

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

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Now Ready. LIFE OF "STONEWALL" JACKSON. By S. N. Randolph. Illustrated.



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LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

MAY, 1876.

THE CENTURY—ITS FRUITS AND ITS FESTIVAL.

V.—MINOR STRUCTURES OF THE EXHIBITION.



FOUNTAIN OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE UNION.

COMPRESS it as you may, this globe of ours remains quite a bulky affair. The world in little is not reducible to a microscopic point. The nations collected to show their riches, crude and wrought, bring with them also their wants. For the display, for its comfort and good order, not only space, but a carefully-planned organization and a multiplicity of appliances are needed. Separate or assembled, men demand a home, a government, workshops, show-rooms and

restaurants. For even so paternal and, within its especial domain, autocratic a sway as that of the Centennial Commission to provide all these directly would be impossible. A great deal is, as in the outer world, necessarily left to private effort, combined or individual.

Having in our last paper sketched the provision made by the management for sheltering and properly presenting to the eye the objects on exhibition, we shall now turn from the strictly public build-

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large stones fastened by ropes to their pack-saddles, or stepping into a doorway to let a dozen small horses go by with their loads of boards, three or four planks being strapped on each side, one end sticking out in front higher than their heads, and the other dragging on the ground, scraping along and raising such a dust you are not at all sure some neighboring lumber-yard has not taken it into its head to walk off bodily. Fruit-venders scream their wares, Turkish officers on magnificent Arab horses prance by, and the crowd of strange and picturesque costumes bewilders you; and through all the noise and confusion glide the silent, veiled women. One almost doubts one's own identity. I was suddenly recalled to *my* senses, however, by a gentle thump on the elbow, and turning beheld the head of a diminutive donkey. I supposed it to be a donkey: the head, tail and feet, which were all I could see of it, led me to believe it was one of those much-abused animals. The rest of its body was lost to sight in the voluminous robes of a corpulent Turk; and, as if he were not load enough for one donkey, behind him sat a small boy holding his "baba's" robe very tight lest he should slide off over the donkey's tail. I looked around for Bergh or some member of a humane society, but no one except ourselves seemed to see anything unusual. I thought if I were a Hindu and believed in the transmigration of souls, I would pray that, whatever shape my spirit took

when it left its present form, it might not enter that of a much-abused and long-suffering donkey.

The bazaar! How shall I describe what so many travelers have made familiar? Some one has called it "a monstrous hive of little shops—thousands under one roof;" and so it is. Each street is devoted to a peculiar kind of merchandise. It would take more than one letter to tell all the beautiful things we saw—cashmere shawls, Brousa silks, delicate gauzes, elegantly-embroidered jackets, dresses, tablecloths, cushions, etc., of all textures and the most fashionable Turkish styles. We looked at antiquities, saw superb precious stones, the finest of them unset, admired the display of saddles and bridles and the array of boots and slippers in all colors of morocco. A Turkish woman never rushes round as we did from one shop to another, but if she wishes to buy anything—a shawl, for instance—she sits comfortably down on a rug, selects the one she likes best, and spends the rest of the day bargaining for it; during which time many cigarettes are smoked by both customer and merchant, much coffee drunk, long intervals spent in profound reflection on the subject, and at last the shawl is purchased for a tenth perhaps of the original price asked, and they part, each well pleased. It takes several visits to see the bazaar satisfactorily, and we felt as we left it that we had but made a beginning.

SHEILA HALE.

THE BALLAD OF THE BELL-TOWER.

"FIVE years ago I vowed to Heaven upon my falchion blade
To build the tower; and to this hour my vow hath not been paid.

"When from the eagle's nest I snatched my falcon-hearted dove,
And in my breast shaped her a nest, safe and warm-lined with love.

"Not all the bells in Christendom, if rung with fervent might,
That happy day in janglings gay had told my joy aright.

"As up the aisle my bride I led in that triumphant hour,
I ached to hear some wedding-cheer clash from the minster tower.

"Nor chime nor tower the minster had; so in my soul I swear,
Come loss, come let, that I would set church-bells a-ringing there

"Before a twelvemonth. But ye know what forays lamed the land,
How seasons went, and wealth was spent, and all were weak of hand.

"And then the yearly harvest failed ('twas when my boy was born);
But could I build while vassals filled my ears with cries for corn?

"Thereafter happed the heaviest woe, and none could help or save;
Nor was there bell to toll a knell above my Hertha's grave.

"Ah, had I held my vow supreme all hinderance to control,
Maybe these woes—God knows! God knows!—had never crushed my soul.

"Ev'n now ye beg that I give o'er: ye say the scant supply
Of water fails in lowland vales, and mountain-springs are dry.

"Here be the quarried stones' (ye grant), 'skilled craftsmen come at call;
But with no more of water-store how *can* we build the wall?"

"Nay, listen: Last year's vintage crowds our cellars, tun on tun:
With wealth of wine for yours and mine, dare the work go undone?"

"Quick! bring them forth, these mighty-butts: let none be elsewhere sold,
And I will pay this very day their utmost worth in gold,

"That so the mortar that cements each stone within the shrine,
For her dear sake whom God did take, may all be mixed with wine."

* * * * *

'Twas thus the baron built his tower; and, as the story tells,
A fragrance rare bewitched the air whene'er they rang the bells.

A merrier music tinkled down when harvest-days were long:
They seemed to chime at vintage-time a catch of vintage-song;

And when the vats were foamed with must, if any loitered near
The minster tower at vesper hour, above him he would hear

Tinglings, as of subsiding trills, athwart the purple gloom,
And every draught of air he quaffed would taste of vineyard bloom.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.