trump!—why your knees give in:
What!—Shin by sinners that's steeped in sin?
The earth and air, and the sea are His—
"Tis in Genesis—
Now has your arm-in-arm,
My poor old Storm!"

"Crouch in your forest lair,
Hover ye shapeless there,
Ye stray child of the homeless air!
Near by some hearth for a friend doth glow,
With His word I go—
More is in Man than form,
My torn old Storm!"

—John Vance Cheney.

LOST LILLIAN BRACY:

A TRADITION OF CHARLES II.'S TIME.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONCLUDED).

BUT even in the midst of her own suffering and shame, Maude Bracy was too true a woman not to feel for the fears and awkwardnesses of others; and the genuine motherly instinct, so long defrauded, came out in the words immediately following, and addressed to the shrinking and courtesying Letty Bryce:

"Do not be frightened, my poor girl: no one will harm you."

To which the reply came, with another awkward courtesy, but in a voice that seemed as soft-toned and capable of cultivation as it was really rude and boorish in manner:

"Noa, ma'am; 'ee be so kind and good, like, I be not feared of 'ee—noa!"

With a very different regard fell the next words of Walter Bracy, who beckoned the poor girl, with an imperative gesture, to approach him more nearly, but who scarcely reassured her by his masterful speech:

"Come here, wench! What are we?—bears, that you tremble thus?"

"Noa, measter," came the reply, in the same unmanaged, musical voice: "There don't be any bears here, belike; but you be all so fine and grand, and I be so poor and common, that I be sort o' feared like."

"Pshaw!" spoke Bracy, with one more of his habitual expressions of impatience. "Hold up your head and be a woman! What did that hussy say your name?"

"Letty Bryce, measter. We be poor people—oh, wondrous poor, 'yond Oldham; and feyther he do have

lost his cow, and the hayrick be burned, and the baby be sick, and—"

Once more there was an unspoken word below the utterance of the master, and it shaped itself into a repetition of that so lately indulged but unvented: "Beautiful!—even more so than I thought! Once rid of that dirt and those rags, and she would be a queen!" But he only uttered, aloud, the words of interruption and inquiry:

"There—that will do! You seek service, they say."

"Ees, measter, if 'ee please!" with another bobbing courtesy of awkwardness; and then an attempted repetition of the story that must be told: "The baby be sick, and feyther he be discouraged, like; we be so wondrous poor, and—"

"That will do, I tell you! No more of your father, or the cow, or the baby!" again curtly interrupted Walter Bracy. "You seek service—that is enough. You shall find it, and at once. Mistress Bracy will attach you to her household—eh, Maude?" The latter words, with a partial turning toward the crushed wife, and a leer that seemed to supplement and complete all the former insults.

"Yes, Walter," was all that Maude Bracy could utter, in her choking throat; while below the breath there went up one more mute protest to heaven in the hushed cry of shame and agony: "Oh, this degradation!—this degradation!"

Another awkward courtesy from the recipient of so much doubtful kindness, and another attempt to complete the forbidden story:

"Ees, measter and mistress: I do thank 'ee, very kindly. For feyther he do have lost his cow, and we be so wondrous poor, like—"

"Confusion! How many times more, wench, will you repeat that homily!" thundered the harsh voice of the master. "While you are within Bracy's Hope look you that you obey my will, without needing even twice bidding! Do you hear me, girl?"

Another bobbing courtesy, and an assurance that gave no certainly whatever of the whole melancholy story not being told at some early period: "Ees, measter!" the lips shaping themselves into the hindered additional words: "Feyther he do have lost his cow, and the hayrick be burned, and the baby be sick, and we be so wondrous poor, and—" the rest as yet only imaginable.

Walter Bracy only heard the assurance of obedience, and replied with an order that embraced both mistress and servant, as he strode toward the door:

"Remember it, then! Maude Bracy, see that she has a cot and a trencher. For the rest, I will look that Nelly Biggin has her orders."

He was gone; and the poor wife stood for a moment in silence, the new servant before her, in corresponding silence and an awkwardness that seemed almost phenomenal. And as Maude Bracy stood, through her heart and mind there ran a line of that harrowing thought so common to the overmatched and the helpless: "From what a pit of degradation might I save both this girl and myself, if I but dared to send her away—away, where Walter Bracy might never set evil eye on her again! But my fate—my fate! No, no, it may not be! I must suffer on, even to the end, which God send quickly!" Then to the subject of her impotent thought, with the same motherly instinct that had before marked her address to her:

"My poor girl—you want service, to aid your poor father. I fear me that you have sought it in an ill place and time; but you must not go homeless and friendless; so even as my husband has said, I will attach you to my household—my household!—oh, Father in heaven!"

Oblivious, now, that she spoke before the wondering servant—overwrought with the tension of the last hour on nerve and brain—sick unto death, of life and all that it contained—even as she spoke the last word, the mistress of Bracy's Hope dropped her gray head between her two hands, and burst into choking sobs and bitter tears.

It is not too clearly that we hear and see through the storm of sobs and the rain of tears; and there would seem to be certain strange hallucinations possible, in connection with such a state of physical feeling; for, had she not known to the contrary, Maude Bracy would have sworn, the moment after, that the ragged, awkward, clownish wench standing in her presence, had changed to be entirely another person—that it had seized her hand, dropped on knee, and said, in a gentle and pitiful voice, bearing no trace of the broken speech of 'yond Oldham:

"Oh, mistress, you are wretched—very, very wretched! Let me be near you, aid you, comfort you, love you!"

So strong was the impression that something like this had occurred, however impossible, that Maude Bracy absolutely started back, dropping her hands from her face, with the surprised exclamation:

"Heavens, what is this? Was it you, Letty, who spoke and so strangely, even now?"

But all was changed again, even in that instant. The poor girl, as it seemed, had indeed been on her knees, and was rising, with due awkwardness, replying, in the broadest speech, to her words of wonder: "Ees, mistress—'ee do seem to cry so wondrous sad, like! Doan't 'ee cry; and Letty will be ever so handy about 'ee, 'ee can't think."

"Heavens, could I have been so deceived? Alas, yes, my troubles must have half distraught me!" mused the tortured wife, in her bewilderment; then nerving herself with an effort, as so many times before, for the duties of life and the day, she said: "Come, then, my good girl; we will to the larder and the hundry, and you shall be busied at once."

"Ees, if 'ee will be so doleful good, mistress. 'Ee makes poor I so happy as I could cry too. Let poor Letty earn the bread she do eat, and she will work for 'ee night and day, mistress."

Such were the words that came from the soiled red lips of the baby face, as Letty Bryce followed her mistress toward the servants' offices; but the atmosphere of the larder would seem, at that special period, to have been favorable to monologue and rumination, for even this girl fell into the mood as she pursued the steps of her new and sorrowful mistress; and something of what Maude Bracy knew never could have been, came into actuality in the words in this instance kept under the breath by the young girl, yet formed and half-uttered:

"Heaven forgive me this deception, even against a poor and suffering woman! And yet, why should it be against her? What change would be other than for the better, for one so torn and trampled? No—perchance she may yet come to know me as her good angel: I may yet shield and save her, when the ruin falls on the spoiler!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE PLOT AGAINST A KING'S LIFE.

IN the old hall of Bracy's Hope sat the three Fifth-Monarchy men whom we have seen, not many days ago, leaving the festivities of the May-pole and wending toward their rendezvous at Waltham. The hour was late at night—so late as to approach midnight; and yet each of these strange guests at the larder, as he sat at table in the middle of the dark apartment, around which the two rushlights from the table glimmered dimly on faded picture and rusty armor decking the sombre walls—each wore his hat and kept sword buckled to his side, as a man who had lived in troublous times and doubtful deeds, and knew not at what moment there might be call to set down goblet and grasp blade. Men to be feared, then, even as they had been when seen under the light of the May-day sun: but men to be undervalued and despised—never!

Strange guests, as already said, these, at Bracy's Hope: far stranger would they have been in the days before its decadence, and when cavalier loyalty was the highest distinction of good Sir Everard. That they were no idle revelers, was only too certain, albeit there were glasses on the table, and wine shone redly in the lamp-light, through the bulb of a huge decanter half demijohn, standing between them. That there was some fearful and evil work boded by their presence, others than Maude Bracy might have well believed, looking on the sanctionious scowl on the face of Brintnall, on the half-hidden ruffianism of that of Whelpley, and the rough defiance which no training among the methodical roundheads had been able to efface from that of "tough John Carver."

They had been sitting in silence, for a time, as if in waiting, and indeed listening. And it was Whelpley who first spoke, with a certain impatience in his tone.

"It must be near midnight. What evil chance hindereth our host to this hour?"

"Our host!" echoed Carver, with something very like contempt in his utterance, though it was notable that at that moment he spoke lower than his wont, albeit forgetting or disregarding his companions and his profession, enough to use one of the worst

Vol 1711 h-13



VIEW FROM PROSPECT ROCK, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

A DAUGHTER OF CLEOPATRA.

MANY a man of later days—and possibly many a woman—has asked the question: "What could there have been in that dusky, dark-browed Egyptian queen to enchain the fickle affections of Cæsar and lead Antony on to his ruin and his death?" But look at the Wallachian girl, as she stands to-day in our picture, and find an answer to the question! For such a one as she, dusky and dark-browed as she is, another Antony might easily lose another world and be happy enough in the costly investment, even although the tendency of the time is to succumb entirely to the Anglo-Saxon type and taste, and what a graphic writer well designates as the "blonde uncombed order" of beauty. Michelet, the French philosopher, boldly asserts that the warmest love and the truest endurance lie with the dark-haired

and dark-eyed,—though many others hold a widely different opinion, and cling to the blonde and blue-eyed with quite equal tenacity and devotion. This fine picture is by John S. Davis, after Vernet-Le-compte, French medallist in 1846, 1863 and 1864.

DELAWARE WATER-GAP SCENERY.

WE present, this month, three pictures of scenery at and about the Delaware Water Gap, in the opinion of many among the most thoroughly satisfactory of any similar range on the continent. The readers of *THE ALDINE*, and its corresponding clientele of art-lovers, are indebted, for these, to the capable pencil of Mr. J. D. Woodward, who has entered upon his task lovingly and with a full appreciation of his opportunity. The most important of the views is the "Delaware Water Gap, from the North:" the second

is "Mount Tammany, from Prospect Rock;" and the third is "A Spur of Mount Tammany." No *habitué* of this charming section but will be pleasantly reminded of enjoyable summer journeys, looking at the calm river of the first, with the children in the boats, the raft conveying the idea of the farther northward lumber interest, and the whole scene as beautiful as peaceful; while many who have never yet explored that near paradise of summer, may be induced to do so from the glimpses thus caught as at a distance. Not less instructed pleasure, meanwhile, will be found in the two other pictures, the one conveying a better idea than could otherwise be obtained of Mount Tammany, the grander of the two guardians of the pass, its ravines and the cloud and shadow effects with which it seems to be nearly always sporting,—and the other changing the world, as it were, with the aspects of moving and rising mist, among



A SPUR OF TAMMANY, DELAWARE WATER GAP.—J. D. WOODWARD.

the fine pine-trees of the section—always thoroughly enjoyable in a picture as well as in the reality.

It is a fact not too creditable to the body of American travelers, and worth setting down that the fault may be corrected—that the mountains of Pennsylvania are far less known and visited than many of the American ranges at much greater distance, and even less than many of the European ranges, while they may be said to vie in beauty with any others upon earth, and to have, in many sections, features of grandeur entitling them to eminent rank. Few passes on either continent are intrinsically finer than the break made by the Delaware, changing at that point from the narrow, rushing character of the Upper, to the broader calmness of the Lower, between the rugged Tammany and Blockhead, on the east, or New Jersey side, and Minsi (supposed to be abbreviated from "Minisink,") on the Pennsylvania side. No finer view of a mountain range from a distance

can be caught anywhere in America, than that of the Gap Mountains at early evening, say from Manunkachunk, some miles away below on the Jersey side; and not even the Alps, at a corresponding hour, can boast of finer purples than gradually creep over that landscape in the evenings of autumn. And the glory by no means fades on a nearer approach; for there are glens and pools, and mossy ravines, in the heart of Minsi (much better known as Kittatinny), scarcely if at all to be equaled elsewhere, in any length of travel. "Venus' Bath" (often and improperly called "Diana's Bath") may challenge any similar combination of pool and grotto within the knowledge of the oldest traveler; and the ascent of the "Rebecca Water-Course," to the top of the mountain from the vicinity of the Kittatinny House, gives a sensation entirely alone of its kind: while scarcely less can be said of "Rebecca's Bath," beautiful little "Caldeno Falls," and many another resort of the Kittatinny,

only known to true nature-lovers, even of those who sojourn among the mountains of the Delaware.

Not only the nature-lover, by the way, has his scope for observation and thought at the Water Gap. The scientist has something to do, and is almost certain to do it, if he lingers there for any considerable period. He may not have quite decided how Niagara comes to be where it is—whether it was originally in the same place, or down at the mouth of the St. Lawrence; but he will find himself joining in the scientific speculations of the past half-century, as to whether the Water Gap was made so at Creation; whether it changed to be what it is, at the Flood; or whether some immense freshet broke through the barriers once standing across the way, and let out what had been the waters of an immense inland lake, to form the Lower Delaware and swell the volume of the Delaware Bay, one of the noblest estuaries of the whole Atlantic coast.