

be remembered that in one sense what one sex gains, the other loses. If the woman takes the responsibility, the man is very apt to let her, and gradually loses the sense of it himself. He does not realize that with it, he loses the qualities which made the very soul and essence of his manhood, and that the woman is acquiring a strength at the inevitable loss of much of her love, her tenderness, and that spirit of repose and tranquillity which is Paradise itself to that part of the human race which nature and circumstance combine to render more or less dependent.

At present, it is not a question of whether it is best, from the larger point of view, for women to prepare for fighting the battle of life in any field where they can put their natural forces to the best use; they have no choice, the necessity has been forced upon them, and they must meet it.

Naturally, nine out of ten would prefer the direction of their own homes, the management of an income, the care of children, the building up of a family circle, and the rearing of a shrine to the household Lares and Penates, which are so dear to every woman's heart.

But very few women have this opportunity, and the number is constantly growing less. If they marry, they take the burdens of another, but they do not share their own. Or, they are made mere figure-heads to sit at table, without the power or the means to work out any expression of their own thought and tastes, their ideas, and principles of action in family and social life.

The majority of men do not recognize the social function of marriage. They have forgotten that it is not good for man to live alone. On the contrary, they think because it gives them more money for the time being to expend upon themselves, that it is not good for them to marry, and so they throw away their birth-right, their opportunity for becoming good citizens, the best experiences of life, for a few oyster suppers, more or less, and continued freedom to do what, after all, they do not care for, and either know as hurtful, or dislike as a stupid way of getting rid of time.

While this is all true, the fact remains, that women are in this and other ways, being driven into occupations, for which a few years ago they would have been considered wholly unfitted, and that girls are preparing to enter them in order to be equipped for those possible emergencies, which are daily assuming proportions that render them commonplace.

The preparation is good. There is no reason why a girl should not be prepared to earn her living in half a dozen different ways. There are a multitude of minor industries within her reach, which are not open to young men. But the better way would be to make herself proficient in them quietly, rather than keep talking about it, and never become mistress of any one of them. One year after leaving school, would suffice to give any bright clever girl the elements of book-keeping, millinery, dress-making, and cooking. If she had learned to draw at school, if she had studied the principles of chemistry, botany, and was somewhat versed in mathematics, she would find each and all of infinite advantage, in their application to these pursuits; and the

intelligence which she could thus bring to bear upon them would not only enable her to master their details more rapidly, but achieve superiority in practice and in position, if she chose to make either one a means of livelihood.

There need be nothing extraordinary in this; in fact, it is what every girl ought to know. It furnishes the common implements by which she can take care of herself under any circumstances, and which would be of daily and invaluable use to her, as wife and mistress of a household.

But so far our work is mostly talk. The one woman dentist, the one woman lawyer, the one woman doctor, is heralded far and near. Women editors are manufactured out of stray paragraphs. Glowing stories are told of the amounts of money realized by this, that, or the other woman, who has come to the front; stories which have generally only the smallest basis in fact, and which tell nothing of the long years of ill-paid toil, which preceded the measure of success.

Young girls reading this inflated stuff, and acquiring with their advanced education exaggerated ideas of their own place in the world, cannot accept circumstances as they find them, when the halcyon days are over and the hard facts of common life confront them. They have had exalted ideas of the work they have to do; they have absurdly overrated the work they have done. But to come down to hard-pan, and simply take up the life which has been led by hundreds of thousands before them, the life which means steady work in obscurity, unknown and unrecognized, from sunrise to sunset for daily bread, this they are not prepared for. It is not what the newspapers are talking about, it is not what the stories are written about, it is not what has been held up to them as an incentive during their school days, through their study hours, as a recompense for the effort of worrying over dull problems or extracting the roots from dead languages.

Our cultivation of work has been begun at the wrong end. Instead of the top, we should begin at the bottom. Instead of promises, we should teach performance. Instead of laudation, we should work in silence and obscurity until we have taken root and sprung up strong and healthy.

The first thing that girls inquire about in making an effort in any direction, is the amount of money they are to receive for their first crude efforts, which only good nature and willingness to help all who need help, tolerate; they want to be paid as much as the experienced worker, who has spent years and years in drudging obscurity before acquiring the position which hard work and devotion have given her. And so far from appreciating the kindness which is extended to them in assisting their first and halting endeavors, credit themselves with enhancing the value of whatever they touch, and consider themselves ill used by not obtaining at once that honor and recognition which is only given to great and exceptional genius, or to long and faithful effort.

It is in no spirit of fault-finding, or captious criticism, that this article is penned, but in

real sadness at what is discreditable to the truth and honor of women, and in real desire to save some young girls from the disappointments which await them, and inspire them with the true love of work for the work's sake. There is no disappointment in honest work, fairly mastered, and faithfully performed. On the contrary, satisfaction in it grows with every day and hour of life. Beginning without expectation, desirous only of performing a duty, developing our own faculties, and making them useful to others, we find a perpetual accretion of what is good, and sweet, and wholesome, in the human life around us, toward the roots that we have planted, and gradually, sometimes insensibly, they widen and deepen, and finally spring up, and bear fruit after their kind. It may be only a modest herb, it may be a vine, it may be a tree whose branches will bring healing to the nation.

But the work must be done for the work's sake, and not from the individual standpoint. The recognition must come at the crowning, not while the cross is being borne. Let the work be begun humbly, honestly, and truthfully, without expectation of doing more than merely fulfilling one's own part as an atom in the great universe, but determined to perform that little part, wherever and whatever it may be, well. Our work then, as our pathway, must be upward. If we reach no very high altitudes, we shall suffer no great disappointments, and our steps, as they are taken, will be planted on firm ground, ground that cannot be cut from under us, leaving an abyss yawning before us, or behind us, into which so many disappointed aspirants fall.

## An Imperial Ball at the Winter Palace, St. Petersburg.

BY MAJOR L. RAMEL.

Ex-Sub-Director of the Imperial Iron Mines, Czarnochef,  
Russia.



THE first Imperial Ball of the season is an event which creates considerable excitement in the aristocratic circles of the Capital of the North, for it is the signal of the opening of a long series of private ones and *soirées dansantes*. It generally takes place in one of the last two weeks of November, and is attended by the *haute noblesse* in force. Tickets are sent by the Chamberlain of the Emperor to the number of 4,500.

It was my good fortune to receive one a few years ago, while on an official visit to the capital, and I gladly availed myself of the privilege of witnessing one of those famous

*réunions*. All gentlemen not included in the military or naval service are to wear a court dress which is so similar to the English one which has been so often described that I will pass it unnoticed. The ladies are also compelled to wear a court dress, which consists of what is called in France *une robe à la Joséphine*, which is simply a very low-necked one which exposes the shoulders, and portions of the breasts almost to the nipples, the dress also has no sleeves, and how the ladies manage to prevent the corsage from falling and exposing the whole of their charms has always been a mystery to me, for the *shoulder straps*, if I may be permitted to call them so, seem very inadequate to the task; however, be that as it may they do not fall, and bachelors are cheated out of the fairest portions of the feminine charms. Barring this peculiar style of dress, the ladies can indulge in all colors of silk or satin, and wear jewels, flounces, laces, etc., *ad libitum*, and I need not say that they make good use of the privilege.

The ball had been fixed for Thursday, the 25th of November, 1875. The winter had already set in in earnest, there being not less than forty-five centimeters of snow on the ground, and the thermometer indicated at four o'clock in the afternoon (or rather evening, for it was night already in this latitude), five degrees below zero (centigrade). At seven I entered a sledge, well wrapped up in a pile of furs, and drove down the Nevski Perspekt, a magnificent avenue, the finest in the world, then turning to the right after passing the grand and beautiful pile known as the *État Major*, following along the Admiralty Square to the southeast corner of the Admiralty Palace, you turn to the left and follow an avenue which separates the Admiralty from the Winter Palace, thence to the quay along the left bank of the Neva. It may not be amiss before conducting my readers into the interior of this noble palace, to give a brief account of it.

The Winter Palace, the residence of the emperor and his court during winter, stands on the left bank of the Neva, on the site of a house which in the reign of Peter the Great, belonged to his High Admiral Count Apraxin, who bequeathed it to Peter II. The Empress Anne after being crowned at Moscow, took up her residence in Apraxin's house, but had it pulled down in 1754, and rebuilt by Count Rastrelli by whom it was completed in 1762, in the reign of the Empress Catherine. A fire which is supposed to have originated from a defective flue, consumed the whole interior of the palace in 1837, notwithstanding the almost superhuman efforts made to save it. But it rose phoenix-like from its ashes more glorious than ever, and in January, 1840, the first grand ball was held in the present palace.

The huge pile is now some 470 feet long and 350 wide, and is four stories high.

The principal entrance, or *Perron des Ambassadeurs*, is from the quay that lies between the palace and the Neva, while a noble gateway in the center of the southern façade and directly in front of Alexander's Column, leads into the great court. Early as it was when I reached the palace, the approaches were already well filled with strings of sledges. A regiment of the Guard was drawn up in

front of the palace and several squadrons of dragoons occupied the Place de l'État Major. My *isoscchick* having driven his sledge to the main entrance, I alighted, and my servant led the way to the vestibule, where the invited guests present their cards of admission, and are then conducted to a large cloak-room, where the wrappers are taken off and checked.

That done, a servant in blue and gold livery conducts you to the foot of the Grand Stairs, a magnificent flight of marble steps that lead to the state apartments; at the head of which stands the famous Winter Garden, a magnificent conservatory, 120x75 and 60 feet high; here are tall palms, and a host of exotic plants. The whole is lighted by means of colored lamps hung in the branches of the trees, which gives the appearance of an enchanted palace. The light is soft and subdued and resembles a bright moonlight more than anything else.

Here young cavaliers and coy maidens come and rest among the charming nooks scattered through the intricate mazes of this artificial garden. Here and there one meets with pretty little fountains whose basins are alive with gold fishes.

Having passed along the side alley of the garden, you enter the White Hall, a magnificent room in white and gold; next comes the Gallery of the Field Marshals, hung with the portraits of those who fought against the great Napoleon, that of the Iron Duke occupying the upper end; from thence you are conducted to Saint George's Hall, the largest and most magnificent of the series, some forty in number. It is 140x80 and 45 feet high. The ceiling, which is divided into compartments beautifully frescoed, is supported by a triple row of magnificent white marble Corinthian columns. Here I found a large crowd already assembled, and a couple of friends who initiated me.

It being but little after eight, I had plenty of time to look around before falling into line to receive their majesties. This noble hall is hung with paintings representing the most important battles fought on land and sea, from the battle of Poltawa, 1709, to that of Kersk, 1855; victories as well as defeats, for Inkerman, Alma, and Balaklava stand side by side with Leipzig and the passage of the Berezina; but the most striking feature of this enchanting hall, is the bouquets of wax candles which encircle the marble columns, for which purpose over four thousand wax lights are used. The art of illuminating at night is nowhere so artistically done as in Russia, where candles are still happily preferred to gas; which latter every lady knows, does not produce that charming electric fire on jewels, or that lovely and soft tint to the complexion.

The guests continued to pour in. It was a fascinating scene to the stranger to see the charming dresses of the ladies in every imaginable color flitting past you with a musical rustle. To see the beautiful forms, so lithe and graceful, of the young ones, and the stately and majestic airs of the matrons, and the simperings of the dowagers.

"Who is that Juno?" we ask of our friend, as a lovely girl with raven black hair and sparkling eyes passes by us.

"That," replied he, "is the Countess Rumianzoff, and that young one yonder who is talking with that young captain of engineers, is the daughter of Count Paskevitch; she is worth two Rumianzoffs. Come, I will introduce you."

So saying, we crossed over and I was duly introduced. He had told the truth, for she was a Venus. Tall, lithe, and graceful, there was an innate nobility in the carriage of the girl's head, an innate grandeur in the gaze of her large black eyes, and in the lines of her finely proportioned head, which was of the purest Greek mold, that made her irresistibly striking and beautiful. She wore a Joséphine dress of two shades of moss-green silk and *crêpe de chine*, the skirt of the dress of lightest shade, with drapery and corsage of *crêpe de chine*. The neck was cut in the orthodox square shape, exposing her beautiful bosom to the nipples of her breasts, trimmed with an inner tucker of lace (*point d'Angoulême*). Her train was about eighteen inches long, and as she walked across the hall, swept with a majestic curve.

"I believe," said she, "that I have seen your portrait at Count Uruski's. Do you know him?"

I answered in the affirmative.

"Then I am right; but, pray, is this your first visit here?" she asked.

"Yes, mademoiselle," I answered.

"Then I will show you the rules which our dear Tzarina Catherine laid down."

So saying a movement to cross the hall, and I, of course, offered her my arm. We went into the hall of Peter the Great, which contains a fine picture representing le Grand Monarque attended by the Genius of Russia, and thence into the Romanoff Gallery, which is richly frescoed and which contains the portraits of the reigning house since Michael Fedorowitch, and those of their consorts. At the upper end on the right and alongside the door which leads into the Neva Gallery is a white Carrara marble tablet which contains the following rules in letters of gold, and in French:

- "1. Leave your rank outside, as well as your hat, especially your sword.
- "2. Leave your right of precedence, your pride, and any similar feeling outside the door.
- "3. Be gay, but do not spoil anything, do not break or gnaw anything.
- "4. Sit, stand, dance or walk as you will, without reference to anybody, not excepting the Tzarina.
- "5. Talk moderately and not very loud, so as not to make the ears ache.
- "6. Argue without anger and without excitement.
- "7. Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull or heavy.
- "8. In all innocent games, whatever one proposes, let all join.
- "9. Do not preach the gospel here, nor give lectures on morality.
- "10. Eat whatever is sweet and savory, but

drink with moderation so that each may find his or her legs on leaving.

"11. Tell no tales out of school, whatever goes in at one ear must go out at the other before leaving.

"12. Make love, dance and be merry, for tomorrow we die.

"A transgressor against these rules shall on the testimony of two witnesses, for every offence drink a glass of *cold water* not excepting the ladies, and further read a page of the *Telemachiade*\* aloud. Whoever breaks any three of these rules during the same evening shall commit six lines of the *Telemachiade* to memory. And whoever offends against the eleventh rule shall not again be admitted."

"What do you think of them?" asked Mademoiselle Paskevitch. I had no time to answer when Prince Dalgouski, the son of the late Minister of War, and the friend of Irving tapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Allow me my dear Major to congratulate you." "What for?" I asked. "Oh! hear him, Mademoiselle," said he with a smile, and then to me, "Why, Major, for your good fortune in making the conquest of Mademoiselle."

"How do you know, Prince, that Major Ramel has made a conquest of me?" said she with an arch smile.

"Never mind how I know it, but come, *ma chère demoiselle*, what were you trying to do with my friend; give him a lesson of etiquette?"

"Yes, Prince," I replied, "Mademoiselle was kind enough to do so."

"Well, I intended to do so myself, and was hunting for you when I met you, but as I see that you have found a more able and agreeable teacher than I, I will leave you in her charge." By this time the band began to play a march and Mademoiselle Paskevitch said that it was time for us to fall in line to await the entrance of their majesties. So we returned to St. George's Hall and found a large and gay company already taking their respective places. "I shall leave you now, Major," said my fair cicerone, "as I have to take my place, but will be happy and I know father will too, to see you again. You can meet us in the Alexander Hall near the battle of Kulm." So kissing her proffered hand, I left and started toward the quarters assigned to the officers of the Corps des Mines. I had no difficulty in finding the place for Prince Dalgouski had very kindly sent me the Court-Manual together with my *billet d'entrée*. The guests generally form into a double line two deep from the door leading into the grand corridor which separates the private apartments of their majesties from the state ones; and reaches according to the number present up to the Winter Garden and sometimes far into it. The first group nearest the door consists (see plan) of the Diplomatic Corps, including the ladies and foreign visitors, the Ambassador of France occupying the post of honor, that is the nearest the door on the right, while directly opposite is the British Ambassador, next the French are the Prussian, Italian, and American ambassadors, and next the British, the Austrian, Turkish, and so on. Then

come the princes, and a host of them there are; then the army and navy officers, counts, barons, and officers of the various departments, the officers and members of the Academy of Sciences, and others. One would expect that such a crowd would be unmanageable, but, on the contrary, in fifteen minutes each was in his appointed place. It was a grand and fascinating sight, this array of glittering uniforms, rich dresses, beautiful forms, and dazzling jewels. But hark! the imperial band strikes up the national hymn, the emperor is coming, every face is turned toward the door, and presently it is opened with great ceremony, and the Grand Master of the Household enters, staff in hand, followed by a retinue, then comes a pause, and the tall and majestic form of the Autocrat of the North appears in the doorway. He is dressed in the uniform of a general of the Guard, and the solitary star of St. Andrew shines on his broad chest. On his arm leans a noble-looking lady of perhaps forty (she looks only that, but is, I believe, forty-seven), dressed in a lovely white satin, with drapery and waist of blue satin of the lightest shade, the lower skirt trimmed with lace ruffles, headed with a band of embroidered satin, in gay colors. The overdress and corsage is trimmed with a single ruffle to correspond. The neck is cut low, in the orthodox fashion, but does not expose more than one-third of the two breasts, and, at the apex of the *échancrure*, between the breasts, she wears a magnificent brooch of huge diamonds, in the shape of a star. The dress is fastened in front with diamond buttons, and the overdress is looped up, on the left side, with a magnificent diamond pin. Her hair was dressed in curls and loose loops with flowers (roses and camellias) between, the whole surmounted with a noble diadem. She looked every inch a queen, and, as she made her appearance, a murmur of applause greeted her. She and the emperor bowed gracefully to the French Ambassador, and, saying a few words, repeated the same to the others; then they walked the entire length of the double line, returning on the other side of the hall, the band, in the meantime, playing national airs. This ceremony ended, the Imperial Guard band struck up Strauss's beautiful piece, "*L'Invitation à la Valse*," and couples began to form, the emperor taking for partner Lady Elphinstone, a young and lovely countess, and a relation of the British Ambassador. The sets being formed the emperor opened the ball by dancing with his fair partner "*La Varsoviennne*," followed by the empress with the French Ambassador, and the grand duke with Mademoiselle Von Manteuffe, the daughter of Marshal Count Von Manteuffe, the hero of Amiens, and the grand duchess with Count Grachioli. Next followed Gounod's "*Marche Romaine*," in E flat, and next Beethoven's beautiful waltz, "*Le Rêve de Gertrude*," in B flat, after which groups began to form in the various halls. Tables had been set in the *Salon de Réserve*, where the elderly gentlemen sat down to a game of whist or *écarte*, while the hall of Peter the Great was reserved for the matrons and dowagers. The young ones of both sexes who did not choose to dance made for the Winter Garden, and there, amidst the luxuriant exot-

ics and in the soft twilight, told to each other the old, old story. There was no formality, no pride or haughtiness—all were equal. The young lieutenant of artillery elbowed a mighty prince, and the daughter of the academicien the grand duchess herself. The emperor went from group to group, and talked pleasantly to all, and joined in the hilarity, while the lovely empress and the grand duchess flitted from one hall to the other, talking, smiling, and nodding to every one. What a contrast with the stiff and formal balls at Buckingham Palace or Windsor! There one must always be on the look out not to turn his back to the queen, for it would be an unpardonable sin to do so, and no one dares to presume to address that haughty personage, lest he might get kicked out by some flunkey in red and gold. But here, at the Winter Palace, the emperor and empress, and the grand dukes, can be addressed by any one, and they do not care or notice whether one turns his back to them or not. After the opening waltz I went to meet my fair friend and found her, and she introduced me to her father, who was at that moment talking to General Kauffman. The count was very civil, and, in his turn, introduced me to General Kauffman. "Oh," said he, "I believe I have heard of you, Major. Are you not the author of that monograph on the geology of the Province of Daghistan?" I told him I was. "Then," said he, "I knew your father. I served under him as lieutenant when he built the bridge at Tulla. I am happy to meet you." But the band was beginning to sound the invitation to "*Gertrude's Dream*," so I asked the honor of dancing it with Mademoiselle Paskevitch, which she graciously granted. As we went back to St. George's Hall, she asked me, "Do you see that old gentleman near the sea fight at Revel? That is Prince Demidoff, and that general who speaks to him is General Ignatieff." "Who is that lovely lady by the caryatide yonder?" I asked. She smiled and said, "Oh, she is a friend of Edhem Pasha, a bearish looking Turk." We soon reached St. George's Hall, and were soon whirling around. The waltz over, I conducted her to a seat, and we were soon joined by a young nobleman, who came to claim her for the next. "You must excuse me, Major," said she; "but I promised to dance the next with Count —; but I will find you a partner." So saying, she left me with the Count, and then returned with a friend of hers, Mademoiselle Orloff, to whom she introduced me. We had just seated ourselves, and were drinking a sherbet, when the emperor passed, and stopped. "Ah! Mesdemoiselles," said he, "you seem to be enjoying yourselves." And then turning to me, who had risen, "Pray sit down, sir. I see you are a stranger here," and pointing to the Cross of the Legion of Honor on my breast, "and a Frenchman, too." "Your majesty must forgive me," said my fair friend, "for neglecting to present Major R. to you." "No apologies to me," said his majesty; "but you owe one to the Major."

He smiled and bowed, and went to the next group. The next dance on the programme was a polka mazurka, and I led my new partner on the floor. We danced as freely as in

\* By Tretiakofsky, an unfortunate native poet whose muse was thus reviled.

a private hall, and constantly elbowed some great gun. At twelve, supper was served in St. Andrew's and St. Michael's Halls. In the former were laid out *parterres* of delightful verdure, and exotics, and fruit trees, while a double row of tables extended down the hall, each overshadowed by a beautiful tree in full leaf, under which the ladies and their dutiful knights, in groups of eight, partook of an elegant supper. The table services were of sterling silver, and of the most exquisite designs. At the upper end, raised on a dais, stood the imperial table, which commanded the whole view. Champagne and other wines were served *ad libitum*, and justice was done to them by all. After supper the "Mazepa Galop" in E flat, by André Quidant, was started, in which all joined, then Gottschalk's "Rayon d'Azur Polka" in F sharp, and next, Wehli's "Marche Cosaque" in B flat, after which their majesties retired, and dancing flagged for a while, the young ladies and cavaliers preferring a ramble in the Winter Garden, or a *tête-à-tête* in some window recess. But toward three, it recommenced with vigor, and was kept up till five.

It would require a volume to do justice to this charming *soirée*, and a dozen to describe the various elegant toilets of the ladies. I have seen balls at the Tuileries during the empire; balls at Buckingham Palace, in the salons of Prince Metternich, at Vienna, and in Devonshire House, but the Grand Imperial Ball of the Winter Palace beats them all, not only in the richness and gorgeous appointments of the halls, but in the wonderful display of feminine beauty. Nowhere have I seen such an immense number of lovely faces and graceful forms assembled, and for richness and beauty of dresses, and grand display of noble jewels, it stands *ne plus ultra*. During the whole night, two regiments of the Imperial Guards are on duty in the adjoining halls, and their martial bearing and fine discipline attract the attention and command the admiration of all who are *connoisseurs* in military affairs. By half-past four, people began to leave, and long lines of sledges moved up to the *Perron des Ambassadeurs* as their respective numbers were called out by an imperial crier. Having danced the last two polkas with my fair young friends, I followed the crowd, and went down stairs, escorting them to the ladies' dressing-room, from which they soon emerged wrapped up in furs to the nose. I would surely not have recognized them if they had not called me, and we got into the count's huge sledge, and drove to his magnificent palace on the Nevski Perspekt, where he insisted on my coming in to "warm up," as he said. This kind hospitality to strangers is one of the admirable traits of all Russian noble families. They seem to take delight to make a stranger feel at home, and will suffer considerable inconvenience and loss of time to show him around. I have found the same warm-hearted hospitality in all classes: the middle, and even the poor and humble peasant will put the best of his humble and scanty fare on the table, and will give him the best bed and best room, if he has it.

Thus ended the most fascinating and brilliant *soirée* that I ever attended.

PLAN OF ST. GEORGE'S HALL, WINTER PALACE, showing the stations of the various Ambassadors, Nobles, Military and Naval Officers and others, while in line during the progress of their Majesties. From the *Imperial Court Manual*.



EXPLANATIONS.

- |                            |                               |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1 French Ambassador.       | 21 Artillery Officers.        |
| 2 British " "              | 22 Infantry " "               |
| 3 Prussian " "             | 23 " " "                      |
| 4 Austrian " "             | 24 Cavalry " "                |
| 5 Italian " "              | 25 Engineer Corps.            |
| 6 Turkish " "              | 26 Naval Officers.            |
| 7 American " "             | 27 " " "                      |
| 8 Spanish " "              | 28 Judges of Imp. Courts.     |
| 9 Swedish " "              | 29 Counts.                    |
| 10 Portuguese " "          | 30 " " "                      |
| 11 Dutch " "               | 31 " " "                      |
| 12 Belgian " "             | 32 Barons.                    |
| 13 Danish " "              | 33 Academy of Science.        |
| 14 Swiss Chargé d'Affairs. | 34 " of Belles Lettres.       |
| 15 Princes.                | 35 Corps des Mines.           |
| 16 " "                     | 36 " des Pontet Chaussées     |
| 17 Ministry of Foreign " " | 37 Ecole de Médecine.         |
| 18 " " War.                | 38 Imperial University.       |
| 19 " " the Navy.           | 39 Members of the Bar.        |
| 20 " " Interior.           | 40 Plebeians and ragamuffins. |
- A Door by which the Emperor enters.  
 B " opening in Corridor.  
 C " by which the Emperor leaves.  
 D " " " he re-enters St. George's Hall.

Robert Johnson.

BY CHAS. H. WETMORE.



HE was book-keeper and general clerk in the house of Small, Pay & Grindem. His desk was old and shabby; was always inky and always dusty; it stood by a rear window, through which no sunlight ever gladdened him. No sunlight could reach him, for high brick walls towered opposite his window. Only a stale kind of daylight; a daylight that did not look new or clean, permitted him to do his duty. He was a conscientious fellow, and did his duty. To see him bent over his desk, when he was footing up a column of figures, would make one think he was an old man, hard at work. He looked like one on whom Father Time had laid a stern hand, as if in reproof. He sat, six days in a week, hour after hour, doubled over his books. He sat upon a three-legged stool, his feet stowed away in the dark under his desk. It is a wonder, from the bad storage they had, that they were not crooked; indeed, they were not as straight as they might have been.

Johnson's chest was perfectly flat. Leaning long hours over a desk had completely flattened it. Of late, a dry, hard cough troubled him; interfered with his duty; came in gusts that were more troublesome than noisy or noticeable. He rarely smiled. There was rarely anything said or done to draw smiles in Small, Pay & Grindem's house. But when he did smile, he looked young and handsome: it was a real good smile. Take him at his best, he was a handsome fellow.

Robert Johnson was thirty years old. Not an old man; but, bent over his desk, he looked old and acted old, and his dry cough sounded old. Old men cough like Johnson coughed. If one has been much in the neighborhood of Wall Street; in dingy, gloomy, sun-forsaken offices, led to by dark, narrow stairways, he knows, as well as I do, the counting-house cough. It is catching, for even lawyers' clerks have it and die.

Johnson would reach his desk at 200 Wall Street at nine o'clock in the morning. On a nail to the left of the smeared window pane, hung a real soiled linen sack-coat, limp and lost to all sense of dignity. He called it his "duster;" he always wore it in the office; it was badly ink-stained; he cleaned his pens on the left sleeve and on the left breast of the sack. You know, a sack-coat hasn't much style, and it gave Johnson a shapeless, shabby, slovenly appearance. But he was used to it, and hardly noticed how soiled and abused it looked. He hadn't even a sister to shame him into buying a new one and keeping it clean.

His father took him from public school when he was fifteen years of age, and then Small, Pay & Grindem took him to make a business man of him; found him apt, willing, reliable, quick, and enduring; placed him upon a high, stiff office-stool before a desk, and he stayed there fifteen years. Small, Pay & Grindem