E. Marlitt.

EUGÉNIE JOHN, the German novelist who died at her home in Arnstadt, Schwarzburg, on June 22d, was known for a long time to English-speaking readers only by her pseudonym, E. Marlitt, under which she wrote those charming tales of German social life which have been so satisfactorily translated into English by the sympathetic pen of Mrs. A. L. Wister, who has given the true rendering, unmarred by any foreign idiom.

The lovely romance "Gold Elsie," that depicts such an exquisite type of maidenhood, and which first established her fame as a novelist, and "The Old Mam'selle's Secret," have perhaps circulated more widely among American readers than her other works; but there are thousands who will recall the pleasure enjoyed in perusing "The Little Moorland Princess," "Countess Gisela," "The Second Wife," and her later novels, including her last completed work, "The Lady with the Rubies." Her many admirers will be glad to learn that they may yet hope to read one more tale from her pen, which she left uncompleted, but so far advanced that her intention regarding the closing chapters is very evident, and it will be finished by a competent person, and undoubtedly immediately translated into English. The German title is "Das Eulenhaus."

The novels of E. Marlitt possess one distinctive characteristic: the fair pages are not once sullied by a single impure sentence, questionable incident or circumstance; which cannot be said, unfortunately, of some of our most entertaining novels. Her works are written with such unqualified purity of thought that no mother need hesitate to permit her daughter to enjoy their perusal. Indeed, it has been said that her books were read more by women than by men; though what novelist would not be willing to share this distinction with E. Marlitt?

The gifted authoress began her life when the stars were in friendly conjunction, without doubt, and she was apparently greeted with royal honors; for on that notable 5th of December, 1825, the house of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen celebrated the birthday fête of the then reigning prince, grandfather to the present ruler, and the festal fanfare echoed from the court-house balcony over to No. 7, in the market-place opposite, where Mme. John was rejoicing at her youngest daughter's advent into this world.

She came of an artistic family: her father, Ernst John, though belonging to a mercantile house, still devoted himself ardently to painting; and his son Hermann was also talented, a fact demonstrated by the beautiful plaster-relief reproduced in the accompanying engraving, which shows us the youthful features of his sister Eugénie.

At eight years of age, she had attained the first class in the girls' school she attended, and was the pride of her old master, Principal Wagner,—his best scholar, whose German essays delighted him, as did also the correct style of the poems she sometimes wrote, even then, in commemoration of childish joys and sorrows. He also discovered that the little Eugénie was gifted with a wonderful voice, sweet and strong, and was never better pleased than when he could make opportunity for her to sing at some concert or other public musical festival.

Even at this early age, the child's character showed certain well-defined peculiarities, among the most striking of which was a passion for discovery—for unearthing mysteries and visiting strange places. There was at that time in Arnstadt a deserted garden, called the "Wuchelei," of which all the children were very shy; but Eugénie gained an entrance, and lingered at pleasure in the dusky twilight of its solitude: she also made frequent visits to the churchyard, although at first she had to combat the inward tremors of childish terror.

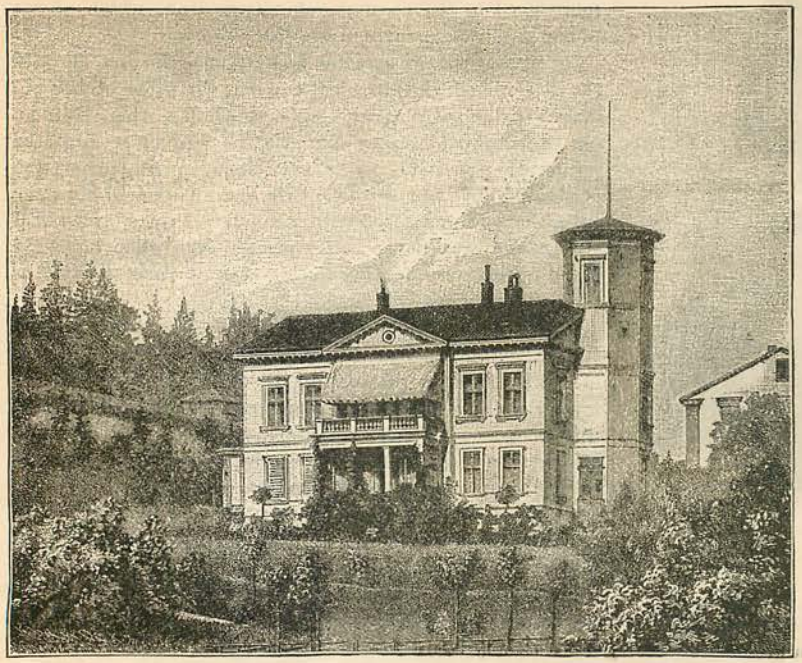
If a secret was suspected it had to be investigated. In one corner of the large yard back of her parents' residence was a rickety board partition, the original purpose of which was not evident. Eugénie discovered a hole in the wall, and fancied she saw something on the other side; and she could not be pacified until she had made an entrance into the dark inclosure. There she found a hatchet, a rope, and a paper cap. Not a very valuable treasure-trove; but she had carried out her scheme of investigation. Do we not find similar situations invested with the poetry of romance in her tales?

Eugénie grew to maidenhood, and her father was obliged to recognize the fact that his daughter's talent needed skilled training. In 1841, as usual, the princely court of Sondershausen came to spend the summer months at the palace in Arnstadt, and this year the theatrical company followed the court. This opportunity Eugénie's father improved to introduce his child to the notice of Princess Mathilde, who loved young people and was interested in art, choosing the day when the trial of bass voices for the royal opera was to take place before the princess. The only instrument in the house was a spinet, whose thin strains but feebly sustained the singers; and all were astonished when from Eugénie's delicate frame the full tones welled forth, sweet and clear as a bell.

EUGÉNIE JOHN.
(From a plaster-relief taken in 1849.)

This trial was an epoch in her life. The princess be-

came interested, and adopted her. Eugénie entered the academy for girls at Sondershausen, where she gave special attention to the study of music and the cultivation of her voice. She completed her art studies in Vienna, and it would be a pleasure to record that she reaped the full reward of her efforts.



MARLITTSHEIM.

A journal, carefully written and preserved by her, describes the difficulties encountered on the way to her anticipated triumph—but this triumph only existed in anticipation. Fate had decreed other things for her. A defect in hearing appeared, which, although it did not result in total deafness, yet was so deadening to the aural nerve as to make it impossible for the young artist to pursue her chosen career any further. She was skillfully treated, but not permanently benefited; and all the while she struggled ceaselessly against her bitterest foe, ambition, for it had completely mastered her—and this blow fell heavily.

As the temple of musical art was closed to its votary, the noble Princess Mathilde sent for her stricken protégée to return to her; Eugénie became her reader, and as such the traveling companion of the princess. While studying her art, Fraulein John had seen something of the world and society; but now, for the first time, she had opportunity to combine her studies of character with the vicissitudes of life. She accompanied the princess to Hohenlohe, Ohringen, and Friedrichsruhe; to Munich, the upper Bavarian mountains, and elsewhere, and the impressions created by each new scene helped her to strive against her torturing discontent—but not to entirely subdue it.

The full heart sought an outlet for the tide of regret that swelled it, and the muse of lyric verse came to her relief. From 1854 to 1856 she wrote in a thick, gilt-edged volume, bearing the title "Herbarium," and many of these poems betray the feelings of her heart.

In spite of this soul-conflict, Eugénie spent the brightest years of her life in the court of Princess Sondershausen. The radiance of these bright-hued memories glorified even the latest days of her life; she was always fond of talking about her noble patroness, with whom she maintained a correspondence long after she had left the court and found a new occupation in Arnstadt. Here, in the domestic atmosphere of her own family surroundings, her imaginative tendencies grew apace. The germ that sprung to life in the hearts of the parents, and blossomed in the other children, the mystic flower of art, now bloomed in fullest luxuriance for the youngest daughter.

For some time, and even during her sojourn with Princess Sondershausen at Friedrichsruhe, Fraulein John had kept up a correspondence with Director Korn of Ulm, and it was this elderly gentleman who first remarked the merit of her romantic writings; and to some purpose, for from that time she seems to have lived in seclusion and devoted all her energies to the new pursuit. But it was fully ten years later, in 1865, that her brother Alfred was commissioned to send a village romance, "The Schoolmaster's Marie," and "The Twelve Apostles," to the editor of the *Gartenlaube*. Persuaded, but not convinced of the true merit of her talent, she gave up her longest complete manuscripts; and when her brother had sealed up the packet, and set out on his way to post it, she raised the window, put out her dark curly head and called after him: "Oh! my poor children! How will it go with them?"

But this excursion of authorship was auspiciously begun. The merit of these specimens was immediately recognized by the editor, who accepted "The Twelve Apostles," and returned "The School-Master's Marie" with the excuse that, owing to its resemblance to Auerbach's "Village Tales," then being published in his periodical, it was not available. This result inspired renewed exertions; and soon afterward one of E. Marlitt's loveliest creations, "Gold Elsie," appeared. The success of this romance was indubitable, and the name of E. Marlitt at once was given a place among those of the most popular novelists.

MARLITT'S FAVORITE SPOT.

She now was happily started in her new career, and wrote her second masterpiece, "The Old Mam' selle's Secret." At this time she stood at the pinnacle of her fortune. She still enjoyed blooming health. Her light and elegant carriage was well-known in those days; and even in Vienna it is hardly yet

forgotten that Fraulein John was a dancer of inimitable grace.

The peaceful frame of mind induced by her unexpected success also contributed to her external prosperity. She was inspired with the idea of building her own house, on one of the heights of Arnstadt: it was to be a place of sweet repose, this new "Marlittsheim." Brother Alfred, the head master in the Royal School at Arnstadt, was to carry on the building, and must be careful to have plenty of shade-trees and blooming rose-walks.

But at this time E. Marlitt's physical suffering began: she was attacked with gout, which never again left the poor patient; and her first entrance into the tower-ornamented house, which appeared such an innovation amid the green mountain scenery of Thuringia, was made in an invalid's rolling chair. She could no longer ramble joyously among the blossoming rose-trees and fragrant flower-beds; but had to be wheeled in her chair on sunny days to her favorite seat under the chestnut-trees, which every year spread their blossoming boughs more luxuriantly.

A CORNER IN E. MARLITT'S STUDY.

But only physically was the author's strength weakened. Her indomitable spirit was yet unbroken, and the enchanting force of her imagination was unimpaired. She often forgot her pain in the pleasure of weaving her loved romances, and was always grateful that the care of her weak body was not confided to strange hands. New works appeared, but for a long time the secret of her identity remained undivulged to the world. She could not bear to let the gaze of curiosity invade her retired home. Her patience and her works were both mysteries.

E. Marlitt's study was one of the rooms on the ground-floor. Near one of the three windows looking northward stands the old linden, at the end of an alley, which might have seen her, if it had sight, seated at her study table; but the passer-by could not, for just under the window stood a flower-stand whose large-leaved plants made a glimpse of the interior impossible.

Near the window is the comfortable corner sofa, the refuge of the "reading evenings," where pictures and flowers were grouped around a ticking regulator. At the right one sees several book-shelves, and not far from them stands the "pride of Marlittsheim," an ancient writing-desk with ornamental top and drawers, artistically wrought and highly polished. The inlaid brasses shine marvelously, and it is adorned like a reliquary shrine; in its pigeon-holes and drawers and glass-paneled cabinets lay all the yellowed, faded, and time-stained souvenirs of departed days, among them the "Herbarium," the brown-covered book of her early poems. Pictures hang inside on the cabinet, and one of them is a little sketch, painted by a friend, of the room and study occupied by Fraulein John when in Vienna.

A door near the center of the partition leads to the hall, and another at the south end of the room to the salon, both concealed with brown portières; the corner between is occupied by the great white porcelain stove, and near by stands a brown arm-chair, in which her gray-haired father used to sit when he many a time came during the day to "hinder" his industrious daughter.

In reality he never hindered: she sat working before her writing-desk, at the second window toward the east, opposite the cheerful stove. It seems a trifle heavy for a lady's use: its leather-covered top holds the large and handsome ink-stand—a present from the Princess—and all necessary writing materials; near by lay the watch and thermometer, and the telescope with which she delighted to bring near to her the beloved wooded hills that she could not visit; and at all seasons of the year here stood a vase of flowers culled by the hand of a brother for his sister. At the left the great book, with gold clasps, is the manuscript case, the key of which was always worn on a silken cord around her neck.

Many a time in the midst of her writing she would laugh and nod at her father, or else bring his dear face near to her by a glance to the left, where hung the "tell-tale," a great mirror, in which all opposite, coming or going, were faithfully presented to her eyes. At the right, in an ivy-encircled frame, and hanging upon the brown-and-white papered wall, the pictures of loved ones greeted her—father and mother, in pastel, had the place of honor; brother and sister, long since dead; and also two little miniatures on ivory, painted by her father. Under these stands a second polished writing-table, the faithful friend of earlier days, but now serving as a resting place for treasured souvenirs of travel.

E. Marlitt's method of work was peculiar. She wrote in the morning in bed, on loose pages, with lead-pencil; and in the afternoon what she had written was copied out in fair manuscript, so neat and well-prepared that it rarely needed any correction. But oh! how carefully the author guarded her uncompleted work from the casual eye!

Her brother and sister-in-law, although both lived in closest sympathy and harmony with her and her pursuits, seldom knew more of her latest work than the title; often not that. One day one of the written pages fluttered from her hand to the feet of her sister-in-law, who took it up and involuntarily glanced at it: the author immediately tore up the sheet; so greatly did it annoy her if a word of her work was discovered.

All her written pages were securely hidden in her manuscript case; but when the manuscript was completed, then came the festal time, the reading-evenings! Punctually at half-past eight, the movable chair was wheeled into the study; the novelist held the book with the manuscript on her lap; the clasp was opened, and the title fell from her lips. After so long a time of concealment, at last came the unveiling! Carried away with the romance of her own creation, her resonant, wonderfully modulated voice portrayed each emotion, and made the hearer feel pain or joy, at will. She read beautifully, with expression and feeling; and at some specially interesting point she would close with a contented smile, and put off her little audience until "to-morrow evening."

This career, so full of pleasure and honor, was interrupted by a dreadful accident, which occurred while the novelist was writing "The Lady with the Rubies." She was occupying, as she often did, the tower-room of her villa, and as she was being carried there in her wheel-chair, through some mishap, she was thrown heavily down. She was very ill for a long time, during which her writing was suspended; and the completion of this romance was an effort of strength, a hand-to-hand conflict with pain. Yet in spite of her sufferings, she again filled page after page in a concealed portfolio, until she was taken ill last October with inflammation of the lungs, complicated with other disorders, from which she never recovered. During her long and severe illness she was faithfully attended by her brother and his wife, and the name of her beloved brother, "Alfred," was the last word she uttered.

Although to so great an extent excluded from the world by her chronic affliction, E. Marlitt lived happily in the world of fantasy she created. There are no false notes, no gloomy or distorted views of life, in the pictures which she shows us. There is always light and pleasure and so much sunshine in her narratives; she never painted in clouded monotones, but depicted life in bright colors, and left others to darken it with somber shadows. L. S. F.

Green Hills.

Oh! the hills look green that are far away,
And we struggle to reach them all the day;
And we say, "Oh, would that we could be there,
Where the beautiful emerald hills appear!"
Ah! would in the *near* we could calmly rest,
But the *far off* always appears the best;
And this proverb rings in my ears all day:
Oh, the hills look green that are far away.

Louisa H. Walker.

The Wrong Baby

Nobody could guess at the time how it came to pass; but Dolby's boy knew. Dolby's boy had sandy hair, keen eyes, a freckled face, and a snub nose. Everybody in the neighborhood called him "that boy!" varied in some instances, when his tricks had assumed a character that might, putting it in the mildest way, fairly be called diabolical, by "that awful boy of Dolby's!"

He saw both nurses, rather pretty Irish girls in jaunty fresh caps and aprons, and knew their visiting propensities, knew where they were in the habit of leaving their infant charges, fast asleep in their respective baby carriages. The babies were generally sound asleep, and it occurred to him that they might be under the influence of soothing-syrup or paregoric. Having an analogical turn of mind, he reasoned about it. The baby carriages were exactly alike—one might easily be taken for the other. The babies were both alike in their general outlines; both heads cuddled close to the pillow, their faces hidden by lace shades. The nurses generally left them in charge of some youngsters, who, after the coast was clear, played together at a respectful distance from both carriages. Dolby's boy reasoned that the nurses had not even a speaking acquaintance, and, therefore, had never met.

Nora was the name of the nurse in whose charge the youngest hope of the Bakers, a delicate little girl, was placed. She generally came five or ten minutes before the second baby carriage made its appearance. Her friends lived on the south corner of Liberty Street. Minnie was the name of the other nurse. Her charge generally slept the profound sleep of innocence—or narcotics—in the shadow of

a huge locust. Her cousin lived round the south corner, and both girls took these opportune moments to make calls on their acquaintances. The boy had observed their habits,