



GRAND BALL GIVEN IN HONOR OF PRESIDENT GRANT AT THE STETSON HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, JULY 26.—DRAWN BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 519]

St. Gardner, one of the *jeunesse dorée* of New York.

It was not long after this that Stewart Gardner came to me to take lessons in French. My faith! I was a little astonished, for he spoke French so well. He said he desired to have the true Parisian accent. "Monsieur," I said, gravely, "*c'est impossible*. Only an Parisien can have the true Parisian accent. You will lose your time and your money." He smiled and said he did not hope for perfection absolute, but to approach a little nearer to perfection. I did then engage myself to do with him all that one could; and for an American his accent was not to despise. Truly, he had lived some years in Paris, and had been there more lately than I. But I engaged myself to improve his accent—and I did.

When I told my Louise that evening she was not so glad as I had anticipated. She said, "Oh, papa, why does he come?" And I said, "But it is to acquire the Parisian accent, my child." "Oh, papa, don't!" "Don't what, *petite*?" "Don't have him coming here for lessons; he does not need any." "My dear, which is the better able to judge of his needs—you or he? Have you ever observed his accent in speaking French?" "Oh no, papa." "Well, then, what do you know? *C'est fini*." She only *hausseit ses épaules*, and said no more.

So Stewart Gardner came and took lessons; and I did perfect his accent very much; and he came often in the evening, and I played the violin for him, and told him of the Revolution, and sometimes my daughter would sing, and he would sing with her, and I grew to love him very much, and to be glad always when he came. I found afterward that he did sometimes chance to meet my Louise in the streets, and that they would promenade together; but this I did not then know. If I had known of it I would have severely reasoned with her; because Stewart Gardner was the son of rich parents, and would be rich himself, and my poor girl would have no *dot* but her virtue.

I was very blind. Perhaps that we are all blind when it acts of seeing our own daughters. I did not see that *ma petite* and this youth were drawing every day closer and closer to each other. As I look back now I marvel where my eyes were, for I can recall in memory hundreds of traits and incidents which might have taught me that these two were in love. But then she was so wise and modest, and so loving to her father; and he was so loyal, frank, and honest that I could have suspected nothing. So they became lovers, and I never knew!

One day I went out very much in the morning—very early, I would say. I did not return to my home until night. It was late in summer; and as I came up the street I looked for *ma petite* at the window, with her bright face among her flowers. She was not there! I entered our room; it was desert! All there seemed desolate! No sight of my daughter! Never, never before had I returned home after my day of labor and not found her there to give me a welcome! I was going to rush down stairs and ask the good woman who kept the house whether she knew any thing of my daughter, when my eyes turned to the *cheminée*, and I saw a letter there in her handwriting, and addressed "To my dear father." Think if I tore it open, and read:

"Oh, my dear father! I love each other, Stewart and I, and can not live asunder! Forgive me that I leave you for a moment—only a moment. We could not ask your consent, because we feared your high Parisian sense of honor would compel you to withhold your sanction from a step which to many eyes must seem culpable. But you will forgive us yet, and all will be happy. Ever your devoted daughter,"

"LOUISE."

I dropped the paper on the floor. The chamber seemed to revolve itself. My daughter had fled with Stewart Gardner—my poor, dear, deceived daughter was dishonored! Oh, my wife! Oh, mother of my infant! In the heavens above us, I thought, what canst thou say to the unthinking husband, the unwatching, blind father, who has allowed this calamity to fall on thy child?

I had no clew to where the fugitives had gone. I wandered about hopeless and wild for two or three days. I inquired at Stewart's house; I saw his parents. They were angry, bitter, furious; and we only quarreled; and they were as ignorant as myself whether the hapless pair had fled! I went home, and took down a pair of rapiers I had, and I felt a pleasure all grim and sanguinary as I looked at their points. *Par Dieu*, I am not yet so old! A *vieux moustache* can even yet do something. I can not save thee, my daughter; but I can avenge thee, or I can die!

Thus I sat, evening after evening. Behold that one bright summer evening I heard on the stairs a step I knew too well. He has come, then, this insolent seducer, to defy me, or perhaps to buy me off with money! In New York, perhaps, they think all can be paid with their dearest dollars!

The door opens—and behold Stewart Gardner smiling, though looking *un peu* abashed, and holding out his hand.

"You will forgive me," he said, "whatever others may do."

"Traitor, deceiver, coward, monster!" were my frantic words, and I sprang for my rapiers and seized them.

He fell back astonished—as I then thought, afraid.

"*Lâche!*" I cried.

"But, Monsieur, you surely are not serious? You are not so unforgiving for a little deception?"

"Coward, it must that we battle ourselves! We must cut the throats together! Take your weapon!"

"But, good Heaven, Monsieur, will you not listen?"

"On guard, coward!"

"What on earth have I done?"

"Betrayed me! deceived me! betrayed and deceived my poor petite, my cherished Louise!"

"But this is madness! You can not believe it! Why, Monsieur, do you not know?"

My rage only grew the more stormy as he spoke. I thrust a weapon into his hand; I struck him with mine across the breast; I cried to him that if he did not defend himself I would traverse him with my sword through the heart. There was now something like a smile on his lips, which truly inflamed me. I rushed at him. Were he not quickly on guard, credit me, he would have had my sword in his breast. But he sprang to defend himself with a celerity all marvelous.

That was a combat! Once I boasted myself to be a master of my weapon; and even still, look you, my arm is not quite weak, and my wrist has not lost its *souplesse*. *Mon Dieu*, I did my utmost possible to kill him! I almost shudder now when I think what in my madness I might have done! If I had killed him—ah, then what would have been left for me, miserable, but to slay myself? *Grâce à Dieu*, I did not kill him, nor even inflict a wound on him. He had learned the use of his weapon in a good Paris school; and he had youth. His arm was supple, and his wrist was steel. He only guarded himself, and the more I grew hot the more did he grow cool. At last he met a wild advance of mine with a parry truly brilliant, and my sword flew out of my hand and dashed against one of the walls of our chamber.

He sprang at the weapon and seized it. "Either kill me," I cried, "or let us still battle ourselves. It is always a combat *à outrance*!"

"My good, dear Monsieur," he now asked, with a calmness all provoking, "what are we supposed to be battling ourselves for?"

"But, *malheureux*, do you pretend, then, not to understand the feelings of a father?"

"My faith, I profess to be all unable to understand the feelings of a father who seems to have set his heart on making his daughter a widow before she has half passed through her month of honey."

"A widow! Have you not betrayed?"

"My dear father-in-law, how can you talk in such a way? If our darling Louise only heard you! It would bring the blush to her cheeks, matron though she be, I assure you."

"Then, Stewart—Stewart, *mon garçon*, Stewart, my son—Louise and you are married?"

"Dear Sir, what did you take us for—her or me? She is indeed Madame Stewart Gardner; and I only wish it were certain that she would come into better fortune by her marriage. But we trust to time to soften my people and reconcile them; and once they see my darling Louise they will love her just as her father and her husband do. For the rest, we love each other, and you love us, and we can be happy, and wait."

"But why did you not tell me all this before now, my son?"

"Well, Louise wished at first to tell you. But then we knew you were scrupulous and punctilious in the affairs of honor; and you might fancy that you were bound to withhold your consent, because of the reluctance of my parents; and we thought it better to say nothing, even to you, until the knot was tied and could not be untied."

"My Stewart, I am the most happy of men! Ah, if only my dear wife were living! But where is my daughter, my angel Louise?"

"I thought she would have been arrived here before now. She will not be long. What would she have said, my father-in-law, if she had come in a few minutes ago, and seen you charging me, *à brûle-pourpoint*, sword in hand? Eh, *mon beau-père*?"

"*Coguin*, not a word of that to Louise! How could she ever forgive her father for raising his rash hand against the life of her husband? Oh yes, you smile, because you think you were well able to defend yourself; but you must not be too arrogant in your victory, my son-in-law. I admit you can hold your sword well for an American; but then you have been trained in the first schools of Paris."

You comprehend that I was not willing to allow my *beau garçon* of a son-in-law any triumph over my country, however he might triumph over myself.

Even while we were thus gayly talking, behold there comes a *frou-frou* of robes and *jupeons* up the staircase and into the chamber. And I start and turn round, and my eyes fill, and my limbs tremble, and for a moment I see nothing, but I hear a voice that cries, "Oh, my dear father!" And my Louise flings her arms round my neck; and first we cry, and then we laugh, and then we cry again; and Louise embraces her husband—and we are all as happy as the birds in the trees. I recover my breath, and look at Louise, and she is dressed like a *grande dame*! And I think to read her and her husband a lecture on economy; but I delay it for some time more favorable; and we begin to make arrangement for a joyous little *souper*. Ah, that night—but it was happy.

Many happy evenings followed. The parents of Stewart Gardner were not bad persons *au fond*, but indeed all to the contrary; and they soon forgave him his little *escapade*. M. Gardner père came himself one day to see me in his carriage, and brought Madame his wife with him. They were a little nervous and abashed in manner at first, because they remembered how rude and insolent they had been to me; and the manners of the elder generation of Americans have not a quite Parisian grace. But I received them as a man who remembers not injuries, and we were soon warm friends. Madame Gardner had the grace to say that when she saw Louise she only marvelled how her son had not married the dear child long before; and Monsieur Gardner, when parting, said to me:

"You must permit us to make you very happy, Monsieur. We are all happy now."

"Monsieur," I reply, "I thank the good God,

and you, and Madame your wife; and I am very happy. Hail Columbia!"

"Thanks," he answer, smiling. "Vive l'Empereur!"

"Pardon, Monsieur," I say, gravely; "*Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique*, if you please!"

"Sir," he answer, "*Vive* any thing you like, only regard me as your warm friend; and come and dine with us as often as you can."

I have dined with him often, and I have been made welcome. I have seen how he and Madame his wife love and cherish my little Louise. And now Louise—who was a child the other day—has two infants of her own, and they are dearly loved by the parents of her husband. I scarcely feel my exile any more, although I grow old. Louise and her husband have been to Paris, but I think not to go there any more. After all, one's country is where his child and her children are, and where the ashes of his wife repose, and where he hopes that some day his ashes may mingle themselves with hers.

RESCUED.

A rogue is sweeping a-down the street, With mien all rigid and treful feet; Its eyes are a-flash with withering scorn, Its lips curl high in the gray-lit dawn.

The figure is lithesome, the face is fair, And glittering from it is gold-brown hair; But ruffled and strayed are the garments wild, And bared arms are gripping a fear-waked child.

Pierce shaming had glinted athwart the sky, And loud had rung a passionate cry— "Of all ye base gill-men is there not one Will dare the blaze for the oncast's son?"

"Oh shame! oh shame! when the mother is sped To soothe the mourners of shipwrecked dead! Oh shame on ye! shame! shall her lapling die, And all ye cowards shuddering by?"

"Will none of ye stir? Must be mine the arm? Mine the danger? Ye riskless of harm? Oh dastards!"—and brave young footsteps had flown Through blinding fire they would enter alone.

And fleetly the figure holds to its quest, Clutching the babe to its swollen breast; It is heedless of taunt, its head rears high, Its cheeks burn blood-crimson wrathfully.

But lo! a-moment are the quivering eyes! Droop the head! Afar it descends! The mother affrighted, and yielding at last, When, bosom to bosom, death-chance is past, The limbs fall flaccid, the tears flow fast;

"Tis a woman this, serving man, Daring in peril, coward of ban! Woo her! and win her! and wed—if you can!"

LANDING OF THE FRENCH CABLE AT DUXBURY, MASS.

The landing of the French Cable at Duxbury, Massachusetts, was celebrated with great enthusiasm by the citizens of that place, July 27. Sir JAMES ANDERSON, Mr. WATSON, and Mr. BROWN were present as the representatives of the French Telegraph Company, and President BRAWSTON, of the State Senate, and Mayor SHURTLEZ, of Boston, were among the others of note who took part in the festivities.

There was a battery down from Boston to fire the salutes, and a tent was erected on Abram's Hill, where dinner was served; and after the banquet a number of speeches were made by the most prominent gentlemen present. Duxbury is an old Puritan town, settled originally by the Plymouth colonists, and numbering among the names of its original settlers those of CARVER and BREWSTER, of STANDISH and BRADFORD, of WINSLOW and ALDEN. It is near to Plymouth Rock, so rich in lofty associations. In sight is Clark's Island, where the first New England Sabbath hymn was sung—

"When the stars heard and the sea,
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
With the anthem of the free."

It is fitting that this spot should have been chosen for the American terminus of the French Cable.

A message was received from the Prefect of Paris, which was replied to by Mayor SHURTLEZ, of Boston. Our pictures on page 516 show the landing of the Cable at Rouse's Hummock, and illustrate some features of the grand celebration.

THE GRAND BALL AT LONG BRANCH.

A FASHIONABLE ball at Long Branch is always a great event. There are half a dozen or more hotels filled with the votaries of fashion, who come to the beach not for health, not for relief from the tumult of city life, so much as because there they find a new field for display, a fresh season of excitement. Now a grand ball, under these circumstances, is just the thing. Hotel-keepers enjoy it, for they make money out of it. The ladies enjoy it, because they have an opportunity to show themselves "at their prettiest" with their splendid dresses and costly ornaments. The gentlemen enjoy it in a lazy sort of way, especially if they are rich, or handsome, or can appear upon the committee list.

The fashionable world has its competitions, and they are not less acrimonious or less interesting to those engaged in them than are the strifes of politicians. Many a dandy prides himself as much upon his spotless white vest or his graceful dancing as Mr. SUMNER might upon his most elaborate periods. And do you suppose that the gentlemen upon the "Ball Committee" or the "Floor Committee" would change places, even if they were offered positions on the Congressional Reconstruction Committee? We doubt it.

It can be imagined, then, what excitement

was occasioned by the announcement of a ball at Long Branch, on the evening of July 26, in honor of President GRANT. The event took place at the Stetson House, and the entire establishment was devoted to it. It was a grand affair. The President, of course, was there; and there were ex-Secretary BORIE, General SHERMAN, General SHERIDAN, and other prominent personages. The grounds about the hotel were illuminated with calcium lights, and the stream of fashion poured endlessly on and emptied itself out at the doors of the Stetson House.

Our illustration on page 520 shows the first dance. The President danced with Mrs. BORIE, General SHERIDAN with General SHERMAN's daughter, General SHERMAN with Mrs. GRANT, General COMSTOCK with his wife. After this dance President GRANT became a martyr, as he has so often done before, and shook hands with about four hundred of the guests. Then the dance went on again. The President retired to a sofa, but General SHERIDAN took part in every dance. About midnight supper was served on a table 100 feet in length. The most prominent of the guests then retired, but others returned to the festive dance, and kept it up till morning.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"WILLIAM STIGGS, what do you understand by an eclipse?"
"An old race-horse, Sir."
"Silence! Jack, you are a scholar; what is an eclipse?"
"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bender and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blacks the moon's face."
Pedagogue looks amazed. Dismisses the class.

THE BALANCE OF NATURE.—It will be found, as a rule, that after "hot words" a coolness springs up.

A FRAGMENT.

Broke! broke! broke!
And "the world" has gone down to the sea,
And I would that my wallet could furnish
Where-withal to transport thither me.

Oh, well for old Spriggins's heir,
He can drive with his chestnut and gray;
Oh, well for old Robinson's son;
He can sail in his yacht on the bay;

While a little snip sits there,
In his shop at the foot of the hill,
And he says that I owe for the coat on my back.
Well, I think I shall owe for it still.

Broke! broke! broke!
Oh, wouldn't I go down to the sea,
If the vanished stamps of a day that's dead
Would only come back to me!

"As to being conflicted with the poet," said Mrs. Partington, "high living doesn't bring it on. It is incoherent in some families, and is handed down from father to son. Mr. Hammer, poor soul, who has been so long ill with it, disabers from his wife's grandmother."

A young lady with a "switch" trailing fashionably down her back was somewhat startled, while waiting at a railroad depot the other day, by a kindly old lady who was not "up to the latest styles" approaching her and whispering in a tone audible all over the room, "Your back hair is coming down, Miss."

"Shut your eyes and listen mit me," said Uncle Van Heyde. "Well, de first night I opens store I counts de monies, and finds him nix right; I count him and dere be tree dollar gone; and vot do you tink I does den?" "I can't say." "Vy, I did not count him any more, and he come out shoost right ever since."

THE DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION FOR A LOQUACIOUS LADY.

"Pray, doctor, give me, if you please, Some medicine for my disease:
My health and courage all are gone,
And I am weak and feeble grown."

The doctor felt her pulse, and said,
"There is no cause for fear or dread;
You've no disease, be not distressed,
You need no medicine but rest."

"I've no disease! why, how you talk!
Just see my tongue—'t's white as chalk!
Look at it, doctor—look, indeed—
And say in truth, what does it need?"

"If you will keep it still and quiet,
'Tis all it needs; pray, Madam, try it.
You overtake it at the best,
And, like the body, that needs rest."

Many years ago Rensselaer County was dependent upon Vermont for teachers of common schools. A promising young man from that State presented himself to the trustees of a school district, and was examined. He was asked, "How much would nine and three-quarters pounds of wheat flour bring at four-pence-halfpenny a pound?" He considered the question, cultivating his head meanwhile with his fingers, and at last answered that they never raised wheat where he came from, and therefore he couldn't tell how much it would bring. The situation remained vacant.

TEN THOUSAND HANDS WANTED.—It wasn't such a bad notion on the part of a glove who hung up in his shop the following placard: "Ten thousand hands wanted immediately."

HORTICULTURAL MEM.—The real gardener does not care to witness "the turning over of a new leaf"—when it is done by a caterpillar.

When is a man obliged to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

"I don't want mother to marry again," said a little boy one day at breakfast. "Why not?" was asked with some surprise. "Because," said he, "I've lost one father, and I don't want the trouble of getting acquainted with another."

Let woman not for voting stir,
But learn the barber's trade instead;
So shall the Poll be brought to her,
To razor o'er her husband's head.

A wealthy merchant who had become a bankrupt was met, some time after his misfortune, by a friend, who asked how he was going on. "Pretty well," said he; "I am on my legs again." "How! already?" "Yes, I have been obliged to part with my carriage and horses, and now must walk."

The young man who stood on his own merits became very much fatigued with the performance.

Josh Billings says: There is lots of folks in this world who, rather than not find any fault at all, wouldn't hesitate to say to an angle-worm that his tail was altogether too long for his body.