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THE WRONG MAN.

BY WILLIAM MATHEWS.

A curious anecdote is told of an unlucky remark made by Bishop Burnet, of Queen Anne's time, who, though a learned and pious man, is said to have been a somewhat greedy gossip. Asking the Duke of Marlborough one day to introduce him to the Prince Eugene, he was told that the Duke would do so on one condition—viz., that of his speaking only when the Prince should address him. This was agreed to, and the Prince, on the Bishop being presented, asked him if he had ever been in Paris. "Yes," was the reply; "the first time I was there was when the Countess of Soissons was apprehended for having suborned a villain to administer poison." The Prince turned instantly away with horror. The Countess of Soissons was his own mother!

There are persons in every community who in the social circle have an astonishing talent for saying and doing the wrong thing. One of these unfortunate gentlemen, at a reception in London, once said to Lord North: "Who is that uncommonly ugly lady opposite you?" "That uncommonly ugly lady, sir, is my wife," "No, my lord," said the querist, "I mean the one at her right." "That, sir, is my daughter."

It is well known that Alexander Pope was greedy of praise, and resorted to the most contemptible tricks and artifices to win it. On one occasion, angling for a compliment, he asked his friend Mallet what new things there were in literature. "Nothing worth notice," was the reply; "only a thing called an *Essay on Man*, made up of shocking poetry and insufferable philosophy."

"I wrote it!" cried the poet, stung with rage; and his friend blushed, bowed and darted out of the room, never to return.

It is said that during the late Civil War, Wendell Phillips was spending a day or two at a hotel in Springfield, Massachusetts, when a "copperhead" guest entered into a conversation with him, not knowing who he was. After violently anathematizing all abolitionists, and especially Mr. Phillips, the gentleman added: "And, by the way, I see that Wendell Phillips' name is on the hotel register." "Yes," said the latter with an air of utter unconcern: "I wrote it there."

One of the most eminent Baptist preachers of England a century ago was Dr. Andrew Fuller, author of "The Gospel Its Own Witness," and other noted works which won for him the title of "The Franklin of Theology." Great as his fame, there was a time in his life when he was deemed heretical—an Armenian—by his Calvinistic brethren of London. While he was visiting that city a friend and admirer, who knew that his views were misunderstood, arranged with the leaders of a Baptist association which was in session there, that Mr. Fuller, who was a stranger to its members, should preach to them without his name being announced. After some objections to the arrangement, the preacher was persuaded, on assurances of the good that would result, to consent to it, and on the day appointed delivered one of his most powerful and effective discourses, in which his supposed heretical views were frankly set forth. All his hearers were delighted with the sermon, and as he came down from the pulpit many hurried forward to express to him their admiration of it. Among these, one clergyman, as he grasped the preacher by the hand, exclaimed with great earnestness: "Oh, how I wish Andrew Fuller could have heard you today. Sir, you have demolished his doctrine, and cut him up, root and branch!"

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the poet, critic and speculative philosopher, once told the following diverting story of himself and "many-tomed Pinkerton," the Scottish historian and antiquary, who died in Paris in 1826: When my Lyrical Ballads first came out it was anonymously, and they made a good deal of noise. A few days after their publication I dined at Mrs. Barbauld's, and sat beside Mr. Pinkerton. We talked a good deal together, and I found him very amusing and full of general information. When we retired to the drawing room he led me to a recess, having taken up a copy of the Lyrical Ballads, which lay on the table. "Pray, sir," said he, "have you read this thing?" "I have looked into it," "Do you know the author?" asked he. "Do you know the author?" echoed I, resolved not to be caught. "No," said Pinkerton; "but I never read such trash as his book, particularly an extravagant farrago of absurdity called *The Ancient Mariner*. Don't you think it insufferable?" Coleridge: "Intolerable!" Pinkerton: "Detestable!" Coleridge: "Abominable!" Pinkerton: "Odious!" Coleridge: "Loathsome!" Pinkerton: "Sir, you delight me. It is really delightful to meet a man of sound sense in these days of our declining literature. If I have a passion on earth, it is an abhorrence of these Lyrical Ballads of which every one is talking, but most especially of this *Ancient Mariner*." Coleridge: "Hush! Not a word more! Here comes our hostess! I know she is acquainted with the author and might be hurt." Pinkerton (pulling Coleridge by the button, taking a huge pinch of snuff, and speaking in a whisper): "I'll tell you what, sir, we mustn't let this matter drop. Let's fix a day for dining together at Turk's Head. We'll have a private room, a beefsteak, a bottle of old port, pens, ink and a quire of foolscap. We'll lay our heads together and review this thing; and if we don't give it such a slashing, such a tearing, such a—'If we don't!' said Coleridge. 'It is a bargain!' Most certainly." "Done! Done!" —Saturday Evening Post.

OUR SOUTHERN GIRL.

BY LEIGH HAROLD.

To be sure, she does not need it; her virtues, the peculiar graces of her heart and mind are too well known throughout the universe; but we like to recall her now and then, to talk about her. It somehow helps our own virtues in our friendly rivalry and encourages us both in the hope of a still higher degree of perfection.

If you have been reared in the North of course you will not understand her; and for the same and similar reasons she will not be able to do justice to you. But if you are English, or would like to be, or if, like many I know, you simply affect New York, there are very different reasons why you will neither understand nor appreciate our greatly esteemed rival for universal preference. Comparisons are not necessarily invidious. Those of us whose privilege it is to talk much of people and things, since comparisons cannot be avoided, should be capable of something better and so we are and so we intend where we are not able to keep to the middle of the stream, or, keeping it, observe existing differences between the opposite sides. Along with this it will be perfectly fair to remember that, in spite of our great and frequent flights of fancy, our work in this world must be done in the flesh and, like other mortals, we are somewhat subject to its frailties; so if in passing along there be a virtue behind a bush on the banks we fail to discover, I assure you you will be more just than generous if you kindly accept the motive and as kindly excuse the deed.

On the other hand, it may be a surprising information, but we frankly confess that when to us our subject is a rapid, drowsy affair, forgetful, unintentionally forgetful for the moment of those whom we are laboring and praying to entertain aright, sometimes we say something with a fight in it and so startle ourselves out of the sleepy spell the subject induces and set our minds debating to keep our mental energies awake so we may keep our obligations to publisher and public. It is just a bit of mischievous spice to infuse attractiveness and keep our sluggish blood and brain in motion that a more perfect conclusion may be possible.

But when you are looking South from Middle State and the subject is a Southern girl it's different, especially if you have been reared with her and know what you are talking about. No need then of the irrelevant spice to keep your eyes open and the subject moving; her gentle breeding, her beauty, the graciousness of her heart and mind, her emotional nature, her singularly unselfish and ardent affections, her loyal appreciative and devoted heart, the indefinable charms of her personality—all blending so perfectly—make her so truly our ideal we envy her while we love her. It is most unfortunate that a shadow of the old sectional feeling should manifest itself to-day, but how else shall we account for the Northern taunt and disparagement. The Northern woman seems never to weary of saying the Southern women spoil Southern men, prevent their successes and discourage their ambitions just to keep them at their side, attentive to their whims and notions, devoting to small nothings energies that should be employed in financial enterprises, yet in the same breath she is accused of an abnormal and wholly absorbing love for money.

Lived there ever braver men or a higher type of manhood than the Southern woman has been and is still the mother of and wife of? Emphatically no! But why not let the dust on this old acre of envy settle, anyhow? There are others who would be as proudly guilty as the Southern man. That fine difference to womanhood of characteristic of him and which is the innocent cause of the caustic remarks is a national trait of wider territory than is generally acknowledged. I have observed it even in New York from the Battery to Harlem, to Southern women. In fact, the difference between Northern and Southern galantry is not so much a difference in masculine sentiment as a difference in feminine decision.

The Southern woman preserves and encourages the finer sensibilities by keeping them in a healthy action; the Northern woman affects a contempt for the courteous as required by the Southern women and discourages it when she does not forbid it.

It must be presumed that she knows what she prefers and prefers what she decides shall be her preference; so, just why this envy of the treatment men accord the Southern girl and woman is not as clear as it might be to the Southern girl's neighbor.

The Northern man, of course, affects a fine scorn in the argument, but give him a Southern girl to take home from meeting and he will not so much as allow her to button one little glove or carry the weight of her hymn book. The sudden transition from what he has to be to what he is, is as surprising as it is graceful. But don't stare at him or mention it or you might occasion a frost.

Barring exceptions, men are pretty much the same in civilized lands; what woman incorporates with the greater virtues he is proud to honor; when she leaves home—well, what's the use if she is not going to appreciate it? Thus the Southern woman keeps her lover, and the Northern woman suits herself also. As to the Southern woman in adversity, we should let her husband, who knows her best, speak for her. She wants him near her because she loves him, otherwise she would not have married him. Certainly, no woman on earth is so little concerned in her suitor's worldly possessions as the Southern girl, no woman more loyal through the severest tests possible to adversity than the Southern woman; and, surely, no more touching proof of a woman's self-sacrificing devotion is recorded in heaven than I have seen in the Southern wife.

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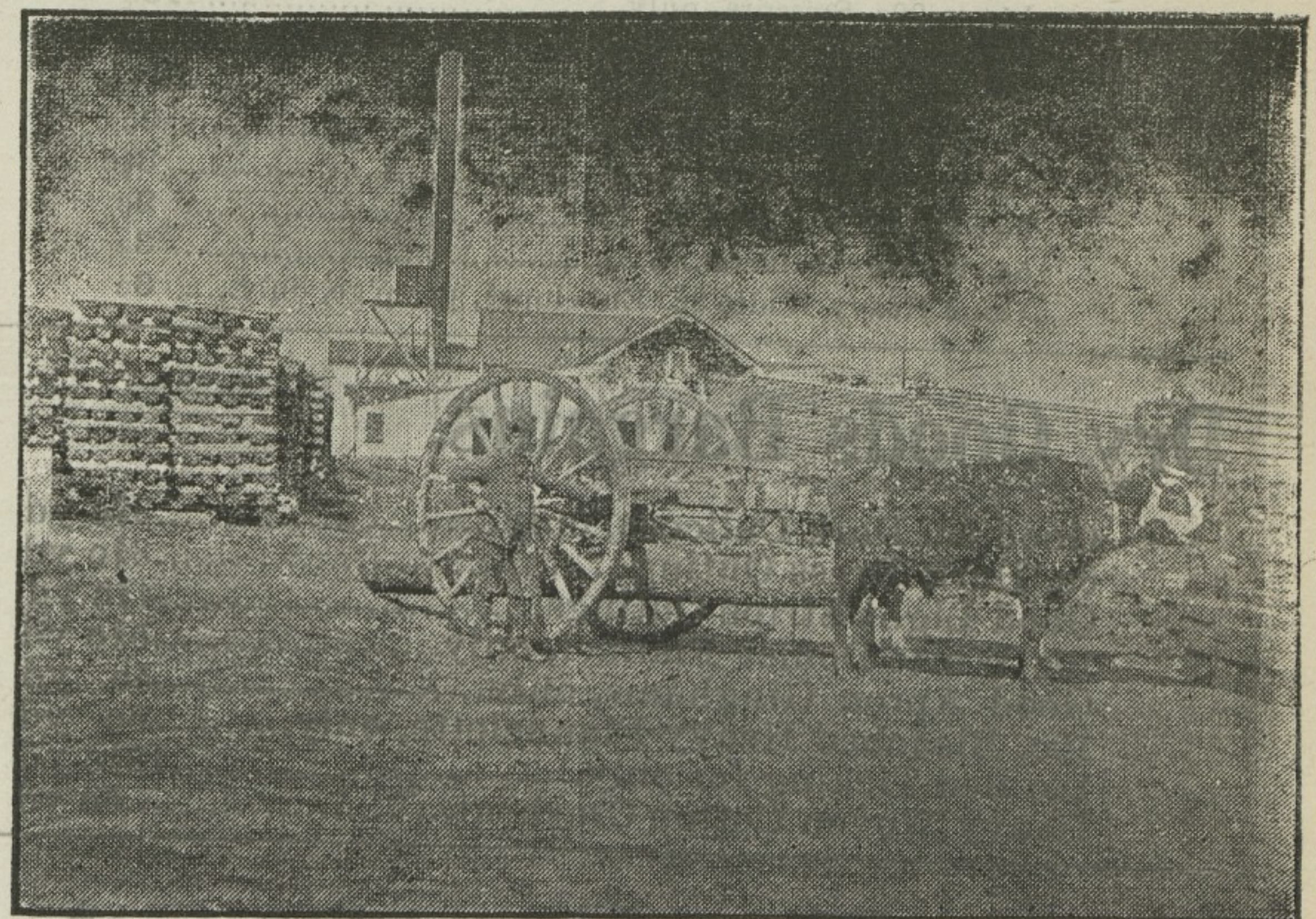
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