THE McPHERSON STATUE.

THE statue of Major-General James B. McPherson, U. S. A., which has been erected over his grave at Clyde, Ohio, by the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, will as many of the officers and soldiers who served with General McPherson as can do so will be present on this occasion, hereby a just tribute of respect to the name and memory of one of the bravest and best officers of the Army of the Tennessee. The ceremonies will consist of a grand military and civic parade, an address suitable to the occasion and short speeches from distinguished persons, and appropriate unveiling ceremonies. It was the intention of the committee to hold the annual reunion of General Garfield's old regiment, the Forty-second Ohio, at Galion, in the latter part of August, but the date was changed to July 22d in order that the President might be able to attend both events without making a second trip to the West.

Ex-President R. B. Hayes will be President of the Bar, and General R. P. Buckland will be Grand Marshal.

THE HON. ALPHONSO TAFT, SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE Secretary of War, Judge Alphonso Taft, of Cincinnati, is of New England Puritan stock. He was born November 5, 1810, in Townsand, Vermont, a picturesque village on the eastern slope of the Green Mountains. His father was a man of much native force, who filled several terms in the State Legislature. He was a well-informed, but an unmediated man, and his son Alphonso inherited his father's mental keenness, with an added desire for the advanced branches of learning. He is accordingly found, when only sixteen years old, teaching a district school at such times as his labors could be spared from the farm, in order that he might acquire a collegiate education. When nineteen he entered the Freshman Class in Yale College, graduated with honor. After graduation he taught at Eliot College, two years of tutor in Yale College, his alma mater. In addition to his duties as tutor, Mr. Taft studied in the practice of his profession he has been engaged in some of the best-known cases, involving disputed points of law, which have in the last twenty years been brought before the Ohio and United States Supreme Courts. He has been

the Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1838, being then twenty-eight years old.

In 1859 Mr. Taft removed to Cincinnati, where he has since continued to reside. His record is that of a careful, hard-working lawyer, and in
HON. EDWARD FITZGERALD BEALE, THE NEW UNITED STATES MINISTER TO AUSTRIA.

PERSIAN PILGRIMS WITH THEIR DEAD GOING TO THE SHRINES OF KERBELA AND MESHED ALL.—[SEE PAGE 327.]
TREATING WITH INDIANS IN THE OLDEN TIME.
THE MODOCS—MURDER OF GENERAL CANBY AND THE REV. DR. THOMAS.
AN OSTRICH FARM AT THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE WEDDING TRIP.

"Oh, Harry dear, I've mistaid the little tie I wear with this dress. It's in one of these Trunks, I know. Won't you look for it, there's a dear?"
THE PRINCIPALS IN THE ACTION.

REV. HENRY WARD BERGER, THE DEFENDANT IN THE SCANDAL SUIT.

MRS. ELIZABETH E. TILTON.

FREDERICK D. GROETZ, THE MUTUAL FRIEND AND CHAMPION-WITNESS OF AMERICA.

THEODORE TILTON, PLAINTIFF IN THE GREAT SCANDAL SUIT.
Tilton before the Plymouth Church
Investigating Committee.

Mr. Tilton appeared before the Plymouth Church Investigating Committee, assembled at the house of Mr. Augustus Serra, No. 24 Masonic Place, on Monday evening, July 20th, and read a preliminary statement and affidavit of great length. The affidavit is entirely too voluminous to publish, but as it contains the famous letters written by Mr. Beecher—which in themselves constitute the millstone at present hanging about the revered gentleman's neck—we will give them.

only yourself. I was ready to give him this letter, because he said, with pain, that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29th, "had struck him dead, and ended his existence." You and I are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxiety.

"Affectionately,

Elizabeth Weakens.

December 30, 1870.

"Weary with impatience and wearied by sickness, I gave a letter implicating my friend Henry Ward Beecher, under assurances that that letter was ready to give him this letter, because he said, with pain, that my letter in your hands addressed to him, dated December 29th, "had struck him dead, and ended his existence." You and I are pledged to do our best to avoid publicity. God grant a speedy end to all further anxiety.

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"Affectionately,

Elizabeth Weakens.

December 30, 1870.
A DAY AT THE BEECHER-TIDINGS TRIAL SOME SALIENT SKETCHES BY OUR ARTIST IN ATTENDANCE. SEE PAGE 9.
Mr. Frank D. Moulton is about thirty-eight years of age, of fine presence, serene will, and has moved by his nerve and presence, while in the witness-box, that he is a distinguished citizen of America. He was born in New York, and went to school with Tilich at the Free Academy. They are fast friends. Mr. Moulton is a member of the firm of Woodruff & Robinson, of New York. He who generally manages to have her in the court-room, where she sat intently looking at her husband and listening to the evidence.

**Tilich's First Thunderbolt.**

*Therefore he was, as a letter written by the late Leonard Bacon, in which he was called the dog, replied to that gentleman in a lengthy epistle, from which we make the following extract.*

I need first to state a few facts in chronological order and for (since evil takes magnifying as they travel), a weekly paper in New York, in November, 1872, published a wicked and horrible scandal—a publication which some persons in the capital ignominiously attributed to its origin in me; whereas I had previously spent many months of constant and unmerited evidence to suppress it—an endeavor in which, with an earnest motive but a foolish judgment, I made many ill-directed sacrifices of reputation, position, money, and fair prospects in life—a fair which loses of things precious, since mine alone was the folly, let mine alone be the blame.

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**The Attack on Frank Moulton, Friday Evening, August 28th, 1874, in front of Plymouth Church, after the Accusing Report of the Investigating Committee Had Been Read.**

The gallant woman in Cincinnati and Chicago, who came from, and born upon New York, in company with her sister, Mrs. Francis A. Gilman, in a letter, states her French physician that a Grecian priest who has been a sensation. When looking at her she started a newspaper and was then she became acquainted with Tilich, in that her will and prescience, she was then asked to us.

When she heard the three rings, and curiously, she told her sister to Mr. Moulton, on one of the first incidents of the great war, when she had pledged herself to wage this activity. She is a successful merchant, and trust in magnificent view on Columbia Heights, Brooklyn. During the last day of his testimony his late intelligence was brought to him than his mother had died as her residence on Lexington Avenue, New York.

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**In May, 1872, occurred the sensational capture of a mutineer, already mentioned by Mr. Brown, H. W. D.**

In which, as far as I was concerned, had been made by the most direct and unmerited evidence, against the time when I was originally writing for me, not only Moulton's, but also of my own, personal griefs, against Mr. Moulton. I efforts to sign the original paper. My position is the amended paper was this, Mr. Brown had made great changes against Mr. Moulton. These charges Mr. Brown
SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM—MR. BEECHER, WITH MRS. BEECHER, SHAKING HANDS WITH MRS. TILTON.
A Pen-Picture of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Tilton.

MRS. ELIZABETH R. TILTON, whose name has become unfortunately conspicuous in connection with the great Brooklyn scandal, is under medium height, with black hair and eyes, a face that is interesting, with an expression that indicates unusual sensibility and sentimentality rather than intellectual force or refinement. Her appearance is modest, and her air peculiarly sincere and confiding. Her manners are easy and natural, with a simple grace which is more pleasing than what passes for elegance in polite society. Her prevailing mood is profoundly serious, lit up by occasional gleams of joy, and sometimes breaking into a beautiful playfulness. At times, when her feelings are pleasantly excited and her face glows with expression, she appears really handsome; at other times, when depressed or wearied or nexcitied, her eye is listless and her face is dull and unattractive. She is a good housekeeper and an excellent mother, devotedly fond of her children, and doing more for them and spending more time in reading to them and talking with them than most mothers. Her tastes and habits are domestic, sentimental, and religious rather than aesthetic or literary; her reading has not been extensive, and her favorite pictures are valuable for their sentiment rather than artistic excellence or imaginative power. She has had seven children, four of whom are living. The eldest is a daughter of more than ordinary maturity of mind and force of character. She resembles her father much more than the other children—so much that she would be recognized as his daughter by those who are familiar with his features. Her home, on Livingston Street, was once peculiarly attractive and charming by affection that filled its rooms with a climate of Summer and a fragrance as of blooming roses; it was tastefully furnished, graced with exquisite pictures, made poetic by the disposition and arrangement of its contents, and the ideal element visible and palpable in every apartment. It seemed to realize the ideal of home.

Of Mrs. Tilton's married life it is obviously indecent and unbecoming to say much. She was naturally religious, and united with the church when young, and had a class in the Sunday-school. She was attached to all persons of a religious cast of mind, and particularly friendly to her pastor, to whom she seems to have gone for counsel, and on whom she had leaned, perhaps, more than was well for either. The last evidence of her religious sincerity is furnished by the fact that her husband has defended her so long and by his emphatic statements before the committee. If she has sinned, he contends, that was through the blinding of her conscience and the misleading of her mind, and he acquits her of guilt while he accuses her of crime. "I have taken pains to say that she was a devoted Christian woman," said Mr. Tilton, on examination; "a tender, delicate, kindly Christian woman. Hers is one of the white souls."
"OUT IN THE COLD."—[FROM THE PAINTING BY MACWHIRTER, EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY, LONDON.]
PUZZLED.

"I wonder which side I ought to part that hair on?"

LITTLE SAMMY AND HIS INDIAN PROTEGÉ.
GRANT AND WELLINGTON.
THE BATTLEFIELD OF VICTORIA, SPAIN, 1813—1878.

A New Orleans Coroner's Mistake, and its Unpleasant Consequences.
JAY COOKE & COMPANY'S OFFICE.

RUN ON THE UNION TRUST COMPANY.

THE EXCITEMENT ON THE STREET.

AROUND THE STOCK INDICATOR.

SCENES IN WALL STREET DURING THE PANIC. — [See Page 891.]
UNCLE SAM. "Look out, boys, they say he's a Caesar (seizer)."

"KEEPING THE MONEY WHERE IT WILL DO MOST GOOD."

U.S. Treasury Notice:

"You can violate the law, the banks may violate the law and will be sustained in doing so, but the President of the United States cannot violate the law.

U.S. Grant"
"BLIND"—[FROM A PAINTING BY A. W. BATES.]
THE MINISTER'S VIGIL.


Retaining, nevertheless, a zeal for God's glory and man's welfare, they shrink from displaying themselves black and abject in the view of men; hence, themselves, no good can be achieved by them, nor evil by them, is the result of this mental torture. More than once, he had gone into the spirit in endeavoring to confess all. He had really said many things, but they could not be put into words. He suffered and blushed.


The Rev. Dr. Pym, having just discovered the deplorable state of the minister, determined to fly to England; but on their way through the streets of Boston, the Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, having discovered the death of Roger Chillingworth, whose curse had been hung over him, in the Prison, went into the streets, and, opening the window, exclaimed—"The minister's vigil!"
THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN BROTHERS, NEW YORK.—[See Plate 434.]
THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE CHASE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BENDANN BROTHERS, NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 434.]
SALMON P. CHASE.

A NOOTHER of the able men who stood by
the side of LINCOLN through many a
painful hour and scene has passed away.
In his death the nation has lost not only a
true statesman, but also one of its most
energetic fiIanciers, the modern MINAS, who
on the opening of the rebellion found the na-
tional treasury empty and the national hon-
or lost, yet who soon retrieved both; who
in the midst of a series of disasters won the
confidence of capitalists at home and abroad,
who soon began to fill the exhausted coffers
with a perennial stream; who from defeat
suddenly raised the nation to victory; who
brought the first million dollars and themillions;
supplied profusely and at a low rate, the
least cost of a destructive civil war by build-
ing up an immense financial surplus in the
midst of the deepest depression without a
private fortune; who from a private fortune
rose to the highest position in the nation in
financial honor. Those who had
stained their hands in adversity were
bound together by a singular resolu-
tion. The leaders: Salmon P. Chase.

Chase had made his way to the confidence
of the countrymen by honest labor and ease-
less activity. He was a lawyer, politician,
financier, who had always done his duty, and
when the nation conferred upon him its
highest trust, he felt assured that he could
perform it to all his earlier impulses. Of those
one of the most powerful—perhaps the
most essential—was his hostility to human
bondage, his tender sympathy for the slave,
his resolution to do all in his power to check
or destroy the growth of the destruc-
tive principle of caste. In no period of his career
does he seem more truly great than when as
a young lawyer he established himself in
Cincinnati, where he had wandered from his
native New Hampshire, and amidst poverty
and the bends of poverty, the opposition
from whom he could look for business
of all kinds and advancement, boldly defied the tem-
peratures and the threats of slavery. Salmon
Chase was known as the friend of the
slave at a time when WEBSTER, CALHOUN,
and CLAY were, in different degrees, the sup-
novators of the fearful traffic in
persons or advocates of those happy days of
men. His courage was as eminent as when he stood
by the side of LINCOLN injured in the midst
of his youth in the battle of the banners. At Cincinnati he
of the bounty. He gave back a mob that was in
resisted the claim, the famous abolitionist,
pursuit of liberty, the famous abolitionist.
Touk up
and saved him from violence.

the cause of the slave girl MATILDA when she
died across the Ohio, and, powerless and
obscure, had no advocate but him; and when
the Kentucky farmer, VAN ZANDT, shocked
at the horrors of slavery in his own State,
and of the dividing river, and had
made his farm near Cincinnati a refuge for the
flying slaves, when he was arrested
and tried under an early fugitive slave law,
Chase defended the good Samaritan in one
of those bold appeals that fixed at last the
opinion of the West, and, perhaps, of the
whole country. His mind was a fountain
of noble and generous thoughts.

Philanthropist and Christian, patient, car-
gent, resolute, his life passed on prosperously;
the noble ideas which he had helped to sow in
the Western intellect he saw grow into
wonderful vigor. Ohio became the centre
of the antislavery movement; Chase be-
came one of its most eminent citizens. He
was Senator and Governor. In all political
combinations, for which he seems to have
had a strong taste, he became one of the
chief leaders; for politics he had a lasting
passion; he was conspicuous in all the free-
soul and antislavery movements, and though
always a Democrat in sentiment, was never
willing to sacrifice his principles to his par-
try. At length came that fearful disruption
of all party ties, in which every man was to
choose between the past and the future,
between union and anarchy; and then Chase,
with that open candor and ready courage
with which he had defended the trembling
slave, became the center of the leaders of union.
There was no favoritism with him. He led on his State
and the whole West to the rescue of the
country. As member of the cabinet and
financial leader, he has become one of the
finest rangers of that decisive moment he
was the leader of which Salmon P. Chase
distinctly did not form a conscious character.

How is it not so much the Chief Justice
or the eminent politician, the lawyer or the
the voice that was always cheerful and
deeps of danger, for the heart that
in the best true to the cause of freedom. It
by such labors that the citizen endures
himself to his country. And in return, if
have faults, the country hides them in a de-
veil, and dwells tenderly upon his pa-
triotic services.
This distinguished composer, who may now fairly be considered the most eminent name in the musical world, was born at Leipzig, the 22d of May, 1813. Reared at the Academy of Dresden, and subsequently at the University of his native city, he early manifested remarkable musical talents, and finally devoted himself entirely to the art, and with such remarkable success that he was appointed Kapellmeister of the Madrasburg Theatre at the age of twenty-three. His mind, however, was probably fermenting with the great ideas to which he afterwards gave expression, and he quickly relinquished this position, and wandered restlessly about to Königberg, Dresden, Riga, and other places, obtaining desultory employment in the orchestras of the various theatres. In the meantime, he was studying music, counterpoint, and thorough bass most assiduously; and as he idolized Beethoven, he rendered himself familiar with both the spirit and technique of that great master's works. In 1841 he went to Paris, and then to London, for a short visit. Upon his return to Paris, where his poverty exposed him to great privations and embarrassments, he finished his first work, the opera of "Rienzi," which had been begun at Riga. Here, also, he wrote "Die Fliegende Holländer" ("The Flying Dutchman"). It is said that on the voyage across the channel to London, he experienced a profligacy of storms, which furnished him with many ideas incorporated in the latter work, which also began to exhibit more distinctly the peculiar musical tendencies of which Wagner has since become the conspicuous, if not the sole exponent. Many persons admire him, and there are now Wagner Societies in England and on the Continent devoted solely to the performance of his music; but we believe he has no school of disciples as composers. In 1844 "Rienzi" was produced at Dresden, and obtained for Wagner the position of Kapellmeister to the King of Saxony; and he now had more leisure to develop his ideas. In 1844 he produced the immortal "Tannhäuser," which was the first distinct exposition of the new musical revolution. Wagner's ideas may be summed up in a brief sentence:
"OLD PROBABILITIES."

GENERAL ALBERT J. HTER, CHIEF OF THE SIGNAL SERVICE BUREAU, AND GOVERNMENT WEATHER REPORTER.

From a Photograph by U. A. BEE. WASHINGTON, D. C.—See Page 394.
SHOOTING OVER THE MOORS.
DRAWN BY MR. ARTHUR E. FROST.
"THE HORSE BARRIER."—[From a Painting by Weber, exhibited in the Royal Academy, London.]
REMEMBRANCES OF THE PAST.
[FROM THE PAINTING BY KARL FRANK.]
ON A STRING—THE LATEST CONQUEST. [DRAWN BY C. H. HEGGARTY]
SOLDIERS' WIVES.

In Kingsley's pathetic song of "The Three Führers," a melancholy refrain continues to repeat the observation that "men must work, while women must weep." But, though a wife may well be expected to mourn if her husband be drowned outside the mooring bar of the harbour in sight of their native village, it is not for his working that she has cause for sorrow, but for his ceasing to work and to live. The soldier's wife, too, may be of the same mind with the sailor's, in tolerating the special risks or dangers of her brave partner's calling and service, as well as the long periods of his absence from home, in consideration of the real dignity that belongs to a worthy performance of duties calling into active exercise the best moral and physical powers of robust manhood. "And men must fight, though women may weep," is a remark that sounds quite as applicable to the soldier's wife, as to the present condition of humanity, as that dolorous piece of another old song called "Jeanette and Jeannot," which once used to be heard in the streets of Paris, and which was sung long years ago, before the days of the peace congress, too many years ago, before the days of peace, when the bloody conquests of the world were still fresh in the memory of men. The soldier's wife is not the only one who is yet addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address. But far from this, it is the soldiers themselves, who, with their military uniforms, are still addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address. But far from this, it is the soldiers themselves, who, with their military uniforms, are still addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address.

Yet many others, who are not yet addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address. Yet many others, who are not yet addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address. Yet many others, who are not yet addicted to the old habit of testifying their admiration of the military class, not upon the particular admiration of the military class, but simply upon their patriotic ground of public usefulness, their qualities of masculine strength and courage, and the chivalrous sentiments of their figure and address.

But we can well believe that they have a thorough mutual sympathy in the anxieties, not despondent, but hopeful, feelings with which they have just said farewell to the men who are now gone where they call them.
This is the chorus from one of Tony Pastor's

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH'S FORGE.
IN THE SNOW—CLEARING THE STREET RAILWAY TRACKS IN NEW YORK.—DRAWS BY I. P. PRANDSTEDT
THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The imperial gathering held at Chislehurst on the 16th of March to celebrate the majority of the Prince Imperial was an imposing demonstration. The adherents of exiled princes are rarely numerous enough to fill a moderately-sized drawing-room, but on this occasion they assembled in thousands—princes, princesses, ex-ministers, ex-prefects, ex-officials of every degree; and that modest, dark-haired little flower, which has been selected to typify the fortunes of the Bonapartists, appeared in every lady's hand and in every gentleman's button-hole. Whatever we may think of the gathering and the occasion, those who took part in the proceedings were evidently in earnest. They came from every province, from every county, almost from every town, of France. Even far-off Corsica had sent its delegation. And it was impossible, says one who was present, for one who watched the emotion with which the members of those deputations presented themselves to the Prince and the Empress, and offered them their vows of fealty, to question the sincerity and the depth of their devotion.

The proceedings of the day opened with a Low Mass, in the little church of St. Mary, in the mortuary chapel attached to which the remains of the late Emperor are deposited. Then a brief address was delivered in French by Father Grunais. He dwelt on the virtues and misfortunes of the late Emperor, and concluded with a pathetic tribute to the widowed Empress, who sat before him. After this the imperial family and household visited the mortuary chapel, where is the sarcophagus containing the Emperor's body, and then returned to Camden House. The gates were opened, and five or six thousand persons, almost all French, poured in and surrounded the mansion. The pavilion in which the address of congratulation was to be read gradually filled. Presently shouts were heard, and then the Empress appeared, leaning on the arm of her son. She was dressed in deep mourning, and her face was that expression of profound sadness which has now become habitual. The Prince Imperial, who looked fresh and healthy, wore ordinary evening dress with the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, and the Silver Star on his left breast. Then the Due de Fadino mounted a raised platform, which had been erected at one end of the pavilion, and read an address, which was received with hearty cheers. To this the Prince replied, rendering his speech with much feeling, and in a deep, manly voice; his words were distinctly heard in all parts of the long tent. We need not here comment either on the address or on the Prince's reply.

PRINCE EUGÈNE LOUIS NAPOLEON.

It is sufficient to state that the latter was interrupted by frequent acclamations. After this the Prince received the deputations, which came from every department of France to congratulate him. Amongst them was a delegation, which was served in the dining-room for the Senators, Prefects, and Deputies; and in the tent for the deputations and other visitors. Albert Vidal de Joux the company began to return to town, and by seven Chislehurst had regained much of its usual tranquility.

The Prince Imperial was born March 16, 1856, and has consequently, according to Bonapartist regulations, now attained his technical majority. For some years his health was very delicate, but more great than he was about eleven years of age. He was present at the capture of Schwarzenberg on the 2nd of August, 1870, when the Emperor, in a well-remembered bulletin, described how his son had received his baptism of fire, and how he had picked up a bullet that fell near him. The decisive success of Schwarzenberg was followed by a series of crushing disasters, and after the capitulation of Sedan and the revolution of the 4th of September, the young Prince escaped to Belgium, crossed from Ostend to Dover on the 6th of September, and proceeded to Hastings, where, three days later, he was taken by the English. Since then he has lived with his parents at Camden House, has been entered as a pupil at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, where at a recent examination he received the highest number of marks awarded. His appearance is thus described by the correspondent of the New York World, who was present at Chislehurst to witness the imperial demonstration. When the Prince came in sight it was a great cry arose from the crowd, for the first time in his life this young man who to-day had attained his eighteenth year heard himself acclaimed as Cæsar. "Vive l'Empereur!" was the cry, and it was taken up and echoed and re-echoed by the crowd that lined the way to the church, until the shout almost drowned the merry clanging of the bells of the Protestant parish church, which at this moment began to ring a welcome. I was standing close to the side of the carriage as, owing to the density of the crowd, it paused until way could be made for it, and I looked narrowly at the Prince to observe the effect which these acclamations might have on him. He had taken off his hat to-day, his face certainly flushed, perhaps with pride, perhaps with humility. It is no common face—he is yet so young that no one can tell what there may be in him—but it is the face of one who has confidence in himself and in his star. Throughout the whole of the day he bore himself with dignity, composure, and grace.
FLORENTINE SKETCHES.

Charles Dickens, in his charming Pictures from Italy, under the heading of "The Lions of Florence," says: "The finest work of art that decorates the piazza is the colossal statue of David by Michael Angelo, who executed it, when he was twenty-nine years old, from a block of marble that had been already spoiled by an inferior sculptor. Vasari writes that when Michael Angelo was finishing this statue, previous to its being uncovered, Pietro Soderini, who was Gonfaloniere or Mayor of Florence, came to pay him a visit. Michael Angelo, half in fun, asked him his opinion. "I think," said Soderini, "that the nose is too large." 'You are right,' answered M. Angelo, and slyly taking up a handful of marble dust, he ran up the ladder, pretending to knock away the marble and letting merely the dust fall he had in his hand. 'Now, what do you think?' 'Oh,' said Soderini, 'you have given him life.'

Any one who has visited Florence within the last two years may remember the disappointment it has been to find this noble statue boxed up, or rather housed, with planks. The fact is that the guardians of Florentine relics of art and antiquity, finding that this grand work was in great danger from the action of the weather, had decided to remove it to some place of safety and shelter. It is said that the difficulty of deciding on its future resting-place has been the cause of its being so long closed in. Of late this unsightly hut and the imprisoned "David" became the subject of daily satire and ridicule in the Florence journals. Finally, the gallery of the Academy of the "Belle Arti" was decided upon for the reception of "David." On the 30th of July last the great slinger was himself slung, with great security, by the ingenuity of Professor Cavaliere Dr. Fabbri and the engineer Cavaliere Ponzzi. It was done in such a manner, by an arrangement of iron rods and rubber car springs, as to resist, or rather to counteract, all the effect of jarring. The figure is about fifteen feet high, and of the most exquisite proportions, though by some it has been thought the head is too large; yet this may arise from the treatment of the hair. It was placed in its late position at the left hand of the principal entrance of the palace in the year 1504. The view given in our illustration shows the arrangement of the car and the temporary railroad track (about fifty feet of which was laid at a time) crossing the Piazza Signoria. The Palazzo Vecchio is on the left, in front of which still remains the wooden house in which the statue has been imprisoned during two years past. To the right is the Loggia di Lanzì, while in the intermediate space appears a small corner of the gallery of the Uffizi.

In connection with this illustration we give a view of the villa and studio of the late Mr. Powers. This establishment is in a charming part of the suburbs of Florence, just out.
Sketches in an Orange Grove
E. A. Abbey
Mr. Brown Has His Hair Cut

Mr. Brown is one of our most enterprising merchants; he is voted among his friends as being of a very independent disposition - in fact, in some matters, this independence of spirit might be said to amount to eccentricity. One of his striking peculiarities used to be that of wearing his hair very long. His wife had frequently remonstrated with him on his unfashionable appearance, and his daughter had ventured to inquire two or three times when he was going to visit the barber, while some of his more intimate acquaintances had even gone so far as to ask, "Brown, why don't you get your hair cut?"

He had borne these questions and comments for some time in dignified silence, but at last, feeling that patience had ceased to be a virtue, and also being warned by the singing of the birds and the blossoming of the trees and the uncomfortable feeling of his winter overcoat that spring was at hand, he determined one morning on his way down-town to drop in and have his hair cut, which accordingly he did. After this he repaired to the ware-house entered his private office, and sat down to look over his mail. Presently Mr. Thompson, the senior partner came in with a budget of papers: "Ah, good morning Mr. Brown, if you are at leisure I would like you to look over this invoice of goods. Here are two or three items that -" then suddenly glancing up, "Why, Mr. Brown, you've been getting your hair cut; really it is a great improvement." "Ah, thank you" replied Mr. Brown, with a satisfied smile. The proceed with their business, and in a few minutes the junior partner entered: "Here is a letter from Field & Co., inquiring about those goods that were ordered last week. Now, don't you think there has been - Why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut." "Yes" said Mr. Brown in a rather more dignified tone than that in which he had responded to Mr. Thompson, "I have been getting my hair cut."

Presently the head clerk entered the office. "Mr. Adams is in the store and would like to see you a few minutes if it is - Oh, why, Mr. Brown, you've had your hair cut," "Yes," said Mr. Brown, in an exceedingly dignified tone, "I have had my hair cut."

He went out into the store to see Mr. Adams. As he passed by the desk he heard the head bookkeeper whisper to another: "Brown has been to the barber's," while an errand boy, who was dangling his legs from the top of a high stool called in a stage whisper to a boy several feet away: "Hey, Tommy, look at the boss. He has had his hair cut." By this time Mr. Brown's temper was slightly ruffled. But on his countenance and he advanced to meet Mr. Brown with extended hand. "Good morning; this is delightful spring weather, now, isn't it? Winter has - Well, I do declare, short but to the point, "Yes-I-have -had-my-hair-cut." Every word was emphatic and Mr. Adams felt that although it was spring weather outdoors, the inside temperature had
although it was spring weather outdoors, the inside temperature had suddenly fallen below freezing point. Without further preliminaries they proceeded at once to business. Just as Mr. Adams was leaving, Mr. Brown's daughter entered. She was evidently in a hurry, and told her errand without delay. "Ma has just had a telegram from Mr. Allen and he and Mrs. Allen will be out to lunch, and ma wants you to come right home and order the carriage and go to the depot to - O pa! You've really had your hair cut. I'm so glad." she exclaimed delightedly, clasping her hands.

Mr. Brown waited to hear no more, but rushing his hat down as far as possible on his head, he rushed out on the street and boarded the first car that came along. It was quite a little distance to his home, and by the time he reached there his feelings were somewhat soothed. He put his latch-key in the door, but before he had time to turn it the door was opened from within, and his wife threw her arms about his neck. "Oh, I am so glad you've come. I want you to take the carriage and go right down to meet Mr. and Mrs. Allen. I should be so mortified to have them come and not find you there to - Why, my dear, you've had your hair cut, haven't you?" she said in her sweetest tones.

Mr. Brown glared at her so wildly she was frightened. "Yes, I've had my hair cut," he growled out, as he rushed through the house and out to the stable. "Patrick, put the grays to the large carriage as soon as possible." "Yes, sir; they'll be ready in fifteen minutes," and then as a smile overspread his features, he said in his broadest brogue; "Oh, sure, and you've been havin' your hair cut."

By this time Mr. Brown's feelings were too deep for utterance. A hen was standing near looking at him out of one eye in a meditative manner; as a slight relief he gave her a kick, which she immediately resented by flying on top of a barrel and giving utterance to one loud prolonged cut-de-cut-cut-get-your-hair-cut-t-t.

"Keep this if you choose"

[Signature]

1917

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