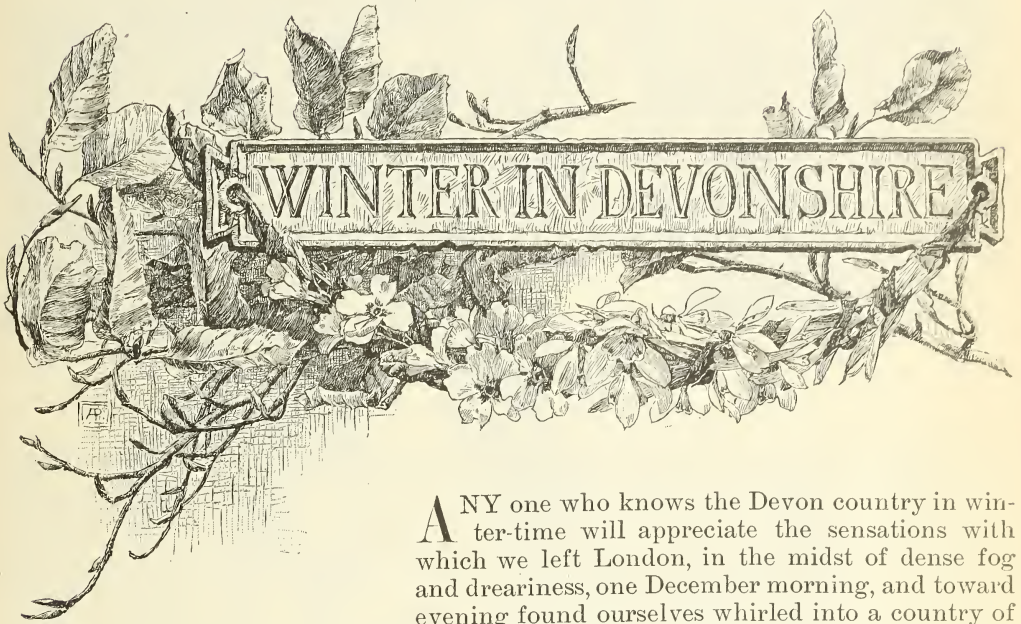


# HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. LXXII.

JANUARY, 1886.

No. CCCCXXVIII.



ANY one who knows the Devon country in winter-time will appreciate the sensations with which we left London, in the midst of dense fog and dreariness, one December morning, and toward evening found ourselves whirled into a country of tender greens, where, if there was not actual verdure, there seemed the light and purity of approaching spring. It was almost as though winter could never really have been there—almost as though the note of the blackbird might be near; and in spite of a little thin drizzle of rain, there was a glow and look of cheer on all things about us.

The small town where we settled down for a time was not far from Torbay, and included all the desirable elements of a winter resort. It was, in English parlance, *homely*, well-to-do, and comfortable, with the sea within easy distance, and encompassed by a rich rolling country that stretched out with varied breaks to the moors, and it had the charm of quaint old streets, a historical market-place, and manor-houses of centuries gone by, combined with a smart little *new* town, all terraces, villas, and square, so that one might in one's lodgings have all the "modern conveniences," and in one's saunterings all the fascination of old fashions in architecture, and, indeed, in the people one encountered.

The handsome town was nearest to the station, and presented a fine appearance, with its rows of houses built in semi-detached villa style, circling about a green where stood a brand-new church, with a bravely clanging bell that woke echoes far and wide. There were no shops in this part of the town, and no attempt at seclusion in its fine roads and pathways; but turning to left or right it was easy to reach lanes with tangled hedge-rows that led upward to the country-sides where all was old and quiet and almost mediæval, past gateways and garden walls that sheltered houses wherein King Charles might have, and sometimes had, slept, or down toward the old town, where the market-cross made an imposing centre, and where in half a dozen very old streets the houses or shops showed at intervals bits of seventeenth-century architecture, sometimes forlornly wedged in with the most common-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1885, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. *All rights reserved.*

twenty miles distant. Now there are over three hundred miles of pipe, from six to twenty-four inches in diameter. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the distinguished iron-master, in a late address before the Steel and Iron Institute of London, said: “A walk through our rolling-mills would surprise the members of the Institute. In the steel-rail mills, for instance, where before would have been seen thirty stokers stripped to the waist, firing boilers which require a supply of about 400 tons of coal in twenty-four hours, ninety firemen in all being employed, each working eight hours, they would now find one man walking around the boiler-house, simply watching the water-gauges, etc. Not a particle of smoke would be seen. In the iron mills the puddlers have whitewashed the coal-bunkers belonging to their furnaces.”

Natural gas has given such a manifest advantage to Pittsburgh manufacturers, where its use has already become quite general, that other cities and towns are moving in the same direction. A recent proposition is to convey through pipes to Cincinnati a large supply of gas now escaping under a pressure of 400 to 700 pounds to the square inch from wells located on the boundary between Kentucky and Virginia. It has also been proposed to bring natural gas from Pennsylvania to New York city. Drilling for gas wells has become an industry distinct from oil borings, and the use of this natural gas agent for heating and lighting purposes is becoming general in the oil regions. In northwestern Ohio, about Lima and Findlay, important strikes of natural gas have

been made within a year. For house supply the natural gas companies generally estimate the amount of coal that would be consumed, and then furnish the gas at the cost of the coal, or less, at so much per month, though in some instances, as in Allegheny City, it is sold by the thousand feet, the present rate being fifteen cents. Its safety has been questioned in pretty much the same way that the safety of petroleum as a fuel has been questioned, but the Board of Underwriters have assured themselves that in Pittsburgh it is introduced and distributed in a perfectly safe manner, under conditions prescribed by them.

The thought naturally suggests itself that the supply of gas may be soon exhausted, but the fact is cited that a gas well at Murrysville has been blowing off gas for nine years, and notwithstanding it is now surrounded by a cordon of wells, the diminution in its pressure is scarcely perceptible. Numerous other examples confirm the opinion that within a number of years these gas wells suffer no appreciable diminution in supply, and many geologists advance the theory that Nature is constantly evolving the gas in her laboratory. Near Baku, in Russia, the naphtha springs have been discharging for twenty-five hundred years. Capital, which is proverbially timid, though slow in coming to the conclusion, is now freely invested in furnishing Pittsburgh and other towns with natural gas, and there is good reason to believe that the sources of supply will not be exhausted during the present generation.

---

“SIS.”

I.—A MEMORY.

**H**ER name is Ferginia, but dey calls her Lily, because she's so white; en my name is Sajane, en dey calls me Sis, because—because—well, I don' know no reason, 'cept de debil had a spite agin me.”

This forms the introduction to Sis and her nursling, and a strange contrast the two presented. Sis, elfish, grotesque, hump-shouldered, and black as the ace of spades; and Lily, petite, fairy-like, and fair as her name-flower, with eyes as blue as the heavens, and flaxen hair which crinkled and curled about her shoulders and formed a pretty frame-work for the baby

face. Sis, in her blue cotton dress and white apron, with her woolly head enveloped in the inevitable “head-hancher” of the negro; Lily, dainty and spotless from the crown of her fair head to the toe of her little blue slipper—and yet the two were as closely bound by ties of affection as if born of the same mother. These ties were first riveted when Sis was permitted to lift the exquisite specimen of babyhood from the cradle, and was established second-nurse. For in spite of her deformity Sis was in great demand as a nurse—she was so faithful and bright, devoted to children. Her misfortune had made her a sort of pet in the family, “Ole Mis” ear-



"OH, SAJANE! POOR SAJANE!"

ly transferring her from the rougher life of the negro quarters to the easy servitude of the family. So it happened that Sis lifted the precious baby from the cradle and took her right into her heart.

They were not too devoted to have many a sharp skirmish, however, as the little lady, under her soft exterior, possessed a willful nature and a strong sense of what was due to her small self, and Sis, occupying the superior position of guardian of the little lady, was not disposed to abate a tittle of her authority.

Sis had a great objection to her nickname, and early determined that her little "Miss Lily" should give her her proper title; but Lily soon learned that this concession could be used as a means of obtaining many indulgences, and used it accordingly.

"Sis!"

"I ain't name no Sis; I name Sajane, en so I dun tol' you time and agin. I don' love nobody what call me dat ugly name."

"Well, if I call you Sajane, will you take me down to the quarters to see Aunt Dolly's little baby?"

"Miss Lily, chile, I can't do dat. Yo' mammy say I mus' keep you outen de sun."

"Then you des ole Sis, en I ain't goin' to call you Sajane."

"Dyare, now, you is des a bad chile, en I haffer take you to ole mammy."

Then quickly would follow the reconciliation, and they were more devoted than ever. Lily early discovered that Sis's form was not quite like other people's, and some instinctive feeling of delicacy made her shy about speaking of it. One day, however, when Sis had her in her arms, the child leaned over her shoulder and said, touching the hard protuberance which was so different from any other back she knew, "Sajane, what makes you have this on your back?"

Sis shook herself a little impatiently, and did not answer.

Then Lily said, "I is sorry, Sajane;" and she was, though she did not know why.

Sis clasped her arms a little tighter about the tiny form at the sound of the sympathizing words, and then blurted out, "Well, yo' see, when I was a little baby, littler den you is, Miss Lily, my mammy

lef’ me on de bed while she went out to hang out her clothes, en somehow or udder I fell off dat bed, en when she cum back she find her little black baby layin’ under de bed, wid her back all broke; en dat what make it lump up ugly dis way.”

Lily did not raise her head, but Sis could feel the sobs which shook the little form, and she said, in a shaky voice,

“Don’ cry, Miss Lily.”

“Oh, Sajane,” broke out the child, as her little arms stretched out to embrace the misfortune on Sajane’s back—“Oh, Sajane! poor Sajane! I love you. Lily thinks you is buful, if ev’ybody does think you is ugly.”

“Humph!” said Sis, her sense of humor coming in to break up the pathos, which was becoming too strong for her—“Humph! Cose I’s b’utiful! Who says Sajane is ugly?” and then she laughed, so that in a minute Lily had to wipe away her tears and laugh too, for they both recognized it as really the very best joke of the season that Sajane should be beautiful.

## II.—SIS PREACHES A REVIVAL SERMON.

One bright Sabbath afternoon in mid-summer Sis had been permitted to go to church, and our little Lily, now five years old, after spending the hours between mammy in the nursery and mamma in her room, was permitted to go out with a small ebon attendant, Fanny by name, to watch for the return of the devout Sis. Soon they saw her approaching, dressed in her new homespun dress and white apron, and mamma’s last summer bonnet surmounting her bright cotton “head-hancher.” The two children ran to meet her with eager cries of joy, but Sajane retained an aspect of forbidding solemnity as she said: “Chil-lun, you wouldn’ laf uv a Sunday ef you had heyard Bro’ Peter Stubbs hold fofe like I did dis bressid Sabbat day, en you ain’ nudder of you bin to church. Oh, I’s oneasy ’bout you.” Here followed a deep groan of anguish, which melted the two young culprits like wax before the fire. They fairly covered in the presence of their judge.

“I spec I better hab church fur you. Don’t you want me to preach fur you like Bro’ Peter Stubbs? I tell you de people jest howled like wolfs ’fo’ he wuz dun wid ’em.” A trembling assent was given by the two children, and Sis, mounting a moss-covered rock, with her small audience before her on the grassy carpet, pro-

ceeded to hold a service—in direct imitation of “Bro’ Peter,” it must be presumed, as she completely smothered her



“I’S SECH A SINNER TOO!”

own identity. First she struck up the hymn, in which Fanny joined with fervor, and even Lily took up the chorus.

“Sister, dus you want to git aligion?  
Go down in de lonesome valley.  
Sister Mary got de letter,  
Sister Martha got de letter,  
To meet my Jesus dere,  
’Way down in de lonesome valley.”

Next followed the sermon, “fum de tex’ w’ich is foun’ in de holy book whens all our comforts cum. ‘Dese here shill go to eberlastin’ fire.’

“My bredren and sisters, to you I speaks in dese solem’ words, en may de Lord in His marcy sen’ down fire and brimstone en melt you’ hard hearts!”

Sis had not quite calculated upon the speedy effect of her eloquence. First the undue solemnity of her salutation, then the weird singing, and now the stirring petition for fire and brimstone, so wrought upon the excitable little girl that she broke into loud cries, in which she was joined by Fanny, and both children fled into the house before Sis could stop them.

Down the stairs flew Lily’s mamma, followed by old mammy from the nursery.

“What’s the matter with my darling?” said mamma, opening her arms wide.

“Oh, mamma, I’m such a sinner!” cried the child, as she threw herself into the offered refuge, and she was borne away into the cool library to be tenderly comforted.

“Fur de lor’s sakes what is de matter?” said old mammy, catching Fanny by the shoulders.

"'T's sech a sinner too!" exclaimed the little mourner.

"Sinner indeed!" exclaimed the irate guardian, as she commenced a tattoo upon the mourner's shoulders. "I'll teach you to be a sinner here in de house wid de white folks! Go 'long to de quarters, and be a sinner dere wid de niggars! You's jest fittin' to stay dar, bein' a sinner and skeerin' de chillurn to def. Go 'long wid you, and don't lemme see you till you stops bein' a sinner!"

### III.—HOW SIS LEARNED TO READ.

Passing years touch the fair nursling of Sajane with developing hand, transforming her from the baby into a little maiden who knows how to read. Sis is still her attendant, and the contest for mastery is carried on between them with a growing spirit—resistance on the one side, and Machiavelian strategy on the other. Sis has attained to womanhood in years, but still looks like an elfish child. Now a new fire burns in her eyes; it is a thirst for knowledge. She must know all that is in the books she sees Lily reading. So she sets her wits to work to persuade the little lady to teach her. It is not a hard thing to do at first; it was a position of superiority which was quite to her mind. She could lord it over Sajane to her full satisfaction, and for once Sajane made no resistance. She would do anything for a lesson; but after a while Lily found her pupil so apt that her own laurels were in danger; and then, too, she tired of her task: and so one day she announced that she would not teach Sis any more. In vain Sis pleaded; in vain she offered rewards; taffy and pea-nuts were rejected. She would not teach her, and that was the end of it. Sis reproached her.

"Law, Miss Lily, you ought to be 'shamed. Whar would you 'a bin ef Sis hadn't nuss you? You'd 'a bin ded, en in yo' coffin—dat you would."

Lily laughed derisively as she left the room to prevent further importunity. Do you think Sis gave up her point? Not she; it was not her way; but she took a little time to form her plans. Lily had not been quite well. Mamma said she had been sitting up too late, and Sis was instructed to see that her charge was in bed at an earlier hour. Sis fairly glowed with satisfaction; the order supplied the very opportunity she needed.

The sun had scarce disappeared, and

the rosy light of his face still illuminated the western sky, when Lily was disturbed at her play by Sis's voice, saying, "Come, Miss Lily, you mus' go to bed."

"Oh, Sis, I won't!" said the child.

"Yes, you mus'; yo' mar said I was to put you to bed early, en de sun is down, en you mus' go."

Lily knew of the order, and was forced to yield, which she did rather sulkily, it must be confessed; but Sajane, with an object to accomplish, spared no blandishments to restore her to good-humor. As she undressed her she told her all the stories she knew Lily liked best, those of a religious tendency having the predominance, as best calculated to produce a proper frame of mind. The salutary influence of this treatment was apparent in the meek tones of the little maiden's voice as she knelt in her white night dress at Sis's knee, and repeated:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Once fairly ensconced in bed, Sis's plan bloomed forth suddenly in all its diabolical wickedness.

"Now, Miss Lily, chile, I gwain to read yo' to sleep."

Lily rose in her wrath. "You can't read; you sha'n't read to me!"

"Miss Lily, dat's bery wicket in yo', not to want to hear me read de Bible to you—jist after you sed yo' prayers too. God won't love you, and maybe you will die befo' you wakes. What you tink yo' mudder gwine say when she hyar you don' wan' hyar de *Bible* read? You sholy ought to be 'shame' of yo'self, Miss Lily, chile. I is oneasy 'bout you—deed I is; you better ax God to fogif you 'fo' you shets yo' eye." And Sis's voice became quite plaintive as she painted with master touch the perils awaiting the young reprobate.

If it had been broad daylight, with the whole day ahead, Sis would have scored no easy victory in the contest; but the gathering shadows fell upon the little heart, and the thought of the long dark night she must pass, and the possible appearing at the awful Judgment bar, broke her spirit of resistance, and a very meek little voice answered, "Go on, then, Sajane."

Not a shadow of the triumphant bound her heart gave showed itself in the weird



“LILY WAS APT TO PICK UP A BOOK.”

face of the ambitious Sis as she opened the Bible and began her lesson.

“‘Now w-h-e-n—’ What do w-h-e-n spell, Miss Lily?”

“When,” was the answer from the bed, in a very patient voice.

“‘Now when Jesus was b-o-r-n—’ Oh, Miss Lily, what *do* dat spell?”

“Born!” came in louder tones from the bed.

“‘Now when Jesus was born in Be-be-t-h-l-e-h-e-m—’ Laws gracious, Miss Lily, what is all dis? I neber see sich a big word. ’Tis a whole Bible at oncet. What do it spell, Miss Lily?”

“Oh, Sis, let me go to sleep!” cried the tormented child, her indignation overmastering her fears.

“Oh, you wicket chile, not to want to know where Jesus was born!” said Sis, in sad rebuke.

“Bethlehem!” shouted Lily at the top of her voice.

Sis resumed her reading without any change of tone.

“‘Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of J-u-d-e-a—’ Oh, Miss Lily!”

Lily rose up in bed, thoroughly aroused. “Sis, if you don’t let me alone and let me go to sleep, I’ll scream as loud as I can, and tell mamma that you put me to bed in broad daylight just to teach you to read.”

“Miss Lily, chile”—Sis’s voice was tremulous with tender reproof—“I don’t know what’s cum over you. You ain’t like you wuz when you wuz a little baby, en I use to nuss you en cyar you roun’. I’s feard de ole Satan is gittin hol’ of you—”

“Sis,” said Lily, sitting up straight in bed, “I just know ezakly what you put me to bed for; but I’ll teach you to read

five verses if you will promise to go away then and let me go to sleep."

The required promise was given, and the lesson followed, upon which Sajane could be heard to say under her breath: "Well, I dun larn considerable to-night. I'll git it out er dat chile yit." And she did, and became a fluent reader.

#### IV.—MISTRESS AND SLAVE.

A few more years and Lily is a big girl, still fairy-like and fair, disposed to be dreamy and self-absorbed, which often got her into trouble. She shared Sis's service with her little sisters, but was still first in the constant affections of Sajane, who tyrannized over her, however, as only Southern nurses know how to do.

It was a rule in the well-ordered household that every child must be at morning prayers, the unfortunate delinquent being punished by having a breakfast of dry bread. Lily was apt to pick up a book and idle the time away until the last moment, and then hurry Sis to dress her. If Sis happened to be in a good humor, she made no trouble about it, but woe be to Lily if she had "put on any a'rs" and provoked her.

One morning this had been the case. Lily had been very provoking. The prayer bell was imminent. Lily was fully roused to the danger of her situation. "Oh, Sis, dress me!" had sounded several times. Sis was busy with the other children. "Miss Lily" must wait. At last, goaded to the utmost, Lily exclaimed, with flashing eyes:

"Sis, I order you to dress me *at once*. What were you made for, miss, but to wait on me?"

A terrible speech, and the narrow view it embraced of the scope and end of the creation of Sajane could not easily be forgiven. She was furious.

"What was I made fur but to wait on you! You better ax yo' mudder dat question. What she gwine to say when she hear how you talks to her po' nigger? What was I made fur but to wait on *you*? I'll show you what. Jist wait till I ready to dress you; I's busy now."

Lily was shocked at herself as soon as the words were out of her mouth, but not so sorry as she was as she munched her "bread of affliction" morning after morning, in sad repentance, with her hair plaited back so tight that every hair pricked, and she could hardly shut her

eyes; and she did not complain, as she knew further punishment would be meted out to her if her mother should hear of her unkind and arrogant speech. It was a principle with Virginia mothers never to encourage children to "tell tales," and it embodied a sort of chivalrous feeling toward the nurse, whose faithfulness in great matters was so proven that the small tyrannies were not to be feared, but were even regarded as conveying salutary lessons to the nursling. Lily's mamma heard the whole of this contest, and left it, without interference, to work out its own result, which was repentance on both sides, and renewed affection, which, with many interruptions, lasted through life.

#### V.—A WEDDING.

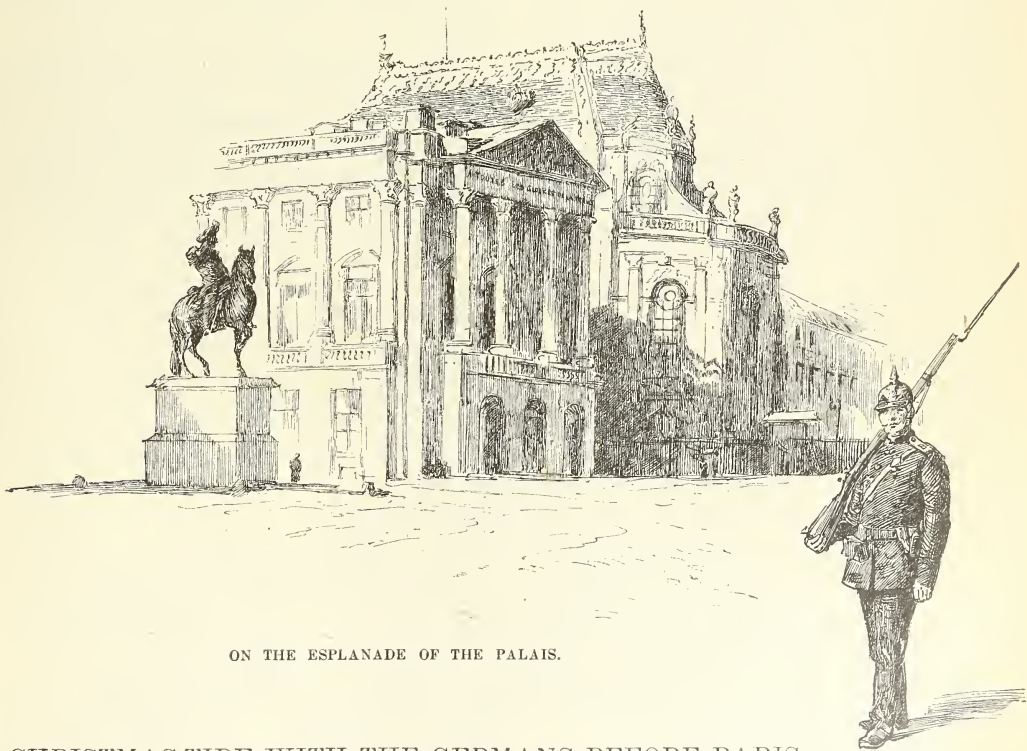
The large house on Franklin Street, Richmond, is lighted from garret to cellar on this particular evening in May, the season when this beautiful Southern city is wont to dress herself in her festoons of roses. The house upon which our especial gaze is now concentrated is a perfect bower of this most beautiful of all the flowery kingdom, and many of the fashionable promenaders on Franklin Street make it the terminus of their walks, and stop to gaze at the luxuriant branches of white, red, pink, and yellow roses, which mingle their hues and their perfume in luxuriant profusion. Roses are nowhere more beautiful than they are in the city of Richmond in the month of May, and they were rarely so beautiful even here as on this particular May, when they brought their garlands to deck the bridal day of the fair young daughter of the house, the "Miss Lily" whom we have known briefly as the infant, the sinner, the student, the teacher, the arrogant young mistress. Through all of these developing periods she has passed, and now stands the fair young bride, beside the man of her choice. She has not lost any element of her exquisite beauty. She is as lily white as the baby Sis lifted from the crib eighteen years ago, and the soft draperies, the shimmering lace of the veil floating like a cloud about the airy form, make one think of Raphael's cherubs. It is a pretty picture, framed in by the wide arched doorway—that beautiful woman contrasting in her delicacy and lily whiteness with the stalwart dark-browed young man at her side: perfect specimens of their kind, she with her shy modesty, he with every

fibre of his being displaying his triumphant joy.

It is a home wedding in accordance with the old Virginia custom, which regarded the home as the proper place for the father to bestow the daughter upon her husband. Around the pair are grouped family and friends, the mother a little tearful, but not sorrowful. The background of this scene is a dusky one, consisting of the servants of the household; and pressing forward almost to the front is the familiar form of Sajane. Like the mamma, she has tears in her eyes, which are riveted on the face of the bride. Sajane is dressed in a black silk dress, but she is not thinking of it now; her memory is busy with the past; she is sorry for every cross word she has ever spoken to her darling. Just at this moment to be "*made*

to wait on Miss Lily" filled the sum of her ambition. Then came the inevitable "I pronounce you husband and wife. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Salute the bride"—that beautiful old fashion, now obsolete, so appropriate in a home wedding—and Lily submits blushing, and is then hugged and kissed by all, and laughs and blushes and cries; and from the very bosom of some brocaded old dowager catches sight of Sajane, and, as she has done all her life, flies to her, crying, "You darling old Sajane, we will never part, will we?"

Sajane catches the little white hand, with the wedding ring on it, and covers it with kisses and tears, and says, "La, Miss Lily, de idear ob you bein' maryid! It seem to me like you is jest a little baby yit!"



ON THE ESPLANADE OF THE PALAIS.

## CHRISTMAS-TIDE WITH THE GERMANS BEFORE PARIS.

**I**T has been my fortune, since attaining years of discretion—or indiscretion—to have spent Christmas in a curious variety of places. One Christmas I passed steering all day long a water-logged timber ship in the Atlantic; another in the bar-

rack-room of a cavalry regiment. I have seen the Christmas morning sun rise over the frozen surface of a bay in Lake Ontario, and on the crumbling ramparts of Jelalabad, in Afghanistan. I have "put through" a Christmas jammed into a snow-